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EWING Y. MITCHELL frittered out as an effective muckraker of the Department of Commerce, and the Senate Commerce Committee which heard his charges appeared to gloat over his ineptness in scoring points. Chairman Copeland and Secretary Roper in particular behaved as though their demonstration of Mr. Mitchell's ineptness was identical with proving the complete innocence of everyone in the department. They made a great deal of the fact that little in Mr. Mitchell's attack on the shipping ring which has plundered the Treasury for years is not already part of the official record. This is lamentably true. Senator Black has filled pages of thick reports exposing the subsidy scandals. Postmaster General Farley's report on the mail contracts is one of the best pieces of work to have come from a New Deal department. The facts are there, crying for notice, and when Mr. Mitchell recounted them, the only counter-attack was to remark that he was saying nothing new. Mr. Roper was able to score a tactical victory without having to explain how he came to sponsor the brazen Bland-Copeland subsidy bill, which defeats the subsidy policy of the President. But the public, we feel, was impressed by Mr. Mitchell's opinions of his former colleagues even if he could not substantiate charges of a criminal nature. Many a special interest is served in Washington without the coarse violation of the law. Congress, too, is more suspicious, and the passage of the Bland-Copeland bill without far-reaching amendments is less likely than it would have been without Mr. Mitchell's service. Our first interest is obtaining subsidy legislation which will protect the public. But we are anxious to see a house-cleaning in the bureaus which Mr. Mitchell condemned. If they are only as "innocent" as Secretary Roper and the shipping ring, a good shake-up is called for.

THE FRANTIC PROPAGANDA against the holding-company bill has been more effective in the House than it was in the Senate. Friends of the bill so predicted, knowing how heavy the barrage from organized home investors has been. Servants of special interests stand out more clearly in the comparative isolation of the Senate. The House committee in charge of the bill has deleted the death sentence on all holding companies which are unable to meet a standard of genuine usefulness, and it is said that a poll of the House shows a comfortable majority to sustain this deletion. As a fight nears, the White House itself shows signs of weakening. The President told a press conference that the North American was the type of company which should be spared ultimate extinction. This company, to be sure, stands head and shoulders above most of its contemporaries, but it does not meet the clear requirement of linking together a homogeneous service which would be weakened by its disappearance; nor is it a mere investment trust. It is discouraging to note the will to compromise which the President reveals when faced with stubborn opposition. This issue of the holding companies, we had been told, was the one on which he was determined to fight to the last ditch. Members of the House may feel that their home folks do not want to see the owners of holding-company shares lose any of those shares' fictitious value, but we are certain that if the President held them in Washington through a couple of torrid weeks, and explained the issue once more to the country, the investors' lobby would be routed.

A DISPATCH from Oslo, Norway, predicts that the Nobel Peace Prize for 1935 is to be divided between Masaryk, the eighty-five-year-old President of Czecho-Slovakia, and Carl von Ossietzky, former editor of the radical *Weltbühne*, who has been held in a German concentration camp under indescribable conditions since February, 1933. For the past year intellectuals in both Europe and America have carried on an active campaign for recognition of the German editor's militant fight against war and war preparedness. Ossietzky first entered public life after the World War as an avowed pacifist. As editor of the *Weltbühne*, he opened the pages of that weekly to a campaign against the cruelties of the anti-republican Fehme, the forerunner of the National Socialist movement. In 1931 he was arrested by the Brüning government for the alleged betrayal of military secrets in an article on Germany's war preparations, and was sentenced to eighteen months in prison.

On his release in December, 1932, he turned his attention to the Nazi movement. National Socialist leaders hated this scion of a noble Catholic family for his courageous anti-nationalism, and he was among the first to be arrested on the night of the Reichstag fire. Together with Mühsam, Neubauer, Hiller, Bredel, and other German intellectuals he was taken to the notorious concentration camp of Sonnenburg and from there to the marshes of Palenberg. The Labor Party of Norway is to be congratulated for its courageous defiance of its belligerent Nazi neighbor in singling out two outstanding anti-fascists of Europe for this admirable award.

THE LONG SILENCE regarding the movement of the Chinese Red Army has been broken by the report that the main body under Chu Teh and Mao Tse-tung has joined forces with the Szechuan Red Army at Tienchuan, seventy miles southwest of Chengtu. If this report is confirmed, it marks the completion of one of the most dramatic military maneuvers in history. Approximately nine months ago the main body of the Red Army evacuated Kiangsi, where the Communists had been in power for six years, and fought its way 1,000 miles overland—accompanied by a large portion of the civil population—to the rich western province of Szechuan. Knowing that once the Communists became intrenched in Szechuan it would be virtually impossible to dislodge them, Chiang Kai-shek took personal charge of the campaign to prevent them from reaching their goal. On several occasions it appeared as if he had blocked the way, but by means of a long southern detour through Yunnan the Soviet forces eluded the Nanking troops and arrived at their destination in reasonably good condition. The combined armies, said to be 200,000 strong, are now a far more serious threat to Chiang Kai-shek than they have been in previous years. Doubtless the urgency of the Communist "menace" explains Chiang's sudden capitulation to Japan at a time when the Nanking authorities were disposed to make at least a show of resistance.

BARRING the occurrence of unforeseen difficulties, Soviet Russia is expected to harvest the greatest crop in history this year. The problems of organization and discipline on the collective farms which proved so serious in 1931 and 1932 appear to have been completely solved. Weeks before the beginning of the annual spring sowing campaign the seed had been prepared and cleaned, tractor repairs had been completed, and a fuel supply laid in sufficient for the season's needs. Although cool weather kept the sown area lower than last year's until about May 1, the planting proceeded with such speed in the following days that the annual program was 84 per cent fulfilled by May 10 and surpassed early in June. With the advantage of early germination and aided by plentiful rainfall throughout the spring, there is every indication that the yield per acre will exceed that of the record 1933 harvest. At the basis of the success of the agricultural program lies the phenomenal development of the machine industry. Nearly 100,000 more tractors were available this year than in 1934, and also the acreage per tractor increased approximately 25 per cent. Production of combines in the first four months of 1935 was more than eight times as great as in the same period of the previous year. The steady improvement in agriculture and industry which has been especially marked in the past two years is now paralleled for the first time by a similar rise in the output of consumers' goods. Light industry expanded its production by 17 per cent for the first quarter of 1935, and the turnover of the state and cooperative stores rose by one-third. Food prices in the cities are approximately half what they were a year ago, and consumption has increased accordingly. Needless to say, none of these facts have appeared in the Hearst press.

DESPITE MAYOR LAGUARDIA'S order of some months ago recognizing the legality of mass picketing, the New York police force continues arbitrarily to break up such picketing whenever it occurs. On one day recently three groups of pickets were arrested in the mid-town area alone within a period of three hours. The police first descended upon four members of the Office Workers' Union who were picketing the *American Mercury*, arrested them, and were hustling them to jail when four other pickets appeared, joined later by a still larger group; in the end seventeen had been taken into custody—including at least one bystander. Others were arrested for picketing Bickford's restaurant and certain motion-picture theaters on Times Square, though in each case the number of pickets did not exceed four. In no instance were the pickets convicted on the spurious charges brought against them, but they were detained in jail from six to nine hours before they could even obtain release on bail. The moral is an obvious one. Labor has a constitutional right to picket, but if the practice becomes embarrassing to the employer the police will oblige by locking the pickets up until the slow wheels of justice can be brought into action to obtain their release. Thereupon picketing is resumed, the police again assert their supremacy over the courts by arresting the pickets for "disorderly conduct," until "justice" once more sets them free. This is the technique of American liberty.

ONE WAY OF USING the increasing empty tonnage of transatlantic liners would be to pass the bill introduced by Representative Dies, which would bring about the deportation of 6,000,000 aliens. In Washington last week, according to the press, pressure in support of the bill, which is put forward as a means of wiping out unemployment, was exerted by 155 organizations representing 5,000,000 people; Representative Dies has received 50,000 letters, and he says plans are afoot to gather 10,000,000 native-born and naturalized citizens into an organization, to be called "The Americans," which will be formed in each state on a non-sectarian, non-partisan basis to pass the bill. The bill would bar all pioneer immigrants who do not have relatives in this country, make mandatory the deportation of 3,500,000 aliens illegally in this country, and give to the 4,000,000 aliens legally here twelve months in which to become citizens. Finally all aliens would be required to obtain Labor Department permits to work, which would be issued only when employers showed that they could not find American citizens to do the job. The figures are impressive; the formula sounds neat. "If there were no aliens in this country," says Representative Dies with demagogic boldness, "we would not have an unemployment problem." The deportation spree would be wonderfully productive of the worst type of nationalism, race prejudice, and international ill-will, but the unemployment problem would still remain unsolved, a large number of consumers having vanished. Perhaps "The Americans" could then be used to track down some other unlucky minority in a new hysterical head-hunting expedition. We should like to know more about that mushroom growth of 155 organizations which popped up so suddenly to advocate this bill, and in whose cellar they grew.

IN DECLARING that affiliated local unions which admit Communists would not be recognized by the American Federation of Labor, William Green did not mean exactly what he said. There are few if any A. F. of L. unions without at least a few Communist members, and any effort to drive them out wholesale would split the federation wide open and presage its end as an important factor in American life. Whatever errors the Communists have made in tactics, it cannot be denied that they furnish a much-needed vigor in trade-union activities. Where they have been driven out, as in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, they have taken the most active and courageous portion of the membership with them, leaving a vestigial union of no particular consequence. Mr. Green knows all this, and his statement was merely an attempt to prevent an amalgamation of the powerful Communist-controlled Fur Workers' Industrial Union with the International Fur Workers' Union, a relatively weak A. F. of L. unit. In supporting him, Matthew Woll, speaking for the federation, complained that the Communists "had returned to the old policy of boring from within" and declared that the A. F. of L. was determined to prevent the "united front." This is merely another way of saying he is afraid the Communists will instil sufficient militancy into the A. F. of L. to overthrow its present do-nothing leadership. Surely active cooperation among all factions of labor was never more essential than now, and any move to prevent unity must be set down as an aid to those employers who are fighting the establishment of a real labor movement.

SLIGHTLY MORE THAN A YEAR after President Roosevelt's notable speech on social security, the Senate passed the Wagner-Lewis bill, which purports to carry out his promises. The discrepancy between the two is painfully evident. The bill makes no provision for the millions now unemployed, and there is no guaranty that the state unemployment-insurance laws, when passed, will provide even a subsistence income for the jobless of the future. Agricultural laborers, employees of small business establishments, professional and white-collar workers, and domestic servants will have no protection whatsoever. Provision for the aged is also unsatisfactory. Aid is to be given at present only in those states which have pension laws, and in an amount not exceeding $30 per month for those over sixty-five years of age. Permanent insurance for the aged is to be financed by a levy on both employers and employees which rises to 6 per cent of the payroll by 1949. Since the tax for both unemployment and old-age protection is placed directly on business and the workers, it may be assumed that it will lead to decreased consumption and reduced standards of living, while an uneconomic and unnecessary surplus is being accumulated to meet future contingencies. The last-minute amendment by Senator Clark exempting establishments with private pension plans from the old-age insurance levies would, if upheld in conference, encourage employers to discharge their older employees before they reached a pensionable age. Many liberals, we know, welcome this measure merely because they consider it a step in the right direction. But in our opinion Congress has saddled the country with a cumbersome, ill-conceived program which, because it depends on forty-eight state legislatures, can be revised only with the greatest difficulty. Real security for the masses would be better served if this bill were vetoed to prepare the way for adequate legislation at the next session of Congress.

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER has just made another speech before the American Club of Paris. Fresh from the commencement exercises at Columbia University, where he countenanced the fascist Casa Italiana and had nothing whatever to say about the high-handed expulsion of a group of medical students and technicians for pacifist activities, he had the impudence to preach liberalism to his audience. He said, "All we need is to be liberal, open-minded, fair, sympathetic, and anxious to do harm to no man, good to all, to see to it that the child labor which we have abolished remains abolished." This is the same Dr. Butler speaking who has been a persistent opponent of the proposed child-labor amendment to the federal constitution. But such contradictions are not new in Dr. Butler's career. A reactionary in his own country and on his own campus, he champions liberalism the more strongly the farther removed he is from the United States.

WE RECORD with pleasure the decision of High Commissioner Kenesaw M. Landis that Edwin C. (Alabama) Pitts, former all-round athletic star of Sing Sing, may play professional baseball. It was an unprecedented decision, overruling the previous decision of W. G. Bramham, president of the National Association of Minor League Baseball Clubs. Pitts's victory will gladden the hearts of all intelligent penologists and bring hope to men still in prison. Our only wish is that Pitts will soon prove himself a star player, and that before long he will be in the big leagues.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA'S plan to request a $45,000,000 loan from the federal government for a municipal electric "yardstick" plant has lately been the occasion for heated argument at a public hearing, and he has promised to bring it once more before the Board of Estimate for a vote. The prospects for success look much better now than they did some weeks ago, thanks chiefly to the able pleas made by the Mayor himself and by Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the New York Power Authority. Former Supreme Court Justice Joseph M. Proskauer, counsel for the Consolidated system, presented the familiar arguments against the "yardstick" scheme—that public ownership has generally been a failure, that it would inject politics into the public-utility service, and so on. Mayor LaGuardia has ably disposed of these arguments in a pamphlet entitled "What My Power Plan Would Mean to New York Consumers," which may be obtained by applying to the Business Men's Committee at 580 Fifth Avenue. The Mayor shows, by citing comparative figures from public and private plants in Cleveland, Columbus, Los Angeles, and Seattle, that "the one effective way to force down the high rates of private electric companies is to build a yardstick in competition with the private plants."

PUBLIC LIB.

Wanted: A Philosophy of Taxation

THE President's special message on tax reform does not presage the creation of the social state through taxation, as *The Nation* has urged. It is not a specific program, and its chief merit is that it opens the most vital discussion the country can engage in. For that reason we welcome it. Now it lies with the progressives to widen and deepen the conception of taxation in Congress and the country, and to press for early action. The President lays down two principles—that the perpetuation of large incomes is not socially desirable, and that large corporations should be penalized by taxation because of their size. The first of these is incontestable. The second leads straight to one of the most profound philosophical debates in American life. Mr. Justice Brandeis is the chief antagonist of bigness and the source of the doctrine that decentralization is the only hope of building a good American civilization. His greatest moment, we imagine, must have come in the unanimity of the Schechter decision, which struck at the heart of the case for centralization. On the other side is the belief that centralization is inevitable and that the duty of the state is to guide and control the evolution to bigness for the public good. In this debate the President, it seems, has stood squarely on both sides. The Tennessee Valley project is a striking attempt to decentralize, and subsistence homesteads are in line with it. Yet he threw his weight behind the centralizing NRA without showing the slightest appreciation of how perilous it would become unless administered with great courage for the public welfare. Now that the NRA has been thrown out of court he yields to the Brandeis doctrine again in his attack on big corporations through special taxation.

The menace of bigness in finance and industry is the political and economic power that goes with it. But with the danger come indubitable benefits. Certainly some large corporations perform a genuine and valuable economic service which could not be performed by small companies. The modern automobile is only one instance. The consumer today gets for $500 a car which would have cost him $1,000 a few years ago. This is a benefit which ought to be preserved. The trouble with the automobile companies is not that they are big but that they are incredibly inhumane. They could make cheaper and better cars even if they met decent human standards in their factories. Social control of industry seems to us preferable to breaking up bigness into littleness. The latter may be the easier political solution, but it destroys certain values. The values can be preserved without political risks once we have a social state.

The President also proposes to tax inheritances and gifts, the revenue to apply to the retirement of the national debt. This will quiet the conservatives who clamor against the profligate spending of the New Deal. To their question who is going to pay, the President now replies, the multimillionaires. Heretofore the usual frightened answer has been that inflation is unescapable. But we are not satisfied with a tax system which goes no farther than earmarking the inheritance taxes in this way. In a sense it is a redistribution of wealth, since much of the debt to be retired has been incurred in paying relief. A generation or two of dying multimillionaires will have supplied the Hopkins doles and work-doles. But this is only a single operation of redistribution. In the truly social state wealth is continuously redistributed, since its accumulation is an uninterrupted social function which another uninterrupted social function must disburse for the general good. The President does show glimmerings of understanding the possibilities in taxation; he wants to use it to break up bigness, and he will make the rich pay for the relief of the poor during one depression. But he does not take hold of taxation as the best tool with which to rebuild society. He borrows a little from the wisdom of modern economics, and adds this little to the conglomeration of doctrines he already has acted upon. It now is for others to expand and expound the truth. Senator La Follette rose to the occasion with his proposal to increase the income-tax rate, reduce exemptions, and bring into the Treasury new revenue of a billion a year. This proposal, of course, should have been part of the security program which has just passed Congress. The social services are the proper medium for the distribution of wealth. Moreover, social taxation coupled with an adequate security program can alone assure the stability of consumer purchasing power necessary for the fullest use of our resources. The first aim of taxation is not to pay off debt but to make for a good life in the community. We see the English derivation of the President's proposal, for the English boast that their death duties are applied to extinguish the national debt. But they have comprehensive social taxation on a scale that this country has not dreamed of, and the retirement of debt through death duties is a small part of it.

Concurrently with the President's tax proposals comes the certainty that the work-relief program is to be turned into a hasty, superficial substitute for straight relief. Instead of the billions being used solely to finance long-term public works and rebuild the slums, they are to be handed out as quickly as possible on small schemes which use them chiefly for labor and very little for material—that is, on relief schemes which are disguised as work. The vast possibilities of spending the money wisely for the permanent enrichment of the country are on the whole being missed. This is probably the worst defeat of the New Deal, and its greatest discredit. It would have been far better to spend the money more slowly on great objects, paying cash relief in the meantime. But it is plain that the Administration is tired of planning and is gambling with the nation's money on recovery. If it can get the money out and maintain the present level of consumption, it counts on the force of credit inflation to do the rest. That is the measure of the opportunism at the White House. The new tax program fits in with it. It is issued at a time to produce a maximum of political advantage, is made to sound more radical than it is, and will reduce still farther the chance of a strong third party entering the next campaign. But intrinsically it is only a new philosophic color in Joseph's already much-patched coat.

England Drops Europe

NO event since the announcement of Germany's rearmament program is more ominous in its implications for European security than the new Anglo-German naval accord. Although it might seem at first sight that any arms-limitation agreement should be welcomed by a war-threatened continent, the pact is bound to have political repercussions which are far more significant than the question of mere naval restrictions. To begin with, it carries with it tacit sanction, as far as Britain is concerned, of the Reich's unilateral abrogation of the Treaty of Versailles. This may be defended as a realistic acceptance of a *fait accompli,* but in acting independently and against the will of other signatories of the Versailles treaty England has embarrassed its former allies. These powers have ample justification for feeling that the new German navy is being built against them rather than against Britain. As long as the Reich lives up to its promise to restrict its fleet to 35 per cent of the strength of the British navy, it cannot hope to challenge either England or the United States, but with a large proportion of modern ships it may well have greater strength than either France or Italy despite their slightly larger tonnage. The Soviet Union and the Baltic states, with little or no naval equipment, are perhaps even more seriously menaced by Germany's program.

A more disturbing feature of the Anglo-German agreement is the possibility that Britain has decided to play an independent role in Europe rather than join in a united front against the threat of Nazi aggression. In adopting this policy the new British Cabinet seems to have capitulated completely to Hitler. For six months Nazi policy has concentrated chiefly on the effort to split England away from the common front of the former Allied powers. The arrangements for Simon's visit to Berlin and Hitler's recent speech were primarily directed to that end. When first faced with the reality of German rearmament the British government appeared uncertain whether to join the other powers in an open alignment against Germany or to seek through mediation to bring Germany back into the collective system. Early efforts at conciliation having failed, the British representatives at Stresa joined with France and Italy in formulating measures to prevent unilateral treaty repudiation and to punish such action if it occurred. While still advocating the strengthening of the collective system, Britain appeared to recognize that extraordinary measures would have to be taken to hold Germany in check. Although it was not prepared to join in an Eastern Locarno or to adhere to the Franco-Soviet pact, it gave tacit support to these steps. For the past month, however, British policy has been swinging once more toward conciliation.

The naval agreement not only marks a repudiation of Allied solidarity against the Third Reich, but implies an abandonment of the principles of collective security in favor of the "splendid isolation" of Lord Beaverbrook. Having reached the conclusion that multilateral disarmament pacts are impossible under existing conditions, the new British government apparently feels that bilateral agreements offer the only means of avoiding a catastrophic armament race. It hopes that the German pact may be followed by similar agreements with France, Italy, and Soviet Russia, and that the same technique may possibly be adopted in subsequent negotiations with the United States and Japan. One wonders, however, whether the Baldwin government has thought through the implications of this revolutionary change in policy. The limitations of bilateral as contrasted with multilateral action are much the same in the naval field as in tariff negotiations. The issues discussed do not relate to two nations alone, but, as in the case of the new naval agreement, are frequently of greater concern to others. In bilateral negotiations a balance of power may be struck between two countries which is completely out of line with the best interests of the world as a whole. Bilateral pacts are in direct conflict with the centripetal forces which have been pulling nations toward some form of collective organization. They tend to place an exaggerated emphasis on a "strong" national policy, and thus exacerbate jingoistic passions. If pursued to their logical conclusion they would spell the end of all forms of cooperative international organization, such as the League of Nations. But of course it would be presumptuous to assume that the conclusion of one bilateral agreement implies a complete change in British foreign policy. The announcement that qualitative limitations "are dependent on the attitude adopted by other naval powers" indicates that doubt regarding the practicability of the new method already exists. These doubts should be greatly increased by Herr von Ribbentrop's most undiplomatic statement, in which he gloats over the fact that Germany has "broken the ice of the rigid political situation in Europe," and declares that "in the endeavor to preserve the culture of our Old World, Britain, France, Germany, and other European countries must stand together." To him, at least, there seems no doubt that the agreement marks the end of the united front and is a step toward a new union of European powers against Soviet Russia.

A High Price for Labor Standards

THE Guffey coal-control bill is an attempt to repeat in one industry what the old NRA tried to do for all: safeguard labor standards and collective bargaining at the cost of encouraging monopoly and of giving producers the power to fix prices. Coal being a "sick" industry, there is some justification for trying to heal it by extraordinary means, but this legislation is disquieting. It is a step not toward nationalization but away from it. It is the forced cartelization of a major industry, and it vests a great trade union with a semi-public status. This is "self-government" in industry with a minimum of public control, and it is neither justifiable as an emergency nor as a permanent pattern. In the end "self-government" by industry is economic fascism, and it can be saved from becoming so only if public control is both genuine and lively.

The intent of the bill is to "stabilize" the bituminous coal industry for a period of four years by means of price-fixing superimposed upon collective labor agreements (Title 1). Concurrently, the Secretary of the Interior will undertake to buy up $300,000,000 of coal-mining properties, to

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constitute a National Bituminous Coal Reserve permanently withdrawn from production (Title 2). With the withdrawal of these properties, it is supposed, supply will balance demand, the dead weight of excess producing capacity will be lifted, and the bituminous coal-mining industry will be free to enjoy prosperity. The heart of the bill is to be found in the marketing provisions which empower the twenty-two district boards of coal producers to fix minimum prices. These prices would be subject, it is true, to the approval of the National Bituminous Coal Commission, a governmental tribunal in the Department of the Interior, composed of five representatives of the public, two of the producers, and two of the trade unions. But the commission's power to review minimum prices is limited, in effect, to requiring that the district boards carry out their computations according to prescribed formulas. On paper, the commission is authorized to fix maximum prices to protect coal consumers. But this power is emasculated by a joker which declares that "no maximum price shall be established *for any mine* which shall not return cost plus a reasonable profit."

In addition to price-fixing, the bill articulates collective bargaining into the scheme of industrial self-government. Here lies the interest of the United Mine Workers, chief spokesman for the measure, who believe that the maintenance of union wage scales depends on the cartelization of employers. Should producers of more than two-thirds of the national tonnage in any year negotiate a collective agreement with a labor organization representing more than half of the employees, the wages and hours agreed upon become binding on all members of the code throughout the country. District agreements are negotiated on a similar basis. The section on district agreements seems to be aimed against the Progressive Miners of America and other "dual union" factions opposing the Lewis regime, for it specifies "representatives of the majority of the mine workers therein belonging to a *recognized national association* of mine workers."

The bituminous coal industry, here as in Great Britain, is suffering from a plethora of productive capacity. This is not to say, however, that it can regain its health by exempting members from the anti-trust laws (the bill does this specifically). It is not improbable that bituminous coal mining would languish still more grievously; for the boost in prices would increase the very forces—the shift to oil, natural gas, water power, and improved technology of fuel consumption—which constitute the industry's marketing problems. Further, the provision for establishing the National Bituminous Coal Reserve will throw out of work many thousands of soft-coal miners, who would have to be resettled and rehabilitated en masse. Perhaps the job can and should be done. But this should be foreseen and planned as an organic part of the legislation.

After the Schechter decision it is difficult to believe the bill is constitutional. The Supreme Court has already intimated that for the purpose of wage and hour standards it will not regard coal mining as "interstate commerce." Equally vulnerable is the bill's use of the taxation power, together with the power of granting drawbacks, to force employers into codes which pretend to be voluntary. We cannot believe it will weather the Supreme Court. But even if it should, we consider it dangerous without provisions for genuine public control, to which we regret to say both the President and Congress appear indifferent.

Coals to Newcastle

MANY of our readers must have seen in their daily paper a maddeningly brief dispatch about an American savant who has been traveling around the country teaching Indians to make arrows. For many days after reading the item we devoted our spare time to wondering just how the savant happened to know and just why the Indians did not, but we are glad to report our discovery that the questions are satisfactorily answered in a recent book by Charles D. Stewart.*

It seems that the Indians were a practical race and that they recognized the utility of iron from the moment that they received their first fragment of it from an early voyager. Bits of the precious metal found their way across the continent before the white men who had introduced it, and the use spread so rapidly that the invaders found it already familiar by the time they reached the remoter regions. Very quickly it supplanted the native stone weapons, and all knowledge of how they were made had disappeared before anyone thought to inquire into the subject. Today most Indians do not even know that stone arrows were ever used, and though they recognize one as a "thunder stone" they know it only as a symbol and not at all as a utility. Tardily, a Wisconsin naturalist-archaeologist named H. L. Skavlem took up the subject and solved the mystery.

It seems that you do it with a piece of bone—if you know how. Mr. Skavlem finds a toothbrush handle ideal, and with the aid of that implement he has made hundreds of flint arrow-heads in all styles by pressing the bone firmly against the flint until a little curved chip flies out just in the place where he wants it to. We confess that it doesn't sound easy. In fact, the explanation is almost as unsatisfactory as that said to have been given by the miraculous Australian sheep estimator who declared that there was nothing mysterious about the method by which he was able to tell the size of a herd at a glance. "You just count the legs and then divide by four." But in any event Mr. Skavlem has aroused the wonder of the Indians and says that he has only one difficulty. When complete realism is required in his imitations he has to be careful not to make the work too perfect.

Incidentally, those who find such subjects as this interesting will find a good deal more to interest them in Mr. Stewart's volume of essays. He began his career by exhibiting his ability to talk backwards in the dime museums of the eighteen-nineties. Now he devotes his time to investigating such curious questions as "How does a snake walk?" and to writing up the results for the *Atlantic Monthly*. He has, for example, a very fine essay on Chicago spiders in spite of the fact that, as he says, "I should confess that I do not know spiders anatomically or microscopically, but only personally." Then there is another about one Lorenzo Langstroth, who was born in Philadelphia in 1810 and who about 1850 made some discoveries concerning the psychology of the bee so important that they completely revolutionized the practice of bee-keeping, which had been shockingly inefficient since the time of Vergil. And yet there is no biographical sketch of Langstroth in any encyclopedia.

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* "Fellow Creatures." By Charles D. Stewart. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

Issues and Men

A Great Humanitarian Experiment

"A COLONIZATION project as magnificent in scope as any which harnessed water power or reclaimed land, the narcotic farm is designed to house only addicts, cure them of their illness, and restore their confidence and self-sufficiency"—this is the description given of the first United States Narcotic Farm, which was opened recently at Lexington, Kentucky, by Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming of the Federal Public Health Service, and is of a size to house no less than 1,400 drug victims. This is an enlightened undertaking indeed, and, like the new federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, is proof that slowly but surely the federal government, at least, is making progress in the handling of criminals. When one looks at the several states and notably the county jails one all but loses hope. In New York, for example, governor after governor goes to Albany and whether his name be Franklin Roosevelt or Herbert Lehman leaves the state prison system about as it was. We have not been able to induce the legislature to make of Sing Sing merely a receiving laboratory for the study and segregation of criminals until experts decide to what institution each shall be sent. There are still horrible conditions in many of our prisons caused by antiquated buildings, overcrowding, lack of adequate sanitation and recreation grounds. In Massachusetts they are still using the state prison which was erected in 1812! And then when the criminals are graduated from these institutions as professional crooks, even the first offenders, we go after them with increasing ruthlessness and declare that for a third or fourth offense they shall go to prison for life.

At Lexington the government took three years to build its new experiment at a cost of $4,000,000. The institution itself covers eleven acres of a 1,100-acre farm, and will employ 350 persons and cost about $750,000 a year; it is good news that a similar institution is also under way at Fort Worth, Texas. The patients to be sent there will comprise violators of federal law, offenders on probation, convicts who have finished their prison terms and are still addicts, and voluntary patients—the latter may be asked to pay for the cost of their subsistence and care. It is gratifying to read that "their names are to be kept confidential, their rights as citizens of the United States are in no way to be abridged, and their stay at the farm is never to be held against them as a charge in any court proceeding." The patients are to be taught trades and those who work in the plants and shops are to receive regular wages; it is hoped to make the farm an independent industrial center. Naturally it is thought that if economic security, at least to the extent of knowledge of a trade, can be given to the patients, that will be one of the best ways of aiding in the cure of the drug habit, which is coming more and more to be recognized as a purely medical matter. Everyone knows that the smuggling of drugs into the prisons of the country goes on continuously, with rare exceptions; many guards consider that the supplying of drugs is a legitimate source of revenue for them, and the devices resorted to by the smugglers seem to defy detection or control. If the drug addicts are wholly separated from other prisoners, it is obvious that they will be better taken care of and that they will not corrupt the many who are free from the habit on entering prison but who yield easily to the temptation to spend a good part of their incarceration under the influence of a narcotic.

Since the splendid project at Lexington was begun only three years ago, it may perhaps be charged to the credit side of the depression. Certainly public works of this kind are infinitely more worth while than the building of more cement roads, or post offices, or even grade crossings. If I were the head of the public-works building program, I should direct it chiefly along three lines: the rebuilding of the entire prison system, state and national, the building of new schools and university buildings, and the development of a huge housing program. Here is Langdon Post, head of the New York Housing Authority, telling Congress that *one-third* of all the people in the United States live in sub-standard houses. New York City, he declared, must take care in new housing of 510,516 families, or considerably over two million people. He is strongly for the Wagner housing bill, in which $800,000,000 is asked for in order that outright grants amounting to 30 per cent of the cost of land and materials may be given to local authorities. The government, he felt, should waive all interest payments "and simply require a payment each year from the Housing Authority to cover amortization over a period from forty to sixty years. This would approximate from 1½ to 1¾ per cent with this type of financing; rentals averaging slightly under six dollars a room would be obtained in the projects contemplated under the authority's program. Otherwise rents would rise." Of course, the government ought to lend its money without interest, for the best experts are confident that the urban problem of slum reconstruction cannot be solved on an adequate basis—that is, reach the very poor—unless the government is willing to put in its money on a non-interest-bearing basis. When one reads that in England the number of new homes built by private capital or by local authorities with Parliamentary aid has now gone up to two and one-half millions since the ending of the World War, it is certainly a disgrace that we have hardly made a start, particularly in view of the general belief that nothing could possibly do more to bring back prosperity than a big housing program.

Therefore it is all the more encouraging to read that at least in the field of penal reform the federal government is making progress, despite the difficult times. Building fine new institutions is, of course, only half the battle. The men at the head of those institutions must be wise, capable, humane, and imbued with a modern outlook upon crime and crime prevention.

Oswald Garrison Villard

The Corrupt Press in China

By AGNES SMEDLEY

WHEN referring to the capitalist press Lenin used to speak of the "reptile press." I have often resented this and have been tempted to write an article in defense of reptiles. At last, instead of doing this, I have decided to put down a few facts about the foreign and the Chinese press in China and leave it to others to decide if any reptile of any species deserves Lenin's comparison.

There is in China a most servile and corrupt press and a most servile and corrupt group of newspapermen; they can be bought by any secret service, government, business firm, or gang leader desirous of having something suppressed or something published. But there are, too, newspapers and newspapermen who have put up a courageous struggle for the right to publish facts. Very few of these are foreign; many more are Chinese. The truth of this statement is attested to by the frequent reports of the arrest, imprisonment, or death of Chinese newspapermen, and of the temporary or permanent suppression of Chinese newspapers which have tried to inform the Chinese people about internal or foreign affairs. During the one year of 1934 more than 110 publications in the Peiping-Tientsin area were either temporarily or permanently shut down. In that same year at least three newspapermen were murdered by the Blue Shirts in Tientsin.

To show the conditions under which newspapers and newspapermen work in China today, I offer the following two typical cases. In January, 1933, a Chinese newspaperman named Liu Yu-seng, editor of a supplement to the *Shen Jih Pao* of Chingkiang, a city six hours by rail from Shanghai, was secretly shot and killed in prison. The order for the execution was given by General Ku Chu-tung, governor of the province, who is one of the closest henchmen of General Chiang Kai-shek, dictator of the Nanking government. Chinese newspapermen investigated and learned that Liu Yu-seng had been killed because he had published a complete report about the opium traffic in Chingkiang, in which General Ku had a big and profitable share. When the press protested against the killing, General Ku said that Liu had been executed because he was a Communist. As proof, he said that Liu had been in prison for political activities in 1927, and that he had once tried to organize ricksha coolies into a union. This proved that he was a Communist deserving death! Yang Chien, general secretary of the China League for Civil Rights, conducted an investigation of this case through a certain official in Nanking with whom he was on friendly terms. This Kuomintang official wrote Yang that when Liu's body was exhumed and examined by his family in the presence of officials, it was found that one of his legs had been crushed by torture. Yang refused to give this letter to the press on the ground that if he did so he and its author would share the same fate as Liu. Six months later Yang was murdered by Blue Shirts in Shanghai.

Here is the second case. On November 13, 1934, Sze Liang-zai, millionaire owner and editor of the *Shun Pao*, a Shanghai daily, was murdered outside the city. I am informed that the foreign police of Shanghai knew that the murder was contemplated and warned the Blue Shirts that if they killed Sze in foreign-controlled territory, the police would expose the facts about Yang Chien's murder. So Sze was killed outside the foreign-controlled territory. Immediately after the murder Chinese officials began spreading rumors to cover the tracks of the murderers. For instance, Tang Leang-li, propagandist for Wang Ching-wei, high official of the Nanking government, told American newspapermen that Sze had been murdered by personal enemies. Others said he was killed in a quarrel over a concubine, and still others said he was murdered by business competitors. But every Chinese newspaperman, banker, and industrialist knew that he had been murdered by a band of Blue Shirts who had traveled in a high-powered automobile bearing a Nanking license plate.

For two years before this murder the Blue Shirts had tried to gain control of the *Shun Pao*, the largest and oldest Chinese daily. Following the Japanese invasion of Shanghai in 1932, Chiang Kai-shek had personally forced Sze Liang-zai to discharge his chief editorial writer, who was anti-Japanese and anti-Chiang. In January, 1934, the *Shun Pao* correspondent in Tientsin was murdered for reporting facts about the secret dealings between Nanking officials and the Japanese in the north. In 1934 the Central Kuomintang instructed General Wu Teh-chen, mayor of Shanghai and henchman of Chiang Kai-shek, to order the *Shun Pao* to publish no more articles by the famous left writer, Lo Hsün. The Blue Shirts asked Sze Liang-zai to allow them to furnish the material for one full page of his paper. When he refused, they offered to buy his paper for one million dollars. He refused this also.

Not one Chinese or foreign newspaper in Shanghai had the courage to publish the truth regarding this case. The Chinese knew the facts to the last detail, and it was not "lack of proof" that prevented the foreign press from publishing them. Had the foreign press desired proof, it could have secured it from the foreign police. Incidentally, lack of proof has never kept the Chinese or foreign press from publishing anything. Quite the contrary. For years the press in China has filled its columns and those of the world's newspapers with manufactured tales about the Chinese peasants and the revolutionary intellectuals. There was and is no proof of who murdered the American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Stam, last January, but this did not keep the foreign press from carrying on a vicious international campaign against the Red Army of China, and from saying that the Stams were murdered by a red detachment. In China the first reports of the murder of the missionaries showed that they were not killed by the reds. Only later did the British press in Shanghai get the idea of using this case against the Communists and as propaganda for foreign armed intervention.

But the highest point in press corruption ever reached in Shanghai, and the clearest possible exposure of the exact situation existing in the Chinese newspaper world, came on

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April 30 of the present year when T. B. Chang, prominent newspaper owner and editor, was forced by the Nanking government to resign his position as managing editor of his three large Shanghai dailies and his news agency. Mr. Chang was owner and managing editor of the English-language daily the *China Press,* and the two Chinese dailies the *China Times* and the *China Evening News*, as well as of the Shun Shih Agency. The Nanking government placed this extensive property under the managing editorship of none other than Tu Yueh-san. It sounds unbelievable, but it is true. On the same day the Nanking government decorated this gang leader, conferring upon him the highest degree of the Order of the Brilliant Jade—the second decoration he has received this year. At the same time the two subordinate gang leaders, Wong Ching-yung and Chang Shao-lin, were also awarded this order.

If one wishes to know why things are or are not published in China, one must look deeper than the surface of things. In the middle of 1932, for instance, a number of official documents from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Nanking government fell into the hands of a Chinese acquaintance of mine. They explain much. All of them have to do with the foreign and Chinese press, news agencies, and newspapermen in China, and many are signed by the chief of the Bureau of Intelligence and Publicity of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Nanking government. All are marked "Private and Confidential." One of them, dated May 23, 1932, begins:

> Incompetence, mismanagement, and dishonest manipulation of funds placed monthly at the disposal of the Director of the Intelligence and Publicity Department of the Foreign Ministry for publicity purposes have reduced the functions of the department to doling out various sums of "subsidies" to newspaper reporters, news agencies, both foreign and Chinese, newspaper and magazine proprietors, managers, or editors. . . . The only method of publicity was that of subsidizing—bribing [sic]—news agencies and newspapers so that no news which might be considered unfavorable to the authorities would appear in print. To insure that no such information would leak out to the reading public, individual reporters were also given monthly "subsidies" . . . the demands of the newspapers and reporters are insatiable. There always exists the desire to be given larger sums. . . . The number of reporters and newspapers is constantly on the increase, so that there is no end to the demands.

One paragraph in this confidential report refers to the official British news agency, Reuters, and reads as follows:

> This written understanding with Reuters, which was signed on July 1, 1929, by the then assistant director of the department, provides for the payment of the monthly sum of $3,000. . . . The most objectionable feature—and the one which reveals the true purpose of the contract—is the provision to "treat all outgoing news dispatches fairly and justly and not omit to give the Chinese side of the case in any issue." If Reuters operates in China as an independent foreign commercial news agency, as it claims to be, and if Reuters is faithful to the profession of news gathering and news reporting, Reuters should not accept any cash payment from the Chinese government in consideration of a "fair" treatment of news going out from the country.

There is another contract between Reuters and the Central Publicity Department of the Central Kuomintang in Nanking by which Reuters receives $10,000 from that department. This contract is known to practically every foreign newspaperman in Shanghai. When it became known that these contracts had fallen into the hands of a new director of the Bureau of Intelligence and Publicity in Nanking early in 1932, quite a storm was raised around the Reuters office in Shanghai. So hot did things become for a time that T. V. Soong, Minister of Finance in the Nanking government, demanded that the director of the bureau surrender the contract to him and that under no conditions should it be published.

Why these contracts should have been kept secret from 1929, when they were made, down to 1932 is a question that others may answer. Certainly the United Press did not keep a business arrangement secret which it made with the bureau, according to which the official Nanking Kuo Min News Agency supplied news to the United Press and received the United Press service in return. The confidential reports state that this arrangement is "very advantageous for Nanking" because the United Press "cables abroad news given it by Kuo Min at United Press expense." In the light of these documents, one can more readily understand why, on New Year's Day, 1935, Chiang Kai-shek conferred the Order of the Brilliant Jade on Sir Frederick Jones, chairman of Reuters in London.

The Japanese are by no means niggardly in dealing with the press in China. An outstanding example of their methods is the *Far Eastern Review,* an American-owned and registered engineering monthly which is openly financed by the Japanese. The owner and editor is George Bronson Rea, who perambulates around Washington as "adviser" to the Japanese puppet state of Manchoukuo—at a fat salary. When Mr. Rea was away from China on his sacred mission of aiding Japanese imperialism, his position on the *Review* was taken for a time by another American, George Sokolsky. Mr. Sokolsky, however, seemed a bit more broad-minded than Mr. Rea, for he traveled back and forth between the *Review* office and the office of the Ministry of Finance of the Nanking government, with occasional side trips to the British consulate. The present editor of this Japanese propaganda magazine is also an American; when asked why he did dirty work for the Japanese, he replied: "I'm getting old. Old men can't be choosers." The *Far Eastern Review*, which defends the Japanese conquest of China, and whose editors have worked to this end, has operated for years without any kind of protest from American officials. But every American in China who attempts to publish news exposing the Japanese and the Kuomintang subjectors of the Chinese people is hounded by the local police.

Newspapermen of many nationalities are engaged in scraping in the shekels in the Far East. Until recently the editor of a Japanese imperialist daily in Dairen was an Irishman. During the Japanese invasion a correspondent for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* arrived in Shanghai to take my place, after the Nanking government, working through the German Foreign Office, had demanded my dismissal from that newspaper. I had refused to become an "adviser" to a department in Nanking—which meant keeping my mouth shut—and of course this proved definitely that I was a Communist. My successor, however, was not a Communist; so immediately upon arrival he dashed off to the Chinese mayor of greater Shanghai and asked for money to carry on in style. Someone blabbed, the news was cabled to Europe, and the impatient gentleman was recalled. Had he waited a week, the Chinese would perhaps have made him an "adviser" to some department in Nanking or the Japanese would have stalked into his room and plunked down a bag of yen.

The recent "international journalists' party" into the former Soviet regions of Kiangsi that have been overrun by Nanking troops is another case in point. This trip was demanded by the Japanese military headquarters in Shanghai. Of the six Japanese "journalists" on the trip, two were military spies. One foreigner, a Britisher, represented the *North China Daily News*. He was a military man and wrote no articles about his trip—at least he has not so far. The Japanese, ably seconded by Nanking officialdom, refused to allow Soviet Russian correspondents in China to go with the party, but they accepted a White Guard Russian who was not even a journalist. Of course, the German Nazis went, as did a few Americans. In Nanchang, when the local Associated Press correspondent, an American, tried to join the party, the Japanese objected and he was not permitted to go. Needless to say, the journalists came out as "authorities" on Soviet China, and expatiated on the glories of Chiang Kai-shek. They are now propagandists for all the intellectual and economic imbecilities of Chiang Kai-shek's "New Life" movement.

As to the Chinese press, twenty-two official Blue Shirt organs now exist in China, of which eight are in Shanghai. Apart from these organs of Chiang Kai-shek or some one of his henchmen, there are personal propaganda sheets maintained by Wang Ching-wei, who controls one Chinese daily in Shanghai and an English magazine, the *People's Tribune*, which is circulated in England and America. The editor of the *People's Tribune*, a henchman of Wang Ching-wei, draws $10,000 a month from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and $3,000 a month from the Ministry of Finance. He also "takes care of" English-language magazines in Shanghai and articles about China in the American and British press. Typical of the way he is able to force favorable reviews of his own books in China is the following incident:

Last winter the *China Critic*, a Chinese magazine in English that received $2,000 a month from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, broke its traces and reviewed General Yakhontoff's book, "The Chinese Soviets." The editor of the *People's Tribune* dashed to the telephone and called Nanking, whereupon the business manager of the *Critic* was ordered to Nanking. When he left that high fortress of the white terror he had signed an agreement to submit every article thereafter for censorship—which meant to the editor of the *People's Tribune*—and to review *favorably* every publication of that gentleman.

Censorship bureaus were established in all Chinese cities under Nanking control in July, 1934. Since then every manuscript and every advertisement must be submitted for censorship, and afterward two copies of each publication must be submitted for check-up. No blank spaces may be left to betray the hoof of the censors. On the censorship boards in all cities are representatives of every local politician and general.

The foreigners all know what is going on between Nanking and Japan, but the Chinese people may not know. Every reference to contemplated treaties or agreements between Chiang Kai-shek and the Japanese is eliminated from the Chinese press, and allowed to appear only after the agreements or treaties are in effect. This was true of the Tangku-truce agreement, and of the establishment of railway, telephone, mail, telegraph, and customs connections between China and Japan's puppet state of Manchoukuo. When the Japanese Minister to China and a high military officer conducted secret negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei in Nanking last February, not a word of the negotiations or of the true nature of the agreement was published in the Chinese press. Only after the negotiations were finished was the Chinese press allowed to publish a carefully manufactured statement issued by Chiang Kai-shek. In fact, I learn that but three people in China know what the agreement really was. They are Chiang Kai-shek, his wife, and a Chinese general, perhaps Yang Yung-tai. Yet, as recently revealed, the secret negotiations specifically arranged for Japanese financial and military "assistance" to Nanking in its wars on the Red Army and on communism, Japanese military and other "advisers" to take the place of the present German and other foreign advisers, Japanese investment—which means control—in Chinese industries, and a military alliance for war on the Soviet Union. The agreement really makes Kuomintang China a Japanese colony, with Chiang Kai-shek and his henchmen ruling as Japanese puppets, just as Henry Pu Yi rules in Manchuria.

I will give one personal incident as an example of the truthfulness of the news in the controlled Chinese press today. Three reports about me appeared in the Chinese and Japanese press in the course of last winter. These categorically stated that I had arrived in China, coming up from the Malay States, where I had been a "spy for India," and that I was a "notorious international spy" who did espionage work in London and Paris during the World War. I was said to have three different nationalities—American, German, Russian—and my job in China was said to be that of organizing an anti-imperialist and anti-war congress to wage war on Japan. I was also said to be working with Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, the Chinese Communist Party, and two Russian Bolsheviks from the Third International—whose names were given, though the addresses were unfortunately omitted. We all planned to use the Chinese Red Army and Szechuan Province as "our base of action." I was called very beautiful and intelligent and said to speak ten different languages. I was graduated from the University of Michigan, was born in Ohio, and the police of the "whole world" was watching me!

The only things in the report that were true were my name and the statements that I was in Shanghai and that the police were watching me! Everything else was manufactured in the diseased brains of Japanese and Chinese spies and newspapermen. The British police knew just when I landed in Shanghai from America, for a British detective with the name of F. A. Pitts was put on my trail. That I had never been in London, had never been in the Malay States, and that I was lying sick in a Shanghai hospital for months after my arrival instead of organizing secret congresses—all these facts were well-known to the men who manufactured these reports.

All of the above explains why I have become a defender of reptiles when I hear them compared to the capitalist press in China. It's utterly unfair to the reptiles.

"Education" as a Racket

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, June 24

WHAT is vocational education? And what kind of vocational education deserves federal funds? Under the Smith-Hughes Act, the Office of Education of the Department of the Interior is authorized to make contributions to educational projects of state governments which fit young people for a vocation. The intent of the act is beyond criticism. But in some cases it has been degraded in the South, most of all in Mississippi, into a racket for the benefit of garment and textile manufacturers. Thus, new companies bid for by Mississippi towns were offered first of all free factories, were guaranteed a five-year exemption from state and municipal taxation, and were told their workers would be trained for them at the expense of the state and the federal government. This has enabled a factory to obtain a staff of workers who have been "taught" at no cost to the company for from six to twelve weeks and then to employ them as learners, at the learner's reduced wage scale. And because a worker has learned a single operation at a machine and is qualified for a $9-a-week learner's job, this training is called education, with the suggestion that it meets the approval of the United States government. In none of these Mississippi schools about which I have information has there been any other "education." Strictly speaking there have been no "schools." The training place was the factory, or a building ultimately used as such, and the teachers were foremen or mechanics supplied by the textile companies.

Vocational education, according to a moderate standard, should teach workers to understand the whole process of which their operation is a part, and should supplement this with some education in citizenship. That would give the worker a sense of his own function in industry and in the community. Not so in Mississippi. Vocational "education" means nothing but training girls to perform a single operation at a machine at public expense, and it is offered as one of the inducements to factories to move there from other parts of the country.

So long as the NRA was in force the system was under partial control. A factory at Laurel, Mississippi, which marketed the output of its industrial "scholars"—working without pay—was ordered by the NRA to make a restitution of wages. The crushing blow sent this company into bankruptcy, and Laurel now must fish for a new one to take its place. Other factories were more circumspect. Some of them sold their products abroad, foreign dumping of these school-made products not counting as a violation of the textile code. But that was while the NRA was alive. Today the educational system can work still more usefully for the factories. No one can prevent the sale of production from the schools. Women can be taught by factory foremen—as they would be if there were no "education"—and kept without wages for from six to twelve weeks, and then put on a learner's scale for months.

This presents a frightening picture of man being conquered by the machine, and it is more frightening because the good folk of Mississippi are on the whole happy about it. They look upon industrialization as a boon. A community will buy stock in a textile plant so that it can build a factory; or it will make a bond issue; or it will solicit subscriptions. All the inhabitants, even those on relief, are asked to pledge so much a month toward the fund which will allure the factory to their town. They will do this in a fire of public spirit, on the assumption that it is going to take people off relief, and bring prosperity to the town. There may be a few, here and there, who do not see the justice in contributing to the profit of a rich manufacturing company. But in the main the campaign for factories has been undertaken enthusiastically without questions asked. The educational part of it, which is what primarily concerns the rest of the country, is assumed to be beyond challenge. Anyhow, what is vocational education? Is it more than jamming idle persons into jobs? If the companies use it for chiseling, or increasing their profits, that is beyond the experience of these ingenuous people. It does not occur to them that a factory normally has to train its learners at its own expense, that learners can produce for sale after a few days, and that six or twelve weeks of training is simply a donation to the factory owners. One town went so far as to build a factory and call it a school, thus using town funds which otherwise could not have been touched. After the factory staff was trained, the use of the "school" was given to the company free of cost for five years.

A still more ominous note in the story is the effort to remove the stigma from factory work and make it above social reproach. If a factory is lured to a town, hundreds of young women will enrol for "study," virtually every girl without a job. Many of them may be high-school graduates, dozens will have been to college, and there will be a few college graduates among them. In one factory the company employs a recreation supervisor who has organized her girls into Greek-letter sororities. That gives factory work an "air." Her machine operators have access to a reading course, and a meeting place where they can take lessons at a small fee in ballroom dancing and bridge. The whole town thus goes factory-minded; the factory is the center of community life. I am not suggesting there should be a social stigma on factory work or that industry should not become a social center of the community. The tragedy is in the inversion of a truly social picture. The factory here is not the servant of the community; the whole community has gone into service to the factory. But Mississippi does not see it that way. It finds nothing questionable in the fact that the Mississippi Power Company usually is the agent in soliciting companies to move to the state—though it does not give them free power—and that the chambers of commerce take the initiative in finding the free building and in soliciting the help of the state and federal educational authorities. It takes for granted that things have to be done in this way. Nor does it occur to people that if they tempt a factory, say, from the North, where labor unions are growing strong, and thus take hundreds of local young people off relief, an equal number will go on relief in the North. Hasn't the state passed a law to authorize them to bid for factories with the bribe of five years' tax exemption? It is part of the competitive way of doing things, the only way they know. Some of the training schools have been set up in this interstate competition, some to train workers for factories which have had to move out of prisons as a result of recent reform legislation. But in them all the theme is the same—"education" is thrown in as an inducement to a textile company to start a factory and is not even dreamed of as a serious community responsibility.

Now the question naturally arises how Mississippi has been able to give the impression that it can enlist federal funds for its educational racket, and to what extent it has done so truthfully. The question is asked first of all by organized labor, which has been bombarding Washington with protests against this practice and has also made protests to the state department of education. Labor, however, is not strong in Mississippi and the more effective answer was expected from Washington, where both the Interior Department and the Department of Labor have been given a full account of abuses. Certain results have been obtained, in that the federal Office of Education has exacted a promise from Mississippi that no federal funds shall be spent this year on these textile "schools." It remains to be seen whether the promise will be actually or only formally kept. A state might manage to charge textile-machine "education" to itself and spend correspondingly more federal money on approved projects.

The federal Office of Education has now formulated its policy as to the use of federal funds on state projects. I am told the policy is not new, but it has now been put down briefly for communication to all state educational departments. It comes under seven heads, and the use of federal funds is "believed to be justified" when:

> 1. The employer does not get production work done at a reduced cost.
>
> 2. The persons who serve as instructors devote definite periods of time to approved instruction with definite objectives under an organized plan and under public supervision and control; there must be a segregation of time for each person.
>
> 3. The training department or school is at all times open and accessible to supervisors and other authorized persons representing public vocational education.
>
> 4. The instructors meet all the qualifications set up in state plans.
>
> 5. Repetitive practice *on learner status* is not carried beyond the point necessary to reach the standard for the job or operation.
>
> 6. The state supervisor of trade and industrial education can show that he has visited, inspected, and supervised the work sufficiently to make sure that there is nothing irregular about it.
>
> 7. The number being trained is in keeping with the absorbing power of the service area.

It must be said, however, that this minimum standard of vocational education set by the federal government is not as high as many might wish. It does not require education in citizenship as part of vocational training, and it is satisfied on the whole if the training given is free from exploitation and enables the pupil to get a job. But I gladly draw a distinction between most of the vocational education provided by the government and such occasional abuses as the Mississippi racket. Vocational education is being given to about 1,400,000 persons without such abuses, and valuable service is being rendered on which no discredit should fall. The story of Mississippi, however, points to the danger of the South becoming industrialized on a level of complete servitude to the machine, and challenges both state and federal authorities to meet the problem with a constructive long-term policy more far-reaching than any now being pursued.

Prize Journalism Under Hitler

By HEINRICH L. SCHILLER

GERMANY'S heavy artillery in its journalistic assault on the Jews is represented by two weeklies, the *Stürmer* and the *Judenkenner*. About as large as the American tabloid, these two papers run to eight pages an issue and cost twenty pfennigs. Neither paper restricts itself to fighting the Jews but combats also the Catholics and the Free Masons. Nor is the battle against Judea confined to Germany. All countries are included, and in a recent issue of the *Judenkenner* the United States was given an entire page. Here is one of the "astounding facts" unearthed by the editors:

> We note . . . that in the United States . . . there is a Jewish state within the state, with its own organization, legislation, pronouncements, and administration, with its own state organs, authorities, officials, its own law, its own press, its own politics.

A more appreciative tone toward America is revealed in the following, printed when the Bremen and the Albert Ballin rescued the crew of a distressed Japanese freighter:

> If instead of Albert Ballin the name had been that of America's popular President, Abraham Lincoln, we would certainly have gained a milestone in the entire English-speaking world. . . . Not only that but Japan too . . . would have been on our side all along the line. . . . With the dropping of the boat's Jewish name we would be helping our German seamen and Germans abroad in a large way. . . . May the day not be far away when this Jewish name will disappear from German shipping. . . . Only thus can we convince the world of our pure honest will for peace.

The *Stürmer* is blessed with a larger circulation than the *Judenkenner*. Besides being available for twenty pfennigs, it may also be read free of charge in all the larger towns in a public *Stürmer* display case. Dedicated to "the Battle for Truth," the paper stresses every week in large roman type that "the Jews Are Our Misfortune." Its subject matter is varied, as witness the following titles of articles in recent issues: The Jew in the Pig Pen, The Jew as a Pimp, Back to the Ghetto!, The Girl Ravisher in Weimar, The Leech Lowenthal, New Zealand Wants

No Jews, Girl Raper Punished, The Jew Is Our Enemy.

Though the German press gave but scant consideration to the Hauptmann trial, the *Stürmer* was more generous. Its big scoop was a "Letter from America." Printed last March, it occupied almost a quarter of a page and came from the Protestant Union for Civic Welfare. "The verdict against Hauptmann," declares the letter, "is the product of the American Jews and the press which is controlled by them." Furthermore,

> The greatest wave of anti-Semitism is rolling over our country and no human power can stop it—at the most an act of God. And the Jews have brought this upon themselves. . . . If the great German nation stands by and watches how the American Jews crucify this youth, and only because of their violent hatred of Hitler and the New Germany, then a hundred million Christians in this country are lost.

The *Stürmer* watches everything. For example, if an Aryan should forget himself and buy from a Jew, the *Stürmer* is sure to see it:

> It is a shame when two hereditary peasants, Georg Heinrich Sassmannshausen and Heinrich Dreisbach, both from Birkenfeld, do business with the notorious Talmud Jew and Nazi-hater, Simon from Erndtebrück. That's how grateful these Jew vassals are to the Führer Adolf Hitler for being freed from Jewish bonds!

Here is another business item:

> It's all the same to the Jew what business he's in. All that matters is that he can snatch enough money. So it should be easy to understand that the Jew Hartog in Gangelt even does business in rosary beads and articles for communion. But the saddest part is played by those Catholics who forget themselves so much as to adorn their communicants with articles delivered by the heirs of the Christ-murderers.

The following paragraph was headlined, "Jew Triumph at the Altenburger Market":

> The Altenburger Market at Heftricht is centuries old. Five times a year our fellow-citizens gather there to do business. Where money is to be had, the Jew of course is out in front. So it's no miracle that the Altenburger market is overrun with Jews. Toward the end of last year the following incident occurred. Soon after the market's opening two youths displayed a sign, "The Jews Are Our Misfortune." And behold, the Jews began to howl and cry. They ran for the police and demanded the sign be removed. And what no upright Heftrichter would have imagined actually happened! Two police officials removed the sign while the Jews stood around laughing and snickering.
>
> We advise these two officials to join the service of the Jews. As sign removers in the pay of Judea they can earn immortal fame.

The next item was entitled, "Insolence of Jewish Advertising Soliciting." It was part of a half-page article:

> In this number [Number 13] of the *Israelitische Gemeindeblatt* there is another advertisement on page one. An advertisement representing the height of insolence! An advertisement we would not have thought possible if we had not seen it with our own eyes! The management of the Fachingen State (!) Bath advertises in a Jewish paper. . . . Here a state, and hence a National-Socialist, bath is misused in most incredible fashion! If the advertisement is examined under a magnifying glass, an eagle is seen in the firm's trade mark. And on the breast of this eagle we discover—a swastika! . . . How the Jews must have laughed, sneered, and mocked when they spied Adolf Hitler's sign in their paper!
>
> But the entire German people recognizes in this incident . . . an insolent scorning and vilifying of our symbol. We demand the immediate discharge of the responsible manager of the Fachingen State Bath. . . . Away with those men who are in the pay of Judea!

Another bath whose advertising was under the scrutiny of the *Stürmer* was the Mergentheim bath. In its prospectus for 1935 Mergentheim calls the attention of prospective guests to the fact that there are "Church services: Catholic and Evangelical churches; synagogues." Says the outraged *Stürmer*:

> This is an open invitation to Jews to take the cure at Mergentheim. In the beginning of the season no doubt some dozens of Jews will go to Mergentheim. But on this account hundreds of German guests will stay away. That will be the success of this Jew-friendly advertisement of a place which is limping sadly out of step with the times.

As might be expected, the *Stürmer* is much concerned with the lamentable fact that some Nazis have not yet scaled the heights of prosperity, while "even in the Third Reich there are still some Jews who live like kings." For example:

> What right has a Jew to an automobile when the German must walk or ride in the street car? If no gasoline were sold to Jews the situation would soon be different.

That the *Stürmer* is deemed excellent material for the Nazi schoolroom goes without saying. Indeed, in many schools the paper is displayed in the classroom. Now and then children's compositions are published in the paper itself. Here is the conclusion of one entitled, "The Jews Are Our Misfortune."

> We [in Germany] were at the brink of a grave. Then came Adolf Hitler. Now the Jews in other countries are baiting us. But we will not be led astray. We will follow our leader. We will buy nothing from Jews. Every pfennig we give them kills one of our comrades.

Being something of a family sheet, the *Stürmer* also conducts a *Briefkasten*, wherein it seeks to answer the queries of its harassed readers. These answers sometimes run to great length and in a way perhaps explain the paper's popularity. The following are just a few of the more enlightening answers:

> D. As we hear, the Seifert Company has connected with it, in a profit-sharing capacity, the full-blooded Jew Carsch. The Seifert Company is thus not Aryan.
>
> D. If your society's official organ, the *German Barber*, wants to be a journal true to the spirit of National Socialism, it must not accept Jewish advertising.
>
> S. If you saw this member of the party enter Jew Abraham's photo store at the back entrance after dark, then it is your duty to report him to the party officers.
>
> F. It is a disgrace that Jews are still allowed to visit bathing beaches. For the present all you can do is not to attend such places. Soon things will be different.
>
> J. It's a shame when a group of civil-service workers and business men of Jülich, even today, have to associate with Jews and bowl in their company.
>
> T. Whether the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, is a Jewish enterprise we do not know.

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Hacking to Justice with Cummings

By PAUL W. WARD

THE New Deal was rendered legally impotent when Roosevelt made Homer Stillé Cummings his Attorney General in March, 1933. Cummings is a hack politician who, lured into Democratic ranks by the windy oratory of William Jennings Bryan, served as a Connecticut member of the Democratic National Committee for twenty-five years, was mayor of Stamford for three terms, fought the good fight with Roper for McAdoo and against Smith in 1924, and from 1914 to 1924 luxuriated in the appointive office of State's Attorney for Fairfield County.

While holding the last-named post he carved a niche for himself in the annals of criminal jurisprudence by his admirable handling of the Israel case. Forsaking the traditional role of the prosecuting attorney, he proved through diligent and personal detective work the innocence of the defendant, Israel, against whom a *prima facie* case of murder had been developed, bulwarked by a confession from the accused. The laudations which that case evoked have caused him to search with as nearly equal diligence as failing health and heavier duties will allow for an opportunity to repeat the performance as Attorney General. So far the best he has been able to do—by undermining most of the evidence on which they were convicted of arson—is to win a new trial for two Washington law-school students, one of them the son of a Connecticut physician.

He has failed, however, to evince any comparable interest in the victims of racial or political prejudice. Lynchings, even when brought within federal jurisdiction by being complicated with interstate kidnapping, as in the Claude Neal case at Marianna, Florida, in October, 1934, leave him mute. The agents he has sent to investigate such crimes and similar, if less severe, crimes against radical agitators have seemed fired solely with ambitions to disprove federal jurisdiction. When the N. A. A. C. P. and similar Negro groups sought to add the lynching question to the agenda for the loudly ballyhooed National Crime Conference that Cummings staged at Washington in December, 1934, he rebuffed them. Cummings's liberalism, even within the confines of the criminal law, is limited to 100 per cent politically safe issues.

Partly for that reason, his crime conference was one of the most bizarre spectacles ever staged in Washington. It reached its peak when Fulton Oursler, editor of *Liberty*, delivered a sales talk for the Macfadden publications and old Bernarr himself, while pretending to be orating on the press and crime. It was a ghastly speech, full of the "treat 'em rough; shoot first and think afterwards" stuff so dear to the tough-cop and other types of moron mind. Cummings approved, although penologists in the audience, including officials of the United States Bureau of Prisons, shook their heads sadly over Oursler's atavistic urgings.

Making the proceedings doubly nauseous, Cummings lectured the conference on keeping politics out of the nation's law-enforcement machinery. He, who has been hacking to justice on gift horses from Farley ever since he assumed the Attorney Generalship, shamelessly belabored the subject, as did many of the political hacks who are his assistants, and the audience, made up almost entirely of law officers owing their jobs to nothing but political patronage, as shamelessly cheered them on.

But all this has little to do with the obstructionist role Cummings has played in the New Deal's larger activities. Although Cummings—who incessantly chews small bits of paper and looks as though he could take his collar off over his head if his nose would get out of the way—has posed from time to time as a foe of Wall Street, he has been involved in only one major assault against the vested interests. That was his appearance for the Baush Machine Tool Company against the Mellon-controlled Aluminum Company of America in a triple-damage suit against the latter for violation of the anti-trust laws. Cummings was aggressive as counsel in that case, but somehow he lost that aggressiveness when he entered the Department of Justice.

For more than two years he has had the Aluminum Company under investigation. It had been under investigation for several years before he took office. Shortly thereafter he received a white-washing report from Benham, the chief investigator and an Old Dealer. Cummings publicly scorned the report and valiantly demanded that it be rechecked, but, unaccountably, he turned the job over again to the men who had made the original investigation, which had consisted in large part of asking Aluminum Company officials if they really, honest Injun, were violating the anti-trust laws. Cummings still is waiting for a report to his liking, although months ago, on a retrial of the Baush suit, a Connecticut jury found the Aluminum Company guilty of violating the anti-trust laws to such an extent that it awarded the plaintiff in that civil action approximately $3,000,000 damages.

That, with the exception of one motion-picture case, there have been no substantial anti-trust-law cases instituted by the Department of Justice under Cummings may be explained away in general on the ground that, with those laws reduced to a nebulous state by the NRA, prosecutions of that sort were futile. Cummings himself held forth at a press conference in late 1933 on the futility of prosecuting under the anti-trust laws a steel corporation, for example, that could show the jury that the offense charged specifically had been approved by Roosevelt when he signed the industry's code. But the explanation does not hold in the case of the Aluminum Company, for the NRA washed its hands of it in a scorching report based on a survey of its own. That leaves Cummings's aides obliged to resort to another unofficial explanation—that the Attorney General is reluctant to proceed against the Aluminum Company of America lest he be accused of persecuting the Mellons.

This last explanation is plausible, if not acceptable, for Cummings got his fingers burned early in the New Deal through his amazing announcement that Andy Mellon would be indicted for income-tax dodging. Ever since, Andy has been hurling charges of persecution at the Administration.

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The announcement was amazing only because it presumed to anticipate the decision of a grand jury—and, mark you, a Pittsburgh grand jury—before it had begun its inquisition. It became something more than amazing when, to Cummings's immense chagrin, the grand jury refused to indict Mellon. That hurt far more than the Supreme Court's NRA decision, although the latter was technically the most overwhelming defeat dealt any Attorney General in recent years.

In reality, the Supreme Court decision boosted Cummings's stock within the Administration because he privately and accurately had predicted what the court would do to the NRA, which he approved in broad principle. He had fought against a final court test for that reason, oblivious to the fact that the business of an Attorney General is not merely to pick winning cases and that the public interest demands prompt dissolution of all juridical mirages such as the NRA. That able if unimaginative lawyer, Stanley F. Reed, who became Solicitor General in March, 1935, joined Cummings in fighting against a final court test for the NRA, and between them they forced withdrawal of the government's appeal in the Belcher case. Reed offered to take personal responsibility for that withdrawal, which brought a storm of protests.

It was Roosevelt and Richberg who crumpled under that storm, not Cummings and Reed. When the Circuit Court of Appeals in New York shortly thereafter handed down its opinion in the Schechter case, sustaining the NRA as a constitutional measure but denying the federal government power to regulate wages and hours in an industry selling only in intrastate commerce, Richberg radioed Roosevelt. The President, then fishing off the Florida coast, in turn radioed the Justice Department, directing Cummings to press an immediate appeal to the Supreme Court in the Schechter case. Under the circumstances, Cummings was glad to make Richberg a special Assistant Attorney General and let him assist in presenting the case to the Supreme Court; that kept responsibility for the final outcome divided, and it was Richberg's legal repute, not Cummings's, that suffered at the White House when the decision was handed down.

The general character of Cummings's subordinates can be judged by the fact that, when a young lawyer with a glistening scholastic and trial record applied for a transfer to the Justice Department from the legal division of an agency that was being liquidated, the Assistant Attorney General who interviewed him bluntly replied: "Two Senators are worth any amount of efficiency in this department." He meant that political indorsements were all that counted. There is scarcely an informed person in Washington who would doubt the statement. Cummings has taken into his department men that Farley wouldn't have even in the Post Office Department. Cummings is a staunch party man and when the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, alias the Postmaster General, sends him a job-hunter, that hunter has found a job. His devotion to Smiling Jim has made him ridiculous in more ways than one; there was, for example, the time he rebuked Norman Thomas in a public meeting for referring to Farley as a "convenient symbol of something we don't need." But perhaps that wasn't devotion; it may have been conscience.

Thus Cummings has loaded up the Department of Justice with political hacks in a measure that equals, if it does not exceed, the accomplishments in this respect of any Old Deal Attorney General, and Roosevelt facilitated the process by issuing on June 10, 1933, an executive order authorizing the consolidation within the Justice Department of the legal divisions of all other federal agencies. It was supposed to be an economy order, but in most instances it has resulted only in larger pay rolls, duplication of facilities, and more red tape and inefficiency.

The fact that the Department of Justice is a bottleneck through which all the New Deal's legal juices must flow—only a very few agencies, such as the SEC, having anything approaching complete legal autonomy—makes Cummings and his Augean stable of political hacks a complete offset to the bevy of young crusaders that such holy ghosts of liberal jurisprudence as Felix Frankfurter recruited for the More Abundant Life battalions. Pausing only to point to the evanescent Donald Richberg as an example, I hasten to add that these recruits were, like Blackstone, somewhat overrated by that segment of the public mind that viewed them as true harbingers of a New Deal. But compared with most of those in the Justice Department who can and do check them at almost every turn—if only through natural departmental jealousy enhanced by envy of the higher salaries which lavish-handed administrators established in the emergency agencies—these militants are marvels.

Think of Tom Corcoran and Jerome Frank in the RFC, Ben Cohen and Nathan Margold in the PWA, Charles Wyzanski in the Labor Department, and Jim Landis, Robert Healy, Dave Saperstein, and John Burns in the SEC. Then consider, for example, the New Deal's first Solicitor General, J. Crawford Biggs, the North Carolina small-town lawyer who got the job because there were no other candidates in the field, all others having assumed that Frankfurter was to have the post. When Frankfurter declined, there was Biggs, replete with indorsements from Josephus Daniels, O. Max Gardner, a horde of judges, and a score of past presidents of the American Bar Association. Biggs became completely engrossed in teacup balancing and after two years was squeezed out of the Justice Department, with a post as RFC voting trustee on the Wheeling and Lake Erie for solace. He was supplanted as Solicitor General by Reed, a Kentuckian who has been through the Yale, Virginia, Columbia, and Sorbonne mills and who from December, 1919, to December, 1932, was general counsel to the Federal Farm Board. Thereafter he became general counsel to the RFC, from which post he switched to the Solicitor Generalship. He kept as Assistant Solicitor General the frigid Scot, the late Angus W. MacLean, whom Biggs had brought to Washington from North Carolina to do his work and leave him free for the heavy social duties that were his heart's delight.

MacLean was notable for having represented all the corporate interests there were to represent in his section of North Carolina; for having led as a member of that state's General Assembly a successful fight to lighten the tax load on tobacco land by establishing a state-wide consolidated school system; for having doubled income and corporation taxes while loading on a sales tax to make the consolidation possible; and for having demolished the business lobby that fought the tax bill by charging publicly that it was using "women and liquor." That charge put an end to vote-trading and resulted in the passage of the bill, forty-four legislators having been accompanied to the capital by their wives when they returned the week following publication of MacLean's charge.

The only Justice Department official who bears a reputation as a liberal—except Sanford Bates, director of the Bureau of Prisons, who had a hard time dodging the melodrama Cummings likes to see all criminal activities couched in—is Harold M. Stephens, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the anti-trust division. He is a scholar and has been a judge. A Nebraskan by birth and a graduate of Harvard, he practiced law at Salt Lake City from 1912 until he joined the New Deal. Handicapped by subordinates of the best Farley-Cummings strain and by being called upon for myriad performances outside his own field, Stephens has yet to justify his reputation.

The other assistant attorneys general fit into the general departmental picture. Francis J. Wideman, in charge of tax suits, is a Shriner from Florida who served briefly in the Jacksonville City Council and was a delegate to the 1932 Democratic National Convention. George C. Sweeney, in charge of civil suits other than tax cases, is a past exalted ruler of the Elks and a chair magnate of Gardner, Massachusetts; he was mayor of that little town when duty called him to the Justice Department. Harry W. Blair, who has charge of the public-lands division, is an obscure lawyer from Joplin, Missouri. Equally obscure is Joseph R. Jackson, who has charge of customs cases. Joseph B. Keenan, next to Stephens the ablest of the assistant attorneys general, has charge of criminal cases. He is a Rhode Islander who after being graduated from Brown and Harvard set himself up as a lawyer at Cleveland and handled an Ohio crime investigation.

That brings us back to Homer, the tall, stooping, affable boss of the lot. All this Mason, Elk, Old Fellow, and Eagle wanted for the hard work he expended in furthering Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy was appointment as Governor General of the Philippines. He got it and was on his way there when he stopped off in Washington for the 1933 inaugural. He got no farther. Tom Walsh, the valiant, whom Roosevelt initially named Attorney General, had died while en route to the inaugural. Cummings was pressed into service, an Attorney General being badly needed in the mad days that followed, as Roosevelt with the gestures of a necromancer closed, then opened the banks. By the time the air had cleared, Cummings was firmly in the Attorney General's seat and the Justice Department was well on its way to becoming the Circumlocution Office instead of a veritable New Deal front such as Walsh undoubtedly would have made it. In the financial crisis Cummings had obligingly produced whatever sort of opinion was needed from moment to moment, so Roosevelt kept him, regardless of the contrast between him and Walsh, the original choice.

Old Dealers who had trembled at the news of Walsh's advent hung out the "business as usual" sign. They knew that under Cummings the law would continue to be not only what Mr. Bumble said it was but what somebody else has described as a cobweb which catches small flies but which the bigger bugs break through.

[*Mr. Ward's next article, Hull House on Pennsylvania Avenue, will appear in the issue of July 17.*]

Correspondence

Letters on Stolberg

Black Chauvinism

To the Editors of The Nation:

A very timely article is Benjamin Stolberg's Black Chauvinism. The author is almost entirely on sound ground. It is unfortunate, therefore, that he felt the need of exaggeration to strengthen his thesis.

Of the Civil War he says, "The war was not fought *by* the Negro, and no revolution can be won vicariously." In other words, my friend Stolberg makes the usual error of assuming that the Aframerican's part in that conflict and the events leading up to it was entirely passive. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Negroes not only played an important part in the anti-slavery fight through writing books and pamphlets, lecturing, and getting slaves out of the South along the underground railroad (Frederick Douglass, Bishop Alexander Crummel, Sojourner, and Aunt Harriet Tubman, to name a few), but supported the cause financially. At one time the majority of the subscribers of the *Liberator* were colored people.

When one considers the fact that 178,975 Negro soldiers in 141 infantry regiments, seven cavalry regiments, twelve heavy artillery regiments, and one of light artillery fought to preserve the Union, it seems ridiculous to assert that the war was not fought by the Negro. The first colored regiments to be organized were the First South Carolina, May 9, 1862; the First Louisiana Native Guards, September 27, 1862; the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, February 9, 1863; and the Second Carolina Volunteers, February 23, 1863. While 78,779 of the black volunteers were from the North, the remainder were former slaves. These troops fought in some of the bloodiest battles in the Civil War. Not only that but large numbers of black troops fought for the Confederacy. Of 28,000 Confederate troops on review in New Orleans in November 23, 1861, there was one regiment of 1,400 colored men. In February 1864, the Confederate Congress passed an act making all free Negroes between eighteen and fifty liable for military service.

My friend Stolberg falls into another white American error in assuming that some one or two people lead or can lead the Negro race in America. Inasmuch as this is not true of any group anywhere on earth, why should it be true of the Negroes? There are many philosophies, many schools of thought among colored people in America, perhaps as many as there are sections of the country. There are thousands of intelligent Negroes who agree with neither the Washington nor the DuBois school of thought. And it certainly is not true that the race now has no leadership because Dr. DuBois quit the N. A. A. C. P. There are hundreds of leaders in education, business, journalism, fraternalism, medicine, politics, labor, and social work.

While Stolberg is on the subject of chauvinism, perhaps he will explain satisfactorily his assertion that the colored man or woman who acquired at a great sacrifice a liberal education thereby became a "spoiled Negro." This comes dangerously close to agreeing with the Southern Bourbons who declare that to educate a Negro is to "spoil" him. And where does my friend Stolberg get the idea that "Dr. DuBois's militant intellectual Negro finally cut himself off from these masses by seeking preferential treatment in the white world"? Where are these Negroes? He surely cannot be referring to Charles H. Houston, the Harvard-educated lawyer who is heading the fight on Jim Crowism in the Southern tax-supported colleges, inequalities in teachers' salaries, and public-school fund allotments for the N. A. A. C. P., nor can he be referring to men like the City College graduate A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. He cannot mean Laurence C. Jones, who went into the wilderness of Mississippi from the University of Iowa and built up a great school for Negroes in a state where there are few. There are thousands of such Negroes of college education who have been and are laboring to lift the economic, social, and cultural status of the masses of Negroes.

Moreover, it is these educated Negroes who have borne the brunt of the fight to break down economic, social, political, and residential barriers. Dr. L. A. Nixon of El Paso, Texas, headed the fight on the Texas white primary. Dr. Sweet of Detroit opened the way for the dangerously crowded Negro population to expand. Walter White personally investigated twenty lynchings. There are thousands of others. Is fighting for citizenship and manhood rights cutting oneself off from the masses? Is it seeking preferential treatment to want to vote, live in a healthy locality, and get a Pullman berth from Washington to Mississippi? Is it seeking preferential treatment to go to the bat for Negro enfranchisement in the savage South?

It is equally an error to assume that all the Negroes flocked to Garvey or are flocking to Father Divine. Garvey never had more than 30,000 followers, as Cyril Briggs will attest. Millions of Negroes do not belong to any church, let alone believing in Divine. This is especially true of colored men, among whom the percentage of church members is less than among white men.

I agree whole-heartedly with my friend Stolberg when he says "there is no future for the American Negro in chauvinism, right or left," but he did not have to wander away from the strict truth in order to prove it.

New York, May 20 GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Condescending Paternalism

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

When Benjamin Stolberg in his article, Black Chauvinism, discovers a "split in the psychology of the American Negro" and refers to the Negro as a "sociological caricature" he displays complete inability to grasp even the barest essentials of the question. One who professes to talk in scientific and even in (save the mark!) Marxian terms about social phenomena should at least have thought out the problem beyond a vagueness implicit in such psychological concepts when applied to social movements. The methodology of Mr. Stolberg bears a certain fundamental resemblance to that which produced the anti-Semitic tripe of national socialism. Did not *The Nation*, steeped in Abolitionist traditions, as much as sense the stench of condescending paternalism and insulting matter-of-fact chauvinism which pervades the whole article?

Only one entirely ignorant of the profound stirring among all strata of the Negro people, or an out-and-out political charlatan, could state that the Negroes are today leaderless, or that they "are falling for Father Divine." At no time since the Reconstruction period has there been such a vital clash of issues and discussion of political programs among Negroes as today. The fact that followers of Father Divine participated in the May Day parade side by side with Communists and tens of thousands of white workers is highly significant and important, and cannot be dismissed, as Mr. Stolberg attempts, with a knowing wave of the hand. It shows that even those masses most backward politically, and under the influence of the most primitive form of religionism, are today being set in motion toward a class-conscious position.

Nor can Mr. Stolberg explain away with smart all-inclusive phraseology the rapidly growing Communist influence among broad sections of the Negro people. Could there be anything more ridiculous than his main thesis—the hungry and bewildered and leaderless Negro masses are now finding escape in "racial chauvinism," and "the Communist Party, anxious for a 'mass base' in the black world which it lacks in the white, is catering to this very chauvinism"?

Chauvinism, this trained student of world affairs should know, is peculiar only to an oppressing people. White chauvinism and the practices of "white superiority" have been the principal factors leading to the rise of Negro nationalism, which it pleases our pseudo-Marxist to call "black chauvinism." But Mr. Stolberg only displays an abysmal ignorance of the source of the nationalist movement among Negroes, which is largely a reaction to oppression, an expression of the mass upsurge against this oppression. Petty-bourgeois Negro leaders (now including Dr. DuBois) and organizations are attempting to divert this upsurge into channels of separatism and segregation. It is precisely against such petty-bourgeois nationalism that the Communist Party fights, while at the same time directing its main efforts in a struggle against all aspects of white chauvinism, especially in the labor movement, where every chauvinist act provides grist for the mill of the segregationists.

The article is so evidently incompetent. Was it the anti-Communist conclusion which prompted *The Nation* to publish it?

New York, June 2 JAMES S. ALLEN

Testimony in Defense

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Inclosed is a copy of a letter which several of us of the faculty of Howard University have addressed to the editor of the *Crisis*. Since Benjamin Stolberg's article on Black Chauvinism, which is the subject of our controversy with the *Crisis*, appeared in *The Nation* originally, we should like our reaction to it to appear in your columns as well.

Washington, D. C., June 14 EMMETT E. DORSEY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRISIS:

We are deeply disturbed by your editorial comment on Benjamin Stolberg's article on Black Chauvinism in *The Nation*. We wish to protest the obvious distortion of the whole meaning of his position, which was a brilliant and sound analysis of the tragic predicament of the American Negro today. Your reference to Stolberg as a white Southern Bourbon could be easily dismissed as absurd were it not indicative of the very chauvinism he is attacking. Anyone who knows the history of Ben Stolberg—and everyone in the N. A. A. C. P. must know it—and who none the less interprets his outlook as the *Crisis* does is either stupid or vicious. And we are inclined to believe that in this instance the *Crisis* was both. It was stupid because it patently tore two sentences out of their context contrary to the letter of the passage between the two sentences and contrary to the spirit of the whole essay. And it was vicious because it expressed the growing racial sensitiveness in our Negro life, which is bound to work against the very desegregation which Mr. Stolberg so militantly demanded in the very article you attacked and for which the *Crisis* at one time stood without equivocation.

If Benjamin Stolberg's article in *The Nation* expresses white Southern Bourbonism, we demand that the editor of the *Crisis* print this letter so that the world may know that we, Negro teachers at Howard University, subscribe to the same kind of white Southern Bourbonism.

Washington, D. C., June 14

STERLING A. BROWN
RALPH J. BUNCHE
EMMETT E. DORSEY
E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

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The Workmen's Circle

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mr. Benjamin Stolberg, who in his judgments on the Socialist Party assumes the pontifical air of an ecclesiastical father from whom there can be no secrets, evidently deems it important to take a jab at the Workmen's Circle, the great Jewish Fraternal Order having a membership of 70,000 in the United States and Canada. This is what Mr. Stolberg says: "Another powerful Socialist auxiliary is the Workmen's Circle, a Jewish workmen's benevolent society whose energies are also expended mostly in bitter denunciation of Stalin as being not one whit better than a fascist."

I was under the impression that the doings of an organization are known by its official acts, published statements, and the decisions of its governing bodies. I would like to ask Mr. Stolberg when and by which act did the Workmen's Circle as a body denounce the Soviet Union or slander its leaders? To say that the Workmen's Circle is "expanding its energies in bitter denunciation of Stalin" is the malicious statement of a man who is in fundamental ignorance of the purposes and activities of the Workmen's Circle. Far from spending its energies on trivial political squabbles, it is exerting them for the betterment of conditions of its membership and the laboring masses generally. It is attempting to raise their cultural and political level and to teach them their place in modern capitalist society. The Workmen's Circle is an inter-party organization where adherents of every wing of the labor and radical movements have the freedom to advocate their special brand of economic and political thought so long as their words or actions do not deliberately react to the harm of the organization.

I can hardly understand Mr. Stolberg's purpose in dragging the Workmen's Circle into the net of Socialist organizations for his caustic and oh-so-sophisticated attack. To me it seems very much like the act of pen-brigandage so masterfully characterized by the famous Alexander Herzen. Mr. Stolberg's spurious attack on the Workmen's Circle is merely words, hostile words, without base or foundation. It is to be hoped that the readers of *The Nation* will be able to see behind the malice.

New York, May 31 J. Baskin,
General Secretary Workmen's Circle

Vile Canards

To the Editors of The Nation:

For what purpose is *The Nation* being edited these days? In order to rub out what vestiges remain of any decent human movement to alleviate suffering and restore to mankind some measure of freedom? It would seem so after reading the vicious article on the Socialist Party by Benjamin Stolberg.

Mr. Stolberg's facts are false, his premises cock-eyed, and his writing magnificent. But magnificent writing is no excuse for printing so obviously biased an article as Stolberg's.

Those of us who have been loyal to *The Nation* since Mr. Villard took it over, years back, will find it hard to justify our support of a publication which gives circulation to such vile canards as Mr. Stolberg is guilty of in the article which you carried in your magazine.

Radburn, N. J., June 5 McAlister Coleman

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"We Cover the United Front"

By HEYWOOD BROUN

AT the moment of writing it is not possible to predict the precise form which the Wagner bill will take when it comes to the final vote, but there is every evidence of a Congressional desire to add more loopholes to a measure which was in the beginning more than a little drafty. Those who have hailed it as a Magna Charta of labor were decidedly premature. Indeed, I wonder whether labor should ever look to any piece of legislation as a rock on which to build a permanent or even a semi-permanent mansion. There are too many slips between the best of bills (and the Wagner measure is hardly that) and their performance.

Labor runs a double risk in the matter of relying on the aid of lawmakers. Some given bill may seem to offer everything which is desired. And, if we continue the fantasy, this may manage to slip through both houses and obtain a Presidential signature without having picked up crippling amendments along the way. Yet even at this point it is much too soon for bell ringing and dancing in the street. It is utterly impossible to predict the scope and effect of a law, no matter how precise its language, until it has been put into effect and withstood the heat and the cold, the rain and the hail for several years.

Practically no measure of any sort ever lives up to as much as 50 per cent of the hopes of its advocates. The roof is one of the weak points. On paper plans the shingling seems perfect but when the storm comes the hidden leaks develop. I cite 7-a which seemed distinctly promising and turned out to be practically useless as a guaranty of labor's right to organize without employer interference. Dissenters have always found a way to circumvent the most careful kind of legislation, and so poorly or loosely drawn bills may turn into sieves instead of barricades of protection.

Some radical labor sympathizers have been so much fed up with disappointing legislation that they are over-inclined to attack any effort made to improve conditions by law. Such an attitude seems to me an error. Labor ought to make its power felt in legislation but it should always move warily in Washington and keep its fingers crossed. There is too much disposition to say of this Senator, Representative, Cabinet member, or President, "So and so is a friend of labor." Such accolades of approval should be granted only for twenty-four-hour periods, or less, and subject to prompt withdrawal. Most politicians are tight-rope walkers, and the passenger who undertakes to perch upon the shoulders of any one of them is in a decidedly precarious position. He should always be ready to jump for his life at a moment's notice.

It may be trite to say that labor must always look to its own organizational power for its essential strength. Although this saying is familiar enough it cannot be repeated too often. And it seems to me that this is an excellent time for restatement. In my individual opinion important labor leaders are making a grave error in tactics at this very moment. They are hailing a highly dubious bill as a charter of liberties and at the same time announcing that they will have nothing to do with a united front.

In *The Nation* recently I ventured the opinion that if trade unions undertook to "purge" themselves of Communist or "Communistic" members they were very likely to find that employers would seize upon the opportunity to purge themselves of all unions, even the lily-white ones. That is just as true today. One or two labor experts have tried to tell me that William Green's warning to the International Fur Workers' Union was merely a local issue and that it did not truly mean that all unions should expel all Communists. Without passing here and now on the merits of the furriers' case I must say that the A. F. of L. leaders are dealing with devices which are dangerous to the labor movement in general. Employers have simply shown during the last few years that their first line of attack in any economic dispute is to raise the red scare. Surely this practice should be left to the employers and not used by labor leaders themselves. The labor leader who cries "red" today in dealing with a union situation may quite possibly and ironically find the same charge being hurled at himself by the employing groups tomorrow morning. If ever labor needed solidarity and a united front this is the very second.

In particular I may point out that the controversy has been brought up at a time when it may well cripple the rapid growth of white-collar organizations seeking affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. Take, for instance, the case of the Newspaper Guild. As an officer of that organization I have no right to state or even suggest an official policy except by the direction of the membership. But that direction has already been given. The constitution of the Guild says expressly that no political, racial, or sex test shall be made in regard to membership. The constitution of the Guild was adopted unanimously at the Cleveland convention.

Of course, no organization outside the A. F. of L. nor one merely moving in that direction has any right to attempt to dictate policy to such a large and experienced group, but I think it is only fair to point out that there seems to me no disposition on the part of the Guild to depart from its own policy of united front within its own ranks. Of course, there are Communists in the Guild and they have precisely the same rights as other members. The fact that they constitute, in all probability, a small minority does not affect the issue.

If the A. F. of L. can ask for the purging of Communists it can ask for the purging of Socialists or single taxers or anarchists or Townsendites or Republicans or any of the many curious sects which make up the political and economic map of America. I feel certain that there is not a single ism which is not represented in the Guild. We think that is our strength. After all we are newspapermen and we are proud to say, "We cover the united front."

Gas Sunday

By SAMUEL PAUL PUNER

NOT since the days of the first great American "red scare" in the years immediately following the war has organized labor in the Northwest been subjected to such waves of terrorism and vigilantism as have accompanied some of the recent strikes. After the Minneapolis drivers' strike a small group of young truck drivers organized their fellows in Fargo, North Dakota. The first strike of the newly formed Local 173, of the Chauffeurs, Drivers, Teamsters, and Helpers Union took place in November, 1934. It was in behalf of the local milk drivers. It lasted only one day; then the employers, who had hitherto refused even to discuss the demands, offered to arbitrate. At the end of two weeks, with the help of Governor Olson of North Dakota, the union won a complete victory.

The victory of the milk drivers soon brought the unorganized to union headquarters, and by December, 1934, the union was strong enough to attempt to tackle the employers in the coal, lumber, and ice industries of Fargo and its twin city, Moorhead. The demands were identical with those made and acceded to by the milk industry: (1) union recognition, (2) seniority rights, (3) a minimum wage of $20, (4) a forty-eight-hour week. The employers, balked by the newly formed Associated Industries, an association organized shortly before the milk strike to combat the rising wave of labor organization, refused even to discuss the demands. The workers then took the case to the Regional Labor Board in Minneapolis, but the employers failed to appear at the hearing. A strike was called on January 22, 1935.

The first few days of the strike were met by a stony silence on the part of the employers' association. Picketing continued peacefully and successfully throughout the city. But things were happening beneath the surface. From 200 to 250 deputies were quietly sworn in by State's Attorney Bergesen. (This was subsequently admitted by him when he was called as a witness for the defendants in the injunction proceeding.) Then a twenty-four-hour truce was requested for January 26, and granted by the strikers. A committee representing the Fargo Trades and Labor Assembly conferred with the employers but found them unwilling to yield a point. The strikers returned to the picket lines.

On Sunday, January 27, all was calm and peaceful on the Fargo front. At 3:30 p. m. the Union Hall was crowded with the strikers and their families who had come to hear an instructor of the educational division of the FERA, who was helping them form classes for the study of labor history. About 200 men, women, and children were present. Word came that a crew of men had been seen loading ice on the river. A committee of strikers was delegated to investigate and persuade the men to retire. They left the hall and drove over to the river. As they arrived, the police, already on the scene and reinforced by a band of special deputies, ordered them away. The men refused. Without further ado they were herded into trucks and taken to the police station. One of the pickets, a little more voluble in his objections than the rest, was clubbed by a policeman.

Immediately the police and special deputies were marshaled at headquarters and ordered to march on Union Hall. Armed with clubs and ax-handles, the forces of law and order went into action, having first carefully surrounded the premises and blocked all exits. A demand was made that William Cruden and Austin Swald, officers of the union, submit to arrest. The men countered with the demand that warrants be produced. There were, of course, no warrants, but the police stood their ground. An order went back to headquarters for tear gas, on the ground that the strikers were defying duly constituted police authority. Shortly thereafter, and without warning, the bombardment began through the windows. In a few moments, with eyes streaming from the effects of the gas, the strikers were driven from the hall. The women and children were segregated by the cops and sent home. All the men were arrested, including the FERA instructor. In all, ninety-five arrests were made on "Gas Sunday" and the men remanded to jail for lack of $500 bail each. The pickets seized at the river were charged with rioting, and the union members arrested in the drive on the hall were charged with conspiracy and resisting an officer.

After the preliminary hearing, charges were dismissed against all those driven from headquarters, but the sixteen strikers arrested at the river were held for trial for rioting. All the defendants were found guilty, three being sentenced to six months' imprisonment and thirteen to three months' each. This verdict is now being appealed.

Mass arrests failed to break the strike and, to the dismay of the employers, served to stir up sympathy to such a degree that the legislature passed a resolution of condemnation, charging, among other things, that "the police department of Fargo has deputized individuals of unconcerned standing in this controversy who have used brute force in preventing the strikers from peaceful picketing; and who have committed unlawful acts of violence for the purpose of discrediting the strikers and destroying favorable public opinion in their cause." As a consequence, the employers adopted more conventional tactics and applied for an injunction. The temporary restraining order was obtained without notice, and was so broad and sweeping that under its terms all strike activity, including peaceful picketing, was prohibited. After the hearing, however, the restraining order was modified, but a temporary injunction was issued sufficiently broad to hamper seriously the conduct of the strike, although the legislature had just enacted an anti-injunction law modeled on the federal Norris-La Guardia Act.

Despite this hardship the strike continued unabated with the strong support of organizations throughout the Northwest. Yet almost four months after the strike was declared, the International Union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, branded it illegal and revoked the charter of Local 173. After this, the Fargo Trade and Labor Assembly expelled the local and found itself with but a third of its members left. The expulsion has resulted in the organization of the Independent Union of All Workers, 173, with a policy of industrial unionism. The strike continues under militant rank-and-file leadership.

The Cornetist

By MARK VAN DOREN

When the last freight, dusk-musical, had gone,
Groaning along the dark rails to St. Louis,
When the warm night, complete across the cornfields,
Said there was nothing now, no motion left,
No possible sound, we heard him—
Rocked on the silent porch and heard the low notes

Leave on their level errand like the last sound
Ever to be man-blown about the earth.
Like the last man this sentry of the switches
Blew, and the mournful notes, transcending cinders,
Floated above the corn leaves—
Floated above the silks, until arriving,

Arriving, they invaded our warm darkness,
Deep in the still veranda, and we laughed:
"Why, there he is, that pitiful lone devil;
There is the Frisco nightingale again,
There is our mocking-bird-man"—
Laughed, and said these things, and went to bed.

And slept; but there are nights now when I waken,
After these years, and all these miles away,
When I sit up and listen for the last sound
Man will have made alive; and doubt a little
Whether we should have laughed—
Whether we should have pitied that poor soul.

You were too sure of being there forever,
And I too soon was leaving to be wise.
Not that his horn had wisdom; but at night time
Man has a need of man, and he was there,
Always; the horn was there
Always—and joy, I think, was why we laughed.

And slept; for there is many an hour of dreariness,
Many an hour unloud with lips or brass,
When I lie still and listen for the last note
Ever some lung has blown; and am self-envious,
Thinking I once could laugh—
Thinking I once could pity that firm soul.

A Plan to Control Capitalism

Controlling Depressions. By Paul H. Douglas. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

THE author of the present volume feels that the monetary theories of Keynes and Hayek do not explain the generating causes of business cycles. He holds that the fundamental causes are rooted in industrial combinations and monopoly with their rigid prices and, to a lesser degree, in the rigid wage rates which some of the trade unions have maintained. Briefly stated, Douglas's theory is as follows: This is the era of monopoly capitalism, dominated by the holding company in transportation, communication, and power and by the vertical and horizontal combination in manufacturing industry. The primary aim of these monopolistic combines is to obtain a constant rate of profit. They succeed in doing this by keeping the price of their goods and services as nearly stable as possible. This strategy was most successful in the great upswing of 1922-29. During this period technical improvements and increasing investment of capital reduced unit costs, but the price level was kept stable, mainly, by price-control methods, such as "Pittsburgh plus" in the steel industry and the "open-price" competition of numerous trade associations. Wages, however, did not increase in proportion to the expanding productivity of labor and the declining costs of production. They lagged behind prices. Since the income of industrial and farm labor and that of the small salaried man did not increase relative to declining costs and expanding production, stable prices could be achieved only through the restriction of output. This was especially true in the heavy-goods industries, where monopoly is common. The inevitable results of output restriction and the lag of labor income under conditions of stable prices were inflated profits that stimulated speculation, a reduction of mass purchasing power and of the real income of the masses, the over-investment of capital, and then unemployment and the depression.

Although insufficient mass purchasing power is chief among the causes to which the author attributes the depression, it would be a mistake to classify him as an advocate of the so-called high-wages theory of prosperity. According to him, wages can expand only in proportion to labor's increasing productivity and to falling costs. The failure of organized labor to observe this relationship of wages, productivity, and prices frequently leads trade unions to jack up wages in specific trades to the disadvantage of the working class as a whole. Thus on the railroads and in the building trades the high wage-consciousness of the skilled unions resulted in a wage structure which was just as rigid as the prices that were enforced by the monopolistic practices of the employers in those industries. The cost of this benefit was borne by other workers, mainly the unskilled and unorganized, in the form of wage reductions or unemployment. The paramount concern of organized labor should therefore be the increase of the share of the social product which goes to the working class as a whole, and not high wages as such.

In Professor Douglas's estimation the rigidity of wages is not a serious problem because it has manifested itself in only a few industries. But to the extent that it is a problem for present or future concern he proposes that it be taken care of by the organization of labor upon an industrial instead of a craft basis and by the elimination of racial and other restrictions upon trade-union membership. The real problem in business-cycle control is "sticky" or inflexible prices, which employers with the connivance of A. F. of L. leaders have perpetuated in NRA codes. He proposes therefore a more determined enforcement of the anti-trust laws in small industry and abandonment of price fixing. He holds that any attempt to bring about competition in industries dominated by a few concerns is futile. The only remedy is to socialize monopolies. Thus Professor Douglas's plan for controlling depressions and therefore for controlling capitalism—since he thinks it can stand only one or two more depressions—has two objectives. The first objective is to bring about flexible prices and a stable price level. The second is to expand mass purchasing power in relation to the productivity of industry. The chief aspects of the plan are (1) the public ownership of the railroads and utilities, iron and steel, aluminum, electrical machinery, and heavy chemicals; (2) the creation of a central bank with the sole power to manufacture credit and with the power to stabilize prices and to provide employment during depressions; (3) the movement of wages in relation to the expansion and contraction of industry; (4) the levying of a federal tax upon corporate profits in excess of 6 per cent on capital actually invested; (5) the distribution of the proceeds of this tax in the form of a consumers' dividend or the expenditure of them upon social services; (6) the concentration of public works upon low-cost housing during depressions; (7) the building up of unemployment reserves during prosperity; and (8) the timing of government expenditures according to the ups and downs of business.

The author looks to a third party composed of farmers, wage-earners, low-salaried workers, and small business men to put his measures into operation. Past attempts to organize such a party have failed because of the divergent economic interests and outlooks of these groups. Nevertheless, Professor Douglas is forced to rely upon them, since his purchasing-power theory skirts the real problem that is at the base of the business cycle. This problem is not the rigidity of prices and monopoly but the conflict between labor income and profits. This conflict, which Marx saw in the conversion of variable capital (means of subsistence) into constant capital (machinery and materials of production), is of course intensified in the period of monopoly capitalism, but it is just as characteristic of the more primitive and individualistic stage. Accordingly, cycles must occur in both stages irrespective of flexible or inflexible prices. Thus, from this standpoint, the socialization of banking and industry and the control of economic life, generally, will not be realized until American labor is made conscious of the conflict of interest that underlies the business cycle and of the necessity to achieve political power.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Straining to Feel

Poems: 1914-1934. By Herbert Read. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WITH Mr. Read, who is one of England's foremost critics of art and literature, poetry is something of a side-line. Although he has been in close touch with poetic movements during the last two decades, he has followed rather than helped to lead them. Many of his poems give the impression of exercises in which he is trying to assimilate the inventions of more original writers. This collection shows, nevertheless, that combination of intelligence and sensitiveness which one expects to find in anything he publishes, and it contains a half-dozen poems of genuine distinction.

The early pieces in the imagist manner are not pointed enough to be among the best examples of that school. The war poems are interesting more for the incidents they relate, and for the author's comments upon them, than for the manner of their telling. Mr. Read has not an exceptional ear for music, and he is rarely able to establish a cadence or sustain a form. His real talent is for psychological and moral analysis, and it was not until he underwent the influence of Donne and Eliot that he acquired the technique which enabled him to make good use of this talent in the poems entitled The Analysis of Love, Beata l'Alma, Mutations of the Phoenix, and The Lament of Saint Denis.

Their general theme is the internal conflict of the intellectual who is straining to feel and straining to see. The solutions are the familiar ones of the nineteen-twenties: "sense and image" must be refashioned; "single perceptions," to which "communication is not essential," offer a haven of rest; and there is Lawrence's call of the blood, symbolized by the moon and the phoenix. The poet comes nearest to achieving a balance in these lines:

> Mind wins deciduously,
> hibernating through many years.
> Impulse alone is immutable sap
> and flowing continuance
> extending life to leafy men.

The problem has been solved, however, only in theory: these poems are brittle, of the nerves, and fraught with a sense of isolation.

A recent poem of some length, The Nuncio, which was obviously influenced by W. H. Auden even to several of his mannerisms, shows that Mr. Read has again moved with the times. The old preoccupation is there, but it has taken a new form:

> Floodlights of emotion
> must be thrown against the recessed terraces
> the rectangular towers and bleak buttresses—
> the external form of our adventure.
> We must design with brighter color
> borrowing harmonies from children at school
> and especially on an outer wall
> cast a warmth that will appeal
> to those unable to measure steel.

This envisaging of the problem in its objective and social aspects promises the poet release from the tortures of introspection and progress toward clarity.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Cheap Stuff

What So Proudly We Hailed. By Emile Gauvreau. The Macaulay Company. $3.50.

THIS book on Russia by Mr. Gauvreau, who is one of the staff philosophers on William Randolph Hearst's New York *Daily Mirror,* reminds me of Dr. Will Durant's "The Tragedy of Russia." True enough, they differ in their points of view: Dr. Durant didn't like Russia at all, and Mr. Gauvreau seems to like it. But both volumes have this in common: they are incompetent and cheap. Bad work is bad work whether it is on the right or on the left.

Just before the last Presidential election Mr. Gauvreau had a talk with Franklin D. Roosevelt, who confided to him his great interest in Russia. So Mr. Gauvreau took a brief and "memorable trip" to the land of the Soviets to see for himself. In Leningrad he saw some women repairing wires on telegraph poles, and this set him on a long and profound train of thought:

> An air of utter professionality, if I may coin a word, makes it almost impossible to distinguish the repairwoman on the job from the man at the other end of the loop of wire, pulling the slack taut. There are distinguishing measurements, of course, but the mind does not dwell on these long in Russia. The electricity of doing and of producing and of racing toward a goal makes other considerations seem somewhat silly. . . . At times some of the wiring may be weird indeed, and nothing but a woman's intuition may guide you to the mysterious button which turns night into day.

Mr. Gauvreau also saw women clean the streets of Moscow, and he observed their operations very closely. His considered opinion is that "they sweep the streets clean and do the job as though the gutters were their kitchen floors, leaving no corner neglected. Our male American street-cleaning employees are a little weak in the corners."

The Russian, of course, is "essentially tragic and melancholy," and when he "tells you to stop worrying, then is the time to sit up all night and expect the worst." Strangely enough, the Russian also "loves comedy." Then again, the Russian is really a very serious creature. He "wants to believe in the utter truth of that which is depicted for him on the stage." There is very little gaiety in him. Consider a Russian dancing. "If he is enjoying the dance, his face, which bears the mask of the stoic with its set lip and corrugated forehead all intent upon the mathematical calculations of toe and heel, whirl and glide, will never reveal it. He is working out a problem in this dance." One would naturally be inclined to think that a country inhabited by such strange people must be somewhat strange itself, and Mr. Gauvreau hastens to say that this is precisely the fact. Classical music when played in Russia, to cite one example, is not like classical music played in any other country. The Russian soil and atmosphere do something fine and special to it. "In the Russian interpretations . . . there is a distinction which is not to be found elsewhere, I think. There is a certain indefinable peace-breathing in the tempo of its dominance which sets it apart from anything like it in the whole world," whatever that may mean. Even locomotives, insists Mr. Gauvreau, are not just locomotives in Russia. He says that once, on a railroad trip, he "was lost in reverie as the locomotive, far ahead, panted and puffed with true Russian patience." The land of the Soviets apparently is too much for one mind to grasp, even when that mind is of the stature of Mr. Gauvreau's. On at least one occasion, he confesses, he had to repair "to the night club for a drink. That is the only thing to do when you are in Russia and thinking too much about Russia."

When Mr. Gauvreau came back to his office in the *Daily Mirror* he found a lot of accumulated work—stories about Sally Rand, Doris Duke, Gloria Vanderbilt, Waxie Gordon, Jessie B. Costello, John Dillinger, Eva Coo, Primo Carnera, Samuel Insull, Upton Sinclair, and "Dutch" Schultz. He recites their tales in typical tabloid manner, and then asks the reader whether he prefers the America of such raffish people to the Russia where women are so busy with worth-while work that men do not even notice their sex. "Is this our country, is this then America? . . . Who has done this thing to us? Shall all be lost because of these? Hardly. We are strong enough. We are big enough. The dream is unending." To drive home his comparison between the two countries Mr. Gauvreau prints two sets of pictures: one group of smiling Russian men, women, and children, and another of American murderers, Lesbians, and unemployed. All the pictures are so selected that they would delight the feature editor of the scummiest tabloid paper.

As Dr. Will Durant's "The Tragedy of Russia" was the cheapest book published so far in the United States against Russian communism, so Mr. Gauvreau's book is the cheapest one that has so far appeared in this country more or less in favor of it.

CHARLES ANGOFF

Caveat Emptor

The Consumer Seeks a Way. By Clark Foreman and Michael Ross. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.
How to Spend Money. By Ruth Brindze. The Vanguard Press. $2.
Counterfeit. By Arthur Kallet. The Vanguard Press. $1.50.

THESE three books, which take up the cause of that forgotten man the consumer, illustrate sharply how difficult any such championship must be. Mr. Foreman and Mr. Ross, after discussing the complicated nature of our economic society, come to the conclusion that only by consumer organization can the ultimate buyer of commodities hope for a fair deal; Miss Brindze describes in detail the quality and quantity standards which consumers must demand in order to assure themselves their money's worth; Mr. Kallet, with more passionate partisanship than any of the others, points out concretely, with the aid of impressive photographs, just how the consumer is hornswoggled by manufacturers, advertisers, and retailers in search of profits. In other words, *if* consumers would get together and, informing themselves about the kind of goods they want, demand that they be satisfied, what Mr. Kallet describes so feelingly would not take place. One would not say that this degree of intelligent self-consciousness on the part of millions of buyers is impossible to hope for. But at least it is far away. There is undoubtedly a small group of consumers who would be willing to study Miss Brindze's clear-cut standards, and who would make effective nuisances of themselves while making purchases, to the ultimate benefit of every other consumer.

There is no doubt that such consumer organization as we now have, as illustrated by publications like the *Consumer's Defender* and *Consumers' Research,* guide the marketing activities of an impressively sizable group of persons—say, a quarter of a million, counting each subscriber as representative of two or three others. But the inertia of a hundred and twenty million, the pressure exerted on them by highly colored advertisements, and the difficulty, even to those of more than average intelligence, of becoming informed about the multifarious tricks in all the retail trades constitute a problem of enormous proportions. Probably the most effective way of tackling it would be to press for the establishment, by government departments, of definite consumer standards, as those standards now exist to a large extent for industry. Mr. Foreman and Mr. Ross might have emphasized this point more clearly, instead of discussing "consumer organization" quite so largely or so generally. Meanwhile those persons who are willing to study Miss Brindze's book, who thereby learn what they ought to be getting when they buy wool or silk or leather or what not, and who insist they be informed of the proportion of honesty and counterfeit in whatever goods they purchase—providing the salesman himself knows the answer—will be assured of more satisfactory goods. For hers is a practical and sensible book, and if it occasionally seems complicated, she is not to blame. The process of mixing shoddy with honest goods has become a fine and excessively devious art. Miss Brindze will help the consumer to master it, to his own advantage.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Continuities in Music

The Puritans and Music in England and New England. By Percy A. Scholes. The Oxford University Press. $7.50.
National Music. By Ralph Vaughn Williams. The Oxford University Press. $1.75.

THE celebrated Dr. Burney, whose highly useful "History of Music" is soon to be published in this country, seems to have been among the first to develop the theory that the Puritans hated and suppressed music. Dr. Scholes has thoroughly demolished this idea in a lively and extensive work. He shows that Cromwell, Bunyan, Browne, and many other typical Puritans enjoyed and cultivated the art of music, that the Puritans danced, that opera in England actually began under the Puritans, that musical instruments were fairly common among the Puritans of New England, and that dancing was not unknown among them, apart from the gyrations at Merry Mount. With great care Dr. Scholes portrays the Puritan antipathy to church worship by means of organs and trained choirs, and separates this from the general question of the Puritan enjoyment of music. He also proves that this antipathy was by no means peculiar to the period of the Commonwealth but was part of a conviction that went as far back as Ethelred.

In other words, the Puritans appear in a new guise under the persuasive pen of Dr. Scholes, and English music is shown not to have suffered a destructive break in the seventeenth century.

Dr. Vaughn Williams finds the real break in the English musical tradition at another point and from another cause, that of the rise to power of an uncultured landed gentry in the early eighteenth century, who considered the practice of art unworthy of a gentleman and turned it over to the "foreigner." At the same time the foreign court of St. James brought its own music to England. Dr. Vaughn Williams touches upon certain parallels to these incidents in our history and indeed touches upon the course of American music elsewhere, but the main value of his charming little book for American criticism would seem to lie rather in the implications of what he says about the history of English music or, in general, about "national music." He is strictly a nationalist in music, who believes that national folk music provides the inevitable base for music expression, that here is the "raw material" for national song.

Not all that Dr. Vaughn Williams has to say is new. The essential things have been said by Herder and Böhme. Yet they are wisely said here, in fresh connections, as in the statement that "what we call the classical idiom is the Teutonic idiom and it is absolutely as narrowly national as that of Grieg or Moussorgsky." In declaring that "style is ultimately national" Dr. Vaughn Williams unites this with the idea that originality, particularly as to subject matter, is a notion of rather recent growth—coming in of course on the tide of romanticism; and he protests against contemporary emphasis on "personality." Not least of the contributions of this book is its manner. It would be pleasant if our own gaps and difficulties in creating a national music could be treated, not in terms of a wailing excoriation—as about the Puritans—but with the quiet, sensitive approach of this distinguished critic and composer. CONSTANCE ROURKE

The Science of the Possible

Boss Rule—Portraits in City Politics. By J. T. Salter. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $2.50.

MOST books on political science include very little discussion of the back-slapping, job-getting, bribe-paying process which goes to make up politics in American cities. Professor Salter represents a hopeful new tendency toward realism in this field. He temporarily left his chair at the University of Wisconsin and lived for fifteen months with the political underlings of the Vare machine in Philadelphia, swapping his promise to name no names for a collection of salty and amusing biographical tales of nine ward leaders, which comprise most of this book. What the author found in Philadelphia is typical of a dozen other large American cities. The material of the study is strictly local, but the moral is national.

Salter found in his study of the Vare machine that about 85 per cent of the local committeemen in the most strongly organized Philadelphia wards were on the public payroll, a percentage which is strikingly paralleled in New York when Tammany is riding high. Fitness for the political job is unimportant; geniality, plus ability to deliver the vote, plus the absence of first-page scandal are the requisites for payroll placement. It is the same, of course, in New York in those areas still under machine control, where a $6,250 Commissioner of Records is unable to read his own name, and where secretaries to justices of the City Court come straight from stevedore jobs by way of district captaincies. Political success, Professor Salter points out, revolves around "these simplest fellow-creature wants: jobs; food; justice—tempered with mercy or favoritism—and taxes; since the power to tax involves the power to destroy." Compared to this appeal the high purposes of efficient government and honest administration seem nebulous indeed. The ward leader never talks idealism except at public functions when he is on exhibition. He holds the constant loyalty of his followers precisely because he assumes that they always want special favors in return for their votes. He is not interested in ultimate social or political goals; to him "politics is a science of the possible."

Professor Salter gives many illustrations of the "fixing" methods of a ward leader. A friendly truck driver, for example, ran down an iceman and then appealed to the leader for a "fix." The evidence was doctored and the case dismissed by a pliant coroner for a total expenditure, aside from the funeral expenses, of only $60. This is how the $60 was distributed:

Detective Craig	$10.00
Tinke and Company (2 motor cycle policemen) . .	20.00
Tim C., a deputy coroner-investigator, told the coroner the death was accidental, etc.	15.00
Ditto later	5.00
Ditto later, another	5.00
Irish sergeant at Forty-third and Tuppen Streets. (He was nice to us—gave us the records. Told us whom we could fix, etc.)	5.00

In spite of the apparent impregnability of the Vare machine, Professor Salter, during the very period of his study, saw the collapse of that machine. He saw Roosevelt and the New Deal displace the grocery baskets of the district leaders with organized home and work relief; he saw the Republican patriots deserting the sinking ship in district after district to support the newly formed Democratic machine that had jobs and pull to offer. The one thing that could most surely smash an American political machine, he concluded, was catastrophe, and especially economic catastrophe.

He might have added that the processes of machine rule in American cities dovetail very neatly into the practices of industrial individualism, and when the industrial machine breaks down, the political machine is likely to collapse with it. The little business man wants little political favors and in normal times the ward leader is able to deliver those favors in return for contributions to campaign chests and industrial jobs for his henchmen. When the taxpayer has no money for anything, and the capitalist no jobs for anybody, and the city treasury runs dry, then the ward politician cannot deliver any substantial favor in return for a vote. Then we have a reform wave, and both the official leaders at City Hall and the unofficial leaders of the political government find themselves among the unemployed. PAUL BLANSHARD

A One-sided Picture

Middle-class Culture in Elizabethan England. By Louis B. Wright. The University of North Carolina Press. $5.

THE word "Culture" in the title of this volume is in some degree misleading. The author's aim, as defined in his preface, is "to describe the intellectual background and interests of the literate common people, the rank and file who composed the great middle class." One would have expected the word "aesthetic" to have appeared in this definition if it were to cover what is ordinarily included in culture, but that word and what it usually implies are all but ignored in this voluminous and richly documented treatise. Apart from a single paragraph in the opening chapter, we learn nothing about the music, painting, architecture, or furniture of the period, although interest in none of these was confined to the aristocracy and gentry. Music especially, as Mr. Wright is aware, was cultivated more widely in Elizabethan England than it has ever

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been since; the painted cloths to which he makes passing allusion were a conspicuous feature of middle-class interior decoration, the domestic architecture of the time still influences our own, and our collectors today cherish the chairs and cupboards of the middle-class households of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is much still to be learned about all of these, and the absence of a discussion of them leaves the picture of the state of Elizabethan culture somewhat bleak and one-sided.

What he does deal with, fully and with lavish illustration from contemporary documents, is the mind and aspirations of the burgess as revealed by printed books. In his discussion of The Background he tells how the middle class was constituted; how proud the citizen was of his city, his country, and his position in the commonwealth; how he valued learning—mainly as a means of getting on; and what was his favorite reading. In The Whole Duty of the Citizen, he describes the extraordinary appetite for didactic literature, supporting by abundant evidence the thesis of writers like Weber and Tawney as to the relation between Puritanism and the rise of capitalism. The last part, on The Citizen's Literate Recreations, is concerned with the lighter reading of the populace—most of it of slight literary value, the controversy over women, popular works on travel and science, and finally the drama.

It is evident that such a distribution of evidence, with the omissions noted, does somewhat less than justice to the quality of life lived by the class from which the first settlers of our own country came, and leaves some worthy curiosities unsatisfied. Had these other elements in their culture been included, and the excessively full treatment of the utilitarian interests been cut down to make room for them, the book would have been both fairer and more interesting. As it is, it is a valuable source book, furnished with a good bibliography and index, for which students of the period will be grateful.

W. A. NEILSON

Shorter Notices

Socializing Our Democracy. By Harry W. Laidler. Harper and Brothers. $3.

The case for socialism has never been more sanely and logically stated in terms of the modern world than in this most recent of Dr. Laidler's books. Apart from its analysis of the weaknesses of capitalism, which could be paralleled in the writings of many other present-day economists, the book is especially valuable for the clear distinctions made between socialism and the reformist measures of the New Deal and for its specific outlines of the new society which Socialists would create in this country. Although on the whole the volume is remarkably objective and admirably documented, it betrays a certain partisanship in dealing with the role of European social democracy in recent years. Being convinced that there is at least a good chance that the transition to socialism can be made peacefully in the United States, Dr. Laidler appears to be only mildly concerned over the menace of fascism and builds his case on the assumption of a continuation of our democratic institutions. Obviously the long-range value of his book will depend on the validity of that assumption.

Samuel McIntire and the Sandersons. By Mabel M. Swan. The Essex Institute. $1.50.

This compactly filled little book contains many kinds of information concerning the crafts in New England at the turn of the eighteenth century. The furniture business was booming in Salem and Roxbury, and consignments of mahogany secretaries, card-tables, bureaus, and chairs were being sent to Charleston, the West Indies, Rio Janeiro, and even Calcutta. Miss Swan speaks of the furniture workers of Salem

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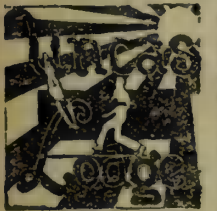

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as being joined in a cooperative enterprise, but the modern manufacturer had appeared. The Sandersons parceled out the work of carving, reeding, making legs of chairs and tables, and bureau fronts, and they were, moreover, wholesalers on a fairly large scale, buying up the finished work of other makers. Even in his heyday as a carpenter-architect Samuel McIntire found time to carve separate friezes of roses on banisters or chair-backs for the Sandersons. It must be recorded that these adventures in the methods of modern business came to an unhappy end. They had floated too large a scheme and found themselves in a thicket of lawsuits. They failed, as a contemporary said, "thrusting themselves from mechanic employments into the mercantile affairs and venturing largely upon credit." They were not Salem men. They had come there to make money.

Films

A Penny-colored World

ALTHOUGH "Becky Sharp" (Radio City Music Hall) is not the first full-length picture to be produced entirely in color, it is pretty certain to mark the beginning of a new stage in the evolution of the motion-picture medium. Like the version of Somerset Maugham's "The Letter" in which the late Jeanne Eagels demonstrated for the first time that the feminine voice could be recorded on the screen without inflicting temporary injury to the ear drum, it does not so much usher in a technical innovation as bring that innovation to a point of development where it must be accepted as a permanent modification of the medium as we have known it. In the first place, the particular color process which Robert Edmond Jones uses is much the most successful that has so far been employed in the attempt to supply to the film one more of the qualities which still separate it from life. While it is not completely successful in achieving that end, as must be pointed out in a moment, it at least does not prevent the spectator from responding to other appeals in the picture. As Miss Eagels in "The Letter" and Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond" helped the advance of the talking picture enormously by the excellence of their playing in those two early ventures in the field, Miriam Hopkins will undoubtedly habituate the American public to color through the distraction of her superb impersonation of Thackeray's least admirable heroine. The greatest compliment that can be paid Miss Hopkins is to say that in all those scenes in which she appears we are made to forget that we are assisting at what may prove to be an event of great significance in the history of the cinema. She is able to make us ignore the sometimes too gaudy raiments, the sometimes too vivid flesh tints, with which technicolor enhances her person. In a word, the clearest triumph in "Becky Sharp" is that of Miss Hopkins; the film would probably be as popular with the general public if produced in the now old-fashioned black and white. And it should be mentioned that this triumph is effected in spite of a synoptic and badly proportioned narrative, which scants the really dramatic sections of the Thackeray original, the affair with Lord Steyne, while dragging out Becky's later career at Bath to an intolerable length.

Mr. Jones's color process will nevertheless be the subject of most earnest debate on the part of those interested in the future development of the films. Discussion will no doubt narrow itself down to the question whether color does add perceptibly to the total effectiveness of the film as a form of entertainment or art. As far as this reviewer is concerned, the answer must be that until color is used with a somewhat better sense of its functional value than is shown in this picture it is more likely to be a handicap than an aid to any further refinement of the medium. At present it is all too plainly being exploited for its own sake: it is not sufficiently fused with the formal design to have any value as a means of intensifying the total dramatic pattern of the scene or shot. Some of the more notable effects of this divorce between line and color are an overcrowded canvas, an elimination of the visual center, and a disintegration of the movement or rhythm. Color tends to "fill up" the screen frame; it adds quantitatively to what the eye must absorb at any given moment. The danger of trying to make the eye take in too many colors, as in the Waterloo sequence, is that it ends by taking in none at all. Closely related is the objection that the colors are not harmonized around a single formal center (which should in turn be related to the dramatic essence of the scene), with the result that the attention is provided with no principle of selection. The worst consequences of this are evident in those scenes in which a too garish background obscures and sometimes even blots out the countenances of the players. But what will undoubtedly be the most serious difficulty to overcome is that of managing a continuous and harmonious pictorial rhythm. The problem of montage in the color film is one of carrying over from shot to shot not only a meaningful correspondence of design but an equally appropriate correspondence of color. It is hardly possible, for example, that the violent "contrast-montage" so effectively used by the Russians and others in the black and white film can be successfully translated into color terms without considerable subtlety and restraint. In brief, the task of the screen director, arduous enough in the past, is tremendously increased by this newest expansion of the medium. What is now required of him is nothing less than a sense of the complex interrelationships of line and color comparable to that of a master painter. Because such a possession is rare in itself, and the chance of its coexisting along with the numerous other qualifications of the good director even rarer, we can hardly expect that the integration of color will be accomplished all at once. The real importance of "Becky Sharp" is that it reveals through its defects the extent and nature of the problems that must be solved before color can become as integral an element of the medium as sound has become in the best pictures of the last few years.

WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to This Issue

AGNES SMEDLEY is the author of "Chinese Destinies" and "China's Red Army Marches." Her story of her own life, "Daughter of Earth," has recently been reprinted.

HEINRICH L. SCHILLER was born in Hamburg and has taught linguistics at Leipzig and Berlin. He is now living in London.

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

SAMUEL PAUL PUNER, a labor attorney practicing in New York, is office counsel to the American Civil Liberties Union.

ABRAM L. HARRIS, professor of economics at Howard University, will publish shortly a new book, "Black Capitalism." He is also preparing a study of Marx and Veblen.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE contributes reviews and critical articles to various literary periodicals.

CONSTANCE ROURKE is the author of "American Humor: A Study of the National Character" and "Davy Crockett."

PAUL BLANSHARD is Commissioner of Accounts of New York City.

W. A. NEILSON is the president of Smith College.

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THE LIABILITY of the name of Herbert Hoover rests less heavily on the Republican Party now that he has sent an envoy to Washington to explain to party leaders that he will retire voluntarily from candidacy in the late summer. He did this, according to the *Times,* to head off the polite insult of a public letter asking him frankly to announce his intentions. The only reason, he explained, that he did not retire now was to give direction to Republican criticism of the Administration, and to do this with due authority. He promised to support the Republican candidate in the next campaign, and predicted that the prospects of victory would increase every day and would be "immeasurably advanced" if economic conditions and employment were not improved more than now appears probable. Thus the Republicans, rid of the leader whose name is most closely identified with the depression in the public mind, hope to win next year because the depression has not been conquered by his successor. This would be less illogical if they were grooming a candidate who promised to be more capable and consistent in meeting the emergency than Mr. Roosevelt. But of the Republican hopefuls so far mentioned—Vandenberg, Dickinson, McNary, Mills, and Knox—none has the stature even of Mr. Hoover. The President, it would seem, can count on a second term unless he fulfils the Republican dream-wish and defeats himself.

THE COUNTRY must look far backward to find a lobby to equal for audacity and strength the one which stormed the House to defeat the holding-company bill. It numbered between five and six hundred, and workers on the battlefield at the capital were supported by effective cohorts in Congressional districts. On the opening day of the debate members received as many as 5,000 telegrams each, and the cost of telegrams sent that day was estimated at nearly a million dollars. Representative Rayburn of Texas, author of the House bill, stated that there had been more misrepresentation and propaganda against this bill than against any other in the history of the House. He pointed to officials of Texas utility companies sitting in the gallery—where the lobby occupied the choice seats—and called them office boys for the controlling interests in New York. No lie has been too obvious to be used against the bill, and a fabulous sum has been spent in newspaper advertising and circularization in every state. Two years ago the bankers and the utility promoters suffered a setback, and it appeared that Congress was to be free of their control. Now Winthrop W. Aldrich, president of the Chase National Bank, is able to telephone members of the subcommittee of the Senate while it confers on the banking bill and ask to have a section of it taken out. The utility interests can descend on Congress with the most brazen campaign on record. Congress would do well to fulfil the promise of Representative Marcantonio, hold a searching inquiry into the lobby, and send some of its members to prison.

WE ARE NOT SO DISTURBED as our contemporaries about whether the President actually issued the orders to his Congress leaders to jam through the proposed inheritance and corporation taxes as an addendum to the nuisance taxes. The evidence makes it obvious that Congress leaders thought he did, but he stirred up a tempest when he told the White House correspondents this was not true. As they had not heard him issue the orders they could not challenge his veracity. But what is more important than veracity is that the program was changed after a swift and surprisingly unanimous public condemnation of the speed with which it was being rushed through. Whatever one believes about these taxes, no one can argue that they should not be carefully studied. And the importance of veracity should not weigh in permitting that study, no matter what may have been decided to the contrary. So we are relieved that more time was given for the debate. But we also are disturbed by the poor judgment at the White House. The President apparently was told that he had Huey Long on the run because of the failure of his filibuster, and that the tax proposal would finish him off. Thereupon the haste was held necessary to prove the President's sincerity. When Louis Howe was at his desk such blunders were rare. In this instance, the blunder produced an immediate protest which was immediately heeded. This is the operation of democracy with no other machinery than the publication of news and editorials. In this respect Washington is the most sensitive capital in the world.

ABOUT FIFTY MEMBERS can be counted on in the House of Representatives to oppose any measure damaging to the public interest. Another fifty can be recruited by careful explanation of the issues at stake. But the Bland-Copeland ship subsidy bill rallied an opposition of 186, and was passed by only eight votes. The bill was scheduled for a three-hour debate, but the opposition managed to introduce enough amendments to prolong the discussion to fourteen hours. Only a few amendments were adopted, one to guarantee minimum wages to American sailors, and one to insure the adequate manning of American ships. But none of the amendments carved out of the bill the possibilities of continuous plunder by the shipping interests. As passed, it frustrates the President in his intention that future subsidies should be open and limited, and it represents a clear case of subversive conduct by Secretary Roper, who gave it his official blessing. It is impossible at this writing to forecast the future of the bill in the Senate. Twice Senator Copeland has been defeated in an attempt to bring it up for debate, and it may turn out that the bill has been killed by the close vote in the House. This will not save the Treasury from paying out the public money on a profligate scale to the shipping lines, as the mail contracts are still in force. These the President has power until October to cancel, but he hesitates to invite the litigation which would follow. Congress would do well to pass a resolution closing the courts to all companies which can be shown to have won their mail contracts by collusion or rigged bidding.

PASSAGE of the Wagner labor-disputes bill has prompted certain of the larger corporations to make frantic efforts to transform their "employee-representation plans" into "independent" labor unions. Various tactics are being used, though we suspect that in each instance the purpose is the same. Taking advantage of the few days' grace provided while the differences between the Senate and House bills were ironed out in conference, the New York Telephone Company approached the officers of one of its old company unions with the magnanimous offer to donate $500 to cover the expenses of establishing a new organization—free from company influence. The suggestion was accompanied by a saccharine statement pointing to the achievements of the employee-representation plan and expressing the desire of the company to conserve these gains even though the form of organization would have to be changed. We anticipate a real fight if the new labor board should attempt to force corporations of this type to conform to the spirit as well as the letter of the law, but unless it does, the new act may easily degenerate into another Section 7-a.

THE PECULIAR INSANITY which afflicts the Administration when dealing with the precious metals has never been more clearly manifest than in the preparation of a subterranean vault at Fort Knox, Kentucky, to protect our huge gold stock against foreign invasion. Just what enemy is likely to occupy New York and Philadelphia, and what arrangements that power would make for the removal of some tens of thousands of tons of gold and silver is not disclosed. Nor is it stated why the gold is to be transferred while some ten to twelve million persons are left at the mercy of the enemy. Instead, we are to take comfort in the fact that foreign airplanes will find the flight across the Appalachians a "treacherous" one, and that there is a mechanized cavalry detachment of 1,300 men on duty at Fort Knox to fight off the invader. However, the economic implications of the step are more disturbing than the military. For nearly twenty years the United States has systematically stripped gold from debtor nations. And though it has obtained more than two-fifths of the world's supply, it has consistently refused to alter its policies so as to permit a needed redistribution. Gold, apparently, is no longer to be treated as a medium of exchange, valuable chiefly for the goods and services which it can command, but is to be buried in the earth in some central location and defended by the army as a symbol of our national wealth. We have only one suggestion to make: that one day each year the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, guarded by a regiment of marines, betake themselves to Fort Knox and conduct a ceremonial counting of the gold, the proceeding to be broadcast over a nation-wide hook-up.

FIFTY MILLIONS are to be spent by the newly founded National Youth Administration, set up by the President under the direction of Miss Josephine Roche and Aubrey Williams. Thus the government enters the field with an appeal to youth before the demagogues have come around to it, and we can only wish it every success. The money is to be used for four purposes: to find employment for young people, to train or retrain them, to create work projects suitable for them, and to continue a certain number of students in colleges and universities. One of the work-relief projects will be a national census of the status of all young people between sixteen and twenty-five. This strikes us as the most important of all the plans, since it will provide the information, now wholly lacking, of what is happening to young people in the depression. When that picture is complete, it will be for the government to discover what can be done to solve a tragic problem. At that stage much more than fifty million dollars will have to be spent. The plight of young people is perhaps the most dangerous aspect of the present crisis, and the indifference to it of most older people has been ominous. If democracy is to be saved, it will be by the rising generation, whose parents have not made it any too secure. Yet the only hope held out to the young has been that somehow old times would come back and give them something to live for. If democracy does not enlist youth, fascism can and will.

A REMARKABLE VICTORY for a courageous peace policy has been won in the British Peace Ballot, now concluded after a six months' campaign. Though it was an unofficial referendum, 40 per cent of the electorate took part in it, and gave such a clear expression of conviction that it will be hard for the government to disregard it. The votes cast numbered 11,627,765, only 300,000 short of the number given the National Government in 1931. On the question of Britain's remaining a member of the League of Nations, 11,000,000 answered in the affirmative and only 350,000 were opposed, despite the rabid propaganda of the Beaverbrook press for isolationism on the American pattern. Ten and a half million favored all-round reduction of armaments; a like number voted against the manufacture and sale of munitions for private profit. The vote on the application of sanctions against the aggressor was closer. The great majority favored economic sanctions, and while two million could not make up their minds about military sanctions, the vote was 6,784,368 for them and 2,351,981 against. Nearly half the voters of Great Britain now have squarely faced a series of the major questions before the British government and have given their answers. As an educational device, valuable for politicians and public alike, we commend the experiment to the American peace organizations.

THE BEST ADVICE we can offer District Attorney William C. Dodge of New York County is to resign. He has done nothing about the guaranteed-mortgage racket, the vice and gambling racket, the poultry racket, or the Welfare Island scandal. The evidence in each case is massive, official, and of long standing. Mr. Dodge's indifference to the Welfare Island situation is especially inexcusable. The July, 1933, grand jury found "conditions of apparently grave mismanagement . . . covering lack of proper supervision of prisoners, traffic in contraband, unreasonable and uncalled-for fraternizing among prisoners, inadequate prison rules for discipline, haphazard and irregularly timed inspections of cells for weapons, etc." The grand jury asked for "a very thorough and painstaking investigation," but according to Foreman Robert Appleton, "nothing was ever really done." Governor Lehman's "suggestion" to Mr. Dodge that he appoint the able Thomas E. Dewey as a special investigator to look into the vice and gambling racket was polite and long overdue. The available facts call for more. They call for the resignation of a man whose official life, to put it mildly, has been characterized by stubborn indifference to the public welfare.

HUGH JOHNSON has consented to give a series of performances in New York City under the auspices of the Works Progress Administration. It is a charity engagement for which the veteran of many roles will receive nothing but $25 a day for expenses. He will remain until October 1 and he will be required to spend $5,000,000 a week—and a total of $220,000,000—which is New York City's quota of the federal work-relief program. In making the appointment the Administration followed a policy inaugurated early in its career of turning projects over to people who have strong doubts that they will work. General Johnson's daily column in the New York *World-Telegram*, which appeared on the streets at about the same time as its author, discredited the whole work-relief program in typical Johnsonian periods as "$4,000,000,000 worth of boondoggling" so devised as to prevent any useful and permanent projects from being undertaken. As for his other qualifications, he told "the boys" from the newspapers that frankly he didn't know a thing about his new job; and even after a conference with Mayor LaGuardia the General repeated that he really didn't know anything about the job and that it would be ten days or two weeks before he got his bearings. Evidently his New York run, like his NRA engagement, will be a series of spontaneous combustions. On the day after his arrival the Blue Eagle Guy was initiated into the Circus Saints and Sinners at a session whose hilarity and disorder reminded him, he said, of nothing so much as the New Deal in June, 1933. We should be accused of solemnity, no doubt, if we suggested that there must be experts in the New York City relief set-up who already know a thing or two about the job and could handle it more efficiently than the noisy and innocent Mr. Johnson. But we are hereby the first to admit that for hilarity and disorder he cannot be surpassed—and comic relief perhaps is better than none.

THE NATIONAL GUARD has been called out in Tacoma, Washington, with the usual results in tear-gas attacks and "strike riots" in which, by some strange chance, only strikers get seriously hurt. And what is the National Guard doing? It is protecting the "right to work" of a few strike-breakers against the unkind opposition of 40,000 lumber workers, most of whom have undoubtedly spent their best years in the industry, who have been on strike for almost two months for decent working conditions. The lumber walk-out is being run by the rank-and-file of the Sawmill and Timber Workers' Union. At a conference in June 400 rank-and-file delegates repudiated the reactionary A. F. of L. leadership of their vice-president, Abe Muir, and put an end to the policy of separate agreements by which Muir and his select strike committee had "settled" mill after mill for 50 cents an hour, the forty-hour week, and no recognition. Most of the "settled" mills have struck again and the strikers are making their original demands for 75 cents an hour, the thirty-hour week, and, above all, union recognition. The longshoremen have already announced that no ships will be loaded as long as the guardsmen remain in the city, and there is talk of a general strike. It is highly possible that Tacoma may be the scene this summer, as San Francisco was last, of a long-drawn-out and violent struggle.

WASHINGTON is to have its own anti-red laws. By a rider to the District of Columbia appropriations bill, none of the money appropriated may be used to pay the salary of any teacher "teaching or advocating communism." The rider was introduced by Representative Cannon, Democrat, of Missouri at the close of a day's session, was passed without notice or debate, and has been signed by the President. The act does not distinguish between the advocacy of communism in the schools and the exercise of a teacher's ordinary political rights outside school hours. It provides no hearing for the teacher accused of "teaching or advocating communism." It does not define communism. And it gives no definition of teaching. Will it be "teaching communism" to answer a child's question about the Russian government? It was for just this, in 1919, that Alice Wood, a Washington high-school teacher, was suspended without pay. The school board which suspended Miss Wood (the president of the board was the president of the Capital Traction Company) was reversed by the District Supreme Court, which held suspension without a hearing to be illegal. But the court gave no opinion on the right of the student to ask, and of the teacher to answer, a question about a contemporary government. Later the board issued a rule forbidding mention in current-events classes of "bolshevism and similar heresies." To the list of "similar heresies," the League of Nations was presently added.

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Can Labor Enforce the Wagner Bill?

AFTER a year and a half of sharp struggle labor at last has its Wagner law, which, if hardly the Magna Charta it has been advertised to be, does open wide the door to collective bargaining. It is first of all a defensive measure, designed to create a balance of "equality of bargaining power" in industry, and though it provides for enforcement, the real responsibility for making it effective rests, as it should rest, with labor itself. Enforcement will provoke major battles in basic industries—steel, automobiles, rubber—where the law promises to refuel the self-organizing movement which was fired by Section 7-a. Labor in these industries is not yet mature enough to use the new opportunities, and the American Federation of Labor is so paralyzed by craft-union traditions that it cannot now offer real leadership. So the first question after the passage of the Wagner law must be how much use can be made of it.

This is a question of great national importance. Only if it is satisfactorily answered can there be a labor movement in this country, let alone the labor party recommended by Louis Waldman at the Tamiment Economic and Social Institute. "It is up to the American Federation of Labor," he said, "to take the lead in this party. Indications are rapidly accumulating that before very long the A. F. of L. will be compelled to take the initiative to this end." But a deep river has to be crossed before there is a labor movement or a party growing out of it. Industrial unionism has to be established, and the A. F. of L. has either to change its whole mind and nature or renounce the work altogether, leaving it to those better fitted to carry it through. There are indications that the A. F. of L., instead of taking the lead in forming a labor party, may even rescind its San Francisco resolution for industrial unions in basic industries. At present, obstructing its own resolution, the A. F. of L. is blocking industrial-union organization in basic industries, at the cost of any organization at all. John L. Lewis, of the industrially organized miners, pressed for industrial unions in six major industries, but in the A. F. of L. council got one vote beside his own. The A. F. of L. has no single-minded program, with organizers and money to back it, for such purposes. It represents a futile, frightened, selfish right wing as against a weak left-wing rank-and-file movement. And rank-and-file leaders are so inexperienced, and so worn down by fighting their own officials as well as the powerful forces of great industrial management, that they have met heavy defeats.

Labor will enter the battle area of the basic industries to find company unions firmly established. The employers have recognized the approaching danger, and with the help of the President have successfully played for time to intrench themselves. Arthur Young, vice-president of United States Steel, in the revealing letter published by *The Nation,* called company unions "fences pretty securely set up." It will be no easy matter to tear these "fences" down. It cannot be done at all unless labor can organize, and it cannot organize unless it is led and financed. So that is the first great problem to be solved.

The second is the question of constitutionality. Obviously this fight in the basic industries will be further postponed by an early start on the tedious road of appeal to the Supreme Court. It is no secret that the proponents of the law, despite brave citations of the Texas and New Orleans, the Bedford Stone Cutters, and the Coronado cases, are afraid of the court. If they lose, the decision may come early next summer, in time for the issue, along with other adverse rulings on New Deal legislation, to create a demand in the next campaign for amendment of the Constitution. If that is to be the future, the passage of the Wagner law will be only the beginning of a still longer fight, and two years or more may pass before it begins to be genuinely effective. This is disheartening, but it is not unreasonable. The law, by legalizing collective bargaining, makes possible an ultimate shift in economic power from employers to workers. This is a fundamental change, and if effected it will be the most important that has been made in a democratic direction since the rise of the great corporations to their dominating position. Naturally it will be fought by them by every known device of obstruction and beguilement. They know what is at stake, and while they have been beaten in Congress they have only retreated, and are far too powerful to surrender after a minor setback. So we are not too sanguine merely because the Wagner bill has finally been enacted. It is a preliminary victory only. It cannot become a final success until two great transformations have been effected. One is the reconstruction of the American Federation of Labor (or its resignation from leadership); the other is the winning of the legal right for the nation as such to decide its economic destiny.

It is taken for granted that Francis Biddle will be chairman of the new board, carrying over with him the personnel of the National Labor Relations Board. He has been vigorous and courageous, and has fought successfully for the board's independent status, even against the A. F. of L. and Secretary Perkins. His first difficulty will be in maintaining the board's prestige while the greater issues of its future and scope are fought out in American life. The board will be flooded by disputes, not many of them suitable as cases to go to the courts to become the basis of labor law. Unless he can obtain settlement of the majority of legally "doubtful" cases, his board will gain the reputation of impotence and inefficiency. This situation makes it imperative that the board have a strong secretary, which it has not had since Dr. Leiserson left. Regional boards and labor unions alike have an interest in seeing this work in the hands of someone with special talents and experience. The cry throughout the campaign for this law was that the board which administers it should be staffed by courageous men, and that it should be utterly independent. In all respects the campaign has succeeded. In so far as such a law needs teeth this one has them; the appointment of Chairman Biddle and his associates of the NLRB will satisfy the public that the board is competent; and it has its independent status. For this success great credit is due to Senator Wagner, who has contributed his share to what may become one of the historic laws of the country.

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The Tax Fiasco

IN its "share-the-wealth" tax program the Administration has followed what has become an established pattern. First the President makes a pronouncement setting forth the fundamental principles behind a needed reform in terms so sweeping and courageous that he fires the imagination of the country. This creates a demand for immediate action. Then concrete proposals are brought forth which fall far short of the bold concepts contained in the pronouncement. Thereupon public interest subsides, and the final action is little more than a travesty of the principles originally set forth. When the President spoke of driving the "money changers out of the temple" in his inaugural address, the American people were prepared either for outright nationalization of the banks or for drastic reform of the entire banking structure. But neither the Banking Act of 1933 nor the bill before Congress, as now modified, fundamentally challenges the power of the money changers. The NRA was blazoned forth as a means of raising the purchasing power of the working class. Once more the whole country was electrified, but, as one will note by reference to *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare published elsewhere in this issue, its effect in that direction was negligible. There was perhaps an even greater gulf between the President's inspiring words on social security and the Administration's bill just passed by Congress.

So it is with social taxation. No action could be more consistent with the philosophy of the New Deal as it is understood by the great majority of people than a redistribution of wealth through a socially conceived tax program. From time to time the President has held out promises that this would ultimately be done, though it was difficult to see why he should allow more than two years to elapse before initiating the most-needed reform of the day. His message of June 19 appeared to open the way for specific action. When he declared that "the transmission from generation to generation of vast fortunes . . . is not consistent with the ideals and sentiments of the American people," it was assumed that he understood the implication of his words and was prepared to sponsor far-reaching legislation. Probably that large section of the public which reads only headlines still believes that the President's program will place a large share of the cost of government on the shoulders of the wealthy.

But as outlined by Senator Harrison the new tax proposals will yield only $340,000,000 out of a total government revenue of over $4,000,000,000. Since $1,100,000,000 is received in income taxes and from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 in estate duties, it is clear that the bulk of our tax revenue will be raised by levies on consumption—paid by the masses. The most conspicuous omission in the new program is the failure to increase the tax on well-to-do and wealthy groups with annual incomes of from $5,000 to $1,000,000. It is only through a much higher levy on these groups that the fundamental defect in our economic structure—the tendency for savings to outrun investments—can be rectified. Incomes of from $15,000 to $20,000 are more than adequate to meet the physical and cultural requirements of an American family. Recent studies show that families with incomes of $20,000 and over save, in the aggregate, more than half their incomes. Despite the Administration's "share-the-wealth" plan, individuals with an annual income of $25,000 will pay a total tax of less than $3,000, while those with $100,000 will continue to have a tidy sum of $68,000 to meet personal expenses.

This is not social taxation. It is estimated that if the British tax rate had been applied in this country in 1928, the federal government could have obtained $5,750,000,000, five times as much as was collected. An income of $10,000 pays two and a half times as large a tax in England as in this country, while one of $15,000 contributes three times as much. Even if the new taxes are adopted, a $2,000,000 income will pay $70,000 less than in Britain.

The British also go much farther in taxing inheritances. An English estate of $500,000 is assessed $100,000, and the recipients of the legacy are subject to an additional tax. At present the same estate in this country would pay about $60,000 with no further levy on recipients. The new Roosevelt tax on this estate would be an additional $6,000 if it passed entirely to one individual—hardly enough to prevent economic power from being transmitted from one generation to the next. Only the very largest estates would be drastically scaled down, and they still would remain far larger than is socially desirable. It would appear that the Administration is seeking to exploit the full political advantages of a program of social taxation without alienating the wealthy. Our hope is that progressives in Congress will take advantage of the two months reluctantly conceded for consideration of the program to force through taxation which fulfils the President's inspiring promises.

Modern Painting

IT is a curious fact that as modern literature became somber modern painting became gay. Or if it be objected that "gay" is not exactly the right word—as in the case of Cézanne, for example, it certainly is not—then at least it became very conspicuously "happy" in the special technical sense that it achieved an amazing adequacy and completeness of expression probably unparalleled at the time in any other form of art. Perhaps the fact is most striking to those laymen who are habitually more aware of the tone of modern literature, but it strikes one with full force in glancing at a new and handsome "Portfolio of Modern French Art."*

This collection, which begins far back with David and comes down almost to the present, reveals a steady progress, at least up to Cézanne and Van Gogh, not only in boldness and mastery of execution but in joyousness as well. The stately if somewhat conventional sereneness of David gives way to the intensity of Manet; that in turn to the happy sensuousness of Renoir and, the whole reaching a climax, to the intoxicated ecstasy of Cézanne and Van Gogh. Perhaps there is a suggestion of mere legerdemain in Matisse, of frivolity in Pascin, of imitativeness in Derain. Perhaps there are indications in their work that the movement is almost finished. But whether it is or is not, there is an indescribable air of permanence about the pictures. Styles may change; their aims and mood may come to seem definitely part of a past which has ceased to be active. But it is almost as hard to imagine them no longer interesting as it is to imagine the same thing of—if one insists upon leaving out the very greatest—the work of Botticelli or Mantegna. Moreover, in both cases the air of permanence seems to come from the same thing—from the fact that what their creators had to say is so definitely and completely stated. It is not merely because they were original and bold and ingenious, but because both their particular vision of what certain fragments of the world could be made to look like and their delight in this vision seem so adequately communicated once and for all.

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*"The Vanity Fair Portfolio of Modern French Art." Condé Nast Publications. $12.

To most students the literature of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries does not seem to have this same air of permanence. Its creators broke ground possibly quite as new as that so successfully cultivated by the painters. They were also equally bold, equally sincere, and, in addition, they were quite possibly faced with more difficult problems. But few if any of their works seem as completely achieved, as near to complete mastery. They are uncertain, troubled, and dubious. They did not know so well as their writing predecessors or their painting contemporaries what they believed, what task they wanted to accomplish, or even what they believed to be good and true and beautiful. And for all these reasons it may be well doubted if they will last as the painters will. They are not classic in the sense that they accomplished a task so well that one cannot imagine that particular task better done.

Perhaps this is only another way of saying that they were not, like the painters, "happy" in either of two senses. They were not happy artists in the technical sense of being artists who found completely felicitous means of giving expression to the weight of their emotions. Neither were they, for the most part, men capable of taking any persistent or consistent delight in the world presented to their intellect and their senses. Man did not delight them nor woman neither. They were discontented, protesting, rebellious. They doubted if the game was worth the candle. And they did not even put dislike or hate in perfect or enduring form.

As men, Cézanne and Van Gogh and Gauguin were not contented either. Utrillo went mad and Pascin committed suicide under peculiarly messy circumstances. But if they were tortured men it is not their torture which finds direct expression in their work; it is the triumphant vision into which the torture had goaded them. And looking at the joyous statements in their work one is tempted to say of them what Beethoven said of himself. They crushed the grape for the joy of men and it is joy one gets in contemplating their pictures. Most important of all, perhaps, is the fact that the best of them loved their visible world. Their torture was not the torture which comes from hating but, like that of Van Gogh, the result of an agony lest they should find themselves unable to set down some adequate representation of their almost unbearable delight in what they saw. Has any really great modern writer been able sincerely to exclaim, "O brave new world," or to feel that "it was joy in that time to be alive"? But the world of the painters was a brave new world—brighter, more intense, and more exhilarating than that which anyone else had had the wit to glimpse since the Renaissance.

The Abyssinian Gamble

CAPTAIN ANTHONY EDEN was made minister in the new British government "for League of Nations affairs." One of his first acts in that capacity was to visit Mussolini to discuss Abyssinia, a member of the League. According to the *Herald Tribune,* he "is said to have worked along the line of a territorial grant, economic concessions, and the right to trade routes and a railway line for Italy in the African empire." Another report is that Britain offered concessions to Italy for Mussolini's acceptance of Anglo-German naval agreement, while France offered them to induce Mussolini to oppose that agreement. A Rome dispatch of the United Press begins: "Authoritative sources intimated today that European powers had agreed to partition among them, in the name of civilization, the Ethiopian empire." Authoritatively, too, it is stated that Mussolini can accept nothing less than a protectorate over Abyssinia. Another cable suggests that Eden's first preoccupation is to find some way for Italy to remain a member of the League when at war with Abyssinia, and that the method will be to declare Abyssinia in default of its obligations to abolish slavery. As a footnote to these cables comes one from The Hague, where a mixed commission is studying Italian and Abyssinian arguments as to the incidents which precipitated the "crisis."

These cables complete a distressing picture. Only the weakest machinery of conciliation is at work, while the League is being circumvented by the very persons charged with making it effective, and the theft of empire is proceeding in the traditional manner. Mussolini is following the successful pattern of Japan in Manchoukuo. He is more raucous about it, but that satisfies the formula. The more a nation can stake its prestige, the more it wins the right to be left alone by other nations. Either Italy will be at war with Abyssinia by October, or Emperor Haile Selassi must yield what Italy might win in a war.

It now becomes a matter of great concern to keep the record clear, to see that any charge used as a pretext for action against Abyssinia is proved to the hilt. If the slavery charge is chosen, it will be difficult to establish. Abyssinia is under a pledge to "endeavor to secure complete suppression of slavery in all its forms and of slave trade by land and sea." In fulfilling this pledge the Emperor has issued important decrees, making substantial progress toward its abolition. His latest report to the League showed the liberation in a year of 3,647 slaves and sentences in 293 cases for violation of laws against slavery. It would be mockery for Italy to "civilize" Abyssinia in this respect, as slavery in a form admitted by Italy itself to be economic servitude flourishes in Libya. Its abolition in this part of Africa is not to be effected by a mere emancipation proclamation.

Private information from Italy tells of increasing economic pressure and the fear that a capital levy disguised as a forced loan is inevitable. Mussolini was advised by most business leaders against the Abyssinia adventure and refused to listen. Now the prospect of an African war is arousing little enthusiasm. The public does not like it and the soldiers like it still less. It occurs to us that Mussolini likes it least of all.

Issues and Men

Russian Progress at Home—Enmity Abroad

THE news from Russia continues astoundingly favorable. After having averted its face again and again, nature seems now to have determined to do all it possibly can to aid the Soviets in achieving success. A bumper harvest is expected for this year. On June 1 there had been sown to grain no less than 220,000,000 acres out of a possible 224,000,000. "Qualified foreign observers," the New York *Times* reports from Moscow, agree with the Soviet authorities that nearly the whole possible crop has now been planted, and very well planted—"better than ever before"—with the aid of 99,000 new tractors, while 21,000 new combines are waiting to help in the harvesting. Moreover, heavy and frequent rains occurred all through April and May, and there is moisture enough in the ground in all parts of the Soviet Union to carry the crop through even if there should be a severe drought from now on. The planting of cotton, sugar beets, and garden truck has also been very well done, but it is admitted that there is still some resistance to collective farming and a good deal of sabotage. There is every prospect that the total crop will be much larger than that of last year, which was four million metric tons ahead of 1933. "The Soviet socialization of agriculture, which has caused such bitter struggles in the past," concludes the dispatch in the *Times,* "is now practically accomplished."

Equally remarkable is the gold production. In two years it is expected to surpass that of the Transvaal in South Africa, according to the Director of the Soviet Gold Mining Trust now in the United States to buy more mining machinery. He declared that the Soviets are producing 15,000 kilograms of gold monthly against 11,000 kilograms a month last year. The Soviet iron and steel industry, incredible as it seems, has already equaled or passed the German, and if the same rapid growth continues and our steel and iron industry continues slack, it may be only a few years before the Soviets will claim that they have achieved the largest iron and steel production in the world. These are staggering accomplishments. However one may feel about the Soviet system and however high seems the price that has been paid in human lives for this forced industrialization of Russia in the less than twenty years since the revolution, it remains a stupendous record. Looked at simply as an engineering and industrial feat, it stands without parallel. The great creative forces of the nation, which were locked up under the Czar, are released. Prometheus is unbound.

In other fields also the progress of the Soviets is startling, notably in scientific research. Their zeal in this field was illustrated the other day by their refusal to allow a great Russian scientist to continue to teach and work at Cambridge University. He was ordered home to teach there. In medicine, in meteorology, in the social sciences, in social reform, the progress is extraordinary. And in diplomatic relations the Bolsheviks have scored one success after another—the renewal of diplomatic relations with the United States, the recent treaties with Rumania, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia, the alliance with France, and their entrance into the League of Nations. These are achievements indeed, even if much of the credit must go to Adolf Hitler.

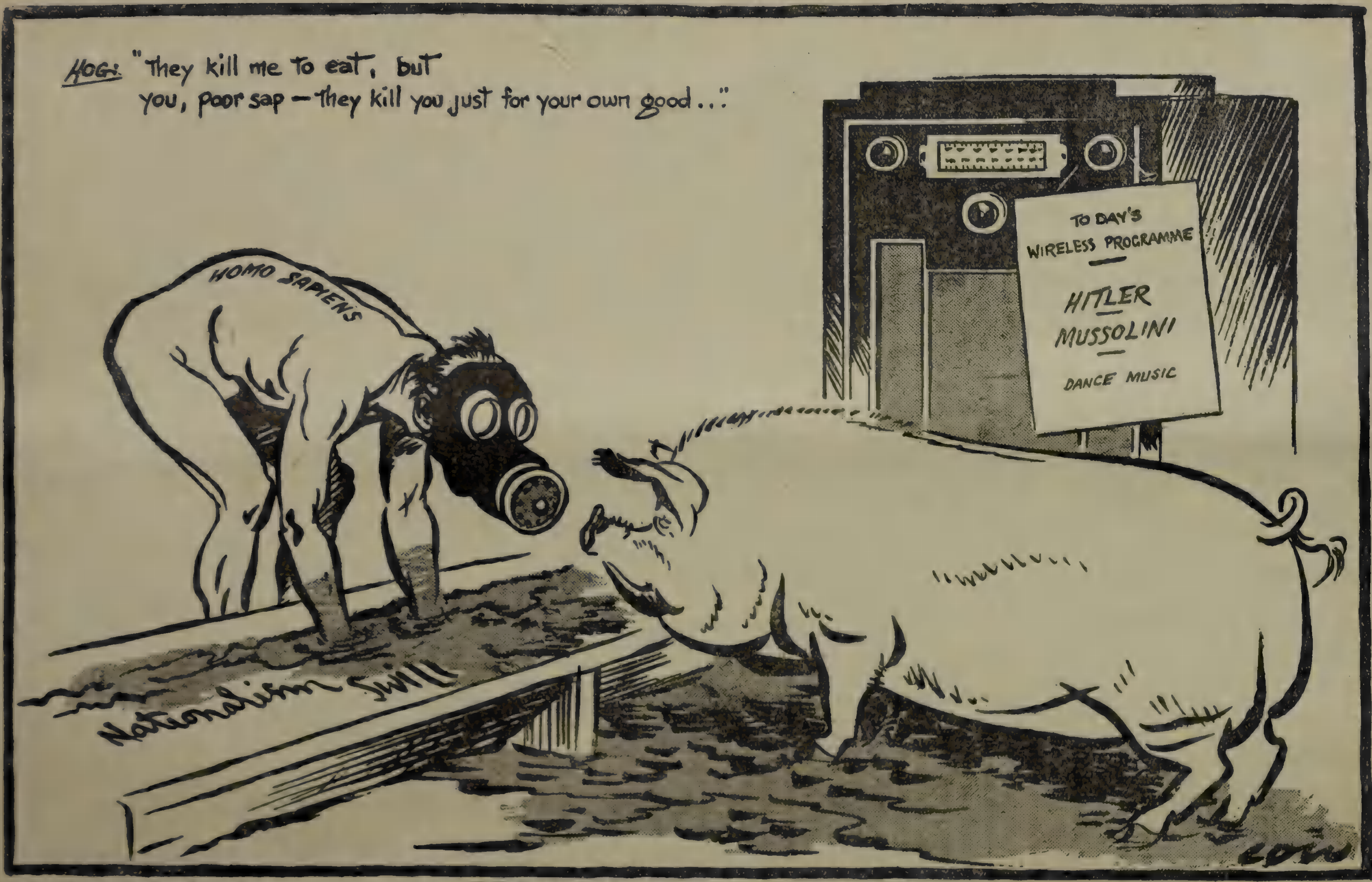
Yet it is a curious fact that the greater the industrial and economic success of the Soviets, the greater will be their danger from the outside world. The more rapidly, for example, they strengthen their munitions industry and improve their army, the greater the temptation to the Japanese to strike at them from Manchuria before it becomes no longer possible to do so with any hope of victory. The greater their success in establishing the communist state, the more readily will conservatives and reactionaries in Europe listen to talk of a holy war to do away with the "menace to home, family, and church"—and private property. For the masters of privilege everywhere are quite aware that if Russia builds a state in which there is a greater diffusion of wealth and comfort and a greater security of living for the masses than elsewhere, the workers of other countries will insist on receiving the same kind of treatment, on having the same form of government. Hitler particularly understands this; he and others, like our own Hearst, know that what they say about starvation and misery in Russia is either not founded on fact or is grossly exaggerated. Hitler himself is debarred from attacking Russia at its most vulnerable points—the dictatorship, the suppression of individual liberty, free press, and free speech, and the wholesale, brutal execution and exiling of those who oppose the government—because he is vulnerable at precisely the same points himself. It is necessary therefore for him to fill the air with attacks upon communism, although his original twenty-six-plank platform was almost as communistic as that of the Bolsheviks.

How largely the element of private property enters in is deducible from the difference in the attitude of conservative church groups toward Germany and toward Russia. Hitler is deliberately seeking to destroy the Protestant and Catholic churches and is setting up a new pagan church in which the old Germanic gods are to be worshiped. Yet the press of Europe and the United States has in no degree raged against the godless German government as it has against the godless Bolsheviks. The answer is that Hitler still stands for private property and that his denunciations of Moscow delight the clubmen on Fifth Avenue and Pall Mall.

Hence, the greater the success of the Soviets in building up a powerful industrial state and actually beating capitalism at its own game, the greater will be the rage against them abroad, the desire to see them collapse, and the willingness to aid Hitler and the Japanese to attack Russia on two fronts. The threat of this, of course, drives the Soviets in turn to increase the speed of their industrialization and militarization program. A vicious circle indeed!

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


HOG: "They kill me to eat, but
you, poor sap — they kill you just for your own good ...."
HOMO SAPIENS
TO DAY'S
WIRELESS PROGRAMME
HITLER
MUSSOLINI
DANCE MUSIC
Nationalism Swill
LOW

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Freedom and Government

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

[*The following speech by Mr. Shaw was made in London and transmitted over the nation-wide network of the Columbia Broadcasting System on June 18, between 5 and 5:30 p.m. He spoke in the weekly series on "Freedom" arranged by the British Broadcasting Corporation and short-waved to the United States. The New York* Times *and* Herald Tribune *did not think it worth while to give his speech any space the following day. We are herewith printing the speech with the kind permission of Mr. Shaw and the Columbia Broadcasting System.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have no time to talk to you of any nonsense about freedom tonight. Let's come to business. How can you tell a free person—a person who can do what he likes when he likes and where he likes, or do nothing at all as he chooses? Well, there is no such person, and there never can be any such person. Whether we like it or not, we must wash and dress and undress, we must spend a couple of hours eating and drinking, we must spend nearly as much in getting about from place to place—for half the day we are slaves to necessities which we cannot shirk. As we must eat, we must first provide food; as we must sleep, we must have beds and bedding; as we must walk through the streets, we must have clothes to cover our nakedness.

Now food and houses and clothes can be produced by human labor, but when they are produced they can be stolen. If you like honey you can let the bees produce it, and then steal it from them. If you are too lazy to get about from place to place on your own legs you can make a slave of a horse. And what you do to a horse or a bee, you can also do to a man or a woman or a child. You can get the upper hand of them by force, or trickery of any sort, or even by teaching them that it is their religious duty to sacrifice their freedom to yours. So beware! If you allow any person or class of persons to get the upper hand of you, they will shift all that can be shifted on to your shoulders, and you will find yourself working from eight to fourteen hours a day, when, if you had only yourself and your family to work for, you could do it quite comfortably in half the time or less. The object of all honest government should be to prevent your being imposed on in this way. But the object of most actual governments, I regret to say, is exactly the opposite: they enforce your slavery and call it freedom.

The natural slavery of man's nature forces you to eat and drink; and makes eating and drinking so pleasant that when we can afford it, we eat and drink too much. We must sleep or go mad—and then sleep is so pleasant that we have difficulty getting up in the morning. And families seem so pleasant that we get married and go on building societies. Thus, instead of resenting our natural wants as slavery, we take the greatest pleasure in their satisfaction, and we sing sentimental songs in praise of them.

The slavery of man to man is the very opposite of this; it is hatred of the body and of the spirit. Our poets do not praise it; they proclaim that no man is good enough to be another man's master. A student of the great Jewish prophets, a gentleman by the name of Marx, spent his life in proving that there is no extremity of selfish cruelty at which the slavery of man to man will stop, if it is not stopped by law. You can see for yourself that it produces a state of continual civil war, called a class war, between the slaves and their masters, organized into trade unions on the one side and employers' federations on the other.

St. Thomas Law, who has just been canonized, says we shall never have a peaceful and stable society until this struggle is ended by the abolition of slavery altogether; and the completion would enable man to do his share of the world's work with his own hands and brains.

Naturally, the master in parliaments, in schools, and in newspapers makes the most desperate efforts to prevent us from realizing our slavery. From our earliest years we are taught that our country is the land of the free. And was not freedom's influence before us when we defeated the Spanish Armada, when we cut off King Charles's head, when we won the Battle of Waterloo, and when, only the other day, we quite unintentionally changed the German, Austrian, Russian, and Ottoman empires into republics?

When we grow old enough to vote, we are told that we have the wage boards, free education, and the New Deal and the dole; and what more could any reasonable man ask for? We learn that the rich are taxed a quarter, a third or even a half of their total incomes. But the poor are never reminded that they have to pay that much of their wages as rent, in addition to having to work twice as long as they would need to if they were free.

Whenever famous writers protest against this imposture—say, Voltaire and Rousseau and Tom Paine in the eighteenth century, Karl Marx in the nineteenth, or Lenin and Trotzky in the twentieth—you are taught that they are atheists, libertines, murderers, and scoundrels. And it is made a criminal offense to buy or sell their books. If they make the slightest sign of a revolution, England immediately makes war on them and lends money to the other powers to join her in forcing the revolutionists to restore the slave altar. When this was successful at Waterloo, the victory was advertised as another triumph of British freedom. And the British wage slave, instead of going into mourning like Lord Byron, believed it all and cheered enthusiastically.

When the revolution wins, as it did in Russia in 1922, the fighting stops. But the abuse, the calumnies, the lies continue until the revolutionized state grows into a first-rate power. Then our diplomatists, after having for years denounced the revolution leaders as the most abominable tyrants, have to do a right turn and invite them to dinner.

Now though this class of humbug is made to delude the slave class only, it ends in deluding the master class much more completely. A gentleman, whose mind has been formed at a preparatory school for the sons of gentlemen, followed by a public school and a university course, is much more utterly taken in by the falsified history and dishonest political economy and the snobbery taught in these places, because the gentlemen's education teaches him that he is a very fine fellow, superior to the common run of men, whose duty it is to wash his clothes and carry his parcels. This entirely agrees with his view of himself. He honestly believes that the system which has placed him in such an agreeable situation and done such justice to his merits is the best of all possible systems and that he should shed his blood, and yours, to the last drop in its defense.

But the great mass of workers—underpaid, treated as inferiors, cast on the dole—cannot feel so sure about it as the gentleman. The facts are too harshly at hand. In hard times, such as we are now passing through, their disgust and despair sometimes lead them to kick over the traces, upset everything, and we have to be rescued from gangsterism by some poor young genius who has the fancy for being an emperor and has the courage and brains and tendency to jump at a chance. But the slaves who would give three cheers for the emperor might just as well have made a cross on a British or American ballot paper, as far as their food is concerned. Now so far I have mentioned nothing pertaining to historical facts, for that would lead me into controversy; and controversy would not be fair when you cannot answer me back. I am never controversial over the wireless.

Always remember that though nobody likes to be called a slave, it does not follow that slavery is a bad thing. Great men like Aristotle have felt that the power of government would be impossible unless the persons the people have to obey are beautifully dressed and decorated, speaking with a special accent, traveling in first-class carriages or in the most expensive cars, riding on the best-bred horses, never cleaning their own boots or doing anything for themselves that can possibly be done by ringing a bell and ordering some common person to do it. This leads, of course, to the fact that they must be rich, without any other obligation than to produce an impression of almost godlike superiority on the minds of the common people. In short, it is contended that you must make men ignorant and idolatrous before they can become obedient followers and law-abiding citizens.

When women were enfranchised and given the right to sit in Parliament, the first purpose was to defeat all the women candidates who stood for the freedom of the workers and had given devoted and distinguished service. They elected only one woman, a titled lady of great wealth and exceptionally fascinating personality. Now this, it is said, is human nature; and you cannot change human nature. On the other hand, it is maintained that human nature is the easiest thing in the world to change if you catch it young enough, and that the idolatry of the slave class for the mass class is entirely an artificial product of education and of a propaganda that plays upon our infants long before they ever leave their cradles. An opposite mentality can, it is argued, be produced by a contrary education and propaganda. You can turn the point in line for yourself. . . .

A practical question, if possible at all, is how the income of the whole country can best be distributed from day to day. If the answer is to cultivate an agriculture using mechanical plows and chemical fertilizers, and industrially insuring electrified factories full of machinery, the product may be so great that an equal distribution of it would provide enough to give the unskilled laborers as much as the managers and the men with the scientific set-up.

Do not forget, when you hear that the trends of modern machinery enable one girl to produce as much as a thousand men could produce in the reign of Good Queen Anne, that this marvelous increase in huge things makes noodles and steel pins and matches—nor that very young children may eat noodles eagerly, but the diet is not enough for them.

If you live in a civilized country your freedom is restricted, and you are forced by laws to do this and not to do that, and to pay rents and taxes. If you do not obey these laws the courts will imprison you and, if you go too far, kill you. If the laws are reasonable, you have no reason to complain, because they increase your freedom by protecting you against assault, highway robbery, and disorder generally. But as society is constituted at present there are other far more serious contentions. Your employer dictates the cut, color, and condition of your clothes, as well as your hours of work; he can turn you into the street at any moment to join the melancholy band of lost spirits called "the unemployed." In short, his power over you is far greater than that of any political group could be. Your only defense is to strike, which is only another form of starving on his doorstep until he does you justice. But as the police will not allow you to starve on your employer's doorstep, you must starve on your own if you have one. The extreme form of the strike—a general strike of all workers at the same moment—is also the extreme form of human folly, because if completely carried out it would extinguish all men, and the workers would be the first to perish. A general strike is trade unionism gone mad. Sane trade unionism would never sanction more than one big strike at a time, with all the other trades working overtime to support it.

If you have to work twelve hours a day, you have no freedom at all. If you work eight hours a day, you have four hours a day to do what you like with, subject to the laws of the land, and given enough money to buy an interesting book or pay for a seat at the pictures. But even here nature interferes, for if your eight hours' work has been of a hard, physical type and when you get home you want to spend your four hours in reading a book to improve your mind, you may find yourself fast asleep in a half minute and your brain remains in its present benighted condition.

We must change our politics before we get what we want; and meantime we must stop gassing about freedom, because the people in England do not know what freedom is—never having had it. They will always call freedom by its old English name of "leisure," and keep pounding for more leisure and more money to enjoy it in return for one's share of work. If you had your choice, would you work for eight hours a day and retire on a full pension at forty-five; or would you rather work four hours a day and continue to work until you were seventy years old? Now, don't send the answers to me, please! Talk it over with your wife.

Note on E. A. Robinson

By JOHN McALPIN BERRYMAN

He was forever walking
A little north
To watch the bare words stalking
Stiffly forth,
Frozen as they went
And flawless of heart within without comment.

What to Do with the Supreme Court?

Fallacies About the Court

By MORRIS R. COHEN

THAT the people of the United States favor the NRA was made obvious by the unprecedented Congressional majority accorded to the Administration in the election of 1934. What, then, prevents Congress from passing a bill enlarging the Supreme Court with ten additional judges who, on a rehearing, are sure to vote for the constitutionality of the original act?

There is a general impression that this would be dishonest. Why so? Because, according to the traditional assumption, judges have nothing to do with making the law, their decisions following with logical necessity from "the solemn will of the people expressed in the Constitution," and if the results are bad, we should go through the laborious ordeal of changing the Constitution rather than the composition of the court. This view has so often been repeated that it is generally accepted as axiomatic. Nevertheless, it rests on a number of rather obvious fallacies.

1. That the judges merely find the meaning of the Constitution and in no way make or mold it has long been characterized among scientific jurists as a childish fiction. No one can seriously maintain that all of our constitutional law as to what constitutes interstate commerce, the police power of the states, or due process of law follows logically from the wording of the Constitution and has not been affected by the social, economic, and political opinions of different judges. The law took a different direction under Taney than under Marshall. Indeed, how could the people in 1789—or the small proportion of them who had the right to vote then—have foreseen all the modern inventions and made definite provisions for them? It is certainly not through anything written in the Constitution that the power to regulate interstate commerce includes the power to prohibit the sending of liquor into certain states but not the power to regulate insurance. A thousand similar distinctions may be mentioned which, whether justified or not by their practical consequences, are certainly judge-made and might have been different if other judges had ruled.

Specifically the NRA is declared unconstitutional because it delegates legislative power to the President. But the fact is that all effective legislation for the future must inevitably delegate some subsidiary lawmaking to the executive authority. Justices Stone and Cardozo recognized this and claimed that in this case there was too much delegation. But the line between proper and improper delegation is not laid down in the Constitution itself. Where to draw it is a question of political wisdom. Why should the courts rather than Congress determine it? The usual answer is that the Constitution declares itself to be the supreme law of the land, and its interpretation must therefore be left to the courts. This, however, cannot be consistently maintained. The Constitution provides that every state shall be guaranteed a republican form of government. What does that mean? In the Oregon case, when the issue was raised as to whether the referendum was compatible with a republican form of government, the Supreme Court declared it a political question and *not* for the courts to decide. There are in fact many express provisions of the Constitution which the courts cannot or dare not enforce. Thus for more than ten years Congress refused to obey the Constitution and to apportion representation according to the latest census. Would our courts have dared to declare the acts of the counter-constitutional congresses between 1922 and 1932 unconstitutional? Certainly not, though if they did so, they would be on logically firmer ground than in deciding that Congress could not pass a minimum-wage law for the District of Columbia.

The truth, then, is that constitutional law is just what judges make it. A leading conservative newspaper put it aptly when it said that the United States Supreme Court is a continuous constitutional convention. This it is in fact. But we do not generally recognize it, else we should demand that the work of this constitutional convention be ratified by the people before it goes into effect, or at any rate that the delegates be more responsive to, and in closer touch with, popular needs.

2. We are frequently told that the Constitution represents the eternal principles of justice, or at least those principles of liberty and right which are characteristic of Anglo-~~Saxon~~ civilization. The first of these claims is obviously question-begging; specific decisions which strike people as unjust can certainly not be defended that way. The second claim is even more readily disposed of by the fact that our English cousins have never given their courts power to set aside legislation on grounds of unconstitutionality.

3. Quite fallacious also is the rhetorical argument that without this power vested in the courts we should be at the mercy of legislative majorities. This argument ignores the historic fact that in few, if any, actual cases have the majority of our people felt themselves saved from Congressional oppression by judicial intervention. On the contrary, Congress being more responsive to popular demand, our people as a whole have felt more resentment at being at the mercy of small judicial majorities than at being at the mercy of very large legislative majorities. Besides, the mischief of Congressional wrongs can be readily remedied at the next election, while the mischief of wrong judicial decisions in the name of the Constitution requires the laborious consent of two-thirds of each house of Congress and three-quarters of the state legislatures.

If we need watchers to protect us from bad legislation, why not watchers against bad judicial decisions? The fact is that the people of England, France, Switzerland, or the Scandinavian countries feel as free as we do, and their rights are as amply protected, without their courts having the power to set aside legislation as unconstitutional.

4. It is quite fallacious to argue that our system assures a maximum security of legal rights and thus encourages business enterprise. The actuality is rather the other way. In

no other civilized country would people endure a legal system in which such a question as that of the legality of certain codes could remain undetermined for two years. In no other country also is there such a complete separation between power and responsibility as in ours, where those who have the final word on all questions of law are in no way answerable to the popular will or to any other earthly authority.

5. It is generally urged that the judicial veto over legislation has been in force since the case of Marbury vs. Madison in 1803 and it is too late to change it. This argument is historically untenable. What that famous case did decide was that the court would not issue a mandamus to compel a Democratic Secretary of State to deliver certain commissions to some Federalists, even though an act of Congress authorized it to do so. The actual decision was a quite satisfactory victory for the Democratic Administration and not something over which the country got excited. In his written opinion Marshall did, in the fashion of his day, indulge in speculations about constitutions written for all time and superior to acts of Congress; but most of it was mere dictum. It is obviously one thing for a court to refuse to follow a coordinate department of the government to constrain the Executive, and quite another to say to the people at large that they are under no obligation to obey a general law enacted by Congress. Marshall argued that judges swear to obey the Constitution and must therefore live up to their oath. But Members of Congress and the Executive likewise swear to obey the Constitution and must therefore also follow what they regard as the meaning of the Constitution. From the chaos which would follow a consistent adherence to the theory of three independent departments of the government we have been saved by the process of practical accommodation and the extra-legal party system.

The first case in which the Supreme Court exercised the right to set aside a law of general importance was the Dred Scott case, and the decision and the dicta in that case were repealed by force of arms. It is only in recent times that declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional may be said to have become a practice.

6. The subordination of Congress to the courts has often been defended on the ground that under this system we have greatly prospered. This is a rather naive example of the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Our prosperity, if it is a fact, may be due to our unrivaled natural resources, to the practical skill of our people, and the like. And it may well be argued that our present depression is in part due to such judicial vetoes as those of the Lochner case, the Adair case, the child-labor cases, the minimum-wage cases, and others, which by depressing the economic power of the laboring classes have depressed our home markets.

7. When we realize that the important questions which come before our highest court involve political, economic, and technical issues, then if we lay aside pious rhetoric we must admit that far from being the strongest, the judiciary is the weakest part of our governmental system—for it has the least opportunity of getting adequate information. No one who wants to inform himself thoroughly on any question will be satisfied to do so on the basis of listening for a few hours to two lawyers who have submitted argumentative briefs.

8. Space does not permit discussion of the relation of our federal courts to state legislation. But if the virtue of a federal system be the opportunity for different experiments in different states, that virtue has been effectively minimized by the way in which the Supreme Court has turned the Fourteenth Amendment—intended by the people as a protection for the Negroes—into a prohibition of experiments in the field of social legislation.

The Supreme Court and Democracy

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

> The Constitution contains, *of course*, no provision which, in terms, deals in any way with the subject. [Mr. Justice Brandeis, in his dissenting opinion in Washington vs. Dawson and Company, 264 U. S. 219, decided February 25, 1924.]

IN attempting to find our bearings in the chaos and confusion created by the recent Supreme Court decisions, it is important, above all, that we understand clearly what it is all about. Unfortunately, most of the discussion follows channels least calculated to lead us to any solution of the fundamental problem. We are avoiding the real issues involved. Most of us—and this is particularly true of so-called "liberals"—are "constitutionally," that is, psychologically, unable to undertake a "revision," even a mental one, of the entire order of things given. As a result, we attempt to cover our basic confusion and utter impotence by futile and largely meaningless talk about a "liberal interpretation" of the Constitution or the necessity for its amendment.

This talk is beside the point. It proceeds upon the assumption that there is something in the Constitution which the judges have "interpreted illiberally," and that the difficulty is to be overcome by getting either some different provisions into the Constitution for the judges to "interpret" or a different set of judges, more "liberal" than the present ones, who will interpret the present provisions in a more liberal way. This is nonsense based on ignorance. Our main difficulty does not lie in the fact that the judges of the Supreme Court are not liberal enough, and it cannot be remedied by an amendment to the Constitution.

In the closing pages of my "Government by Judiciary" I ventured to dissent from the general chorus of approbation with which the then jubilant liberals had greeted the "new majority" of the Supreme Court, which was apparently steering the ship of state along a "new course." For this discordant note I was roundly abused by the liberals. Events have proved that I was the better prophet. But the word prophet puts it on the wrong foot. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. What I like is to get down to fundamentals in these matters. And one of the fundamentals of this situation is that it has nothing to do with the liberalism, so-called, of the judges of the Supreme Court. *I do not believe in a "liberal" Supreme Court.* The decision on the NIRA proves that I am right in that position. I must confess to deriving a certain malicious pleasure from contemplating the plight of the liberals in discussing that decision, in view of the unanimity of the judges. No more can "reactionary" judges be blamed. Justices Brandeis,

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Stone, and Cardozo, surely, are not reactionaries, at least not in the sense in which liberals use that term. No wonder our liberals don't know what has happened to them.

Given our present "Constitution," the word used in the Pickwickian sense in which it is used by the judges, the decision was eminently proper—proper even for a liberal judge to make, or at least to join in. (I make the qualification because of a theory I have as to why Justices Cardozo and Stone joined in the decision, which I cannot go into here.) If the Supreme Court is to have the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional, it could not have used it to better purpose than in killing the NIRA as it was "interpreted" by the Roosevelt Administration during the latter part of its existence. Apart from some special interests in and outside the Roosevelt Administration, I do not know of anyone who ought to shed a tear for the abolition of this vicious piece of governmental machinery. I say "machinery" not "legislation." It was not a beautiful piece of legislation, to start with. The best that could be said for it was that it was so vague and equivocal that with proper handling it could perhaps have been made to serve some useful purpose. As actually handled, particularly during the latter part of its existence, it was a source of oppression to the "little man" generally and of no use to the working class as a special interest. This undoubtedly helped bring about both the decision and the unanimity of the judges in rendering it. Another help was the manner in which the case was handled before the Supreme Court. I have read the government's brief, and I give it as my considered opinion that if a set of lawyers ever deserved the licking they got, those who represented the government in this all-important case richly deserved it.

Unfortunately, the decision was not limited to this case, and the thing condemned was not the NRA but the NIRA. And to do this, the Supreme Court had to find something in the Constitution on which to base the condemnation. Under the system of conventional make-believe which is our constitutional law judges cannot say that they declare a law invalid because they do not like it, either as written or as applied in practice. They must say that the Constitution forbids it. In small matters that is of no particular moment, for it does not stop them from upholding a similar law—similar, that is, in a constitutional sense—when they or their successors like it better. The technical term involved in the operation is known as "distinguishing" the one case from the other, and the process of separating what they like from what they don't like, as "pricking out a line of demarcation" between the good and the bad. But when it comes to fundamentals that becomes impossible. Of necessity, they must dig deep and build high. The result is that when they condemn the bad they make impossible the good.

The very nature of the democratic process is such that it does not admit of outside correctives. "The cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy," and this is more than an old-fashioned copy-book maxim. There is only one way to make bad laws impossible, and that is to make all new legislation impossible. And even that is not a sure preventive, for old laws may be put to new, and very *bad,* uses. And if new remedial laws are made impossible, we are much worse off than we would be under the worst regime of hasty, ill-considered and ill-digested, or even downright vicious legislation. That is exactly what has been happening to us under our system of government by judiciary.

That is why we are squirming under the new decisions of our real governors. It is not as if we had not been suffering under bad laws, for we have. Nor is it as if good new laws were permitted us. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court have not only put an end to Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal; they have made any New Deal impossible. That is the reason for the talk about amending the Constitution. And it brings us to the real point in the discussion.

The talk about amending the Constitution is on a par with the talk about liberal judges. It assumes that there is something in the present Constitution which says that the NIRA is unconstitutional. But this assumption is due to ignorance about the workings of our constitutional system—an ignorance fostered by one of the most gigantic propaganda machines the world has ever seen (it embraces not only every school and college textbook on history and government but every political party, including the Socialist Party). The truth is that there is nothing in the Constitution as it stands which forbids such legislation as the present NIRA. I say this in the face of the unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court, and notwithstanding a warm admiration for some of its judges. For it must be remembered that "the Constitution" is a term of "art," as we lawyers say, which, translated into ordinary English, means "the Supreme Court."

The quotation at the head of this article is from the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Brandeis in a case in which the Supreme Court declared an act of Congress unconstitutional. Officially, and to the layman, it meant that the Constitution said that the particular thing should not be done. In reality, there was nothing about it in the Constitution. And to Mr. Justice Brandeis, speaking to lawyers, it was a matter of course that there should not be. Mr. Justice Brandeis was speaking of a particular case in which he disagreed with the majority of the court. But the same is true of the entire business of unconstitutionality. "Of course, there is nothing in the Constitution about all this," applies to all cases in which laws are declared unconstitutional, to cases in which Mr. Justice Brandeis joins the majority as well as to the other kind. It is true of the decision on the NIRA, in spite of the unanimity of the judges. What is more, I believe that Judge Brandeis, for one, would not seriously dispute it. When Mr. Justice Brandeis joins in declaring a law of Congress unconstitutional, he says in effect: Assuming the power of the Supreme Court to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, and bearing in mind the uses to which this power has been put in the past by this court, I am of opinion that this law deserves to be annulled by putting it into the unconstitutional class.

Where does all this lead? For one thing, it leads to the irresistible conclusion that it is not only practically impossible to amend the Constitution, but almost useless. It is also very dangerous. For not only can amendments be interpreted away; they can also be made, by interpretation, a source of new and undreamed-of ills. In both respects the Fourteenth Amendment is a warning and an example.

There is only one way really to amend the Constitution and that is by depriving the Supreme Court of the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. But this power, too, is "of course not in the Constitution." A

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formal amendment is therefore entirely unnecessary if we really mean business. And I venture to predict that this formal method of amendment will not be resorted to when the people of the United States get ready to make real democracy possible. I also venture to predict that although this will not be its immediate effect, it will ultimately prove to have been the "silver lining" of the present cloud.

The Value of Judicial Review

By OSMOND K. FRAENKEL

THE Schechter decision dramatizes an issue which has been pressing into prominence in American affairs. Whenever a particular social reform is urged upon a state legislature, the argument is advanced that enactment of such reform will drive industry from that state into others less solicitous for the workers' welfare. The progress of many reforms—especially the abolition of child labor—has been delayed by just such considerations; hence the need for federal action in the major fields of social betterment.

Through the years of the depression it has become increasingly evident not only that national economic planning is essential, but also that it cannot be accomplished except by federal action. During these years the country has willingly yielded wide powers to Washington. Probably it is unfortunate that the Administration did not propose the necessary constitutional changes at the height of its popularity, because there is serious danger that improvement in business will find the people unwilling to consider any far-reaching changes in the distribution of power in our federal system. Yet this is an issue which must sooner or later be met. Perhaps it will be solved by a reorganization of the states, perhaps by the vesting of greater powers in the central government. Fundamental constitutional change, by whatever method, is essential.

Whether or not change of this nature should include a limitation of the power of the courts to pass on constitutional issues has become a much-discussed question. The recent ruling that the Railway Pension Law violated the due-process clause, coupled with Chief Justice Hughes's statement on the possible bearing of that clause on some of the code provisions, shows the danger which exists. The current conception of due process has caused more havoc than has any other constitutional doctrine. It has doomed workmen's compensation, minimum wages, regulation of the hours of labor, regulation of various kinds of businesses, the establishment of railroad pensions, and a great variety of taxes. It is time the original meaning of the phrase, a purely procedural one, be restored. Without this change in the Constitution no real progress along the road of social reform is possible. Until it has been made, the Constitution will remain a bulwark of the capitalists' order; not until that time will it be possible to plan toward any degree of socialism. And were it once accomplished, it would probably be unnecessary to reform the court itself, for in spite of much argument to the contrary the Supreme Court has valuable constitutional functions to perform.

When the court upholds the rights of a minority, as in the Scottsboro case, or protects against arbitrary official action, as in the recent Humphrey case, it is performing those functions for which it was really intended and for which it is best qualified. The American people are by tradition distrustful of authority. They set up their tribunals to be independent in the hope that they would stand as champions of liberty against oppression. Too often the courts have failed, mistaking the privilege of the few for the liberty of the many. But today more than ever it is essential that we preserve and intensify the independence of the judiciary.

The suggestion that the Supreme Court be denied the right to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional covers both too much and too little ground. Its scope is too limited, because adopting it would do nothing to curb interference with desirable state laws by a decision, often over strong dissent, that the laws violated due process. It is too extensive, because there are many respects in which Congress should properly be subject to supervision. Today the court may still be relied upon, at least in peace times, to protect freedom of speech and other rights guaranteed by the first amendments. There are even provisions in the body of the Constitution itself—such as the right of each state to representation in the Senate—which, if infringed by act of Congress, the court should uphold. The mere fact that the judiciary in other countries exerts no such power constitutes no valid argument against the existence of this power under our peculiar conditions. And there have been times in the history of other countries when the existence of an independent court might well have been useful, if only as a deterrent.

Revision of the powers of the Supreme Court is unlikely to strip it of the right to uphold the particular form of government laid down in the Constitution; although, of course, that form may itself be the subject of amendment. And it was with the form of our government that the wider aspects of the Schechter case dealt. The decision that the NIRA delegated excessive powers to the President would probably never have been rendered during the latter part of the last century while the democratic tradition was in the ascendant. Even during the cumulative increase in administrative strength which characterized the post-war period, the Supreme Court never overthrew any act of Congress on the ground of excessive delegation. Yet the decision in the Schechter case should have been anticipated by the Administration after the recent "hot oil" case. While it is true that that case was complicated by the ambiguity of the administrative orders, the principle laid down in it applied with equal force to the codes.

There is nothing in this phase of the Schechter decision which cannot be cured by Congress; all the court requires is that Congress lay down a standard by which administrative action may be measured. And with the experience gained in the preparation and administration of the codes this should now be possible. Very likely such formulation could not have been made at the time the idea originated. If Congress decides to preserve some of the features of the NRA, it is to be hoped the Administration will leave off hiding its head in the sand in order to postpone decisions of constitutional questions of importance. A course of this kind may once have been justified on the cynical theory that by the time the original NRA might be declared unconstitutional its economic purposes would have been well accomplished. Such an attitude is no longer desirable. Especially in connection with such legislation as the Wagner-Connery labor-disputes act it is essential, after any obvious constitutional defects have been removed, to secure a prompt adjudication in a wisely chosen case. There is a possibility that this law may be held constitutional on the theory that action taken to prevent a strike in a local factory necessarily affects interstate commerce when its products are widely distributed among the states. If this power is to be denied Congress, the necessity for amendment will be manifest.

It would seem, therefore, that two courses lie open to the Administration. It must educate the public to the need for far-reaching constitutional changes—changes in the distribution of federal power and changes involving the redefinition of due process. In the preparation of its laws it must use greater skill than heretofore, better judgment in the selection of its test cases, and it must press, above all, for prompt determination. Until the court has passed on the bulk of the New Deal legislation it will be impossible to define to what extent the Constitution must be changed.

The Tyranny of the Bank of France

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, June 14

THE recent financial and political crisis in France has ended in the capitulation of Parliament to the financial and industrial interests that engineered the crisis, but the victory of those interests is less complete than on similar occasions in the past, and there are encouraging symptoms of an awakening to the necessity of getting rid of their domination. The sinister part played by the Bank of France, in particular, has been so evident that the revolt against the tyranny of the bank is rapidly spreading, and in normal circumstances one of the issues at the general election next year will be whether the Bank of France is to be the master or the servant of the state. It is not only in France that the question of the relations between the central bank and the state is an urgent question of practical politics. The political influence of the Bank of England is just as great and just as pernicious as that of the Bank of France, although that fact is not yet so generally realized in England as it is in France. Democratic government, as Anatole France said long ago in "L'Ile des Pingouins," has come to mean in practice government by the financial interests, and unless democracy can control the banks, the banks will destroy democracy, for the financial interests have discovered that a fascist regime suits them even better.

The financial crisis was artificial. It was, as has been said, engineered by the banks and certain industrial interests, represented by the Comité des Forges, which are in close contact with high finance. For example, M. de Wendel, the potentate of the Comité des Forges, is on the governing board of the Bank of France. He has the controlling interest in the *Journal des Débats*, and the industrial interests that he represents share with the coal interests the control of the *Temps*. The Comité des Forges and its satellites have other less open influences in the press. The Comité des Forges is undoubtedly behind the anti-parliamentary movement, and it inclines to an alliance or close understanding with Nazi Germany. So do the leaders of the chief anti-parliamentary organization, the Croix de Feu. This is natural and there are several reasons for it, notably hostility to communism and to Soviet Russia and the belief, no doubt justified, that an understanding with Germany would facilitate a fascist victory in France. Moreover, an alliance with Germany would be to the advantage of the French iron and steel interests, which have already profited greatly by German rearmament, for it would make it necessary for both countries to be heavily armed. The alliance would be aimed primarily against Soviet Russia, but ultimately against England, at least to some extent. One of the aims of the alliance, in the minds of its French—and no doubt also its German—advocates would be to eliminate English influence on the European continent and put an end to the balance-of-power policy, which has enabled England to dominate the Continent hitherto. This was one of Caillaux's aims when he tried to arrive at an understanding with Germany in 1911, and it was for that reason above all that he incurred the bitter hostility of the British government and the Foreign Office, which succeeded in driving him from office. Clemenceau was the principal agent in the operation. It was not the first time that British diplomacy had turned his chauvinism to account.

Colonel de la Rocque and the other leaders of the Croix de Feu are not, however, in favor of an immediate alliance with Germany, and no doubt their opinion is shared by the Comité des Forges. Their view is that the alliance will be possible only when they—that is, the French fascists—have come into power and have increased French armaments to such an extent that Germany will not have been able to catch up with France. France, it is thought, will then be in a position to make its own terms and to become the predominant partner in the alliance. This crazy illusion is a measure of their intelligence. Meanwhile, they insist on the danger of German rearmament and the necessity of strengthening French defenses. And, unfortunately, it is impossible to deny that necessity. In particular, it has become necessary completely to reequip the French air force, which, although formidable on paper, is as everybody knows far behind the German or the English air force in fact, for its material is old and out of date. Some people in France still advocate a limitation of armaments as a remedy, but their number is rapidly diminishing, for limitation would be a dupery without international control. How is it possible to exercise effective control in a country where, as we have now learned, the terrorist regime is so efficient that it has been possible secretly to create a huge air force—so secretly that foreign governments have been deceived? The only system of control that would have the least chance of being effective in Germany would be that of a permanent control commission on the spot with all the powers possessed by the allied military commission of control set up by the Treaty of Versailles, including that of entering any factory without notice. The German government would never accept such a system. Nor could it be asked to, unless the other governments were also willing to accept it. How many would be? Few of those who talk glibly about disarmament or limitation of armaments seem ever to have given a moment's thought to the conditions necessary to make it a reality.

The increased military expenditure into which France has been forced is one of the chief difficulties in the way of balancing the budget, and the budget deficit was the origin of the recent crisis. When Flandin formed his Cabinet, he made the mistake of accepting Germain-Martin, nominee of the Bank of France, as his Finance Minister. Germain-Martin insisted on the policy of the Bank of France and the financial interests generally—a policy of ruthless deflation. The budget was to be balanced solely by enormous cuts in expenditure, that is to say, mainly by reductions in the salaries of civil servants and the wages of government employees, in war pensions, and in social expenditures, notably the social-insurance system. Such reductions are indefensible, for the salaries of civil servants and the war pensions in France are already miserably low, but no other reductions on a large scale are possible. About two-thirds of the national expenditure, which amounts in round figures to forty-five billion francs, are absorbed by the cost of the army, navy, and air force and the service of the national debt. The former cannot be reduced in present circumstances and the latter is of course intangible. It is not even possible to suspend the sinking fund without an amendment of the constitution, for Poincaré made it the object of a constitutional law which assigned to it the revenue of the state tobacco monopoly. An amendment of the constitution involves convening the National Assembly at Versailles, which is a large order. In these circumstances Flandin proposed a policy which cannot be better described than in the following quotation from an able article by the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, published in that paper on June 11:

> M. Flandin hoped to balance the budget not by drastic cuts but by the creation of economic conditions that would produce an increase of revenue or, at any rate, put a stop to its shrinking. The budget problem would not be acute until the autumn, when the next year's estimates must be produced. In the meantime the Government hoped to make their cheap-money policy effective, to remove at least some tariff barriers by negotiation, to reform industrial production, and, eventually, to make the reductions in direct taxation which have been so fruitful a feature of British policy. If M. Flandin had been able to apply his plans, they might have improved matters enough to wipe out a substantial part of the estimated deficit by the end of the financial year.

This constructive policy was bitterly opposed by the financial interests and the industrial interests represented by the Comité des Forges. Germain-Martin voiced their opposition in the Cabinet. The Bank of France refused to hear of credit facilities and blackmailed the government by refusing to discount Treasury bills. Flandin yielded and asked the Chamber for special powers to apply a policy of deflation. Germain-Martin resigned in the middle of the debate, and the Chamber quite rightly refused the free hand asked for by the government. Bouisson would probably have been given the special powers had not the Chamber been estranged by the attitude of Caillaux, the Finance Minister, and by the unwise speech made by Bouisson himself. Piétri formed a Cabinet that would have had a majority in the Chamber, but he was forced out by the Bank of France, because his policy was not sufficiently deflationist and he had not the courage to withstand the pressure of the bank.

The Bank of France will be disappointed with Laval if, as is reported, he is likely to abstain from salary cuts and is thinking of a suspension of the sinking fund, among other measures. That would make a saving of about 3,500,000,000 francs for the year, but the estimated budget deficit is about 6,500,000,000 francs, and it is difficult to see how the balance of it can be made up. The deficit of 4,500,000,000 francs on the railways is to be covered by a loan. The Treasury has to meet during the year payments falling due to the amount of 9,585,000,000 francs and will have a difficulty in meeting them unless the Bank of France is forced to discount Treasury bills. On the whole it seems likely that the devaluation of the French franc will become inevitable before the end of this year. Devaluation is inevitable in Switzerland and cannot be much longer delayed, for Switzerland is being ruined by the economic and monetary policy of the federal government. Devaluation of the Swiss franc would no doubt hasten devaluation in France.

By granting the Laval Cabinet the powers that had been refused to its predecessors the Chamber, as I have already said, capitulated to the financial interests. It was also no doubt intimidated by the fear of another anti-parliamentary agitation, which was being worked up by the newspapers controlled by those interests. Had the parties of the left been able to agree on a policy, it would have been a different matter, but in the circumstances the defeat of the Laval Cabinet would have led to parliamentary chaos. The logical solution would have been a dissolution of the Chamber and appointment of a provisional Cabinet with special powers until the general election, which in the case of a dissolution must be held within two months, but the consent of the Radical Party could not be obtained. The center and the right, which were talking so much about a dissolution some little time ago, are by no means eager for one now, for they fear, with reason, that a general election would result in a victory for the left.

One thing at any rate has been demonstrated—namely, the weakness of the fascist movement in France. The complete calm in Paris and throughout the country during the ministerial crisis showed how artificial the rising in Paris in February, 1934, was. The "leagues" could not have had a better opportunity of taking the action that they have so often threatened, but the Croix de Feu, instead of demonstrating in Paris, held a "test rally" at Cambrai. The bluff of the fascist organizations has been called and the Chamber is unlikely to be frightened by them in the future. Thus, although the Chamber yielded in the end, its resistance to the Flandin and Bouisson Cabinets has by no means been useless. That resistance has also called public attention to the dangerous power of what Herriot once called the "wall of gold"—the Bank of France and the financial interests generally. The lesson will not be lost, and, as I have said, this question will no doubt be one of the chief issues at the next general election, if it takes place in normal conditions. But the international situation is so threatening that nobody can foretell what it will be a year, or even a few months, hence.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Cal.

Correspondence

Sergei Trotzky

To the Editors of The Nation:

Our youngest son, Sergei, who chose to stay in Moscow when we were forced into exile, was arrested at the very beginning of this year. If at first one could hope that the arrest was accidental, that in a day or two he would be freed, it is clear now that the jailers have far more serious designs.

Sergei was born in 1908. In families whose elder members are absorbed by politics the younger ones are often repelled thereby. Such was also our case. Sergei never occupied himself with political questions; he was not even a member of the Communist Youth (Komsomol). In the university he concentrated on mathematics and mechanics. As an engineer he received a professorship in one of the higher technical schools. With two other colleagues he published recently a special work entitled "Light Gas Generators of Automobile-Tractor Type." The book was published by the Scientific Automobile-Tractor Institute and was warmly received by the most outstanding specialists in the field.

Sergei decided to remain in Moscow so as not to be torn away from his work, which from then on absorbed his whole being. The material conditions of his existence were very difficult but did not differ in this respect from the living conditions of the overwhelming majority of the unprivileged Soviet youth. In the six years of our present emigration Sergei continued his intense scientific and pedagogic work without any interference on the part of the authorities—until after the Kirov assassination, when he was arrested and our correspondence ceased.

I would be happy to think that under the influence of events my son became involved recently in opposition activity, because then Sergei could bear up much better under the blow that has been dealt him. But such a supposition must be considered absolutely out of the question. Sergei grew up in the Kremlin; Stalin's son was a frequent visitor in the boys' room; the GPU and the university authorities kept a redoubled watch over him first as a student, secondly as a young professor. He was arrested not for any sort of opposition activity but exclusively as the son of Trotzky.

It would be very simple to verify the facts stated in this letter. It would be sufficient, for instance, to establish an international committee consisting of authoritative and sincere individuals, of course well-established friends of the U. S. S. R. Such a committee would have to examine into all repressions in connection with the Kirov assassination; among other things it would throw the necessary light also on the case of our son Sergei. When the social revolutionaries, the organizers of attempts on the lives of Lenin and Trotzky, were being tried in 1922, the Central Committee under the leadership of Lenin and Trotzky afforded Vandervelde, Kurt Rosenfeld, and other adversaries of the Soviet government the right to participate in the trial as defenders of the accused terrorists. This was done precisely in order to dispel in the mind of the international proletariat any doubts as to the fairness of the trial. Could not Romain Rolland, André Gide, Bernard Shaw, and other friends of the Soviet Union assume the initiative to establish such a committee in agreement with the Soviet government? This would be the best method of checking on the accusations and the suspicions widely spread in the working masses. The Soviet bureaucracy cannot place itself above the public opinion of the international working class. As regards the interests of the workers' state, a serious verification of its actions could only serve to its advantage.

France, June 1 Nathalie L. Trotzky

The *Bee* Objects

To the Editors of The Nation:

In the issue of *The Nation* for May 22 appeared an editorial referring to the criminal-syndicalism case which stated that it was a reporter for the Sacramento *Bee* "who, during the Sacramento trial, slipped a note to Albert Goldman, Non-partisan Labor Defense attorney, apologizing in advance for the fact that the *Bee* would distort the report of his speech to the jury."

That statement is a rank falsehood. In the first place, the *Bee* did not publish any extended report of Goldman's speech to the jury. As you can see from the inclosed clippings from the Sacramento *Bee* of Tuesday, March 26, 1935, the *Bee* published but a four-paragraph summary of Goldman's address to the jury. We even blackfaced his attack on capitalism. It was a fair summary of what Goldman said, and the attorney himself made no complaint about it, indicating that the reporter who covered the trial had given a correct summary of his remarks.

Undoubtedly your statement that a *Bee* reporter slipped a note to Goldman advising him that his report of the speech would be distorted had reference to a story published in the *Western Worker* of March 7, 1935—a marked copy of which is inclosed—telling how Gilbert H. Parker, a former Sacramento newspaperman and publicity man for the Associated Farmers of California made certain statements to a reporter for the *Western Worker* relative to the trial being a frame-up.

In view of the very evident fact that the information on which you based your editorial attacking the Sacramento *Bee* was false, I think we are entitled to a correction in the columns of your magazine.

Sacramento, May 25 Walter P. Jones,
General Editorial Director,
McClatchy Newspapers

[The *Nation* editorial to which Mr. Jones refers was not based on any story published in the *Western Worker* (a paper, by the way, which is even less friendly to Mr. Goldman, a Socialist, than is the Sacramento *Bee*). In reply to Mr. Jones, we reiterate simply that it was a *Bee* reporter, not Gilbert Parker of the Associated Farmers, who slipped the apologetic note to Mr. Goldman regarding the probable treatment by the *Bee* of his closing address to the jury, and that this note was read by two other persons not directly connected with the case. Perhaps the reporter's apologetic tone was inspired by the *Bee's* handling of the criminal-syndicalism case during the previous four months. The story he turned in on this occasion—or at least the four paragraphs which the *Bee* devoted to the subject—was hardly up to the *Bee's* own passionate standard in reporting the trial. However, a copy-desk man repaired its weakness with the headline: "Defense Counsel of Reds Assails U. S. Government."—Editors The Nation.]

The R. P. P. A.

To the Editors of The Nation:

Benjamin Stolberg's article, The Socialist Party Today, which appeared in your issue of June 5, is marked by omissions so grievous that his entire interpretation of recent happenings in the Socialist Party is rendered null and void. Mr. Stolberg fails to mention the third and most alive group in the party, the Revolutionary Policy Committee, whose official title is now the Revolutionary Policy Publishing Association because it risked expulsion by calling itself a committee without sanction. The R. P. P. A. was formed at the Detroit convention in 1934 and issued an "Appeal to the Membership of the Socialist Party," calling upon our comrades to assume a Marxist position and take upon themselves the duties of revolutionary socialism. No one making an analysis of the present situation in our party can do justice to the topic without careful analysis of the R. P. P. A.'s position. And if Mr. Stolberg has never seen the "Appeal"—a fact which in itself would render him unfit to discuss the entire subject—he could easily have ascertained the position of the R. P. P. A. from the two issues of the *Revolutionary Socialist Review* which have appeared.

No just appraisal is made by Mr. Stolberg of the March meeting of the National Executive Committee; no mention is made of the expulsion of all the revolutionary Socialists in the Buffalo local, and of Jim Oneal's remarkable speech there, wherein the Communist Manifesto was discarded by the right wing because, as Comrade Oneal so gallantly put it, it belongs to the "romantic era of socialism." Apparently Comrade Oneal has not enough romance in his soul to be a Marxist.

The statement that the "militants" are youngsters flirting with communism is utter nonsense; even Norman Thomas knows better than that. They are neither young, nor Communists, nor are they militant either. The revolutionary Socialists in the party have been trying to get the militants to tell them what they are militant about, and the only answer seems to be "confusion."

Nor are the militants causing the right wing any trouble. The revolutionary Socialists are, and they are not "militants." They are the most vehement critics of the militants. On most issues it is very difficult for me personally to distinguish a militant from a right-winger, and by 1936 I predict that those militants who are not with the R. P. P. A. will be with the right wing. Confusion must go forward or backward, and it is much easier to slide than to labor. The real obstacle in the path of the left-wing Democrats masking as Marxists has come from the incompatibility of their reformist position and the Marxist position of the R. P. P. A. All sorts of reports are circulated by the right wing to the effect that the members of the R. P. P. A. are in the pay of Moscow or members of the Communist Party or Lovestonites. It has reached such a point that one cannot be a Marxist in the Socialist Party any more without the right wing crying "Moscow."

The revolutionary Socialists have unmercifully criticized the present leadership of the party for its reformist, class-collaborationist policies, and its undemocratic methods. Instead of taking a sophisticated stand outside the party, however, they are striving to bring it around to sound Marxist principles and back to the glory that is the heritage of 'Gene Debs.

Mr. Stolberg's snootiness alone is objectionable in this period of crisis in our party, when a turn to the left is still possible. It is downright malevolent when it is joined with ignorance of the present factional struggle.

New York, June 2 GEORGE SIMPSON

Alabama Terror

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In Alabama a new reign of terror is being conducted against union labor by police and extra-legal forces in the hire of heavy industry. In the share-cropping region south of Birmingham the cotton choppers are on strike for a dollar-a-day wages. They have been receiving thirty-five cents a day, top price. Twenty-one workers and share-croppers have been arrested, held in jail briefly, then turned out of jail at the point of a gun and handed over to landlord vigilantes to be beaten, burned, and dumped. Two of the victims were white men arrested while addressing a group of share-croppers in a private home. The rest were Negroes, who suffered the additional punishment of eviction from their homes. One of the Negro workers, W. J. Foster, sent from Birmingham to investigate the terror in the share-cropping area, has not been heard of since he was turned over to the vigilantes four weeks ago. There is every reason to believe he was murdered.

In the industrial city of Birmingham police and private detective agencies in the hire of heavy industry cooperate in an attempt to break up labor unions. Homes of workers are raided constantly. Wholesale arrests are made without warrants, and the victims are given ten months on the chain gang for "possessing literature advocating government overthrow." In addition, kidnappings and beatings are carried on by thugs cooperating with the police. Robert Wood, district secretary of the International Labor Defense, was kidnapped from a downtown street by four thugs, carried out into the country, brutally beaten, and threatened with death. He was told he was "too damned interested in local industry." A week later Blaine Owen, a member of the Communist Party, was treated in a like manner. Owen was pointed out to the thugs, who followed in another car, by a police car which flashed its light on him.

We ask all readers to send protests to Governor Bibb Graves, Montgomery, to Mayor Burns, Selma, Alabama, and to Commissioner W. O. Downs, Birmingham.

Birmingham, Ala., June 16 BETH MITCHELL

Jane Addams Memorial Fund

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The death of Jane Addams places a responsibility upon those who have appreciated her work in various fields to see that it is continued and increased. Especially is this true in the case of Hull House, which among her many interests was closest to her heart. The value of Hull House in American life as a pioneer among social settlements and an example of the way in which association among members of different groups and races can be made serviceable to all is unquestioned. To thousands of individuals of the neighborhood, through the schools of music, painting, ceramics, drama, and dancing, as well as classes in more formal education, through social clubs, the gymnasium, the summer outings, Hull House has been a source of immediate relief from depressing conditions, and of encouragement and aid in fulfilling aspirations for the future. To thousands of residents for longer or shorter periods, Miss Addams's home has been an initiation into sympathetic and helpful relations with the less privileged. Moreover, Hull House has been a social laboratory where experiments of benefit to the whole country have been conducted. Hull House was a pioneer in juvenile research, from which came the Juvenile Court, in the establishment of playgrounds, in the protection of aliens.

To continue the house in its spirit of present usefulness and future progress, the trustees, upon the advice of many friends, have established the Jane Addams Memorial Fund. During her life Miss Addams obtained from friends or gave from her own resources about $30,000 a year, one-third of the annual budget of the house. It is hoped that a sum can be raised the income of which will replace Miss Addams's financial contribution to the work she founded and loved. The Jane Addams Memorial Fund offers an opportunity to all who loved her to show their appreciation of what she meant to her city, her country, and the world. Subscriptions may be sent to Louise De Koven Bowen, Treasurer, 800 South Halsted Street, Chicago.

New York, June 25 ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Labor and Industry

After Its Fashion

By HEYWOOD BROUN

SOONER or later this article will get around to "the freedom of the press" and endeavor to point out that this ideal is very much less than a cure-all for the cause of labor. But first of all I should like to have you share with me a few extracts from the Binghamton *Sun* of June 21. The *Sun,* whose code is "fairness, decency, accuracy," had room for little but local news because of one event. The chronicle of the epoch-making event began on the first page as follows:

> Never in better form or more convincing in his sincere appeal to the intelligence and the hearts of his fellow-workers, George F. Johnson responded yesterday to their request to visit each unit of the giant industrial democracy he has created. Beginning a long-delayed "loyalty tour" of the industry in company with his brother, C. Fred Johnson and the younger executives, President George W. Johnson and General Manager Charles F. Johnson, he delivered a series of eleven heart-to-heart talks at the plants in Binghamton and Johnson City.

To a casual reader this seemed a little like too much Johnson. It seemed extraordinary that one family should be so firmly intrenched in all the executive posts of a "giant industrial democracy." But on reading a little farther into the four or five pages devoted to the wise and witty sayings of good old "George F." I found that it was not an industrial democracy at all but the Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company. I was still curious to learn just what it was which moved George F. to make so many speeches and pour forth sincerity without stint. I found that his chief concern was with malcontents and "reds." In fact, he "flayed" them. Accordingly I remained in a little doubt as to the accuracy of the Binghamton *Sun* in stating that George F. made his heart-to-heart appeals solely because of the invitation of his "fellow-workers." I think it only fair to surmise that part of the idea was his very own. Mr. Johnson, as I gathered from reading a large part of his eleven speeches, is not exactly prodigal of ideas. He believes in loyalty and he said so a good many times in the course of his addresses. I had hoped to find some little help from a big four-column box on page 11 of the Binghamton *Sun;* I refer to "Straight from the Shoulder—Pointed Paragraphs Picked from George F.'s Series of Talks to His Fellow-Workers Yesterday."

The first quotation from the master which my eye encountered was: "There are people—too many, I am afraid —who don't like this American form of government. God knows where they came from or why they are here. I ask them, 'Why don't you go back where you came from?' "

"You would, you intellectual giant," I said to myself, and proceeded to dig deeper into the speeches which a squire of industry makes to the tenants on a tour of the estate.

"It is not important how much you earn today or next week," said good old George F. "It is how much you earn this year that is altogether important." Pie has been brought down from the sky and placed just around the corner.

It seemed to me that C. Fred Johnson spilled the beans a little. When called upon for a speech he made "one of his characteristic brief statements." To be sure C. Fred is an old-timer and has to be humored. But I still insist that the note he introduced was unfortunate. "I go when and where I please," declared C. Fred, "and come back when I'm good and ready. I hope you're as lucky."

Still perhaps a little touch of levity was needed. Even George F. unbent on occasion. The Binghamton *Sun* tells us, "There was humor, too. To one pretty girl Mr. Johnson gave the following piece of advice: 'If you'll be good, you'll be happy, but you'll miss a lot of fun.' "

"And the crowd roared," adds the *Sun.* I'll just bet it did. Mr. Johnson's joke (no offense, George F.) is ancient and feeble, but when the boss goes gay none but an alien and un-American agitator would refuse him his audience reaction. It was at the Scout Factory, as I remember, that the chief speaker hit upon one of his snappy ideas. "If you workers like our American ideals of government and our Industrial Democracy don't let these people come over here and tell you how much better it is somewhere else. Ask them, 'What in hell are you here for?' It's a fair question."

But no one should get the idea that George F. did not have any remedy to meet the needs of his fellow-workers. Much of his talk was wholly constructive. I particularly liked his, "If anybody knows how to say 'Hello' to the boys, I should be the one."

Still even that might elicit a question which would not be altogether unfair. Suppose somebody asked, "So what?"

By now, I hope, some little light has been thrown on the manner in which labor news is often handled in the smaller cities. When a plant is the town itself, there is little chance of getting dispassionate or detached news treatment. And certainly the relief does not lie merely in insisting on the maintenance of a free press. I am, of course, asking for a precise and literal use of the phrase. The famous constitutional guaranty contained in the First Amendment does not by any means promise each American citizen the right to get the news without bias or suppression. It merely says that a publisher shall not be impeded by direct or indirect censorship which is not of his own choosing. The man who suppresses facts in his paper or distorts them for his own interest performs an anti-social service. But I think it is stretching words beyond their natural meaning to argue that he is violating the freedom of the press. Mr. Hearst is all that Mr. Hearst is, and yet under the usual and reasonable definition of "free press" he has a right to continue in that benighted state. At least any attempt to alter it by statute would be in violation of the First Amendment.

In other words, the frequent statement that a free press is the certain bulwark of our liberties is not wholly true. One Hearst is bad enough, but suppose there were a hundred. Each might proceed according to his rights to publish what he pleased and suppress the rest. That would not make for liberty for the rest of us. As a matter of fact the situation under which we live is not a thousand miles away from that nightmare condition. Surely no one is naive enough to believe that any vast amount of newspaper enterprise is devoted to the attempt to give labor news accurate coverage even in crisis? And so perhaps the greatest joke is the eyebrow-lifting of the publisher who regards some small leaflet or publication with disdain and says, "Why this isn't news—it's propaganda." To put it bluntly, if labor wants to get a press which is fair to labor it will first have to organize its own newspapers. Our present press is free to do as it pleases, and it pleases to be always on the side which carries the heaviest butter.

The Nation Index of Labor Welfare

A FURTHER slight decline in working-class living standards is indicated by the preliminary figures of *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare for May, the last month in which NRA codes were legally in effect. Owing to a continuation of the mild business recession which started in March, employment and payrolls fell off noticeably in both manufacturing and non-manufacturing industries. The average weekly wage for all industrial workers, including those employed in the retail and wholesale trades, transportation, and mining, as well as in factories, declined from a peak of $21.66 in March to $21.47 for May, a drop of 0.9 per cent. The last month's decline was offset by a slight decrease in the cost of living—the first for many months—leaving real wages unchanged from the revised April figures at 99 per cent of the 1932 average. The rise in unemployment, however, more than counterbalanced the reduction in relief rolls, causing a 0.2 per cent net decline in the Index of Labor Welfare.

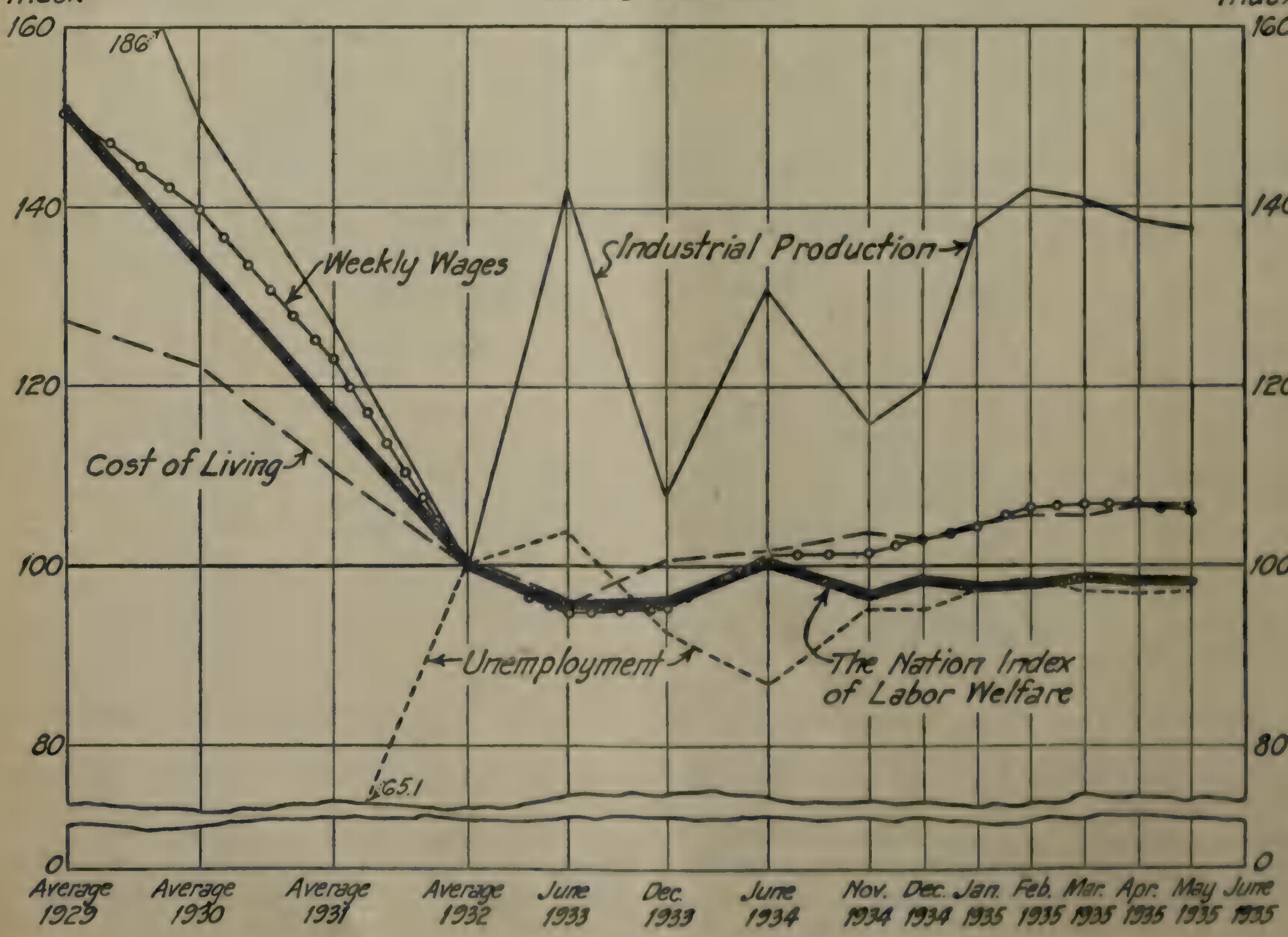
Compared with May, 1934, the picture is somewhat more unfavorable. Although weekly wages have risen approximately 3 per cent during the year, the cost of living has gone up 5 per cent. Unemployment has increased by over 500,000, and the number on relief rolls by nearly 2,000,000, leaving *The Nation* Index 3.2 per cent below the level of twelve months ago. The preliminary indices for May as compared with the revised figures for the previous month and for May of a year ago are as follows:

(1932=100)

	May 1935	*April 1935*	*May 1934*
Industrial Production	138*	139†	139
Average Weekly Wages	105*	106†	102
Cost of Living	106	107	101
Real Wages	99*	99†	101
Index of Labor Welfare	97.8*	98†	101

* Preliminary. † Revised.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE
(Average 1932=100)



The Need for Federal Labor Laws

By ELINORE MOREHOUSE HERRICK

THE abrupt termination of the NRA by the Supreme Court will soon test the soundness of industry's insistent claim, "Let us alone! Cut out the codes! Industry can and will govern itself." When the NRA was established in 1933, industry had shown very clearly its incapacity for self-government. Wages had been disastrously reduced and the markets for goods thereby destroyed. It is pertinent now to look back over the record of the first years of the depression to see what progress has been made in raising wages and in spreading and stabilizing employment.

That many people had to depend upon charity to make up the difference between depression wages and what it costs to keep alive was shown in a study entitled "Cut-Rate Wages," published by the Consumers' League of New York in February, 1933. This study, made from analyses of case records of a hundred social agencies in New York, revealed that in 1932 in the richest city in the world women were being paid 12½ cents for making a dress, while the "finisher" of that dress was receiving from 3 cents to 15½ cents. One woman received 21 cents for putting linings in seventy-two pairs of slippers at the rate of one slipper every forty-five seconds. Wages of $4 a week for unlimited hours recurred frequently in this survey. The result in social costs is told in the reports of these agencies—sanitarium care recommended for two months, room rent subsidized, children placed in boarding homes at taxpayers' expense. Report after report showed despondency, undernourishment, and inadequate clothing as typical of these victims of a selfish and ruthless industrial system. Charity took the place of an adequate living wage.

The NRA raised bottom wages all over the country. In strike after strike handled by the Regional Labor Board of New York, wage-earners testified, "I was getting $6 before the NRA—now I am getting $12," or whatever the minimum in the governing code prescribed. It is true, of course, that some chiseling employers continued to pay lower wages than the code minimum. It is also true that in many cases the wages of the more skilled workers were reduced to make up for the increases in minimum wages. Despite all this, the NRA effected a general improvement in the wage level, particularly for the least skilled.

The codes too often fixed unconscionably low standards and were so loosely framed that it was easy to evade both wage and hour requirements. But countless industries that had never before tried to maintain uniformity of labor standards did make such an effort through the code structure. Whether the beneficial results of coded cooperation within the ranks of industry can be preserved remains to be seen. But perhaps an examination of past experiences will prove enlightening.

There were many attempts to work out cooperative agreements prior to the adoption of the NRA. Two such attempts, with which I am personally familiar, were made in New York State. For approximately five years the Consumers' League maintained a White List of candy manufacturers, a central point of which was a minimum wage of $14 for a full week's work. This experiment broke down in 1932 because there was no way to keep in line employers who would not agree to the White List standards. Wage-cutting competitors could not be controlled even by the boycott effect of the league's White List. The league finally relinquished this method in fairness to the employers who were still making a real effort to meet the modest requirements of a $14 minimum wage and a forty-eight-hour work week. In other words, consumer pressure could not be mobilized in sufficient volume to support the more enlightened employers. People persisted in buying lower-priced candy even though it was made by sweatshop labor.

In 1932 a new cannery code was adopted in New York State after its terms had been worked out jointly by the State Department of Labor and the canners themselves during a series of conferences and surveys conducted over a three-year period. The code, after approval by the Industrial Board, became, in effect, a new law to govern practice in the canning industry. Since the new regulations had received the official indorsement of the Canners' Association, it seemed reasonable to assume that the industry was ready genuinely to modify its methods in accordance with the requirements of its own code, although the state had for twenty years found it virtually impossible to enforce the various labor laws existing on the statute books for canneries.

I made a twelve weeks' survey at the height of the canning season in 1932, visiting fifty-four representative plants, approximately one-third of the total number operating that season. I found only four employers who had made a real effort to comply with the code; three others had made some effort. With these few exceptions, the industry as a whole had practically ignored the agreement. Even in a summer of bountifully available local labor on account of unemployment, hardly any effort was made to recruit labor to reduce the hours of work to even the legal maximum. Wages ranged from 8 cents to 22 cents an hour for women and from 10 cents to 27½ cents for men. One canner frankly admitted having forced his help in 1931 to work illegal overtime until midnight and later during the weeks of the tomato season, and he boasted, "We will do it again under similar circumstances." His plant was located in a township where the public-welfare organization informed us that 3,000 people, approximately one-third of the population, were receiving relief. In one of the smaller cities a plant hired less than one-fifth of the usual number employed the previous year. With trained workers unemployed and eager to work, this plant found it "easier and cheaper to use overtime than to recruit more workers." The majority of the independent canners explained their low wages by saying that they had to meet the competition of a large concern operating many plants in which there were uniform rates of 12½ cents for women and 17½ cents for men.

I dwell at length on the canning industry because of its anti-social practices and its long-time stubborn resistance to the introduction of humanitarian standards by compulsion or otherwise. It was an effort to improve labor conditions in New York canneries which gained for Al Smith, then an assemblyman, his first favorable publicity. As long ago as 1915, in urging a law forbidding Sunday work in canneries, Al won his point by saying, "When I learned the Commandments, they said, 'Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day.' There was nothing about 'except in canneries.'" Notwithstanding all that has been done in the past twenty years to humanize working conditions by legislative enactment and by "voluntary cooperation," the canning industry remains near the bottom of the list with respect to wages and the length of the work week.

It is this industry which furnishes also the best illustration of the failure of the courts to enforce labor standards. Some years ago a canner pleaded guilty to violation of the child labor law, but the local justice found him "not guilty."

For a period of several years the Consumers' League studied the records of the Magistrates Courts in New York City. We found a high percentage of suspended sentences given even for repeated violations of state labor laws. When, however, committees from various organizations visited the courts and made known their presence and their interest to the judge, we found that fines replaced the suspended sentences. As soon as the vigilance was relaxed, the suspended sentences returned.

Lack of pressure from the public for proper working standards is seen in a more important and widespread phase. Surveys conducted by various state departments of labor between 1929 and 1932 revealed numberless instances where chambers of commerce offered inducements of free rent, cheap labor, free water, and similar subsidies to employers if they would remove to their towns. Too frequently these firms would move on again after a short time leaving nothing behind them in the community. Often such firms moved out in the night without paying their employees at all. Have chambers of commerce realized their pre-NRA folly? No.

Since January, 1935, I have seen advertisements and published statements of local chambers of commerce offering the same old inducements to attract "new business." These offers come from all over the country—New England, Alabama, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The majority of the "run-away" employer cases handled by the Regional Labor Board have been concerned with removals from New York to New Jersey, where the labor laws are less stringent and labor less well organized. In every case the employer has cited as his reason for moving the desire to get cheap labor and cheap rent.

What is the result to the community which offers asylum to these "runaway" employers? Relief rolls tell the story. While it is argued that it should make no difference that people in one community are put on relief as long as people in the new community are taken off relief, there is a real distinction. So long as the federal government is contributing to relief, we can ill afford to have self-supporting workers in one community put on relief so that other persons may be employed in remote communities, too often at a wage so low as to require some public subsidy. The costs of relief are borne ultimately by every citizen in the country. It is therefore an essentially "penny wise but pound foolish" policy for chambers of commerce to invite manufacturers into the community simply because the presence of a large group of unemployed has created a low wage level.

Suppose we leave the problem of industrial standards to the several states? What happens then? We know that interest in and machinery for enforcement differs greatly from state to state and area to area. During five years in the South, where I was production manager for a large textile mill, I never once saw a state factory inspector, although there was a Department of Labor and there were laws governing working conditions. In New York State, on the other hand, where the Department of Labor is highly organized and has been developed over a period of years, such a situation would never occur. At least once a year every industrial establishment in the state is inspected. In New Jersey a minimum-wage law was enacted in 1933. Yet because no appropriation for it has been passed, the state has not yet put the law in operation. These inequalities exist everywhere throughout the country. Wisconsin has long-established wage and hour regulations, while Illinois still has a seventy-hour work week on the statute books.

For the time being we seem to be stalemated as far as federal regulation of these matters goes, despite the widespread realization that state action is inadequate. The forces of public opinion may help in certain situations, but cannot be relied upon to effect the consistent reforms needed. We cannot reasonably expect voluntary adherence to improved labor standards when even compliance with the labor provisions of the NRA codes could not be enforced.

The most successful policing of NRA codes was carried on by organized labor. Labor organizations fought the decent employers' battle by forcing the undercutters to observe code provisions, or by forcing such employers out of business. No matter what governmental controls are established, organization of workers will remain the most effective means of securing decent standards.

Contributors to This Issue

Morris R. Cohen, professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York, is author of "Law and the Social Order."

Louis B. Boudin, well-known lawyer and member of the United States Supreme Court bar, is the author of "Government by Judiciary," "Is Economic Planning Constitutional?" and other essays and articles.

Osmond K. Fraenkel was retained by the I. L. D., with Walter H. Pollak, to prepare the briefs and argue the appeal of the Scottsboro case in the Supreme Court. He edited "The Curse of Bigness," a collection of miscellaneous papers by Justice Brandeis.

Robert Dell is the Geneva correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*.

Elinore Morehouse Herrick is New York Regional Director for the National Labor Relations Board.

Grace Adams is the author of "Psychology: Science or Superstition" and "Your Child Is Normal."

Benjamin Haggott Beckhart is associate professor of banking at Columbia University.

Lionel Trilling is a member of the English Department at Columbia.

E. Franklin Frazier is professor of sociology at Howard University and author of "The Negro Family in Chicago."

Benjamin Rowland, Jr., is a member of the Oriental Department of the Fogg Museum in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Books and Films

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Little Ode

By VIRGINIA MOORE

Therefore praise the candlestick
On whose sturdy tallow wick
Burns the brave dispeller of
Fear, the enemy of love;
Burns the finder, at small cost,
Of the misplaced and the lost;
Burns the soother of those fate
Sent to bed at half-past eight;
Burns a third sagacious eye
For the young man ignorant why;
For the woman, bound by ring,
In her wrapper, listening;
Burns the witness, when they wed;
Burns the bondsman of the dead;
Burns the cheerful, long-ignored
Understudy of the Lord
Who in cycles of dense night
Said to all, "Let there be light";
Burns the golden, constant guard
Of the howling, evil-starred,
Cold and hungry, pampered not,
Scared ones that the darkness got.
It has burned a hundred years.
(Goodness always perseveres.)
Polish hard the cup and base
Till they print an admiring face.

The Psychology of Koffka

Principles of Gestalt Psychology. By Kurt Koffka. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.

IN the province of scientific psychology the relationship between German professors and American students has been strong and peculiar. Fifty years ago when bright young Americans, enthusiastic over the biological theories of Darwin and Huxley, wanted to apply those same concrete, mechanistic methods to the more elusive processes of the human mind, they went to Leipzig and learned from Wilhelm Wundt how to analyze their perceptions into myriads of discrete sensations. Today when so many other bright young Americans have become disheartened over the barren austerity of the sense-psychology advocated by Wundt and Mach and Avenarius, they have looked to Kurt Koffka, a German expatriate now living in America, to teach them a newer and more idealistic conception of the human mind.

It is well for those young philosophers, as it is for the rest of us, that during the seven years in which he has been a professor at Smith College Koffka has learned English so well that he can now express himself fluently in it. Recently it has seemed that the whole Gestalt theory was in danger of being permanently befogged by that strange technical terminology that in America always clings to any discussion of sense perceptions.

To the students of Wundt, and to all their academic progeny, it was of supreme importance to maintain forever and against all comers, whether they called themselves gestaltists, behaviorists, or psychoanalysts, that the one fundamental fact of all mental life was the sensation—and that all other phases of human living, no matter how intricately intellectual or how disconcertingly emotional they might seem to be, could some day, by careful and serious introspection, be reduced to such meaningless psychic elements as colors and tastes and sounds and smells. And when these Wundtians read of the simple experiment by which Wertheimer had proved that even such expert psychologists as Koffka and Koehler could not analyze the elementary perception of a black line falling against a white background into its component sensory elements, they knew at once that the very fundamentals of their hard-fought-for science were being threatened.

For most of the rest of us, who think of college seminars and university laboratories, along with junior proms and fraternity initiations, as pleasant but rather vague items of our youth, it is difficult to realize how important this experiment of Wertheimer's and the interpretation which he and Koffka and Koehler chose to put upon it could be. And the Wundtians, who happened to be the only Americans competent to translate the original German presentations of the theory, did not help us much in our understanding. Even to the simple word *Gestalt*, for which there was no exact English equivalent, they assigned such technical synonyms as "form" and "configuration."

In his new book Koffka uses "gestalt" as a simple English word, without either the italics or the capital G, as though anyone should know its meaning. But when, without defining it precisely, he begins to elucidate its meaning he uses such large and grandiose words as integration, organization, value, meaning, force, and stress—words which today are spoken more easily by philosophers and theoretical physicists than by most empirical psychologists. Thus we realize, as many of us had suspected before, that in his exposition of the gestalt theory Koffka is intent upon blasting not only the concept of discrete sensations and the technique of modern psychology but the assumptions of that static physical science upon which Wundt and Mach and Avenarius so consciously and so conscientiously modeled their infant discipline. He is crying out, almost screaming, if such a cultured voice as his can scream, against all those nineteenth-century empiricists whose only creed was, "Find facts, facts, facts, and again facts; when you are sure of your facts build theories. But your facts are more important"; and who by virtue of this persistent fact-finding reduced all human knowledge, and along with it most of human life, to an aggregate of "unintelligible, irrational, meaningless events." Boldly Koffka maintains that there are no facts that can be completely dissociated from the theories that prompted their discovery. Humbly he asks: "Must we pay for science by a disintegration of our life? Must we deny on week days what we profess on Sundays?"

These are strange questions to come from one who contends so staunchly that he is above everything else a scientist; and Koffka knows it. And because he knows it, and because he knows just as well all the limitations that science puts upon her devotees, he disarms us of any fair means of criticizing him. He forces us to agree with him that "the truth of the gestalt principle will have to be tested by the course that science takes in the future."

Yet since it was necessary to introduce the names of Wundt and Mach and Avenarius in the beginning of this review, to show Koffka against his proper background, it is just as essential to bring them into its ending—and to point out that for all his courageous attack upon them Koffka seems to fail in the same way that they did. His theory and the logical beauty with which he works it out cannot fail to impress anyone who has the patience and the pertinacity to read with all his attentive intelligence the more than six hundred words of its exposition. And yet, despite all its logic, its beauty, and its cloistered "realism," it does not, any better than those older theories which it strives so valiantly to annihilate, explain that befuddled, harassed, illogical, and not always beautiful phenomenon that we know as mortal man.

Grace Adams

Irving Fisher's Plan

100% Money. By Irving Fisher. The Adelphi Company. $2.50.

ONE must commend the moderation of the publisher's claim for Irving Fisher's most recent work. The jacket blurb states that the 100 per cent plan is designed "to eliminate runs on commercial banks; largely to cure or prevent depressions; and to wipe out much of the national debt."

Though not new, the so-called 100 per cent reserve idea has found many adherents since the depression. As the academic reviver of this scheme, Professor Soddy of Oxford University should perhaps be given credit. But one must not forget the earlier contribution of William Jennings Bryan, who became convinced that national banks should be compelled to raise their reserve requirements from the then existing 15-25 per cent to 100 per cent. Otherwise, he stated, they made a quadruple profit as contrasted with the meager double profit they were alleged to derive from their note-issue privilege.

The premise underlying Professor Fisher's proposal is that cyclical fluctuations mirror the dance of the dollar. In its price gyrations the dollar keeps step with the twistings and contortions of bank loans and investments and hence of bank deposits. With the present 10 per cent reserve plan banks multiply their loans and investments when reserves are increased. Thus deposits or "money" are created and inflation is induced, a process which goes on as merrily as a wedding bell until some event reverses it, when loans and investments are reduced and purchasing power is "extracted" from the community.

Stabilize the dance: prices will not change, business cycles will be *largely* eliminated, and capitalism saved. Years ago Professor Fisher was convinced that the compensated gold dollar would stabilize prices. At present this constitutes but one leg of his stabilization triangle. The other two are the 100 per cent reserve plan and the scrip-stamp idea of Silvio Gesell.

To preserve capitalism one need only discard the 10 per cent and adopt the 100 per cent reserve. Instead of holding on the average a 10 per cent reserve with the Federal Reserve banks against deposit liabilities, banks would, after the institution of the plan, have to hold a 100 per cent reserve against all checking accounts with a currency commission. Commercial banks would thus become warehouses for demand deposits, thereby reverting to the technique followed in its early years by the Bank of Amsterdam. In Professor Fisher's opinion banks could no longer create purchasing power of their own volition. Only the Currency Commission could do this, and Professor Fisher suggests that its policy be such as to stabilize a cost-of-living index. In a growing economy the stabilization of prices would require the continuous injection of additional doses of purchasing power. This the Currency Commission would do through purchases of the public debt. Hence the public debt would be reduced, taxes might finally be abolished, and eventually a social dividend might be declared.

Interested always in monetary problems, Professor Fisher thinks of commercial banks as little mints, busily engaged in the creation and in the extraction of purchasing power. Little emphasis is laid on the economic functions of credit or of commercial banking. To him the quality of bank assets is of minor significance. Book credit is not considered. All-important is the liability side of the bank statement, bank deposits, which he relates as a causative factor to price fluctuations.

Stable prices are to Professor Fisher a criterion of a healthy underlying economic situation. The years from 1922 to 1929, when wholesale prices were relatively stable, represented in his opinion such a period. He gives credit for the stability of prices then to the policies of the late Governor Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Had Strong lived, the depression, according to Professor Fisher, would have been prevented "almost altogether." Not having a genius of the stature of Governor Strong to guide our banking system, we must fall back upon mechanistic controls such as the 100 per cent reserve plan.

In his analysis of cyclical fluctuations Professor Fisher gives little attention to the particular uses made of increases in the volume of credit, to the growing rigidity of our economic system, to governmental intervention in the control of prices and in the prevention of liquidation, to the varying rates of growth among industries, to price disparities, to the tendencies toward autarchies and trade barriers, or to a host of other factors. In disturbing the equilibrium between savings and investments and in causing lending rates of interest to deviate from the "natural" rate of interest, credit inflation, as Professor Fisher carefully points out, is certainly one factor, and an important one, in cyclical fluctuations. However, it is not the only factor, and the remedy which Professor Fisher suggests would not effect a cure. More likely it would lead to what one might call a zero per cent reserve plan, under which bank deposits would be covered solely by the public debt. This would be in accord with the doctrine frequently ascribed to John Law, one of the first to suggest the elimination of the public debt through banking manipulation.

Benjamin Haggott Beckhart

History of Heroism

Byron: Romantic Paradox. By William J. Calvert. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

THE reader "who stops at his dramatic preludings," said Matthew Arnold of Byron, "does not know him." But most readers stop just there: Byron is Childe Harold and the Childe is a callow, self-pitying ranter. It is, no doubt, this mistaken notion that has made Byron's works the least bought of the popular Cambridge editions of the poets. Few, though these few have been of the best, have seen beneath the crudeness and the frequent vulgarity to the fineness, the intelligence, the craggy seriousness, the modern relevance. Of late, however, the feeling has happily begun to spread that Byron is not for adolescents but for the most adult, that his life is not a fatuous spectacle of misadventures but an instructive history of heroism. To this juster ascendant view Mr. Calvert's study adds materially.

Mr. Calvert calls Byron the most complex of the three great later romantics. By this he means, I take it, not that Byron was more subtle or fine-drawn than Shelley and Keats, but that he was in constant conflict within himself; that where Shelley and Keats suffered most from the resistance of the world to their natures, Byron suffered most from the contradictions of a paradoxical temperament. Within him a pagan sensuality coexisted with a Calvinist morality, and if, as Mr. Calvert suggests, his Presbyterian heritage had not caused him to attach so much guilty importance to his sensuality, a society no less sensual would simply have taken it for granted. In him Voltairean rationalism existed together with a deep love of the past and its faiths. A lack of social ease went with his arrogance; with his lonely pride went dependence on public good-will. The list of paradoxes could be extended; one is never sure on which of two opposite and irreconcilable sides his temperament lay, for it lay on both.

The crux of this paradoxical nature Mr. Calvert finds in the great romantic's defense of Pope and neo-classicism. This has often been interpreted as mere perversity. But actually it was a manifestation of something very important in Byron. As everyone says, the eighteenth century was preeminently characterized by its search for common sense, and the phrase is usually taken to mean something contradistinguishable from the poetic and the aspiring, and, by inference, as something low and even cynical. But the search for common sense had its own aspiration: the "common" is the "general" sense as opposed to the sense of the mere individual. The dominant literary theory of the eighteenth century, it is often said, was dictatorial, but it was a "dictatorship" based on a "democratic" ideal. Common sense implied a reference not so much to an abstract truth or even to fact as to the agreement of all qualified men. By extension it implied that this agreement could be reached by a curtailment and subordination of the mere individual's observation and feeling. And Byron, bearing the heavy burden of self, was looking for points of reference beyond individuality. He found it in Pope's school as, later, he found it in the Greek dramatic form.

Byron, the very type of rampant individualism, had the paradoxical but perhaps inevitable drive toward the social whole, and it was by the conflict of these two parts of his nature that he advanced to maturity. The Greek adventure was the last of many attempts to involve himself in the more decent aspects of the social world. The "dramatic preludings" have obscured the fact that when, even as early as "Childe Harold," Byron bore through Europe "the pageant of his bleeding heart," he was trying to understand that heart in the light of Europe and its history. The type of his solitary, savage heroes has reference not to the personal will but to the social will in its European corruption.

It is with this aspect of Byron—perhaps the basic one—that one could wish Mr. Calvert's excellent book had dealt in greater detail. For the understanding of Byron rests, I would submit, upon the realization that he was among those great Europeans of his time—Goethe, Stendhal, Heine—whose distinction lies in their study of European society and what it did to man.

LIONEL TRILLING

Good Will, Bad Science

Race Relations. Adjustment of Whites and Negroes in the United States. By Willis D. Weatherford and Charles S. Johnson. D. C. Heath and Company. $3.20.

Life on the Negro Frontier. By George R. Arthur. Association Press. $2.

MOST of the literature on the Negro in America derives its value chiefly from the fact that it reflects the attitudes and opinions of whites and Negroes concerning various phases of race relations at different stages of accommodation between the two races. Even so-called scientific studies of the race problem are not free from the bias of the various "schools" of opinion on race relations. Of late there has grown up a "school" which prides itself upon its objectivity in the study of race problems. The objectivity of this "school" consists mainly in its claim that it "lets the facts speak for themselves." But upon examination of such studies it generally turns out, first, that the "facts" which are supposed to speak for themselves are nothing more than meaningless arrays of statistics and historical data which—lest one be guilty of bias—have not been analyzed in terms of significant social or economic relationships; and, second, that these so-called factual data are presented in "an atmosphere of optimism and good-will." Although the first of these books is a recent addition to a supposedly scientific series of textbooks on sociology, it is mainly a reflection of the philosophy of race adjustment of the two authors, who conform strictly to the above-mentioned requirements of "objective" studies of Negro problems. Even an enthusiastic Southern reviewer in the Nashville (Tennessee) *Banner* admits as much when, after praising the "dispassionate" attitudes of the authors, he states that the "most valuable contribution" of this book is "the atmosphere of determined good-will which is evident on every page."

The book by Weatherford and Johnson is supposed to be a unique achievement in "interracial cooperation" because a white and a Negro scholar "cooperated" in an intellectual task. But there is a certain irony in such a claim, for when one reads the book one finds that each of these two "leaders in the attempt to work out a basis for intelligent and mutually tolerant" race relations has written his chapters as if he had no knowledge of what the other had written but aimed only at saying nothing that would offend the feelings of the other. Consequently, the book is entirely lacking in organization, is full of repetitions, and constantly shifts its point of view. Without adding anything to existing knowledge concerning the race problem, the authors have, on the whole, strung together in anecdotal fashion bits of historical and anthropological information and marshaled statistical data in order to "analyze and discuss factually and candidly the various aspects of the problem of race relations." But all of this had to be done according to the canons of "orthodox" research. As a result we have the Negro author using much labored learning to express the most obvious trivialities, while the white collaborator speaks sentimentally about the Negro and treads softly where fundamental issues are concerned. For example, Weatherford tells us that amalgamation cannot solve the race problem because we do not know enough about the effects of race-crossing! Perhaps when the thousands of mulattoes who have solved their problem by passing into the white race read this, they will return immediately to their colored brethren to await the outcome of research. Moreover, there are certain conspicuous omissions in the book which are undoubtedly due to the "orthodox" character of this work. Imagine, for example, discussing the economic problems of the Negro without referring to Spero and Harris's fundamental study, "The Black Worker," except in a footnote reference to a single sentence, while the reader is referred to the Negro Year Book "for full discussion of the present union situation."

It may be necessary to present for consumption in the South "facts" concerning race relations in "an atmosphere of determined good-will," but books of this type have no place among scientific studies. Such a book as Bond's brilliant and thorough study, "The Education of the Negro in the American Social Order," may not be palatable to the South, but it represents the true meaning of objectivity in social research. Moreover, if we are going to have intellectual cooperation between whites and Negroes, let it be dictated by the scientific attitude which marked the work of Spero and Harris and not in "an atmosphere of determined good-will," such as characterizes this book.

"Life on the Negro Frontier" purports to give an account of the development and the present status of the Negro Young Men's Christian Associations in various parts of the country. However, all of the worth-while information in this book could have been presented in a short, inexpensive pamphlet which would have reached a wider audience. The grandiose title is misleading, since there is little worth-while information concerning the problems of the Negro in the Northern city. The presentation of the setting in which the Negro Y. M. C. A.'s grew up is a sentimental tribute to Julius Rosenwald's part in the work and an exaggerated appraisal of the effectiveness of these organizations in ameliorating the condition of the Negroes. The author's story, which is based upon information picked up from various unacknowledged sources, is not only presented in an uncritical fashion, but contradicts in one instance at least the census figures which accompany the story. (See, for example, the ratio of males to females, page 12.) A realistic account of the development of the Y. M. C. A. among Negroes which will present the compromises, the interracial diplomacy, and the rationalizations that have been necessary to make Jim Crow arrangements square with Christian principles still needs to be written.

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

The Art of the East

The Civilizations of the East: Volume III, *China;* Volume IV, *Japan.* By René Grousset. Alfred A. Knopf. $5 each.

THE last two volumes of M. Grousset's work, "The Civilizations of the East," present to us in remarkably condensed form the whole pageant of culture in China and Japan. In this review it will be possible only to mention some of the high lights of these books that complete this French scholar's story of art in the Orient.

After a summary of Chinese culture in the prehistoric period, M. Grousset takes up the bronze ritual vessels of the Chou period, the mighty caldrons that were used in the great annual sacrifice to heaven and that formed the very palladia of empire. These bronzes embody alike the grandness and the austere simplicity for which the Chou period has invariably stood in the Chinese imagination—a period of mighty rulers, of the great classical scholars, the age which, to the Chinese scholar, has been what the Hellenic past has been for Western civilization. And frequently there is a suggestion in these massive, rugged shapes of the more sinister side of early Chinese religion, the sacrifice to the powers of darkness, the shadows of the sacred groves, and the practices they witnessed.

For too long, under the influence of the exotic fripperies and *tours de force* in ivory that came back in the holds of the first clipper ships to make the China run, the art of the Chinese was regarded as something grotesque, suitable only for the curiosity cabinet. We do not have to be professional aesthetes or even archaeologists to see in the forms of the very earliest periods the real and true expression of the art of China; we need only be lovers of order.

The memory of the kingdom of Han survives even today in the legends of the peoples of the Pacific basin, and not without reason, for the power of the dynasty from which the succeeding period takes its name extended from the shores of the China Sea to the very gates of India; its magnificent silks and ornaments in jade delighted the primitive chieftains of Japan and nearly bankrupted the lords of Rome. This era saw the formation, perhaps partly under the stimulus of the barbaric art of the Scythians, of a really typical Chinese art, an art characterized by the resilient strength of the curving, sweeping movement of line, the life quality of the animal forms, and, as always, a dependence on designs heavily charged with symbolical meaning.

In the chapter on the beginnings of Buddhist art in China, M. Grousset takes us to the treeless, wind-torn valley at Yun Kang, where today the peasants store their scanty harvest in the very laps of the giant gods enshrined there by the Tartars in the fifth century. Certainly nothing could speak more eloquently than this of the decline of Buddhism in China. The religion of Gautama was never able to capture the Chinese, a people so very aware of the social securities, with the lure of an unearthly paradise. Buddhist sculpture and painting, too, are like tiny ripples in the main current of Chinese art.

In the volume on India the author recounts how, at the very time that pagan cults were dying in the twilight of the classic world, the old gods found new life in the service of Buddhism in the Graeco-Buddhist art of northern India, which once had been the easternmost province of Alexander's world empire and the domain of his Eurasian-Greek successors. Through the Buddhist kingdoms of Turkestan this last remnant of the art of Hellas provided models for the first Buddhist images of China. In China the mingling of classic and Oriental elements united to form one of the most grandly hieratic art forms in all the world, in spirit similar to the majestic sculptures of medieval France. In his fourth volume M. Grousset suggests that, when Buddhism penetrated to Japan, there was a sort of revitalization of these decadent Graeco-Buddhist forms, a rebirth of something approximating the truly classic ideal. In the ancient sanctuaries at Nara we are often struck by the mysterious, almost sinister aspect of the earliest idols, dark and rigid forms in the temple shadows that seem to embody the common people's awe of the unearthly, highly metaphysical divinities that came to replace the simple, healthy nature spirits of the Shinto pantheon. Only later, with the complete acceptance of Buddhism, do we find a candid, friendly spirit in the gods—the expression of simplicity and clarity—everything that is the opposite of darkness and obscurity, that in every period has been reflected in the arts as an essential character of the Japanese spirit. It is perhaps to the awakening of this quality, rather than to any redistilled classicism, that we are to attribute the radiantly beautiful divinities of early Buddhism in Japan.

One criticism I would make of the volume on China is that it includes so many paintings in Western collections, often of dubious origin and labeled indiscriminately "Sung Period" or earlier. If we are to form a foundation for our judgment of the Sung landscape we must turn to the great originals in the collections of Japan and the countless masterpieces formerly in the Forbidden City.

Chinese collectors have always been cognizant of a fact mentioned by M. Grousset, that "a fine Ming painting . . . will always be of more value for an exact understanding of Chinese art than all the pseudo-T'ang and pseudo-Sung works that crowd our collections." The connoisseurs and literary men of the Ming period were quick to recognize the merit of the work of their contemporaries and even preferred it to the scarce and often questionable productions of earlier periods. M. Grousset's chapter on Ming is slight indeed, but this is not surprising, since probably no Westerner is capable of producing a satisfactory work on this subject without steeping himself in the vast material, most of it hidden in the godowns of collectors in China.

Although M. Grousset states that his book is intended as no more than an introduction, I could wish that he had divided his material a little more evenly and perhaps with a better sense of proportion. In the volume on Japan, it is to the later art, particularly to the Ukiyo-ye, that has been so long familiar to Westerners, that he devotes most space and most illustrations. It is to be regretted that in the chapters dealing with the earlier formative period of Japanese art the author contents himself with a rapid survey, and, for illustrations, with references to innumerable and to the average reader inaccessible publications. Such masters as Korin and Okyo are barely mentioned; even the great Sesshu fares none too well in this unbalanced volume.

The last chapters of the fourth volume are devoted to the banners, the "lama pictures" of the Peking junk dealers, that hang in the stinking temples of Tibet and China. Although

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occasionally charmed by this last offshoot of Indian culture, we are aesthetically as well as physically revolted by the array of monstrous forms, writhing in the consummation of their lusts, amid festoons of skulls and bleeding flesh, that are the illustrations of a religion as far from early Buddhism as is voodoo from the faith of Galilee.

Throughout these last two volumes as in the first of the series we have recorded for us the sensitive reactions of a cultured Western gentleman to the finest examples of Oriental art. Never for a moment are we presented with an Eastern point of view, and, in a way, this makes for a certain unity and spares us those orgies of nationalistic writing indulged in by such critics as Mr. Coomaraswamy. There is a unity achieved, too, in the volume on China by the author's tracing through the centuries the evolution of the Chinese aesthetic ideal that links the great bronzes of Chou with the misty quiet of the Sung landscapes.

In the English edition the thinness of the author's fabric shows through more than in the original, where a veritable armory of knife-sharp definitions, greater and more precise than the English vocabulary of art terms, cloaks the meagerness of fact and enchants us with its brilliance and clarity. M. Grousset is at his best when describing the historical and social background of the art of China and Japan, the grandeur of the court of T'ang, the abstract metaphysical beauty of Zen Buddhism in Japan. In spite of the occasional faults of commission and omission that seem almost inevitable in a vast project of this type, these books are probably better than anything else that has been written for anyone beginning the study of Oriental art; and even for those who have gone farther in this study, M. Grousset, in addition to valuable bibliography, supplies what is all too often the missing piece in the archaeological picture puzzle, the aesthetic value of beautiful objects irrespective of time and place of creation.

BENJAMIN ROWLAND, JR.

Shorter Notices

Heritage. By George F. Hummel. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

It is hard to say at first glance just why this is not a successful novel—in any but a possible commercial sense. Mr. Hummel has chosen for his theme the ambitious one of a German family striking roots in mid-nineteenth-century America and developing into the second generation. His treatment of all this is painstaking and obviously sincere; he has a sense of locale, a sense of human nature, a sense of drama, and a sense of reality. Yet somehow all these excellent qualities add up to zero, and if we compare Mr. Hummel's family saga with such a book as "Buddenbrooks," or even one of lesser merit, it will be easy to understand why. Mr. Hummel lacks the creative vision so necessary to a work of this kind; lacking that, it is as though he lacked everything else. His characters, for all their plausibility, have a decidedly manufactured look, the situations into which he projects them are theatrical rather than dramatic, and his book as a whole is without that combination of mystery and reality, that power to transcend life while remaining consistently faithful to it, which gives to such books their chief *raison d'être*; as a work of art it has no value simply because it confers no value on life. Before we are halfway through it we begin to ask ourselves why it was written at all; before we have finished we begin to wonder if Mr. Hummel himself knows the answer: and when so ambitious an attempt poses questions like this, its failure is proportionately striking. Mr. Hummel is a diligent workman; his tools are good and he knows how to use them. Something more than all this, however, is required in order to build a house, and a great deal more than all this is required in order to build a mansion. He has undertaken a job which is plainly beyond him.

Second Hoeing. By Hope Williams Sykes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This tale of the Colorado beet fields is a decent realistic novel which, like the beets its heroine hoed, has turned to sugar. The story has to do with the daughter of an immigrant German-Russian farmer, Hannah Schreissmiller, whose loyalty to the hard life of land and family drudgery constrains her to reject a fine marriage with the well-to-do, romantic young American that she loves. In its account of the day-to-day labors of the farmhouse, the cleaning, the cooking, the sewing, the planting and plowing and hoeing, the novel has a fine, factual truth. The characters of the foreign-born father and mother, the minister, the whole litter of fractious, disorganized children, are neatly caught. The heavy Germanic speech patterns of the old people, the vulgar, hybrid Americanisms of the young, ring harshly true. Yet when the author leaves the sphere of naturalism for that of sentiment, her novel sickens. The romance of Hannah and Jim Boswell is so factitious as to debase the book, for all its good, homely observation, to the level of a smooth-paper magazine love story. As evasive and untrue as this jerky, unmotivated love affair is the author's disregard of the social implications of her agricultural story. The few references to dropping prices are quite unrelated to the body of the novel and do nothing to affect the general optimistic tone of the trumped-up happy ending.

Condemned to Live. By Johann Rabener. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

The only remarkable thing about this vast first novel by a young German is that it should come to America generously indorsed by Thomas Mann and Jacob Wassermann. As it appears in translation, it seems a herculean but misguided exertion on the part of a young man with a good deal of zeal and no talent whatever. Its conception is grand and spacious, its characters of titanic proportions, but its execution is ant-like, piddling. It tells of a young man, Fedor Feuerhahn, demon-haunted, the son of a fearful marriage, the incestuous lover of a debauched mother, whom he must stab in her bath before he can rest in a suicide's grave. The skeleton of the story has tragic power. Watching Fedor tortured by pursuing furies, it is possible for a moment to think of Orestes. But the amazing literal-mindedness of the author, his clumsy, uninspired style, his undiscriminating passion for detail make the comparison—and the novel—laughable. It must be added that Herr Rabener's work is not aided by what must be one of the least readable translations of all time. The literal-mindedness of the original author is only surpassed by that of his translator, Geoffrey Dunlop, who attempts to make an English phonetic transcription of a Jewish-German accent, and whose renditions of German slang are as close in letter as they are far in spirit from what must have been the original.

A Rebel War Clerk's Diary. With Brief Introduction and Notes by Howard Swiggott. Old Hickory Bookshop. Two Volumes. $7.50.

There is no more valuable picture of life during the Confederacy than "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary." John Beauchamp Jones, who had been an author and journalist before the war, was a clerk in the Confederate War Department. In his diary he made an entry for every day of the Civil War, during all of which he never left Richmond. The book is not a literary document, and it suffers from the fact that much of the comment in it was based on gossip, the usual war-time rumors, and unreliable newspaper comment. At the same time there is much in it of very great value in its reflection of the life of Richmond and its officials, and the spirit of those years. The editor declares that despite the varying values of Jones's opinions "the accuracy of the diary is amazing." Its very defects bear upon the temper of the times and help portray Richmond as it was. Often the comments are bombastic and in the light of history ridiculous, but at other times the war clerk showed amazing insight and good judgment. Here is his brief comment upon the capture of Slidell and Mason:

> November 18th.—Today the Secretary told me, in reply to my question, that he had authentic information of the seizure of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, our commissioners to Europe, by Captain Wilkes, of the U. S. Navy, and while aboard the steamer Trent, a British vessel, at sea. *I said I was glad of it.* He asked why, in surprise. I remarked that it would bring the Eagle cowering to the feet of the Lion. He smiled, and said it was, perhaps the best thing that could have happened.

The last entry in the diary is of April 19, 1865, after which the writer left for the Eastern shore of Maryland. He survived the war but a short time, dying less than ten months after the surrender of Appomattox, yet his diary has given him an immortality with all who study the Civil War.

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Films

Behind the Screen

MR. PAT MULLEN, who was the assistant producer of Robert Flaherty's "Man of Aran," has just written a book by the same title (Dutton, $3) which includes, among other things, some hints as to why that admirable picture depended so little for its interest on its being a representation of life as it is actually lived in the Aran Islands. Not long after his arrival in the Islands, it would appear, Mr. Flaherty learned that one of the most formidable monsters of the deep, the basking shark, had recently returned in great numbers to the west coast of Ireland. Whatever may have been the distinguished photographer's intention to record the prehistoric charm of Aran, its incredibly primitive economics, its naive and unspoiled population, it vanished before the prospect of brandishing a tripod in the teeth of the mighty fish. It mattered little that Aran men had not engaged in shark-hunting for almost a century. Mr. Flaherty was able to resurrect a few nonagenarians whose fathers had faintly recalled how the shark had been dealt with in the old days. A shipment of harpoons was imported from another part of the world, and with the assistance of a certain Scotch captain the Aran curragh men were instructed in their use. The result, as everyone knows, was one of the most beautiful and exciting films of recent years. That its theme bears no real correspondence to the actual conditions and preoccupations of the Aran Islanders at present has not been a source of great disturbance to many people.

Mr. Mullen, despite the occasional guilefulness of an Islander who has been temporarily exposed to the sophistication of Back Bay Boston, manages to get into his book much of just that quality of his native island which Mr. Flaherty saw fit to eliminate from the film. It is present throughout not only in the style but in the incidents which are used to bring out the temperamental idiosyncrasies of friends and relatives. There is the story of how Mr. Mullen's father secretly removed a whole sand dune from a neighboring property in order to make a little patch of soil for his own family. There are descriptions of wakes, marriages, and other social occasions which give us an impression of the cultural construction of Aran society. As a supplement to Mr. Flaherty's picture and as an intimate revelation of how so-called ethnographical films are put together nowadays, the book should be of special interest to everyone interested in the current screen.

Although the name of the Standard Oil Company is nowhere mentioned among the titles, "Oil for the Lamps of China" is really a tribute in celluloid form to the unflagging idealism of that organization in spreading the fruits of European civilization among the benighted peoples of the Orient. The most noteworthy of these fruits, it appears, is a special kind of oil lamp designed by the hero to make the Chinese burn more oil. The hero is a new kind of torch-bearer for the films —one who willingly sacrifices his wife, his child, and his best friend for the sake of the "Company." Through every sort of hardship and disillusionment he manages to keep his faith and is in the end rewarded by a handsome promotion. In the foreword we are told that oil is of course to be taken merely as a symbol of Light. Unfortunately, the word oil has accumulated certain other symbolical associations in recent American slang. It is more than likely that it is in the sense of an ill-smelling lubricant rather than a source of illumination that the word will be used to describe the particular effect of this picture. It is chiefly notable, and is mentioned in this place, as offering the most nauseating example of big-business propaganda that has appeared this season. WILLIAM TROY

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IN URGING CONGRESS to pass the Guffey coal bill so that the Supreme Court can rule on it, the President keeps open the door for the constitutional issue in the next campaign. "A decision of the Supreme Court," he writes, "would be helpful as indicating, with increasing clarity, the constitutional limits within which this government must operate." This suggests that the President expects an adverse decision, and would welcome it. The parade of New Deal legislation before the court will be headed by the processing-tax provisions of the AAA, and an adverse decision will make a constitutional issue unescapable. For the farmers, whatever else they may think of the New Deal, like the tax which raises the level of their incomes. If the court throws out only the Guffey bill and the Wagner labor law, the President may not feel that he has enough public support for a constitutional campaign. If the securities act should be added, the cause would be measurably strengthened. It would be still stronger if old-age pensions were struck down. But if the AAA too is destroyed, the President can count on support from everyone not fanatically committed to an unchanged Constitution and the status quo. Certainly the Republicans, if they intend to campaign as defenders of the Constitution, would find themselves in an awkward position, since they cannot hope for success next year without substantial support from the farmers. It is doubtful, however, that the Supreme Court will make matters so easy for the President and so fatal for itself.

SHORTLY BEFORE INDEPENDENCE DAY the Senate, evidently inspired by the British sedition act, unobtrusively passed a bill which so clearly violates the constitutional guaranty of freedom of speech and press that it ought to make the hair of all nine Supreme Court judges stand on end. The purpose of the bill, which was introduced by Senator Tydings at the instance of the War and Navy departments, is "to make better provision for the government of the military and naval forces of the United States by the suppression of attempts to incite the members thereof to disobedience"; to that end it prescribes a fine of $1,000 or two years' imprisonment for whoever advises or whoever publishes or distributes any publication which advises, counsels, urges, or solicits any member of the military or naval forces of the United States to disobey the laws or regulations governing such military or naval forces. It also provides that raids for the material described may be conducted under search warrants authorized by the war espionage act. The Senator from Maryland said that the bill was directed against pamphlets circulated among soldiers and sailors encouraging disobedience to officers and saying that "they are all brothers"; Senator Bennett Clark, in one of the few comments which accompanied its unanimous passage, said he thought it should be applied to CCC camps, and complained that he had actually seen a CCC camp paper in which Soviet institutions were praised; at which Senator King avowed that the officer responsible "ought to be court-martialed." Soldiers and sailors are sworn to uphold the laws and Constitution, but we do not recall any phrase in any oath proclaiming the infallibility of second lieutenants; and since joining the army does not carry with it loss of citizenship, it would seem that the armed forces have a right to read anything they please, even to such inflammatory remarks as that Soviet institutions are praiseworthy and that privates and officers are all brothers. After all, we are not engaged in a war. Or are we? Opponents of the bill point out that strikers and their sympathizers could be punished for protesting against the use of the National Guard in a strike area; and the section allowing raids on search warrants authorized by the war espionage act opens the way to a rousing red-baiting campaign. If the newspapers of the country were not so busy defending themselves from the American Newspaper Guild, we might expect them to put on a stirring battle for the freedom of the press, which is here clearly at issue.

WHETHER OR NOT the hour will strike for forming a third party in the fall, it has come for the beginning of a national campaign to educate the public to the idea of production for use rather than for profit. But many questions leap to the mind in studying the third-party conference in Chicago which enunciated the principle. The platform of fourteen planks commends itself as broad enough to bring together many leftist groups, though we doubt if it needed to include the soldiers' bonus. The question arises

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whether a third party can be launched nationally before it has begun local work and achieved a good deal of local success. Obviously it is simpler to make the beginning in a Presidential year and to focus attention on an appealing Presidential candidate. The best showing yet made for a left-wing third party was La Follette's campaign in 1924. It left behind few local organizations and proved to be a single effort of no permanent benefit. If a third party is formed in the fall, it would be well advised to concentrate on building the foundations first, and to plan no national campaign before 1940. This is an invitation for hard and probably thankless work. Yet without such an investment there can be no third party. Some time must elapse before organized labor can have demonstrated its ability to unionize on industrial lines, and until it does and is able to collaborate effectively, no third party will have the character or numbers to count in a national election. Ultimately, we believe, there will come a new division in American politics between those who favor production for use and those who seek to retain finance capitalism. We see the Chicago conference as an early milestone in this long development.

THE STRANGE CASE of Congressman Brewster is the talk of liberals in Washington. We discuss in our leading editorial his part in the holding-company crisis. But this was not his only inexplicable defection. As Republican on the committee considering the ship-subsidy bill he had taken a leading part in exposing the shipping interests and the dishonesty of the bill. Then when a minority report was prepared by Representative Wearin of Iowa, he at first declined to sign it, and insisted on minor changes. The fight on the bill could only be made on the floor by offering amendments, debate being limited to five minutes for each amendment. About ninety had been prepared and Mr. Brewster was expected to introduce thirty of them, dealing particularly with the legal aspects of the bill. The first day of debate, however, found Mr. Brewster trying a private law case in his home state of Maine. He returned the next day and, on the assumption that he was still loyal to his opposition to the bill, it was decided that he should propose the motion to recommit it. This motion must be made in writing; Mr. Brewster duly signed it, and he and other leaders received instructions as to the precise time when it had to be introduced—just before the roll call. The amendments finally gave out, and the time came to move to recommit. But Brewster sat motionless in his seat. Only after the roll call had begun did he rise to present his motion, and was ruled out of order. The vote to recommit probably would have carried, and thus the bill might never have passed the House.

IT IS MUSSOLINI, not Hitler, who is bringing the European crisis to a head; at least he is leading his fellow-dictator for first honors in demonstrating that fascism means war. Fighting in Abyssinia is scheduled to begin in late September, when the rainy season ends. Great Britain, making a desperate effort to use the League to curb Italy, finds France unwilling to collaborate. This makes it impracticable for Britain to close the Suez Canal to Mussolini's transports, or to threaten to do so unless it wishes to embark on a permanent anti-Italian policy. France's reluctance to restrain Italy undoubtedly arises out of an understanding reached during the Austrian crisis, now strengthened as a result of the Anglo-German naval agreement. The British policy as regards Abyssinia has produced one display of courage, the offer of the British port of Zeila and a corridor leading to it, the first proposal to give up territory in the cause of peace yet made by a great power. France, in declining to join Britain in using the League against Italy, can claim to be realistic, since Italy would withdraw and thus bring the final collapse of collective effort. Yet France's own security rests on collective action, and a still more discredited League weakens France. The morality of Europe was stricken with the ascendancy of Nazi Germany, but some semblance of it was left while Germany remained outside the League. Britain did not purify the air by the naval agreement with Hitler. And Mussolini's open defiance of his League obligations is destroying the little discipline that remains in Europe.

THE RECENT INCIDENTS along the Manchoukuo-Siberian border, together with renewed Japanese activity in Inner Mongolia, indicate that the danger of a Soviet-Japanese conflict is not wholly removed. While Japan's latest sortie into North China has been explained on various grounds, there are reasons for believing that preparation for a possible war against the Soviet Union has been the determining factor. As long as North China remained under Nanking, there was always a danger—no matter how subservient Chiang might be—that bands of Chinese patriots might harass the Japanese lines of communication. The violent attack which General Isogai recently launched against the underground Kuomintang organizations in North China suggests that anti-Japanese agitation has never been fully stamped out. Particularly disturbing is the extension of Japanese influence in Inner Mongolia. Having already established military airdromes in several cities of Eastern Chahar, Japan is now demanding that it be allowed to construct an air base at Kalgan, the southern terminus of the caravan route which runs through Outer Mongolia to the Siberian border. Under the guise of extending the demilitarized area set up by the Tangku truce, Japanese troops have taken over control of several thousand square miles of territory and have forced the Chinese authorities to grant free passage to their agents, who are seeking to enlist the support of the Mongolian priests and landlords in a holy war against communism. Each step which Japan takes toward the North or West makes war more difficult to avert.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING last February invited Dr. Caroline F. Ware, formerly associate professor of history at Vassar College, to teach three courses in the current summer session, in the catalogue of which she was in time duly listed. On June 11 Dr. Ware received a wire from the dean of the summer session informing her that it had been discovered that she was married, and since the university had a rule forbidding the employment of married women in any capacity, she would not be permitted to give her courses as agreed. Dr. Ware promptly replied that she intended to press for the fulfilment of her contract, and on receiving a subsequent letter from President A. G. Crane explaining that the rule had been adopted as a consequence of the depression, she wrote that the University of Wyoming was supposed to be an educational institution, not

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a work-relief organization. Wyoming was the first State to adopt women's suffrage, refusing indeed to enter the union until its constitution, permitting women to vote, was accepted. Even if this were not the case, it is difficult to understand how a state university in good standing would be so shortsighted as to institute a policy of discrimination against women for the sole reason that they were married. We hope that Dr. Ware will make it as hot for the university as she possibly can. Its trustees and its president already look silly; perhaps if they can be made to feel uncomfortable enough they will rescind the prohibition against married women and pass a rule refusing to employ any professor who does not wear side whiskers instead. Logically, we believe they would be on firmer ground.

ONE WOULD THINK that there would be nothing easier in the world than for a minister of the Christian or Jewish religion to be opposed to international butchery, but apparently casuistry is still a mighty weapon among men of the cloth. A few months ago 200 rabbis and Protestant ministers of New York drew up a "declaration of purpose," the last sentence of which read: "In the spirit of true patriotism and with deep personal conviction I . . . renounce war and never will I support another." The Social Service Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Conference of New York, at the last annual session of the local church, presented a similar declaration. Immediately the more respectable of the clergy raised a cry of outrage at this "straight pacifism." The Reverend J. Campbell White, of the West Forty-fourth Street United Presbyterian Church, announced that "self-defense is absolutely necessary under present conditions. . . . Ruthless injustice and cruelty must be curbed by force until cured by Christ." Only the other day the Central Conference of American Rabbis, meeting in Chicago, battled over the issue of war, and once again caution won a victory over courage and decency. The conference was confronted with a resolution calling upon its members to "refuse to support any war in which this country or any other country may engage, on the ground that war is a denial of all for which religion stands." The resolution was overwhelmingly defeated. Rabbi James G. Heller of Cincinnati opposed it on the ground that war was *not* "a denial of all for which religion stands," Rabbi Joseph L. Barron of Milwaukee "held it the duty of religion to support war to repel an enemy," and Rabbi Morris M. Feuerlicht of Indianapolis thought that the resolution ought to be "put in the wastebasket."

ABRAHAM CAHAN, editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward,* which claims the largest circulation of any foreign-language paper in the world, has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, and has received numerous expressions of congratulation on his forty years as an editor. Outside his excellent novel, "The Rise of David Levinsky," published a quarter of a century ago, we fail to see anything in his career that raises it above the average. He has been praised as a great editor, but those who have praised him have seldom been able to read Yiddish and thus were incompetent to pass judgment upon his journalistic work. A close reading of his paper for many years convinces us that the *Jewish Daily Forward* is far from being a great newspaper. It is full of the features that make the Hearst papers the rags they are. Almost every issue contains fiction serials which if translated into English would grace the New York *Daily Mirror.* There is also a letter department that is a compound of the writings of Beatrice Fairfax and Bugs Baer. Its editorials are distinguished by their irrelevance and plausible ignorance, and its news columns are either too skimpy or poorly written or both. Its general attitude on Russia has been one of prejudiced antagonism. Such is the paper that Mr. Cahan has edited for nearly forty years. He himself has learned little with the years. He thinks that "republican Germany . . . was in excellent shape under the Social Democrats," and that President Roosevelt's "New Deal was excellent as far as it went. . . . A progressive spirit is noticeable all over the country."

RECENTLY we heard José Iturbi conduct Beethoven's Eroica symphony at the New York Stadium concerts. It was an indifferent performance, but we enjoyed ourselves because in imagination we transformed the ragged sounds coming from the stage into the magnificent tones of the same symphony when conducted by Toscanini or Bruno Walter. Good music well played is such a rarity in New York in the summertime that we are grateful even for poor performances because they remind us of really able ones. Unfortunately, we shall soon be denied even this simple pleasure: the Stadium concerts this year have gone in more heavily than ever before for operas and ballets. Not that there is anything disgraceful about operas and ballets, but somehow we cannot get rid of the feeling that they are inferior music and had best be kept indoors. Perhaps the reason for this feeling is to be found in our super-intellectuality or perhaps we are influenced simply by plain musical conservatism. At any rate, we have infinitely more pleasure in listening to "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" than to "Aida," and to Beethoven's Seventh symphony than to "Adventures of Harlequin." Time was, and not so long ago, when the musical fare at the Stadium was almost wholly classical, and the attendance was apparently quite satisfactory. If it has fallen off in the past two or three years, the reason may have been the continuously inferior conducting and not the nature of the music played. Willem van Hoogstraten, who has been the chief conductor during the past ten years, is not a *Kapellmeister* of the highest competence.

OUR ADMIRATION for Aldermanic President Bernard S. Deutsch mounts day by day. His persistent espousal of the cause of the medical students and technicians who were dismissed from Columbia University for pacifist activities without a hearing is so extraordinary for a municipal office-holder that we are almost willing to forgive him all the nonsense he has spouted in the past. As a member of the Board of Estimate he recently voted against granting Columbia a franchise for a conduit to carry cables across West 116th Street. Through the affirmative votes of all the other members of the board, including Mayor LaGuardia, he was defeated. But it will be impossible to defeat him on the Sinking Fund Commission, which considers all pleas for tax exemption and where the approval of them must be by unanimous vote. Columbia applies annually for the cancelation of various municipal charges, including a tax exemption on about $20,000,000 worth of property. Mr. Deutsch can thus give President Butler many serious headaches, and we hope he carries out his threat to do so.

Big Business Wins in Congress

IT will be difficult for protagonists of our existing "democracy" to explain away the action of the House on the holding-company bill and of the Glass subcommittee on the banking bill. Not by any stretch of the truth can they pretend that the people, of, by, and for whom the country is to be governed, determined the fate of either bill. The House voted against the death sentence for holding companies to favor a privileged minority of investors. The Glass subcommittee refused genuine government control of the volume of deposit money, restored to deposit bankers the business of issuing securities, and authorized the revival of interlocking directorates. Senator Glass, heavily belaureled this year by honorary doctorates from Eastern universities, rendered a signal service to bankers as a special class. The ultimate form of the banking bill may yet be changed through the resistance of the House, where public control of the volume of money is a popular cause. The death sentence in the holding-company bill could be saved through the influence of the Senate, where the utilities lobby is not so effective. This looks as though democracy has friends enough in both houses to save itself. But obversely developed, the picture is not so satisfactory. High finance chooses its fighting ground to suit its ends. The bankers use the technique of conspiracy, which flourishes most effectively in a Senate subcommittee which, if not corrupt, believes passionately in the virtue of private banking and in the sin of financial democracy. The eloquence of the utilities must be more direct; they tell a Congressman that they will finance his reelection or assure his defeat. This argument is most potent in the House, where every member must stand for reelection next year. So the utilities concentrate on the House.

There will be no public inquiry into the machinations of Dr. Glass, for it could only demonstrate that he is an alert, astute Old World gentleman, with a worship of bankers as religious as any Communist's faith in the proletariat. But an inquiry into the utilities lobby is unavoidable. Representative Rankin predicts it "will uncover a saturnalia of corruption that will rock this capital and shock the American people from coast to coast. These lobbyists went to an extent of racketeering never before known in the history of this government." While it is doubtful that an inquiry will reveal anything sensationally different from the traditional utility methods of controlling legislation and legislators, an investigation is essential, and should be intrusted to a Senate committee amply supplied with funds and with the full rights of subpoena. Certainly a House inquiry by the Rules Committee could accomplish little. Its chairman, Congressman O'Connor, a servant of Tammany, voted for the utilities, and only three members of the committee would be interested in exposing the lobby. Even so it is doubtful whether the inquiry will be able to throw light on the unexpected help given the utilities by two of their leading foes. One is Chairman Rayburn of the Interstate Commerce Committee. To quote Representative Rankin: "His capitulation was the most heart-sickening and pathetic spectacle I have ever witnessed since I have been a member of Congress." The other is Congressman Brewster of Maine, who became the hero of the utilities by voting against the death sentence and by airing an attack on Thomas Corcoran, one of the President's personal aides in the utility fight. Brewster had given his word that he was "100 per cent" for the Administration bill. He had been received into the confidential meeting of those leading the campaign for it. He was in charge of legal work for the Passamaquoddy project, which the Maine utilities still hope to undermine. He absented himself from Washington in the heat of the fight and returned just in time to vote against the death sentence. Corcoran, whom he had informed of his change of heart, told him he would have to be dropped from his legal assignment on the Passamaquoddy project. Thereupon Brewster took the perilous course of justifying his change of heart by accusing Corcoran of threatening to withdraw the Passamaquoddy project, an accusation which Corcoran staunchly denies. Servants of the utilities in the House quickly seized on the Brewster charge as canceling the activities of the utility lobby. Inquiry probably cannot make clear the motivations of Brewster and Rayburn. Brewster may have done no more than many others—curried favor with conservatives in his own district, fearful of voting according to his personal convictions. The evil genius in this drama is not the lobby but the quiet and persistent control of local politics by the utilities. Any investigation must proceed carefully and exhaustively if it is to put together a presentation of a prevailing situation stirring enough to arouse the public.

This inquiry will be one of four which will be in progress after the adjournment of Congress. The Munitions Committee will be rummaging among Morgan's papers to learn to what extent our Number One Banker drew us into the World War. Another committee will be investigating the connection between bankers and the railroads; another, the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. Thus a new branch of government is coming into existence, the Senate investigation. We already have government by direct financial interests; now and again there is government by telegraph and radio (as during the World Court fight); and here is the antidote to both, government by education. The first banking investigation sent the bankers into hiding for two years, from which they have only been rescued by the respectable Dr. Glass. These four inquiries should give the country another prodding reminder of what it means to be ruled by big business. They should make it difficult for the President to maintain his cheerful demeanor of compromise with things as they are and force him to campaign next year purely as a reformer. Once Congress has adjourned he probably will begin to awaken public opinion, which once was his only support, but which he has done so much to chloroform. Admittedly, the President as the crusading reformer would be infinitely more attractive than as the economist or as the builder of the social state. We believe he can reestablish his hold over the country in this role. But it will be a strange commentary on his doctrine of compromise if, after striving for a full term to wheedle big business with concessions, he must run for reelection as its outspoken disciplinarian.

Vanishing Opportunity

THE shortsightedness of the Administration in abruptly terminating the Soviet-American debt negotiations last winter has been strikingly illustrated by the credit arrangements which the Soviet government has recently obtained in Europe. First came the 200,000,000-mark credit agreement with a German banking consortium headed by the Deutsche Bank und Disconto-Gesellschaft, signed on April 10. This was followed late in May by a general trade accord with Czecho-Slovakia, which provided for what is in effect a five-year, 6 per cent, government-guaranteed loan of 250,000,000 crowns.

Although the Czecho-Slovakian credit is not so large as those previously arranged in Germany and elsewhere, its terms are highly advantageous. Previously the credits extended to Soviet foreign-trade organizations were what is known as "commercial" credits, extended by individual firms and in some instances partially guaranteed by the government. While from the Soviet point of view these marked a significant advance over the era of no credits, they involved excessive charges and considerable overpayment owing to the high cost of discounting the unguaranteed portion of the advances. Recently the Soviet authorities have come to the conclusion that this form of credit has outlived its usefulness. The Czecho-Slovakian loan is to be covered by Soviet government bonds rather than by bills of exchange, thus giving the Russian trading organizations the advantages of cash discounts. Certain credits available in Great Britain have been refused because of their relatively high cost. Where satisfactory terms could not be arranged the Soviets have paid in cash, such purchases being confined to immediate needs.

Back of this shift in policy lies the improvement in Soviet internal economic conditions—commented on in a recent issue of *The Nation*—and a resultant change in its basic requirements. Only a few years ago the Soviet Union was compelled to buy practically all of its machinery and a large share of its raw materials abroad. Today it has reached a point in industrial development where, if necessary, it can meet all its needs out of domestic production. Relieved from the pressure of immediate necessity, it has enjoyed a large favorable balance of trade in the past two years and has been able to reduce its foreign indebtedness to less than one-quarter of the 1931 amount. This fact, coupled with its rapidly increasing gold production and its perfect record in meeting obligations, has greatly strengthened the Soviet credit position.

The United States has habitually lagged several years behind Europe in recognizing the significance of changes in Soviet trade policy. When, about six years ago, one European country after another was establishing systems of government-guaranteed credits to aid their manufacturers in accepting orders from the U. S. S. R., this country not only failed to make such provisions but imposed severe restrictions on the importation of Russian goods. The result was that despite a predilection for American equipment and technique the Soviet government was compelled to divert a considerable part of the business which might have been placed in this country to our more farsighted European competitors; and American exports to Russia, which had averaged more than $100,000,000 annually for several years, dwindled to about 10 per cent of that figure. Recognition of the Soviet Union by the Roosevelt Administration brought a slight improvement in trade, but owing to the lack of credit facilities the gain has been slight as compared with the possibilities. If the present trend is maintained, Soviet purchases in the United States during 1935 will be about $30,000,000, or approximately twice as great as in 1934. With adequate credit this could be increased about tenfold.

Attorney General Cummings's interpretation of the Johnson act prevents the extension of loans or credits to the Soviet Union by banks or industrial concerns. If American manufacturers are to obtain any substantial share of the expanding Soviet purchases, some provision will have to be made for government credits, such as was intended by the establishment of the ill-fated Export-Import Bank. Now that the international credit blockade of the U. S. S. R. has been broken, it is almost certain that the scramble for Soviet trade will be intensified. Already there are reports that Germany has offered a new loan of a billion marks—sufficient to cover the present volume of Soviet purchases in the United States for more than a dozen years. While this particular offer has been rejected on political grounds, it should serve as a warning to the Administration that further delay may shut the United States out of the one expanding foreign market.

Our Noble Educators

THE National Education Association, in solemn conclave assembled, opened its annual session by proposing a program described by school leaders as the "most statesman-like steps ever taken by a teachers' organization." It would be unkind to point out the faintness of this praise. Let us pass on quickly to the program itself, which provides for the creation of a commission of seventeen on a five-year plan to make a survey of American education and recommend far-reaching proposals for its improvement. The first, and presumably the most important, task assigned to the committee is "to plan for continued adaptation of education to social needs." This, of course, is admirable; it might mean that our national educators were beginning to be faintly cognizant of the unreality of much of our educational program, falling as it does between the two stools of the old system of classical training and such vague attempts as we have made to introduce modifications in line with our industrial and social development; it might even mean that leaders among our teachers were aware of the rifts in our democratic lute and were preparing to adapt our school system to the cultural inconsistencies of a society in which millions have not enough to eat, in a country rich beyond parallel in the resources of production, and a small group owns or controls the main portion of our national wealth.

The subsequent proceedings of the Denver convention, which began badly enough with a tabling of the resolution on academic freedom, did indeed indicate a certain amount of enlightenment. After a lively discussion the academic-freedom resolution was forced through by the insurgents of the rank and file. On paper it was all that could be asked. It provides for a committee of five, three of whom are to be classroom teachers, whose duties are to publicize and combat any proposed legislation against freedom of teaching, to investigate cases of discharge in violation of the principle of academic freedom, to assist teachers deprived of their positions for this reason, and to "cooperate with other representative organizations actively engaged in maintaining the principles of academic freedom." Dr. Abraham Lefkowitz, representing the joint teachers' organizations of New York City, leader of the liberal forces in the convention, declared that the "progressive elements in the association have obtained more of their demands than ever before in the history of the association." But that Dr. Lefkowitz himself was not without doubts of the practical operation of the resolution was evidenced by his further comment that "it now remains to be seen if executives and committees will carry out the spirit and intent of the resolutions." Nor do these doubts seem too far fetched in the light of another resolution proposed from the floor by J. G. Allen of Scotland, Pennsylvania, which was embraced perhaps with feelings of relief by the convention as a whole. This expressed the association's belief in the "fundamental principles of American democracy" as the "best so far devised by the mind of man to govern free people," and pledged its intention "so to teach the youth of the land."

It would appear that the two resolutions contain certain contradictory elements. In practice, that is, if a teacher wished to describe to his students the workings of the Soviet government, he would be obliged to add that of course it was inferior to our own democracy. Otherwise he could not avail himself of the privilege of championship by his fellow-members of the N. E. A. in the event of his discharge for mentioning so unfortunate a subject in the classroom. If, on less dangerous ground, he wished to discuss the English system of legislation by parliamentary committee, he would have to point out the superiority of our own Congress, which operates somewhat differently. In other words, either the resolution on academic freedom or the resolution pledging teachers to avow the incomparable blessings of our form of government is so much waste paper.

A courageous attempt, also led by Dr. Lefkowitz, to modify the complete control by five trustees of the N. E. A.'s permanent fund, amounting to more than $800,000, was twice defeated. Dr. Lefkowitz's proposal was that expenditures from the fund might be made if voted by a two-thirds' vote of the assembly in two successive years. This seems to be a modest-enough amendment, and the administration of large sums by a group of five men to contain elements rather less than democratic. The majority of the N. E. A. was satisfied with it, however.

A number of complaints were heard, notably one expressed by Professor George D. Strayer of Columbia University, about the recent appropriation of $50,000,000 for the government youth program, which was made to the FERA instead of to the N. E. A. With all due respect to Professor Strayer, we suspect that the sum, insufficient as it may be for the needs of millions of young Americans whose future seems somewhat less than assured, was suitably allocated. So far the N. E. A. has given little promise that it would spend any number of millions of dollars wisely for the guidance and protection of American youth. Until it appears that the resolution on academic freedom really means what it says, one is justified in suspecting the basic intentions of the N. E. A.

Summer Theaters

MUCH has been said for and against the "summer theater," a relatively new institution whose growth during the last few years has scattered professional and semi-professional acting companies over the countryside, especially in New England, where summer residents are thickest. Opinions differ concerning its value as a laboratory for testing plays designed for Broadway, but one of the best things about the summer theater is just the fact that the summer play does not have to meet the fierce competition of the regular season. Broadway conditions put an absurdly high premium upon secondary virtues—upon slickness of writing and production, upon mechanical efficiency, and upon superficial contemporaneity. Audiences on vacation are much more favorably disposed toward plays whose virtues are not of the conventionally smart kind.

It is doubtful, for instance, if anyone would have risked "opening cold" on Broadway with a revival of Wycherley's "The Country Wife," which was performed last week with fine effect in Lawrence Langner's Country Playhouse at Westport. Perhaps it will get to the metropolis ultimately, as its predecessor "The School for Husbands" did, but the country theater provides ideal conditions for experimenting with the sort of revival which ought to be more frequent on Broadway than it is. The play in question is, of course, one of the finest of the late seventeenth century, and its author shares almost equally with Congreve credit for creating a tradition of sophisticated comedy still alive today. But never since the age in which it was written has there been another which ought to appreciate it as much as this one. Nor is it merely that we are used to speech almost as plain as that which delighted the gallants of the Restoration. Our "sophistication" is nearer to theirs than to that of any other period, and we can enter more fully into their spirit.

Incidentally, the particular production was a delightful one, and the cast—which included Tom Powers and Frances Fuller as well as Ruth Gordon, the star—was excellent. Miss Gordon, indeed, was an inspired choice, and she acted the role of the *fausse ingénue* with a sense of its values and a sense of style which might make one think she had been trained in a tradition of artificial acting that no one has really been adequately trained in today. It would be an excellent thing for both actors and audiences if both had more frequent opportunity to discover, not only how alive some of the old plays are, but to what extent they made possible effects which we have forgotten to seek.

"The Country Wife" held the stage well into the eighteenth century but only in a very drastically revised form. It is amusing to note that it can now again be played almost as it was written. The student familiar with the text would have discerned a certain simplification of the subplot and the omission of a few memorable lines. But he may also take whatever satisfaction he may care to take from the observation that most of the deleted lines were apparently removed less because they were risqué than because they were brutal. In most respects we are not more squeamish than the audiences of the seventeenth century but we are hardly prepared to regard certain subjects—notably that of venereal disease—quite as jocosely as they did.

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Issues and Men

England and the United States

When the recent change in the British Cabinet took place, the cables told us that the new Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin, is distinctly pro-American, and that Sir Samuel Hoare may also be relied upon to conduct the foreign policy of Great Britain with the United States always in the forefront of the picture. This is gratifying of course—and cynics should not try to belittle it by saying that about the first thing Mr. Baldwin did was to set forth once more why Great Britain could not pay its financial obligation to the United States. It is obviously of the utmost importance in this particular crisis of the world's history, with Japan behaving worse than ever in China and Hitler keeping all Europe on tenterhooks, that the governments of the United States and Great Britain should see eye to eye as much of the time as possible and informally cooperate whenever conditions permit.

Just what does eye to eye mean? Well, certainly not an alliance of any kind. Some months ago the Marquis of Lothian came to this country to talk up a genuine alliance between the two countries, a plan which he subsequently published in full in the London *Times*. It was that the United States fleet should take over the safeguarding of Great Britain's interests in China, while Great Britain with its fleet and army should take over the safeguarding of America's interests in Europe. The idea was preposterous, so childish as to make it amazing that it could be seriously put forth. It showed that the Marquis had not the faintest understanding of political conditions in the United States. For one thing, if such an alliance were seriously suggested, the pro-German and Irish groups alone would make the welkin resound to their anger. Never has there been a time since the Venezuelan episode of 1895 when such a proposal would have aroused greater indignation in political circles in Washington. What interests has the United States in Europe today that call for supervision by the British government and the British army and navy? And who could possibly think that any American would be willing to see our government make the cause of British merchants in China, of the exploiters of China, its own? The proposal was hardly a sane one.

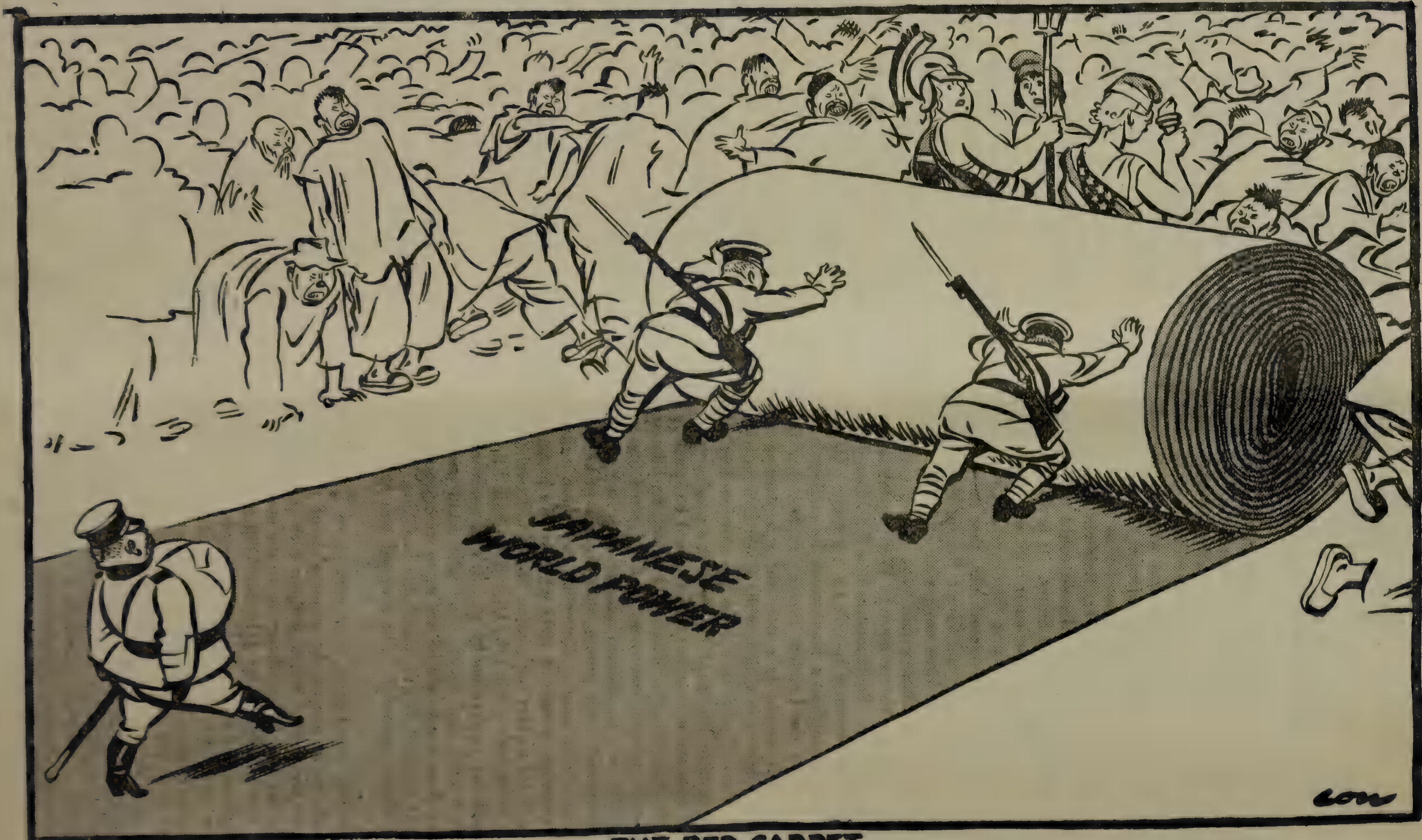
None the less, moral cooperation with Great Britain at all times ought to be one of the major aims of the State Department of the United States, without such cooperation binding us in any way to an alliance or to the use of force. Writing in *Foreign Affairs* for July, Sir Willmott Lewis, the able correspondent of the London *Times* in Washington, says that the relationship of the United States and the British commonwealth is "incomparably the most fruitful for good or evil" in all the pattern of international affairs, and proves it by pointing out how great a change would be effected in the entire international situation if there were marked antagonism between the United States and the United Kingdom—similar, let us say, to the relationship between Germany and France. He dwells on the fact that the "primary interest" of the English-speaking world is peace. He correctly points out that the difference between British and American policy is a constitutional one, that under the British constitution executive and legislative powers are one, whereas in the United States the powers of government are diffused. "Thus," he writes, "it is that American foreign policy so often resembles Penelope's web, for what is woven by the President may be unwoven by the Senate, to the confusion of such suitors as, for instance, Secretary Hay with his treaties, President Taft with his proposal for arbitration, and President Wilson with his Covenant of the League of Nations." This has been, and is, a reason that foreign countries are puzzled whether to accept a declaration by the American Executive as binding in the absence of action by the Senate. Sir Willmott makes the interesting suggestion that the hesitancy of the great powers to adopt the non-recognition doctrine of Secretary Stimson in the case of Manchoukuo was due to the fear that the Senate would not back up Mr. Stimson and President Hoover.

Even in Great Britain, however, there have been marked changes in foreign policy, though the historical continuity has been preserved for a long while. But if a really radical government should come into power, there might be a new departure in British foreign policy. Sir Willmott's final conclusion is that Walter Lippmann's demand for clearer definition of British and American policy "at the point of greatest susceptibility as a basis for closer action between the two countries" does not cover the situation. It is "too gradual." What he would have is "the development on this side of the Atlantic of a positive concern with *the causes of war* everywhere." With this surely everyone can agree. But that does not mean that if such a positive concern were developed here it would result either in a de facto alliance with Great Britain or in joint action with Great Britain in every case. What we need is sympathetic understanding with Great Britain and, as I have already said, moral cooperation at all possible points. If Japan again takes another slice of China, there might well be a joint protest by both the great Anglo-Saxon countries and a publicly announced counseling together on the measures to be taken to focus public opinion upon an obvious aggressor who is bound to find one excuse after the other to dismember China and dominate Asia.

This focusing of an aroused and outraged public opinion so as to bring it to bear effectively on events in Europe or in Asia is the great problem before all enlightened statesmen. It is the one genuine hope of escape from another bath of blood for the whole world. It does seem as if we should be able to work out a consistent American foreign policy along this line, one which would be adhered to both by Congress and by successive administrations of whatever party.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW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THE RED CARPET.

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The Radio Nostrum Racket

By RICHARD LEE STROUT

A STARTLING exposure of the kind of drugs that go into patent medicines now being advertised all over the country by the radio was given before the Federal Communications Commission by Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, representing the American Medical Association, at the recent National Conference on Education and Broadcasting. Dealing by name with such nostrums as Peruna, Willard's Tablets, Ex-Lax, Alka-Seltzer, and Crazy Crystals, this extraordinary story of drugged proprietary medicines received, naturally enough perhaps, practically no newspaper attention. But the announcement by the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation that it was going to clear its own channels of objectionable advertising of this type, coupled with the drastic action of the Communications Commission in summoning twenty-one radio stations to show cause why their licenses should not be canceled after they had carried the notorious Marmola program, indicates that public pressure for an extensive radio house-cleaning is making headway at last.

Even the action of the Communications Commission, which affected many of the outstanding stations of the country, failed to attract widespread newspaper notice. In the past the commission has occasionally cited individual stations for broadcasting quack remedies, but this is the first time that it has taken to task what appears to be the entire roster of stations carrying a specific objectionable program. Furthermore, in previous cases the commission has usually dropped proceedings after the specific program was discontinued; in this case, however, although citations against sixteen of the original twenty-one stations were dropped after their discontinuance of the Marmola program and promise of good behavior, the remaining five stations, including Station KNX of Los Angeles, with a 50,000-watt clear-channel, must appear at a meeting of censure on next October 3, when hearings will he held.

The twenty-one stations originally cited for broadcasting the Marmola program extended from coast to coast. The program, the report indicates, was sent out twice a day for fifteen-minute periods for approximately two months. Broadcasters now frankly admit they knew nothing of the product whose alleged virtues their stations extolled; but instead of taking this ignorance as damning evidence of lack of social responsibility, the Communications Commission accepted the plea as reason for letting sixteen of the twenty-one stations off.

Marmola is a preparation represented as able to reduce fat; it contains a powerful drug. Back in 1929 the Federal Trade Commission barred the company from distributing its product unless it was accompanied by a statement that it was dangerous to health except when taken under the supervision of a physician. In a test case the Supreme Court held, however, that the commission had exceeded its authority, since interstate commerce was not proved, although the court agreed that the evidence showed the preparation was unsafe for general distribution except under medical advice. The Post Office then summoned the company in a fraud order, and the Marmola producers agreed to quit business and cease mail distribution. As a matter of fact the company merely reorganized and changed its name, and as the Raladam Company proceeded to distribute the same old Marmola through drugstores instead of by mail, and to use in large part the great agency of the radio instead of newspaper advertising.

The Communications Commission has life-and-death control over broadcasting stations through its power to extend or cancel customary six-month licenses, but political factors have hitherto made it extremely timid in using this authority. Now, however, under the bolder leadership of Anning S. Prall, the new chairman, it seems bent on cracking the whip over some of the big stations. The testimony given to the commission by Dr. Cramp as the official representative of the American Medical Association—he offered transcripts of specific patent-medicine programs made from phonographic records taken off the air—shows the crying need of action to stop the most dangerous exploitation of the public attempted in years. Dr. Cramp, appearing with Dr. W. W. Bauer of the A. M. A., made his statement in public hearings on May 15. His testimony showed beyond all doubt that the radio-equipped home is being furnished misleading and fraudulent advertisements of nostrums that are deleterious to health, habit-forming, or downright poisonous. Analyses of the ingredients of the nostrums listed were, in most cases, made by experts of the American Medical Association. Dr. Cramp's testimony, then, is the authoritative comment of the spokesman of America's premier medical organization on the products which make use of the publicly owned radio channels with federal acquiescence.

Introducing his statements with the remarks, "I have tried as nearly as possible to take a fair cross-section of patent-medicine advertising as it goes on the air today," he continued as follows, according to the transcript of evidence of the Federal Communications Commission:

ALKA-SELTZER

> Alka-Seltzer is advertised so as to play up the idea that it is an "anti-acid." . . . The essential drug in Alka-Seltzer is aspirin, or, as known in the medical profession, acetyl salicylic acid. . . . When you dissolve two tablets of Alka-Seltzer in a glass of water, as is suggested in the trade package, you get, according to the analysis of the chemists of the American Medical Association, nearly nine grains of aspirin and nearly one grain of salicylic acid, together with the citric acid and baking soda that produce the effervescence. A person who follows the directions and takes sixteen tablets a day would obviously consume over seventy grains of aspirin and over six grains of salicylic acid in that period. . . . Nowhere, however, is any hint given of the amount of aspirin present, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the vast majority of people who take Alka-Seltzer are still quite ignorant of the fact that they are taking aspirin. While the public generally believes that aspirin is harmless, the medical profession has long known its potentialities for producing alarming symptoms . . . while there have been reported in medical literature several causes of death from the use of aspirin.

CRAZY CRYSTALS

Crazy Crystals are said to be "just the minerals taken from the natural water." The water in question is Crazy Water, a preparation that in the past has been the subject of action by Federal Food and Drug officials in at least sixteen cases. A large number of these cases were brought because the water contained filthy, decomposed, and putrid substances. Some of the cases were brought because Crazy Water was sold under the claim that it was curative . . . claims that were declared in court to be false and fraudulent. From the various published reports of the Crazy Water concern itself, it is admitted that the chief ingredient is sodium sulphate, commonly known as Glauber's salt, or the "horse salts" of the veterinarian. . . . Salts or saline cathartics are among the most abused medicaments used by the public. They should be classed among habit-forming drugs, for there is no question that they are responsible for a large proportion of cases of cathartic habit. . . .

PERUNA

Peruna is a patent medicine that has been on the market for many years. It has always been highly alcoholic, the amount of alcohol varying from 27 per cent to the present 18 per cent. The drugs that are alleged to be in it, in addition to alcohol, have varied at different times. Thirty years ago the Office of Indian Affairs forbade the sale of Peruna to the Indians because they got drunk on it. About the same time the Bureau of Internal Revenue notified Hartman, who then put the stuff out, that he would have to put some drugs in Peruna or take out a liquor license. He added senna. This cut down the sale to such an extent that Hartman attempted to recoup his losses by putting the old Peruna back on the market under another name—Ka-tar-no—to be sold under liquor-license restrictions. At that time Peruna contained 20 per cent of alcohol. When national prohibition went on the statute books the Peruna concern cut down its alcohol content from 20 to 12 per cent for the domestic Peruna, although export Peruna still contained 20 per cent. About 1927 Peruna increased the alcohol from 12 to 18 per cent, the amount that it still has. Alcohol is a narcotic drug, and sold indiscriminately to the public in the guise of a "patent medicine," it carries with it very definite dangers. The Peruna broadcast, it will be noted, recommends that "a tablespoonful or two" be taken about half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. Two tablespoonfuls is an ounce, or about half a wineglassful. As Peruna contains twice the amount of alcohol to be found in champagne, the amount of alcohol the purchaser may get is by no means negligible.

WILLARD'S TABLETS

The Willard Tablets advertising theme is that the preparation is a home treatment for poor digestion, heartburn, acid dyspepsia, and stomach ulcers. . . . The tablets themselves were reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* to be just another one of the anti-acid preparations, containing, essentially, baking powder, bismuth subnitrate, and magnesium oxide, a combination that is put up in non-proprietary form by most of the pharmaceutical houses and sold, not, of course, for stomach ulcer, but for symptomatic treatment of hyperacidity.

I might interpolate at this time that there has been a terrific number of these stomach-ulcer and hyperacidity patent medicines on the market during the depression. The reason is not far to see. The depression has brought about a condition of worry in the minds of hundreds of thousands and millions, and that worry has reflected itself by upset digestive conditions, particularly with hyperacidity. These people have been led to believe by advertising over the radio and otherwise that they are suffering from stomach ulcer. . . .

EX-LAX

Ex-Lax is broadcast as "the delicious chocolate laxative that will not form a habit." The purgative drug in Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein, which, like all chemical purgatives, may form a habit. There have been numerous cases reported in medical literature of serious results following the use of phenolphthalein. . . . Yet this preparation Ex-Lax is put up in the enticing form of a candy and sold to all who wish to buy. In 1932 a case was reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* of a ten-year-old boy who ate the contents of a box of Ex-Lax in mistake for candy and died. The medical profession has gone on record as being opposed to the indiscriminate sale of powerful drugs put up in the form of candy or chewing gum. . . . Dr. F. J. Cullen of the Federal Food and Drug Administration issued a warning in 1933 against the dangers to the public health in the widespread exploitation of phenolphthalein put up in the form of confections.

Commenting on the analysis, Dr. Cramp emphasized that the preparations singled out were "by no means the most objectionable" but were taken as a fair cross-section. Dr. Cramp is a practical man and did not enter into philosophical discussions of why publicly owned ether channels should be turned over to private interests for exploitation. His plea was based on concrete grounds—possibly the medical profession's jealousy of its prerogatives played a part. Radio advertising of patent medicines, he declared, is more objectionable than newspaper advertising on four counts:

> Many newspapers as a matter of enlightened self-interest have developed certain standards of decency and censorship that keep out of their pages the advertisements of many products of this character. Further, the public has through several generations developed a defense mechanism against the printed word and is much less likely to be carried away by false or fraudulent claims made in cold type than it is when similar claims are made verbally by a plausible radio announcer. Then, too, claims that are to be made in a printed form have a permanency that causes the makers of them to be much more cautious than when they are to have the ephemeral character of a radio broadcast. It is also to be remembered that impressionable young people do not, as a rule, read patent-medicine advertisements in newspapers or magazines. These same people can hardly avoid listening to the patent-medicine ballyhoo that comes into their homes over the radio.

The commission's action in the Marmola case followed Dr. Cramp's testimony but was not connected with it, according to a member of the commission. Since then has come the denunciation by Congressman Culkin of New York of the government's part in helping to make the youth of the nation "alcohol conscious" through the admission of liquor advertisements to radio channels. The changed policy announced by the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation seems to indicate a feeling among the powers-that-be, not that exploitation of the public radio domain is bad in itself, but that it can be carried too far; that, in the words of Dr. Cramp, "broadly speaking, broadcasting stations are still far behind newspapers and magazines in their recognition not merely of the dangers to the public health involved in the advertising of these secret nostrums, but also of the public loss of confidence in all advertising that such advertisements are bound to engender eventually."

Behind the Overthrow of Calles

By L. O. PRENDERGAST

Mexico City, June 27

THE Mexican Revolution has reached the parting of the ways. Usually mistaken for a popular, proletarian movement but actually a bourgeois revolution nearly classic in design, in which the middle class used the force of mass discontent as a weapon for the achievement of its own aims, it has now discarded its proletarian content and avowed its class character. The cycle which began in 1911 with the overthrow of General Díaz reached its apogee in the years 1917-24, and it has since been slowly descending the curve of completion. The abdication of General Calles, whose sensational declarations published in the Mexico City press of June 12 precipitated the crisis which unseated him, marks its end.

There is an apparent paradox here in the fact that in the crisis just surmounted Calles took the reactionary position and President Lázaro Cárdenas, who succeeds him as actual as well as nominal ruler, the radical-progressive. But that the paradox is only apparent and not real the following analysis should make clear.

The last four years in Mexico have been marked by one political crisis after another. Superficially the product of that selfish ambition and *personalismo* which have ever been the curse of Mexican politics, they have nevertheless sprung, in a more profound sense, from the new economic forces stirring in the country. The impact of the world depression, while it has had little effect on the mass of the rural population, which lives in a state of permanent depression, has had serious repercussions among the city workers. The result has been a rising unrest which has begun to produce a division of opinion among the ruling groups over the manner in which the as yet unchallenged domination of the Partido Nacional Revolucionario (PNR) might best be maintained. Above this still embryonic schism, holding his henchmen in line with an iron hand, distributing punishment and rewards as occasion required, loomed the powerful figure of General Plutarco Elías Calles, ex-President and, since 1924, virtual dictator of Mexico.

The first open indication of the rift came with the "resignation" of President Pascual Ortiz Rubio in 1932. After the assassination of President-elect Alvaro Obregón in 1928, Calles appointed Emilio Portes Gil as ad interim President until elections could safely be held for a new chief executive to fill out Obregón's term. In 1929 Calles directed the convention of the National Revolutionary Party to nominate Ortiz Rubio, and he was duly elected by the usual comfortable majority. Some time after he took possession of his office in 1930, this feeble puppet was encouraged by ambitious fools, seeking to control him for their own purposes against Calles, to believe that the President of Mexico had a right to think and act for himself. By 1932 a division of the party, based on personalities and involving no economic, social, or political issue, was being created. Calles, who could tolerate no such split in his hand-fed instrument of political domination, acted swiftly and ruthlessly. Ortiz Rubio was forced to resign and leave the country the day after he had told an opening session of the national congress that the rumors of his impending resignation were without foundation in fact.

General Abelardo Rodríguez, close personal friend and business partner of General Calles, was appointed to fill out the unexpired term of his unhappy predecessor, the third President to take office for the period for which Obregón had been elected. The "revolution" now took a sharp turn to the right with a "business" administration under which both native and foreign capital began to bloom. The inside group of enriched revolutionaries around Rodríguez and Calles had feet and hands in the public trough. Building contracts, concessions, and other favors yielded them millions of pesos. Industrialization of the country took a sharp upswing.

But unrest was growing. By 1934 real wages in Mexico City and other industrial regions had shrunk approximately 25 per cent. A false prosperity induced by the depreciation of the currency and by the growing tourist boom provided a semblance of well-being, but the substance was lacking. As always under capitalist "prosperity," the masses were for the most part excluded and the lower middle class was receiving a relatively small share. The labor unions, which for years had existed in a state of suspended animation comparable to that of the American Federation of Labor prior to the NRA, now began to stir. The end of President Rodríguez's term was marked by strikes and a growing solidarity among the unions. Something had to be done.

Rodríguez and his powerful financial and industrial friends knew very well what they wanted to do. Nazi propaganda was making progress in Mexico through the almost open instrumentality of the German Embassy. Jew-baiting, hitherto unknown, suddenly appeared. The Acción Revolucionaria Mexicanista, also known as the Camisas Doradas, or Gold Shirts, was born, with the support, it was everywhere said, of Rodríguez, Aarón Sáenz, governor of the Federal District, and the Monterrey group of heavy industrialists. The reactionary leading circles of the PNR were preparing to throw overboard the crimson demagogy which had served them so long and so well. A resort to an active offensive against workers and peons and an open approach to fascism were in the offing.

However, Calles decided that the traditional methods by which the PNR had maintained its rule for a decade were good for at least one more whirl. On his advice the convention of the party which nominated the new President also adopted a Six-Year Plan as its platform. The plan was designed to advance the proletarian cause, to solve the agrarian problem, to reorganize the national economy, to construct a vast system of public works, to instal socialist education in the schools, and, in the words of one of its more frenetic propagandists, who became Minister of Education in the Cárdenas Cabinet, to prepare for the final abolition of the capitalist system and the dictatorship of the proletariat! General Cárdenas was selected to sell this fantastic piece of demagogy to the Mexican people.

On December 1, 1934, General Cárdenas was duly installed in office. Calles had been careful not to allow him too much latitude, and his first Cabinet, although it contained a few personal followers of the President, was in its key positions filled by such figures as Rodolfo Elías Calles—son of the General—Juan de Dios Bojórquez, Aarón Sáenz, Narciso Bassols, Tomás Garrido Canábal, and Abraham Ayala González, all of them staunch supporters of Calles and representing his will in the government. At the head of the PNR was another Calles man, General Matías Ramos. The Senate and Chamber of Deputies both contained a Callista majority. In the army a majority of the generals with forces at their command were followers of Calles.

When he was inaugurated, President Cárdenas realized very well that he was universally considered a mere instrument of Calles, without any personality of his own. Everyone supposed that like Ortiz Rubio before him—until, that is, Rubio lost his head—he would faithfully carry out the policy of his master. But Calles had made a mistake. Cárdenas, or his political advisers, saw an opportunity and they were not slow to take advantage of it. It was a dangerous game, for failure meant political suicide at the very least and perhaps physical extinction as well. But in the lofty promises of the Six-Year Plan Calles had given the new President a magnificent weapon.

During his first six months Cárdenas did little but run for office. Although elected by a prodigious majority—the party machine had seen to that—no one knew better than he how meaningless that was. He now set out deliberately to create a personality for himself independent of General Calles. To attract the peons, he promised land and yet more land, not only to the villages in the form of *ejidos*, the former practice of the revolution, but to individuals as well. To attract the workers, he encouraged strikes and organization. He carried on a well-planned campaign to gain the confidence of the army, placing military chieftains loyal to himself one by one in command of the various military zones.

In the meantime Calles had retired to his estate in Sinaloa, ostensibly to allow Cárdenas a free hand in the government. Garrido Canábal, ex-governor of the state of Tabasco, a tool of Calles, was instigated to carry the formal "revolutionary" antagonism of the government toward the church to outrageous lengths, with the purpose of embarrassing the new administration before conservative opinion at home and, more important, in the United States. Garrido, a fantastic Mexican version of our own Huey Long, had built himself a personal dictatorship in Tabasco with the help of his Red Shirts, a private army of guntoting hoodlums. When he entered the Cabinet he brought them with him to Mexico City. Now he turned them loose on the churchgoers of the Federal District. The "anti-religious" campaign filled the American newspapers with indignation. In the United States Senate a resolution was introduced calling for an investigation—almost for intervention.

But for a time, and in a roundabout way, even this trick worked for Cárdenas. It provided him with a much-needed diversion to raise his prestige among the organized workers and peasants. A government which strove actively to curb the power of the church, to close religious schools, to substitute socialist for bourgeois-Catholic education must be revolutionary! What ground Cárdenas was losing with the religious and politically negligible sections of the middle class he was gaining with the lower classes, where he needed it most. As for the bad publicity in the United States, he could afford to take his chances.

But prices were still going up and wages down. The promises of the Mexican New Deal must be made good by something more than the kidnapping of the Archbishop of Mexico. Under the frank encouragement of the President the labor unions grew. Strikes increased in number and soon developed into a wave of unrest similar—although much smaller in scale—to the struggles initiated by Roosevelt's New Deal.

Calles had gone to the United States for medical treatment and while he was away lost contact to some extent with developments at home. On his return to Sinaloa he was besieged by political friends complaining of the strong anti-Calles sentiment being formed in the government, the object of which was to eliminate Calles from control and establish the independence of Cárdenas. Also to the dictator in his "retirement" came the anguished laments of the big capitalists, who wanted to know how much longer President Cárdenas was to be permitted to run riot. In March Calles returned to the center of affairs and installed himself in Las Palmas, his residence in Cuernavaca, near Mexico City.

Cárdenas, too, began to worry, feeling, perhaps, that the game had been played too fast. Socialism was all very well so long as it was confined to paper plans and an ill-defined future; the official demagogy was being taken altogether too seriously and was feeding the confidence of the labor unions and fostering a growing radicalism. The Communist Party, illegal for several years, had been legalized for the elections, part of the government's show of liberalism and revolutionary sincerity. Now it was gaining ground, striking root among several important sectors of the industrial workers, notably the railroad workers, and carrying on a determined campaign for a united front of all workers' and peasants' organizations.

Cárdenas retreated momentarily. The labor leaders were called into conference with the government, and the subject of obligatory, in place of the existing optional, arbitration in strikes was delicately broached. The despicable Morones, hoping to regain the government support he once enjoyed, readily assented, but Lombardo and the others refused. Cárdenas made no further move backward.

In the meantime signs of discord between the friends of General Cárdenas and General Calles were becoming more visible daily. At the end of May a division took place in both chambers of Congress; a "left wing" was formed by the Cárdenistas. In a minority at first, they nevertheless strove to affirm their liberty of opinion and to free themselves from the control of the PNR, which claimed the right on grounds of party discipline to control all acts of senators and deputies. In spite of the "left-wing" designation, which was so much eyewash, the party was dividing itself according to the traditional *personalismo* of Mexican politics into Callistas and Cardenistas.

On Tuesday, June 11, a commission of left-wing senators went to Cuernavaca to lay the situation before Calles, whom they still recognized as their "chief," and to seek his support against the majority in Congress and the PNR. It was then that Calles loosed the thunderbolt which appeared in the Mexico City press the following morning. Cate-

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gorically disapproving the attitude of the left wing, he denounced all divisions in the party and accused the dissidents of attempting to foment discord between President Cárdenas and himself. In even stronger language he delivered an attack on the workers' organizations and their leaders and on the series of recent strikes as unjustified, the product of "illegitimate" interests, and prejudicial to the prosperity and stability of the government and to the period of reconstruction which the revolution had now entered.

As everyone in Mexico instantly realized, Cárdenas was confronted at last with the showdown. Mexico waited breathlessly for the decision, while the newspapers were filled with messages of congratulation to Calles from the Chamber of Commerce, business men, and all the conservative elements, including even the Catholics, to whom his name had been anathema only a short while ago. A development which Calles had obviously not expected—in his declaration he had made contemptuous reference to the inability of the syndicates to agree among themselves—gave Cárdenas his ace in the hole. The very same day the Sindicato Mexicano de Electricistas called a meeting to which all but two labor organizations sent delegates. The united front was voted and a resolution adopted branding the Calles statement as a fascist provocation and threatening a general strike if any rights of the Mexican working class were encroached upon. Within forty-eight hours after Calles's declarations a united front comprising at least 70 per cent of the Mexican workers became a reality.

It is impossible to think that this unexpected result of the political struggle for domination between Calles and Cárdenas did not play a decisive course in setting the latter's course, since he waited until after the formation of the united front to give his answer. It was published on Friday, June 14. Without mentioning Calles personally or even alluding to his declarations but appealing generally to public opinion on his administration, Cárdenas said in substance that he considered it essential to continue his pro-labor policy, since, even though industrial conflict was temporarily damaging to the national economy, in the long run it would provide a better equilibrium between capital and labor. At the same time he warned both capital and labor that while they would continue to enjoy the rights and guaranties provided by the law, the government would tolerate no "inconvenient agitations," a broad hint of what was to come later. This statement was taken as the definitive break between the two men and signified in effect that Cárdenas proposed to assume the full responsibility of his office and to eliminate Calles from all voice in the government. The following day he convoked a special meeting of his Cabinet at which he demanded the resignation of all his ministers and heads of departments so as to leave him a free hand to reorganize his government on a more homogeneous base, both personally and politically. On the same day the Cabinet members presented their resignations, and the President of the PNR, who in Mexico is a sort of Minister of Policy without Portfolio, also resigned.

Calles had lost. His ultimate hope might have been the army, but Cárdenas had done his work well. With the adherence to the President of General Saturnino Cedillo, the most powerful of the military commanders, Calles realized that he was through. On Monday he issued a brief statement announcing his complete retirement from politics. It was his abdication. On Tuesday he left the capital to return to El Tambor, Sinaloa. In place of the huge crowds which ordinarily gathered to see him off on his journeys, there were relatively few people.

President Cárdenas then proceeded to reorganize his government, eliminating all the Calles elements and replacing them with men personally loyal to himself. There is in Mexico no Prime Minister who takes the responsibility of forming a new Cabinet, but in practice the president of the PNR has acquired this function. Emilio Portes Gil, ex-President of the republic, Attorney General under Rodríguez, and until recently Minister of Foreign Affairs in the first Cárdenas Cabinet, became the new president of the PNR and is considered Cárdenas's most dependable aide.

Not until the announcement of the new Cabinet late on Monday, June 17, was it known just how astute was the political game which Cárdenas and Portes Gil had played. They had forced Calles into a position where he could be branded a reactionary and so eliminated from political life. In so doing they had gained the redoubled confidence of the workers' and peasants' organizations. It now remained to draw in the other sectors—business, the conservative-religious elements, and Washington. From Fernando Gonzáles Roa, ex-Ambassador to the United States, who now becomes Minister of Foreign Affairs, to General Saturnino Cedillo, protector of the Catholics in the state of San Luis Potosí of which he was governor, now Minister of Agriculture, the Cabinet is either avowedly conservative or else composed of elements over which Cárdenas has complete control. Gone are the firebrands, Garrido Canábal and García Tellez, former Minister of Education. The case of the latter is particularly revealing of the new tendency. Although a close personal friend of Cárdenas, he was let out because the new government must divest itself as quickly as possible of its "radical" taint, and García Tellez was held largely responsible by the conservative public for the anti-clerical campaign and the implantation of socialist education in the schools. Religious persecution will now die down and socialist education will languish. The demagogy of the Six-Year Plan has served Cárdenas well, but now it must be toned down, for with Calles gone he will begin to play Calles's role.

His task will not be easy. The united front of labor is an accomplished fact. The workers are in a militant mood, and while they are solidly behind Cárdenas now, he will begin to lose their support as he turns more openly to the right. The strike movement is increasing, as the working class becomes more determined to raise its standards of living and to obtain some share of the current spotty prosperity. What will Cárdenas do? As the strike movement grows, he will be forced to take action, and the united front, which helped him to defeat Calles, will become a problem. The danger of fascism in Mexico is for that reason greater now than with Calles in the saddle. If he is pushed to it, Cárdenas may himself attempt a fascist coup. On the other hand, if he should fail to control the whirlwind he has helped to raise, the way would be open for the return to power of Calles or some other spokesman of big capital in a fascist dictatorship which would be accepted as the only alternative to a possible uprising of the united workers and peasants. But whatever happens, one thing is certain: the Mexican Revolution is dead.

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The New British Cabinet

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, June 16

ON June 7 Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's political career effectively came to a close. Mr. Baldwin was sworn in as Prime Minister and Mr. MacDonald became Lord President of the Council—a titular office to which no functions attach. As a general election cannot now be long postponed, and as Mr. MacDonald is pretty certain to be beaten if he fights Seaham again, it is a reasonable political speculation that he will no longer play any important part in the nation's affairs.

The new Cabinet is not very different from the old. Amid universal relief Sir John Simon ceases to be Foreign Secretary, but a price has had to be paid for his retirement. He has taken over the Home Office, and is to be deputy leader of the House of Commons. Everyone hoped that Mr. Eden would have succeeded him at the Foreign Office. But that would have been too explicit a criticism of Sir John. Sir Samuel Hoare, who conducted the India bill through the House with great energy, therefore gets his place, and Mr. Eden becomes a Cabinet Minister especially concerned with League of Nations business. Whether the experiment of having, practically, two Foreign Secretaries will work well remains to be seen. Sir Samuel is said to have very much the pre-war mind in international relations; and Mr. Eden is certainly of a very different temper. It is, I think, a good guess that harmony will be made by Mr. Baldwin himself, who is likely to be fairly active in this realm.

Lord Londonderry ceases to be Air Minister—a post in which his failure was complete—and is succeeded by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who leaves the Colonial Office to Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the ex-Premier's son. The latter, who is thirty-three, is a pleasant young man, of no particular ability, whose sudden elevation may be taken as a kindly way—typical of Mr. Baldwin—of easing the ex-Premier's retirement by soothing his paternal feelings. To preserve the balance of parties this has involved the retirement of Lord Sankey from the Woolsack. It is a fairly open secret that Mr. Baldwin was loath to let him go, and that Lord Hailsham, the new Chancellor, was also eager for Lord Sankey's retention. But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made no effort to keep him, and with his retirement the best reforming Chancellor of modern times probably disappears from public life. His retirement is another instance of Mr. MacDonald's curious inability to be loyal to those who have rendered him devoted service.

Mr. Thomas, of course, remains, though everyone feels that he is completely unequal to the delicate post he holds. He has badly muddled Ireland, and he is now engaged in badly muddling the affairs of the African protectorates. Mr. Oliver Stanley gives up the Nessus shirt of the Ministry of Labor for that of Education; and the latter office is surrendered by the profound Christian mystic Lord Halifax, who becomes Minister for War. Lord Zetland, who has been Governor of Bombay, becomes Secretary for India—a good appointment, as he has both energy and imagination. Lord Eustace Percy becomes Minister without Portfolio, and it is said that he is to concern himself with economic matters. Mr. Ernest Brown is the new Minister of Labor—a surprise appointment. It was expected that this would go to Mr. Hore-Belisha; but the latter is that pushing, publicity-seeking type in whom a good deal of ability does not compensate for the pretty obvious outlook of the careerist. Sir Hilton Young is pushed from the Ministry of Health into the Lords; and Sir Kingsley Wood, who has been a great success at the Post Office, takes his place.

In a sense, this may fairly be described as a stopgap Cabinet. There is nothing for Mr. Amery, nothing for Mr. Churchill, nothing for the able younger group of the Tories. Mr. Baldwin wants to fight the general election on the "National" ticket; and the changes he has made are minimal to that end. His party can assume that, afterwards, there will be another ministerial reconstruction. For Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will disappear and, probably, his son also; and since nearly all the "National" Labor members will lose their seats, including, I think, Mr. Thomas, there will be a decisive case against the present distribution of offices. If "National" Labor members go, the pressure for ending the whole experiment of coalition government will be strong. It is therefore, I think, a pretty good prophecy that after the general election we shall be back again to a straight Conservative government. If the Simonite Liberals remain, they are likely, like the Liberal Unionists after the Home Rule split, to be absorbed into the Tory party.

The first big act of the new government is, clearly enough, likely to be the rejection of the Lloyd George policy. There have been long discussions, but the distance between him and the Cabinet has been too wide to bridge. That means that whatever influence Mr. Lloyd George possesses will be thrown against the government at the general election. Already, with the assistance of men like Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, he has launched a manifesto which seeks to draw away that part of the Nonconformist vote which is still pacifist and progressive from the government. He will do some damage to its influence. But it does not look as though he will be the important factor he seemed likely to be six months ago. He shot his bolt too early, and the long-drawn-out negotiations with the Cabinet have deflected interest away from his plans.

All in all, the experiment that has now closed bears out the general historic lesson that, in the long run, coalition government always redounds to the interest of the Tory party. Mr. MacDonald is one of the unburied dead; his supporters make no impact whatever on affairs. They are merely a façade of temporary confusion behind which Mr. Baldwin may do just as he pleases. In the four years of his coalition Premiership Mr. MacDonald has simply managed to betray that Labor Party which made his whole career possible without even earning the respect of his new allies. Under his rule the interests of property have been able to consolidate themselves as at no time since the war. Blow after blow has been struck at the strength and prestige of the League. The Disarmament Conference has been reduced to a pathetic nullity. Economic nationalism has been gravely intensified by Ottawa and the new protective system. Education and the social services have suffered seriously. India has been given a constitution which no political Indian of prominence even pretends to defend. Anglo-Irish relations are worse than at any time since the treaty. A tacit encouragement has been offered to Hitlerite Germany of which its masters have taken full advantage, to the detriment of any possible hope of security—and therefore recovery—in the next few years. This is the price we have had to pay for Mr. MacDonald's decision of 1931. He protests whenever he speaks that he is still a Socialist. His former associates may be pardoned for their conviction that they are now entitled to doubt whether there was ever a sense in which he was a Socialist at all.

The new Cabinet, one may suspect, will make no serious innovations between now and the general election. It will fight that on two issues. It will say that under its auspices Great Britain has weathered the storm better than any other great power, and it will argue that a Labor victory would mean confusion and possible crisis. It will fight with the additional advantage on its side that the international situation will make a large number of electors timid about the prospects of change. If it is victorious, and if there is no war, it will repeat the habits of the Baldwin government of 1925-29. At all costs the government will play the business man's game. The distressed areas will remain distressed; the League will remain a polite fiction to which adequate lip-service is most scrupulously paid; doles and subsidies will be handed out to industries where support can be counted on; and diehard Tory opinion will be placated by heavy increases in armaments and the "reform" of the House of Lords. Of these two last we shall hear nothing until after the general election. They will then be introduced on the pleas, respectively, that they make for international security and for domestic stability.

The tragedy of it all is that British public opinion is ready for a great move forward both abroad and at home. It can get neither under the present institutional set-up of affairs. The men of property are prepared for none of the risks of great adventure. Their standards of good are set by those grim considerations which in the past have made them yield out of abundance to pressure what they would never yield to justice. Now, in their view, the abundance is gone, and they are not, accordingly, prepared to yield at all. Even the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt is unthinkable to them; and few things have been more interesting than their obvious *Schadenfreude* at the Supreme Court's decision in the Schechter case. A few years from now I think it certain—war apart—that the Labor Party will come into its own. But in those years the gap between the ideology of parties is certain to widen, and the consequences of that disparity will be momentous when the Labor Party gets its majority.

More and more the events of the past few years have convinced me that parliamentary government in a capitalist democracy is unlikely to transcend the limitations of its capitalist base. It might have done so if the Labor government of 1929 had shown itself bold in the face of its problems. Its failure put the initiative in the hands of its opponents. Property, as I read history, has rarely failed to grasp its opportunities when these have been presented to it. It is grasping them now; and the habits it displays are causally linked to the events abroad of which Hitlerism is only the logical term.

Hull House on Pennsylvania Avenue

By PAUL W. WARD

ALTHOUGH under the Roosevelt Administration virtually nothing has been done to ease international tensions and much has been done to increase them, no rational man can assert with accuracy that the New Deal has been disappointing in its foreign relations. Hope must precede disappointment, and the rise of Roosevelt to power offered no grounds for hope of a change for the better in the foreign policy of the United States.

There were, to be sure, some encouraging utterances from Mr. Roosevelt—his "good neighbor" iterations, for example—but then he himself warned all and sundry not to attach much importance to that or any other section of the New Deal libretto. "Remember well," he said at Butte on September 19, 1932, "that attitude and method, the way we do things, not just the way we say things, is nearly always the measure of our sincerity." And six months later he signalized his true attitude toward foreign relations by naming Cordell Hull, a shy and gentle vote-getter from Tennessee, as his Secretary of State. Roosevelt might just as well have hung from the White House portico a banner saying, "No foreign relations wanted."

The only qualifications Hull had for the ranking post in the Roosevelt Cabinet were his low-tariff fanaticism and the backing of Louis McHenry Howe, who, in addition to being Roosevelt's secretary, was the fire in Roosevelt's flint until ill health laid him low. Howe, Hull, and Wilson's alter ego, Colonel House, formed a triumvirate of elder statesmen to whom Roosevelt looked for guidance in his preconvention campaign, and in that period Howe—ever jealous of his powers as a king-maker—acquired a vast liking and admiration for the self-effacing Hull. House shared the liking but not the admiration; his candidate for the State Department portfolio was his old friend, the once militant pro-League partisan Robert Worth Bingham, the Louisville lawyer and publisher who became, instead, our Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Roosevelt's own candidate was Owen D. Young, but he soon was persuaded that Young smelled too much of Wall Street. So the office went by default to Hull.

What Roosevelt needed, if there was to be a New Deal in our Foreign Office, was, in the first place, a Secretary of State to whose opinions he granted at least as much authority as he does not only to his own but also to those of such luminaries as Professors Warren and Rogers, Raymond Moley, General Johnson, and Joe Kennedy, the former steel manufacturer and Wall Street speculator whom he made chairman of the SEC. In the second place, he needed a Secretary of State who would keep dinning into his forgetful ears the necessity either for whole-hearted acceptance by this nation of the internationalist responsibilities attendant upon its creditor position or for, at least, resolute avoidance of such steps as were likely to aggravate the distress and insecurity of other nations and so bring war nearer. Had he had such a Secretary of State, it is unlikely that we should be draining the veins of China with our indefensible silver-purchase program; or that with our dollar-devaluation program we should be increasing instead of decreasing our "favorable" balance of trade; or—most important of all—that we should be launched upon the greatest peace-time program of military and naval building in our history, thereby giving aid and comfort to those war-makers, the international munitions racketeers, who are fattening upon the anxiety of Japan and other nations to keep step with our war preparations.

Roosevelt, flitting fretfully from policy to policy under the harassment of multifarious and conflicting counsel on domestic problems, is incapable of constantly envisioning the external effects of his internal maneuverings. Hull is not, for what he lacked in knowledge of foreign affairs when he took over the State Department helm he is rapidly making up by intensive study. But determined and tenacious as Hull is—and no man in Washington matches him in tenacity of purpose—he is incapable of keeping Roosevelt in leash. He is too waterlogged with long years of discipline in party politics to place imposing obstacles in the path of his dashing Chief Executive. Furthermore, he is preoccupied with his studies and with his efforts to chip away mountainous tariff walls with the penknife of reciprocal trade agreements. And even if he were inclined to scream warnings and protests into the President's ears, nothing would come of it, for those ears are reserved for others—for men of "authoritative" opinions, dazzling personalities, and the gift of tongues.

Hull is inept at phrase-making and so devoid of literary sense that the men who compose his speeches sometimes nearly weep over the interpolations he chooses to make in them. He also lacks a striking personality. He is quiet and slightly rustic in his manner. During the Montevideo conference Hull explained a disappearance of several hours by saying he had gone calling on "this yeah local president." He had been visiting the President of Uruguay. He made similarly impromptu and sack-coated calls on all the other dignitaries. Incidentally, it was the modest informality of his manner—in contrast to the "come, make obeisance" bearing of his predecessors, such as Hughes and Root—that more than his official utterances made that Seventh International Conference of American nations into something like a love feast instead of the traditional chorus of hate for the Colossus of the North.

Hull has a deep dislike for pomp and circumstance, a fact that does not endear him to the careerist clique in the State Department. At Montevideo he would countenance no effort by the American delegation to match the lavishness of entertainment offered by other delegations. In Washington he and Mrs. Hull make it a rule to eschew all social affairs other than those which his official position requires him to attend. Handsomely gaunt and finely bred, he cuts a distinguished figure and is not ill at ease at such affairs, though his customarily downcast gaze sometimes gives him that appearance. He bears a fancied resemblance to Lincoln, and it is rumored that there is in his wardrobe—put there by Mrs. Hull—a complete outfit of clothes such as Lincoln wore but that Hull has never had the courage to wear them in public.

It would be too much to expect that Roosevelt, a product of Groton, Harvard, and the yachting world, though no snob, should accredit to such a man more authoritative opinions than his own on world affairs, especially since Hull was chosen not for his opinions but for his politics, and for most of his life had viewed the world from a seat in the House of Representatives or from the even more dubious vantage-point of a rural county in Tennessee. Hull, who is ten years older than Roosevelt, was born in what is now Overton County, Tennessee. His family was comfortably established there in farming and lumbering, and as a boy he rafted logs down river. When he grew up he went to an obscure little college—Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tennessee—and was graduated as a lawyer. Politics was his immediate resort, and he served two terms in the lower house of the state legislature. After the Spanish-American War, in which he served as a captain in the Fourth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, he was appointed—and later elected—a Tennessee circuit-court judge. He left the bench to run successfully for Congress in 1906 and continued to sit in the House of Representatives from then until the Harding landslide of 1920 dumped him out. He returned two years later to serve in the House until 1930, when he sought and won election to the Senate and thereby made himself available for the Cabinet appointment that came in 1933. From 1921 to 1924 he held the then thankless job of chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Hull has had the best press of all the Roosevelt Cabinet members. Save in the Catholic journals, which lambaste him for turning a deaf ear to the church demands for Mexican intercession, scarcely a word of criticism of him has been printed. That, perhaps, was to be expected since he, a conservative, is not and makes no pretense of being a New Dealer. But whether or not it was to be expected, his consistency, in contrast to the waverings of his Cabinet confreres, has made praise for him certain. Similarly, he was bound to be consistent. He has an abiding faith in low tariffs as a cure-all for the ills of the world. It is a religion with him, and one he practices with moral rather than economic fervor. Adam Smith, not Karl Marx, is his crucifer. He asks no monument in life except a deep nick in a tariff wall. His credo is, "International laissez faire capitalism can and must be revived." With more than slight verity it has been said of him that he would not recognize a surplus unless there were a boundary at hand across which to push it.

His interest in tariff reciprocity, so consuming that he is quite willing for the time being at any rate to let Roosevelt personally handle all other phases of our foreign relations, was born in those long years he spent in the House. He specialized on taxation, and though he was the only member able to write a tax bill—he wrote the income-tax bill of 1913, the revised act of 1916, and the first federal estate-tax law, which was passed in that same year—he remained an obscure figure. His high, rasping voice seldom was raised on any other than the tax theme and then only to read long dry-as-dust manuscripts painstakingly prepared but not painstakingly enough to keep the galleries from emptying and the members from snoozing while he read. He was content to have his remarks go into the record, if not into the ears of those around him, and when he had finished one of those readings he would go into seclusion again and begin the long and tedious process of preparing another.

He has gone about his State Department duties in the same scholastic fashion. If he has an appointment with a foreign diplomat at nine in the morning, he not only spends most of the preceding evening in reading all available data pertinent to the appointment but gets down to his office half an hour early the next morning for a last-minute brush-up. He is setting a hard pace for the career diplomats in his retinue, and one which merely increases their dislike of him. If he were less a scholar and more a fighter, he would have found ways by this time to clear a large part of the careerist clique from the public payroll—another prerequisite to a New Deal in our Foreign Office. To most of these gentlemen the diplomatic service is merely a gentleman's way of seeing the world at the public expense and in nice company. They are products, for the most part, of the tonier schools and families and have a fine assortment of class prejudices which, combined with a certain languor toward all but the more fashionable sorts of work and learning, color their reports from foreign stations with a haute-bourgeoisie pallor.

Their influence permeates and deadens the whole State Department. They maintain, in addition to a rigid caste system, an invincible espionage machine, which they use not only to advance the interests of career men but to subjugate non-career men, many of whom live in terror of the career clique. Although most of the members of this group are pseudo-aristocrats with a sniffish contempt for the New Deal's avowed social objectives, the clique has increased its strength under Roosevelt. Its present chieftain is the Under Secretary of State, William Phillips, a New England blueblood who was at Harvard with Roosevelt and has had thirty years in the diplomatic service.

Another typical careerist holding high station in the department is the wealthy Sumner Welles, who has had fifteen years in the foreign service and, like Roosevelt, is a product of Groton and Harvard. Welles, an Assistant Secretary of State, was called home from Cuba because, responding to the call of the clan—the ABC, which is made up in large part of the Cuban equivalent of Groton and Harvard clubmen—he could not resist meddling in Cuban affairs. Having assisted in bouncing Machado, he went on to assist in maintaining the Machado system, a tradition carried on by his successor, Jefferson Caffery, to the accompaniment of increasing frowns from Hull. The other assistant secretaries, in addition to Welles, are Wilbur J. Carr, a nonentity who handles the mechanical details of the department; Francis B. Sayre, Wilson's son-in-law, a criminal-law professor of none too marked astuteness who is understudying Hull in his reciprocal-agreements work; and R. Walton Moore, an aging Virginia gentleman who finds a State Department berth congenial,

The New Deal has been only slightly more successful in filling its foreign posts with men of caliber than was the Old Deal, and what credit is due belongs largely to the depression, which has erased from the lists of campaign contributors Rotarians and stove magnates seeking a few years of honorable dalliance abroad. Roosevelt has kept Mr. Hoover's Norman Davis running about the world as his ambassador at large for no perceptible reason other than that Davis seems to know his way around the world rather well and likes to travel. Roosevelt also has kept the pretentious careerist, Hugh Gibson, but shuffled him off to our embassy at Rio de Janeiro. To Rome he sent Breckinridge Long, a wealthy Missouri lawyer who waited patiently and covetously for some such fruit of Democratic success at the polls, and who is said to be paying for the award with some lively as well as illuminating dispatches on Il Duce's doings. In Mexico we have Josephus Daniels, who, though no Dwight Morrow, is minding his own business with great determination and appears to have incurred the good-will of most Mexicans in consequence. Claude G. Bowers, the historian-journalist, is reported to be putting on a similar performance at Madrid, and at Paris Jesse I. Straus, the New York department-store magnate, is performing as an expert observer of the Bank of France's operations. Our ambassadors to China and Japan—Nelson T. Johnson and Joseph C. Grew, respectively—are both career men of long service. To most of our other foreign stations the New Deal has dispatched ministers or ambassadors of the usual political or hack strain.

Only two appointments struck a veritable New Deal note—those of William C. Bullitt and Dr. William E. Dodd. The appointment of Dodd as Ambassador to Germany created almost as much excitement as did the appointment of Bullitt as Ambassador to the U. S. S. R. James M. Cox, who was Roosevelt's running mate in the 1920 Presidential election, declined the Berlin assignment before it was offered to Dodd, a Chicago University professor of history who was familiar with Germany through years of study there. Save for a brief splash when he criticized dictatorships in a public address right under Hitler's nose, nothing has been heard from Dodd except in the secret precincts of Hull House on Pennsylvania Avenue. Little more than that has been heard from Bullitt, who did the groundwork for Russian recognition and was rewarded with the ambassadorship to the chagrin of the career clique, who feared his somewhat unconventional manners and broad social point of view.

Similarly, Roosevelt had groomed Bernard M. Baruch for the chairmanship of the American delegation to the Monetary and Economic Conference at London in May, 1933, only to have to ask him to step aside and make way for Hull, who had his heart set on that job. There are only a few things on which Hull has his heart set, and it is better to grant him his desire than to resist, for there is a relentless strain in the man that gives him at times the aspect of a Southern feudist. He let his passions rise twice in the New Deal's first two years, and on each occasion he returned to the State Department with a scalp dangling from his belt. The first to dangle there was that of the ambivalent Moley, whom Roosevelt made an Assistant Secretary of State merely because he wanted to have him handy; since the jealous Howe would not permit Moley to have an office in the White House, Roosevelt sent him to the State Department just across the street. The second scalp to dangle from the Hull galluses was that of George N. Peek, and it took a Supreme Court decision to help Hull accomplish the slaughter. Peek, too, was tossed athwart Hull's path merely because Roosevelt could think of nothing else to do with him and could not bear to be without his services.

Peek's offense was that of thumbing his nose constantly at Hull's reciprocal-trade-agreements machinery for reviving foreign trade. Like the scalping of Moley the scalping of Peek was not fatal, for Peek remains in the government as head of the export-import banks. Moley was forced out of the Administration, but he retired to an editor's chair within easy commuting distance of the White House, where he continues to be a frequent visitor. Hull doesn't mind that Moley continues more closely in the confidence of the President than does his ranking Cabinet member, so long as Assistant Secretary of State is not the badge by which Moley attains to glory.

[*The ninth article in Mr. Ward's series on "F. D. R.—the Boss in the Back Room," will describe the role of Messrs. Morgenthau and Eccles in the story of banking and taxation under the New Deal. It will appear in the issue of July 31.*]

Correspondence

Mr. Stolberg and the Socialist Party

To the Editors of The Nation:

This is in reference to the article on the Socialist Party by Benjamin Stolberg in *The Nation* of June 5.

The statement that the League for Industrial Democracy is subsidizing Norman Thomas is typical of the lack of factual basis for this article. Norman Thomas has not received a salary as an official of the L. I. D. for approximately three years.

The statement that the present Declaration of Principles of the Socialist Party was "fashioned as a compromise by Mr. Thomas" is not true. Neither Norman Thomas nor anyone except the members of the Resolutions Committee saw the document before it was brought to the floor of the Detroit convention. I should also like to see Mr. Stolberg's authority for the statement that "workers' democracy" is Thomas's paraphrase for "dictatorship of the proletariat."

I am authorized by Mr. Thomas to deny that he said at any time that he did not know what the Declaration of the Principles really meant. Possibly this is Mr. Stolberg's method of reporting that the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party referred this document to a committee of lawyers to determine "whether or not the Declaration of Principles made any change in the status of the Socialist Party under the criminal-syndicalism statutes of the various states."

The statement that the New Deal is doing pretty much what the Socialist Party would have done indicates a profound ignorance of basic socialism and of the expressed plans of the party. Morris Hillquit and Norman Thomas publicly called upon Franklin Roosevelt within two weeks of his inauguration to demand public ownership of banks instead of alleged banking reform. The National Executive Committee stated on July 3, 1933 (the NIRA was adopted June 16, 1933) that "the NIRA is an effort to stabilize *capitalism*" and "will operate to preserve for the owners the privilege of wringing profits from workers through low wages and high prices."

The statement that the New York State organization refuses to abide by the referendum on the Declaration of Principles is untrue. The New York State Committee has acknowledged that this document is binding on all party members but reserves its unquestioned right to advocate its amendment or repeal.

I do not challenge Mr. Stolberg's right to appoint himself the Walter Winchell of the radical movement and I do not attempt to contradict his scurrilous characterizations of various party members. This is a matter of free opinion and still permitted in this country. It is, however, a matter of considerable surprise that *The Nation* should have published Mr. Stolberg's article without attempting to determine the accuracy of his statements.

New York, June 20 John F. Sullivan,
Secretary, Public Affairs Committee,
Socialist Party of America

To the Editors of The Nation:

During the recent Weyerhaeuser kidnapping case the Chicago *Tribune* published a front-page story purporting to be an interview with an important head of the Washington state police, in which he declared that vengeful radicals connected with the lumber strike were being investigated and were probably connected in some way with the kidnapping. The editors of *The Nation* would, I am sure, join in deploring and protesting such vicious journalism, but you have apparently no qualms about publishing an article on the Socialist Party by Benjamin Stolberg which is no more responsible or objective than the *Tribune's* story of the kidnapping.

Stolberg reveals a highly developed ability to wisecrack at no point matched by his ability to assemble facts. A critic has only to point out the contradiction between the fact of the increase in membership of the Socialist Party and the statement that the Socialist Party is losing ground. Most laughable of all is Mr. Stolberg's assertion that the Socialist Party as a force in the trade-union movement completely disintegrated with the coming of the New Deal and the NRA. Before 1932 and particularly before the NRA the Socialist Party was an insignificant and dwindling factor in the trade-union movement, and every mite of increase has occurred in the last few years; in fact, while political successes have not been noticeable, the most encouraging thing for those who know what is going on in the Socialist Party is its growing orientation toward and influence in the trade-union movement.

As for the statement that the Declaration of Principles was referred to a lawyers' committee to see if it was legal, that is a distortion which reveals the complete lack of accurate information characteristic of the article throughout.

I will not try to take up the long series of unsupported and uncheckable assertions, such as that the Socialist Party program and psychology are adequately delineated in the New Deal, but I should like to mention two things which Mr. Stolberg ignores. The first is the steady and healthy growth of the Wisconsin movement as distinguished from the strictly Milwaukee Socialist organization. In the recent judicial election, when the reactionary Republican incumbent, with the indorsement of the Progressive Party of the La Follettes, was elected with 385,000 votes, the Socialist candidate in a judicial election ran up a total of 218,000 votes, twice the total cast for a Socialist candidate in the state before.

The other matter is the undisputed fact of Socialist leadership in the newly formed Workers' Alliance of America, the only significant national organization of the unemployed, and in the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, springing directly from Socialist inspiration and declared by the students of Southern farmer and labor movements to be one of the most successful unions of white and Negro working farmers yet achieved in America.

Chicago, June 22 Arthur G. McDowell,
Executive Secretary,
Local Cook County Socialist Party

PUBLIC

The Rights of *Man*

To the Editors of The Nation:

For over a year federal officials have made a determined effort to suppress the anarchist journal *Man*, and to punish anyone connected remotely with its publication. Subscribers have failed to receive copies of various issues; foreign-born readers have been intimidated by personal visits from government operatives. Vincent Ferrero and Dominick Sallitto, Italian restaurant keepers who rented editorial space to the publishers, have been ordered deported to Italy where certain execution or long imprisonment awaits them. The hounding of this particular radical publication, not by state but by federal officials, is a grim foreboding of what may happen to the entire nonconformist press if determined resistance is not aroused. My sympathies with the Communist Party are a matter of record. I disagree with the policy of *Man* concerning the Soviet Union, and I do not think that the anarchist millennium can materialize overnight. But the obligation of every radical group to defend the democratic privileges of another group is as elementary as was the obligation to defend Sacco and Vanzetti. Our internecine differences may be settled after the establishment of the new social order. For the present, it is the duty of all liberal and radical individuals and groups to protest to Postmaster General Farley against the treatment accorded *Man*. Equally important is the obligation to protest to Secretary of Labor Perkins against the proposed deportation of Ferrero and Sallitto. We cannot afford to split hairs in a storm!

Austin, Texas, June 10 HAROLD PREECE

Auction Block

To the Editors of The Nation:

Perhaps you do not know about the revival of slavery that is going on in the Bronx. The people who suffer from it are domestic workers, and I am one myself. We go out to the street corners on Walton Avenue between 160th and 170th streets and wait for white women to come along and buy our labor. Sometimes it is only for two or three hours, but the white women haggle till they get the price down to ten cents an hour. Sometimes they put their clocks back to cheat us.

The Negro *Liberator* has reported these conditions but they ought to be reported in all the papers or they will never be stopped. Please print this letter. I ask all your women readers please not to go to the auction block for their domestic help, but get in touch with the Domestic Unit of the Building Service Workers Employees, at 236 West Fifty-fifth Street. Pay union wages—give us houseworkers a chance!

New York, June 25 A. VERA JONES

An Appeal for Milk

To the Editors of The Nation:

May we have a few inches of your space for the urgent appeal of 250 children who will go without one of the most vital essentials of healthy childhood—milk—unless we succeed in enlisting widespread support in their behalf?

These children are the wards of the Prisoners' Relief Department of the International Labor Defense. Their fathers, political prisoners, are serving from one year to life in the jails and penitentiaries of the United States as a result of their activity in the labor movement. Their mothers are discriminated against by local relief authorities; they cannot find work.

Their sole support is a regular monthly relief check sent them through our organization. We feel sure that every justice-loving person who learns of their plight will be glad to support the drive for our Summer Milk Fund. These children live in small mining towns, farm areas, and cotton plantations, which have not the free-milk facilities sometimes found in larger centers. They depend entirely upon the generous support of the world outside. All contributions no matter how small will be welcomed by the Prisoners' Relief Department of the International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street.

New York, July 1 ANNA DAMON,
Acting National Secretary

The Mother Lode Strike

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your issue of June 5 carried a very worthy article by Milla Zenovich entitled The Mother Lode Mines Strike. In the last paragraph, however, the following error appears:

> At the beginning of the strike, government intervention was sought, and a conciliator was sent to Jackson. At the end of one day's investigation—he is not known to have gone into the mine—he advised the men to return to work and to negotiate with the company without the protection of their union standing.

It was Mr. Timothy A. Reardon, chairman of the California State Industrial Acceptance Commission, who took the position that the strikers should return to work without the protection of their union standing. Two government conciliators entered the field, but neither of them assumed to make any such statement and one of them announced publicly that he had stated to the mine workers that should any violence occur in the Jackson area, the owners would be responsible.

Sacramento, June 19 J. L. R. MARSH,
Secretary, Sacramento Federated Trades Council

"BRICKBATS AND ORCHIDS"
A COMING NEW BOOK
For and against modern active dated money (Non-STAMP) by Editors, Economists, etc., of world-wide reputation and up and coming young Lippmanns, Mark Sullivans, Brisbanes, etc. Editorial Board of well-known men to select articles. Variable time limits and amount of exchange fees provide regulation and control on a scientific basis. Read "Debt and Production" by Bassett Jones. Part of proceeds from book sales to be offered Institute of Public Affairs, University of Virginia, at tenth annual session in 1936, as an endowment fund for research in special subjects along Brookings Institution lines. **"I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man"** Thomas Jefferson, Founder University of Virginia. Recent high spot bibliography "Money in Motion," John Chamberlain, **New Republic**, June, 1933. "Mayor Unterguggenberger's Plan," Hans Cohrssen, **New Outlook**, March, 1933, "Booms and Depressions" and "Stamp Scrip" by Irving Fisher, Yale, **Esquire**, May, 1935, "A Matter of Modesty" by Ezra Pound, about Silvio Gesell.
THIS WEEK'S SESSION UNUSUAL! Why not attend? Address me University of Virginia until July 15th. Yours for streamlined private capitalism, sound money, taxes from increased business volume and Money in Motion and the desire to uncover new hard-hitting ward Engineers able to take either side. P.S. Should banks be allowed exchange fees as a profit!
J. B. N. CARDOZA.

Psychic Impotence
Is the title of the feature article in the July issue of The Modern Psychologist. Causes, treatment and cure of the various phases of impotence are being discussed in a frank, though scientific, manner.
This article is an important contribution and should not only clarify prevailing common mistakes, but also help to destroy false ideas of virility.
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Labor and Industry

Tacoma: Timber and Tear Gas

By SELDEN C. MENEFEE

Seattle, July 3

BAYONETS and tear gas have been brought to Tacoma, the greatest lumber center in the Pacific Northwest, by the lumber operators in their attempt to break the strike of 40,000 sawmill and timber workers for a living wage. On Sunday, June 23, Washington's Governor, Clarence D. Martin, stood at attention at Fort Lewis, near Tacoma, while 7,600 national guardsmen from their summer encampment passed in review. The next morning 300 troops were ordered into Tacoma; on Tuesday the number was doubled. The strikers call the boys "Governor Martin's tin soldiers." The guardsmen are mainly youngsters, many of them only seventeen years old. The story is told in Tacoma that one of them, unused to handling a bayonet, swung sharply and cut the cheek of the youngster next to him, who thereupon burst into tears. All these troops are recruits from the agricultural region east of the Cascade Mountains. The boys who hail from the Puget Sound Region have many friends on strike, and some have union cards themselves.

The effect of this military strategy has been to make the strikers more radical than they were before. They blame the Governor, not the guardsmen. Many have lost what confidence they had in the impartiality of an arbitration board appointed by a government that allows troops to be used against them. Public sympathy has also been turned toward the strikers. Five thousand citizens of Tacoma got tear gas in their eyes in Monday morning's Battle of the Eleventh Street Bridge. At that time several hundred pickets and sympathizers were driven by the National Guard across the bridge between the industrial and business sections to clear the way to the mills for strike-breakers.

Technically, Tacoma is not under martial law, the Governor never having bothered to declare it to be so. The troops are "assisting the state police in preserving law and order." The state police had previously been used to protect the loading and shipping of "unfair" lumber on trucks without visible license plates at Lowell and other points. They have used tear gas freely in Tacoma. According to Hubert K. Spahr, president of the Tacoma Sawmill and Timber Workers' Union, state troopers arrested two pickets at a logging camp at Vale, near Tacoma, where they were picketing peacefully. These men were forced to run ahead of the patrol car for nearly two miles and when they fell down were beaten until they stumbled to their feet again. A Tacoma labor attorney is filing suit for these workers against the state government. As a result of these and other incidents the state police are cordially hated by the strikers, who merely express contempt for the National Guard.

The power of the mill-owners to control governmental policies, as well as the avenues of publicity, is becoming clear to the strikers. The daily press actually stated that the troops were called out at the request of the lumber operators, against the wishes of the mayor of Tacoma. Governor Martin, in a radio address to the people of the state on June 26, spoke of the "right to work," and the need for protecting the "workers" who wished to return to the mills. All the daily papers have adopted the policy of referring to the strike-breakers as "workers," as opposed to the "agitators," strikers, and pickets. Newspapers told of 1,300 "workers" functioning in fourteen mills on July 2; but the official union count of men entering the mills that same day was 566, or about one-sixth of the normal crew. A headline reads, "Mill Operators Watching Tacoma," and Governor Martin is quoted as saying that mill operators in other sections of the state are cheered by the events in Tacoma and are contemplating reopening their plants. He said that he stood ready to consider the applications for troops "if the operators and local authorities feel unable to control the situation."

If this military drive to break the strike succeeds, a new series of red raids is to be expected. Already signs of fascism are apparent. All picketing is prohibited by military order. The city council on June 26 voted to allow the strikers to stage a tag sale to support the strike, but Brigadier General Carlos Pennington of the National Guard refused to allow the tags to be sold on the streets. Pedestrians are not allowed to stop in certain areas of town. Tacoma and Seattle police were said by the papers to be cooperating in getting the names of any "radicals" coming in from other towns to "agitate." A meeting of 500 persons called in Firemen's Park by several left-wing groups on Wednesday was dispersed by National Guard troops generously supplied with tear gas. Homes of strike-breakers are protected at night by guardsmen. President Spahr of the Tacoma union and several other strikers were arrested on June 27 and held in the armory for several hours without charges. The Seattle branch of the American Civil Liberties Union investigated, but could find no record of the arrests. Spahr is suing the National Guard commander for false imprisonment.

The mediation board appointed by Secretary Perkins on June 26 consists of Judge Roscoe R. Smith of Seattle, Judson W. Shorett, a Seattle attorney, and Father George E. Thompson, a Portland priest. But Governor Martin, who was elected as a liberal Democrat, expresses opposition to arbitration, except "in certain cases." The mill operators, with their eyes still on Tacoma, oppose any arbitration. And the strikers in most places have adopted a policy of refusing to arbitrate, since such a step would mean that their demands for union recognition, a thirty-hour week, and seventy-five cents an hour would be lost or hopelessly compromised. So the battle will probably continue until the strike is broken or won.

The morale of the strikers is holding up well. Since the loggers are also out, the mills can operate only as long as the logs on hand last, if they succeed in getting the wheels turning. Longshoremen in all ports are refusing to handle lumber which is picketed by the mill workers. Protests by the thousand have been sent to Governor Martin and to President Roosevelt by trade unions and other organizations.

One striker said to me, "What have I got to look

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forward to if we go back to work now? I was making an average of $13 a week, working three or four days a week, last winter. Even if we get our demands, we'll have a hard road trying to support the kids on $22.50 a week, some weeks. Look at Weyerhaeuser and the rest of the timber barons! And yet they say they can't afford to pay us a living wage. I'd rather stay on relief for a year than see this strike lost. We're staying out."

A visit to the Tacoma strike headquarters on Wednesday provided further proof of the strikers' solidarity. They had not attempted to picket that morning; but at 8:30 a.m., when the guards were loaded on their trucks and retired temporarily for the first time in two days, the strikers were greatly cheered. They immediately organized picket lines, three men for each gate of every mill, and the pickets functioned like clockwork until the return of the troops that evening. At strike headquarters a soup kitchen serves coffee for the strikers at all hours and dinners at noon. In the rear is a large hall with neat benches made by the strikers themselves.

Tacoma's local of the Sawmill and Timber Workers' Union is controlled by the rank and file. It is integrated with the other strike centers chiefly through the Northwest Joint Strike Committee, a left-wing body with offices in Everett. The locals of nearly every important lumber center in the Northwest, with the exception of Bellingham and Seattle, are also affiliated with this committee. Seattle is expected to affiliate by next week. This rank-and-file movement for control was a revolt against the activities of the old-line union heads, especially Abe Muir, district representative of the Carpenters' and Joiners' International, of which the Sawmill and Timber Workers' Union is an offshoot. Muir attempted to get the men to go back to work in Longview, Portland, and other places under secret agreements which he worked out with their employers. In Longview, when the men found that the agreement did not include union recognition, and that it involved an increase of only five cents an hour over their former wage of forty-five cents, with no decrease in hours, they went back on strike the following day. Muir then took away the charter of the Longview local. In Aberdeen he has split the union by organizing the loggers and the mill workers into separate locals. In other places a red-baiting campaign has been used by the old-time "labor leaders" to prevent the locals from affiliating with the rank-and-file Joint Strike Committee. In Seattle more effort has been devoted to fighting the "reds" than to winning the strike, but in spite of the conflict within the union the strike continues to be solid in nearly every locality.

The policy of the Northwest Joint Strike Committee is that of mass action. It advocates strong picket lines, and has flying squadrons from Everett and other centers of militancy traveling constantly to bolster up weak points. It also raises funds for the neediest locals. At Wednesday's strike meeting in Tacoma it was announced that $220 had been received from the locals in Aberdeen, Olympia, and Everett alone. In view of the increasing strength of this committee, it is probable that any negotiations by the employers will have to be carried on through it. Recognition of the union is the first thing demanded; if that is granted, negotiations for wage increases and shorter hours will be referred for decision to the locals directly concerned.

The lumber strike expresses the growing militancy of the labor movement in the Pacific Northwest. On July 6 the strike enters its third month. Latest reports indicate that the lumber barons are staking everything on an attempt to force open the mills. On July 1 state police were on hand at Longview and Aberdeen to "protect the rights of the workers." Tear gas was again used to disperse mass picket lines. Those going back to work also have the sanction of the Carpenters' and Joiners' International, which has finally disowned the rank-and-file locals which insisted on voting on the terms of the settlement before they returned to work. But in spite of the combined attack of the operators and the labor "leaders," less than 200 men out of 3,500 returned to work in Longview, and a like proportion at Aberdeen. The outcome depends on whether the rank and file of the unions can continue to hold their strike lines solid in the face of this offensive.

Redder than the Roosevelts

By HEYWOOD BROUN

A KIND client has sent to me my dossier from Mrs. Albert Dilling's "The Red Network," which unfortunately I had not read at all. This single all-too-slender biography has sold the book to still another customer. I am fascinated not only by the subject matter but caught up with the manner of the telling. The style is terse and also free. Mrs. Dilling is, I suspect, own cousin to the Garble sisters whose dialogues are featured by Hi Phillips in his Sun Dial column.

But let me quote and try to show how completely an endearing revolutionary can be limned within the span of a couple of sticks. Had they been chafed together, think of the fire which might have been engendered. That is not the Dilling method. Dispassionately the author states her case and lets the reader soak it in. Here goes:

> Broun, Heywood: New York *World-Telegram* newspaperman; resigned from Socialist Party recently, saying, it was reported, that it was not radical enough for him; Rand School; wife, Ruth Hale of Lucy Stone Lg., went to Boston to help stage last-minute Sacco-V. protest meeting (N. Y. *Post*, Aug. 10, 1927); ousted as columnist for N. Y. *World* because of friction over his abuse of the authorities in the Sacco-V. matter; at once engaged by radical *Nation;* principal speaker at Level Club, N. Y. C., blacklist party of speakers barred by D. A. R. as subversives, May 9, 1928. James Weldon Johnson, colored radical, was master of ceremonies and mock trial for revocation of D. A. R. charter was held, Norman Thomas being the judge and Arthur Garfield Hays one of the attorneys; nat. com. W. I. R., 1929; nat. com. W. R. Lg., 1930-31; L. I. D. (bd. dir., April, 1931); Recep. Com. Soviet Fliers; Fed. Unemp. Wkrs. Lgs. N. Y., 1933; contrib. *New Masses,* 1933; Nat. Scottsboro Com. of Action, 1933; Emer. Com. Strike Rel., 1933; Il Nuovo Mondo Nat. Com.; supporter Rand Sch., 1933; nat. coun. Berger Nat. Found.; Nat. Com. to Aid Vic. G. Fascism; pres. and org. Am. Newspaper Guild, 1933; Conf. Prog. Pol. Act., 1933-4; Roosevelt appointee, Theatrical Code Authority, 1933.

It is true that I am the pres. but I am not the org. of the Am. Newspaper Guild and most bitterly do I wish to enter a denial of the last accusation hurled by Mrs. Dilling. President Roosevelt did not appoint me to the Theatrical Code Authority. In all fairness to Mrs. Dilling it must be admitted that she did not weave this serious charge out of whole cloth. I must admit that I sat at one hearing before the theatrical code administrator and that Mrs. Rumsey had informed me that I was there to represent the consuming public. But I was not alone in this reckless deed. Side by side with me sat Joseph Wood Krutch, who, as I later learned, is bd. of eds. and drm. ctc., and lit. ctc. of the *Nat.* At the end of the session, in which William A. Brady, thr. pd., made a long and eloquent speech, a Mr. Rosenblatt asked me if I wanted to say anything. I told him no. He then asked Joseph Wood Krutch, ed. radical *Nat.*, who was almost as eloquent. I was informed that I could get my expenses by turning in an account at the proper office but it happened to be at the far end of the Commerce Building on one of the uncharted corridors and so I said, "Oh, what the hl. I'll stake my country to the $6.15." And that, as Jvh. (Bibl. dty.) is my witness, is the only warrant for the charge that I was appointed to the Thl. Cd. Athy.

That was all the consuming or the theatrical public ever heard from me. And in justice to Mr. Rosenblatt it should be added that undoubtedly when he asked me if I had anything to say he was not cognizant of the fact that I was nat. com. W. I. R. In bringing this matter to light I'll freely confess that Mrs. Dilling has me worried. Indeed, this one revelation in "The Red Network" keeps me tossing and turning at night. Like the young lady in the song, I couldn't say yes and I couldn't say no. Nor is it sufficient to ask indulgence on account of the fact that this was way back in 1929 when I was a young man only nineteen years out of college. How on earth can I explain or justify my being nat. com. W. I. R. when I have not the slightest recollection of what the W. I. R. may be?

Of course, it could be World Institute Reds or Wabbling into Republicanism. Or for that matter the When in Rome Society. The best I can do is to say that, whether I was a W. I. R. or not in the past, its purposes and its practices elude me now. I can truthfully say that I haven't been to any W. I. R. dance, banquet, or business meeting in the last five years. It must be that I was trying to forget and in this I have succeeded admirably. But there is just one tragic possibility. Perhaps Mrs. Dilling has also forgotten. Come on, Mrs. D., be a good scout and tell me what the W. I. R. is or was so that I can make amends and once more sleep peacefully at night.

Mrs. Dilling has fallen into an inaccuracy in stating that Broun, Heywood (with a little better detective work she might have dug out the "Campbell" for the middle) was "ousted as columnist for N. Y. *World* because of friction over his abuse of authorities in the Sacco-V. matter." My abuse of the authorities did lead to a situation during which I absented myself from the columns of the *World* for several months. That was of my own volition. I got fired by Ralph Pulitzer, almost a year later, after I had returned to the job. The offense was an article in the "radical *Nation*" attacking the editorial policy of the N. Y. *World* as administered largely by Walter Lippmann, p.s.b. Lest there be confusion I may state that p.s.b. is in no sense a radical organization. Some of the most respectable people in the American community belong to it. I appointed them myself. Nicholas Murray Butler is a member and William Randolph Hearst might very appropriately be the org. of this large and inclusive fraternal organization. Madison Square Garden being solidly booked for the season, the members of the p. s. b. have no clubhouse at the moment, although I believe guest privileges have been offered them by the S. N. S. S.—Society of Native Stuffed Shirts.

But to get back to Mrs. Dilling and her all-too-brief biography of Broun, Heywood. Much as I regret to say it, I feel that we have both failed. She has not made out her case and I do not deserve the accolade she has offered. As I read the account of the activities of this "*World-Telegram* newspaperman" I find, not the solid outlines of a red, but merely the portrait of a joiner. Better luck next time Mrs. D.

Another Language

IN the annual report of the Department of Labor Miss Frances Perkins wrote as follows:

> Labor policy in a democracy is not a program conceived by a government. It is a program of action which the people who earn their living as wage-earners and those who employ them in a profit-making enterprise must work out together in a society which develops naturally out of the work that they do and the life that they lead.
>
> The function of the government is to serve as a stimulating agency to facilitate the formation of such a policy, which will be just and fair to all the people and in the line of human progress.

Here is an authorized translation by, say, a New England textile worker:

> I'm a weaver, a skilled weaver ("the people who earn their living as wage-earners"). During the war I used to get as high as forty and fifty dollars a week. Course that was a lot of money. Most of the time I've made a lot less, but I figure a weaver even in these times ought to get about twenty-five dollars a week. It's skilled work you know. But there's a lot of people out of work and the boss ("those who employ them in a profit-making enterprise") says he ain't making any profit; maybe he's not but he keeps the books. So he keeps cutting wages because he knows he can get away with it with all those people wanting a job. ("It is a program of action which [wage-earners and employers] work out together in a society which develops naturally out of the work that they do and the life that they lead.")
>
> Well, then the government comes along and sets up that minimum wage. Before that I was making twenty dollars a week some of the time. But now everybody except maybe the loom fixers and those others that have strong unions are getting the minimum whether they're skilled or not. And when the government let the mills shut down 25 per cent, people were getting about $9 a week. ("The function of the government is to serve as a stimulating agent to facilitate the formation of such a policy, which will be just and fair to all the people and in the line of human progress.") By the way [concluded the textile worker] there was a swell Fourth of July speech at the fairgrounds last week.

Books

To the Tall Buildings New York

By ROSS EDWARDS PIERCE

"But who were the mighty men who put up these tremendous buildings,
These latter day Scyldings
Who with gigantic and sky-tapering finger were given
To challenge heaven—

"Who with granite and nail and cable
Put up such topless towers that only the Furies of Time and of Night might disable—

"Whose countless brown rows
Now
After a thousand years still look out sternly and unperturbed from under their shaggy and disheveled brows?"

"Some say they had compass and quadrant from a people were Seamen rare,
Voyagers of the air,
Who though less than a fly
Still had a magical method to manage the sky.

"Others that they had strange power in bottomless caverns of the heart
Dwelling apart,
And designed
Climbing the tall cliffs of infinity within the mind.

"At any rate we know
When winter glistens the tower-tops cataracting up row on row
That they understood the white sanctity of snow.

"And in the violet fields of the late West when God puts up the evening pasture bars
Where yonder turrets are
They held high converse with the coming stars."

"But where are the mighty men who put up these tremendous buildings,
For surely they were Scyldings—
Has Time then banished
These too with all the rest who now have vanished?"

"Nay, that is known.
Their bodies are one
With the strong serenity of stone.
But as for their souls—where are the waves o' the sea that each heaves upward and gleams—and then in a moment is gone.

"Only this, this
There were some—a steel cutter or a painter and sometimes the devil got jealous of their paints—
And they fell—they were the saints.

"But when the wind sweeps along
Over the topmost girders why you can hear them singing in its melodious song.

"And when the shadows of the evening fall
Massive and somber over their walls—
Dim emerald,
Then high up from a thousand watchman windows
Why you can hear them call . . ."

Radix Malorum

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre. By B. Traven. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

It is not hard to understand why the two books of this author have enjoyed such an enormous vogue in the various European countries in which they appeared before being published in English. If "The Death Ship" has sold over a million and a half copies in Soviet Russia, and sold over 200,000 copies in Germany before it was banned by the Hitler government, the reason is to be found in the fact that it is based on a situation which, while realistically conceived and rendered, is actually a symbolical representation of much that is weighing upon the European mind at present. Unlike the Falladas, the Célines, and the majority of the Marxist writers, Mr. Traven is not so much concerned with expressing an abstract point of view toward the modern world as with offering an epitomized impression of that world so vivid and complete that the reader can arrive at a point of view of his own. He is almost entirely free from the greatest of all the vices of the contemporary fiction writer, which is to work from the idea to the experience. In both his books the experience constitutes the pattern, what T. S. Eliot once called the "objective correlative," for ideas and attitudes that are perhaps only incompletely formulated in the mind. The experience is the idea. And because of this building so solidly on the situation or experience or "story" Mr. Traven has to depend very little on style or the other idiosyncratic graces of the modern novelist. The virtues of his writing, construction and detail, suffer no loss in translation. The "objective correlative" that he supplies for the mood of self-inquiry that is passing over the Western world is comprehensible in every tongue.

The central situation in the present book is one of the oldest known to story-telling. It was old when Chaucer appropriated it for "The Pardoner's Tale," and with minor variations it has never ceased being used in narrative and drama. Yet Mr. Traven has filled it in with such an abundance of freshly imagined anecdote and detail that it produces the effect of a tale that is being told for the first time. Three derelict Americans in Mexico set out on an expedition in search of a fabulous gold mine abandoned centuries ago by the Spaniards when it was found to be under an Indian curse. After many hardships they discover the mine, work at it arduously for many months, and finally depart with their treasure. But on the journey home the oldest of the trio is forced to stay behind in an Indian village, trusting his share of the booty to his companions. One of these is gradually overtaken by the compulsion to kill his comrade and keep all the little bags of gold dust for himself. Forcing the other man into a forest clearing, he shoots him down in cold blood. A little farther on the road, however, he meets with a band of Mexican bandits who deal him out the same fate, severing his head from his body with a single stroke of a machete. The gold dust is scattered to the four winds. It should be added that the main story is supported by a kind of anecdotal history of all the stories of cruelty and bloodshed that have grown up around gold prospecting in Mexico from the time of the Spanish to the present. The book is itself a mine of melancholy information about the effects of gold on races and individual men. It includes also, without departing from the main subject, as profound an insight into the Mexican psychology as will be found in any recent work on the subject. But it is as a parable, in the broadest sense, of the impingement of greed on the whole of a man's character, as in the case of the rather ordinary young American in the story, that the book will appeal to a world that is becoming more and more aware of the importance of the theme. It is certain to meet with the same popularity in Russia and the same disapproval in Germany as the author's first book—and for precisely the same reasons. WILLIAM TROY

Whither America?

American Messiahs. By the Unofficial Observer. Simon and Schuster. $2.

Back to Work: The Story of the P. W. A. By Harold L. Ickes. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Citizen and His Government. By Alfred E. Smith. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The New America and the New World. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. $1.

IN these four books we have timely and cogent comments on the current American political and economic impasse from various angles—the critics and left-wingers, a major spokesman for the New Deal, a leading and articulate member of the American Liberty League, and a talented foreign observer of progressive and collectivistic inclinations.

The breezy and intelligent appraisal of "American Messiahs"—Long, Coughlin, Townsend, Upton Sinclair, Norman Thomas, the La Follette brothers, Milo Reno, General Johnson, Mayor LaGuardia, and others—is written by the same man who gave us a comparable description and evaluation of "The New Dealers" some time back. It is the best volume we have on those who find the New Deal wanting and seek to improve matters—mainly by a leftward swing and the achievement of a real "new deal" of one sort or another. These men are studied without fear, hysteria, or favoritism. Throughout there is the sound implication between the lines that if Mr. Roosevelt and his followers do not like these critics they have nothing to blame except the lack of resoluteness, imagination, courage, and consistency in the New Deal itself. Had Mr. Roosevelt lived up to the promises made and implied in his inaugural address, few of the "messiahs" would today have more than a handful of followers except as occupants of the Roosevelt band-wagon.

Huey Long is shown to be at least consistent and his "Share the Wealth" program no bit of transitory boloney suddenly seized upon to discomfit the Roosevelt Administration. The author prints a letter written by Huey to the press back in 1918 containing the full germ of Long's present thought.

> He can fairly claim to have been consistent in advocating these fundamental issues, which did not become visible to others of our leading statesmen until the depression was biting deep into an unsound economic structure.

If the debatable taste in Huey's political methods is waved aside, the chief argument which can logically and fairly be used against him is skepticism as to whether he would "come through" if placed in a position of power and authority. And the hardest thing for Huey to laugh off here is his record in Louisiana, where he has had the power to instal a local "share the wealth" program. Not even his most fanatical disciples can fairly contend that his record in this regard even faintly approaches the La Follette achievements in Wisconsin. Those who are wise and wish to expose and silence the Kingfish will do well to remind him, in season and out, that social justice, like charity, may well begin at home, and that those who live in glass houses should be wary about throwing stones.

Father Coughlin, "the microphone Messiah," is given credit for having made the country alert to the depredations of Wall Street, and for having done more than anybody else in this country to popularize the social and economic liberalism of certain popes and Catholic leaders. The author predicts that Coughlin will have to choose between going on as a critic and entering active politics at the price of being unfrocked.

The La Follettes are presented as of prime importance for the New Deal. Without their support President Roosevelt is not likely to carry the Middle West in 1936. Hence, their chief utility at present is their power and influence in holding the President loyal to a considerable proportion of his progressive principles. Things have not yet shaped up so as to allow them to head a promising third-party movement.

Norman Thomas and the Socialist Party do not impress the author as having much prospect for growth and power along the line of direct Socialist expansion and triumph. But they may serve as a very important—indeed, indispensable—stimulus to Roosevelt through impelling him to take the lead in "gradualistic" social transition. The volume is almost uniformly good and intelligent, and constitutes a real contribution to what is, for a time at least, one of the most important phases of current American history.

There is one threadbare but persistent American tradition which needs to be corrected. The publishers tell us that the book deals with "the more important members of the 'lunatic fringe.'" It is high time that Americans came to understand who are the real lunatics. We should put aside the respectable illusion that soundness and sanity are represented by the methods and principles of predatory finance capitalism and that social insanity is to be identified with a passion for social justice. Judged even from sane capitalistic logic, "General" Coxey and "Sockless" Jerry Simpson were far more sane than Mark Hanna, President McKinley, Harriman, the elder Morgan, and the like. And today Milo Reno and "Doc" Townsend, to take the more extreme of the messianic group, are towers of social and economic stability compared to Coolidge, Mellon, the younger Morgan, Owen Young, and their kind. Reno and Townsend at least yearn for a fairer distribution of wealth and the assurance of mass purchasing power—the soundest planks in any capitalistic platform—while the Mellons and the Morgans are doing more to destroy capitalism than all the agitators in America since the first labor troubles in the Virginia of John Smith. A hundred years from now historians will indeed write of a "lunatic fringe" in the America of 1935, but they will not be dealing with the principals in the volume by the "Unofficial Observer."

Secretary Ickes gives us the authoritative apologia for the Public Works Administration of the Roosevelt era. He has wisely decided that the best defense is to tell the story of what has been accomplished and how, rather than to quarrel and cavil with critics over minor issues. The value of the book is greater as a factual summary of the Roosevelt public-works policies and achievements than as a controversial tract, though the Secretary does occasionally sail into his opponents. He makes no effort to conceal the difficulties in restraining the vultures of political patronage and economic greed. Few informed persons doubt that Mr. Ickes is a conscientious, honest, and efficient administrator. His book confirms that impression. However, it is one thing to get public works executed honestly and efficiently, even if a little slowly. It is quite another to

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spend rapidly and widely enough to boom prosperity effectively. For the first purpose the Roosevelt program is moderately well adapted and the Ickes administration superbly suited. But it is fair to raise the question whether enough is being spent and with sufficient expedition to boost capitalism back on its feet. As W. E. Woodward pointed out in his "Money for Tomorrow," restoring prosperity through public spending is like pushing a man out of the ditch. Nothing except a big enough push to get him out will do any good at all.

Now that Alfred E. Smith has aligned himself with property interests and economic reaction, many have hoped that his new book would be a forthright and slashing defense of the principles of the American Liberty League. But they are doomed to disappointment. His book is an excellent statement of political liberalism and a defense of at least moderate state action for social reform. There is little direct criticism of the New Deal and much implied criticism of the principles of the men associated with Mr. Smith in the Liberty League. The philosophy is, for the most part, that of the Al Smith of pre-1932 days. The volume is chiefly based on the former governor's political experience in New York. It would make admirable assigned reading for a course in state government, and the last chapter is a stinging criticism of the antiquated system of government in New York, which would go for most other states. There is an excellent chapter, built around the prohibition controversy, on law enforcement and the futility of trying to make people good by law, some of which could be quoted with deadly irony relative to Mr. Smith's recent scampering to Albany at the behest of his church to bulldoze the legislature into passing anti-nudist legislation. By and large, if the book is neither novel nor exciting, it is for the most part sound and substantial and reflects far more credit on Mr. Smith than his wisecracks and growls at the New Deal.

The pleasant and incisive little volume by H. G. Wells is the product of a somewhat chastened Wells. When he came to the United States to study the New Deal in 1934, Mr. Wells was inclined to put much store by Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal—even to find that both Stalin and Roosevelt were working toward much the same end without clearly realizing this to be the case. Now, even a rather hasty and "personally conducted" second visit finds him less sure of his ground. Roosevelt is, perhaps, less resolute. Criticism of the New Deal has become more vehement and voluminous. Americans as a whole have made no progress in realistic apprehension of the state of economic life or of world politics and are even less inclined to resolute experiment than a year or so ago. Valuable time is being lost in the moment of crisis.

Mr. Wells is especially interested in Huey Long, Father Coughlin, and other lambasters of the New Deal. While he is not carried off his feet by any of them, he gives a most sane appraisal of the significance of the whole movement of "messianic" protest. It is the natural and logical response to Mr. Roosevelt's failure to live up fully either to his own words or to popular expectations. If we do not get a New Deal, it may not be so long before there will be a demand for "a new sort of game." Especially cogent is Wells's statement of the bankruptcy of the reputable opponents of Long *et al.:*

> The really ominous thing in the contemporary American situation is not what these raucous voices say, but much more what is said against them and still more what is *not* said by way of a reply. I am not so much impressed by what Senator Long or Father Coughlin asserts and suggests as by the unsubstantial weakness of those who would oppose and discredit them. If the inferior voices, so to speak, are raucous and vague, the superior voices seem to me thin and even less explicit than the crowd shouters, and moreover contradictory to an extreme degree.

If things continue as they are today, Mr. Wells sees revolution ahead for America. Yet we are not likely to copy slavishly European precedents:

> It is not communism that threatens America, or any fascism of a European type. These things came in because of the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of the classes and types in charge of affairs in Russia, Germany, and Italy, and their characters were determined by local conditions. It seems to me more probable that an intellectually cruder and more instinctive sort of revolutionism is likely to appear in America, if this confused inexplicitness, this failure to state and direct in a way understandable by the popular mind, on the part of those who should lead in reconstruction, continues.

It would be a rash dogmatist who would predict more specifically the next step in the United States. That predatory capitalism and nose-counting democracy have broken down beyond any effective repair must be conceded. Beyond that it is hard to go just now. If Roosevelt is able to hold his party together through 1936, he is likely to be elected easily and he may then make the long-expected leftward swing. But there is no certainty of this. Even if he does, he will find the going hard through opposition from both right and left. More and more it is becoming apparent that Mr. Roosevelt sowed for the whirlwind by declining to take over the pirate ship of predatory plutocracy in 1933 when its crew was demoralized and its guns in part spiked. Should the Republicans slip back in through a split in the Roosevelt vote of 1932 and 1934, we may expect a rapid suicidal movement within capitalism, for the plutocrats have shown a sheer stupidity and an incapacity for enlightened self-interest which must tax the credulity of even the most dogmatic Marxian.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

General William Booth

God's Soldier: General William Booth. By St. John Ervine. The Macmillan Company. Two Volumes. $7.50.

As a boy St. John Ervine went with his grandmother to Salvation Army meetings, saw the soldiers march to battle, flags flying, drums sounding; saw them return wounded, ragged, and filthy, but always radiant. They had a source of joy that never failed. Twice he heard General William Booth preach in the Ulster Hall, and the memory of "that fiery man whose faith filled the world" remained with him always. Later he wanted to write Booth's life, seeing him as a genius and hero of religion, one of those "who, having no social influence, rebel against authority, defeat authority, and create authority." Such men command his admiration. But when he began to write the task seemed endless. It became not only a life of Booth and of his wife, Catherine, but a saga of the Booth family, a history of the Salvation Army; and this necessitated an "Interlude on the History of Methodism" and an elaborate epilogue on the various schisms that developed after Booth's death, most spectacularly represented by the deposition of Bramwell Booth. "The life is the length it wished to be," says the author, ". . . it took possession." The strong organic relation of the book with its author is obvious. In its amplitude and leisurely pace, its solidity and detail, its wide scope and brilliant portraiture, the complex aspects of the subject are fused with ease and richness; so that we have by a natural progression the life of a man, the chronicle of a family, the growth of a schism, the dynamic story of a religious movement.

William Booth rose out of abject poverty and ignorance to be the leader of millions. His adolescence was spent in a pawnshop which he hated. He knew from personal experience the miseries of industrial England in the desperate forties. He began to preach while still in his teens, at first under the aegis of Methodism. He lost his job in the pawnshop because he would not work on the Sabbath, and came to London, where Catherine Mumford heard him preach and fell in love with him. She was as complete a religious as he, an intense, sickly girl who by the time she was twelve had read her Bible many times and revolted against the harsh determinism of Calvin. The marriage of these two was a great romance. In his old age William Booth still wrote her the letters of a lover. They lived the hard life of itinerant evangelists. Catherine bore eight children in thirteen years, each in a different lodging house. The frail girl performed miracles of endurance. She was second only to him in their own kind of greatness. Only on one point did they ever disagree, and Catherine won. It was on the right of women to preach, and the fact that women were always the equals of men in the army is her work. This was contrary to Methodist doctrine, and the ensuing controversy gave her her first prominence.

Booth could not stay within the Methodist fold. He was too authoritarian to be able to bear authority, too eager, too original in his methods, too much imbued with the conviction of rightness, too justified by his success. Men as ardent as he brought him the offering of their fanaticism and became his trusted lieutenants. Some of his best ideas came from these aides. A saint, a showman, a genius of organization, a despot, he dominated the huge machine completely while he lived, and even left a testament which virtually established a dynasty.

Booth cared only for saving souls and tried to avoid the entanglements which were inevitable if he recognized any connection between poverty and vice. But soup kitchens and rescue homes were inevitable. Little by little the Army acquired property and complications. Its relation to church and state, from outcast, became comparatively respectable. It is strange that its usefulness in scotching discontent was so slowly recognized. The snobbishness of the Established Church hindered this recognition. It was shocked to see the lower orders thoroughly enjoying religion, with noise and vulgar vitality. The Army did what the church couldn't do, as Booth often pointed out in reply to criticism. In the early years policemen looked the other way when the soldiers and lassies were stoned and rolled in the mud. But by dint of jumping up with bleeding foreheads, shouting "Bless you, Brother!" and praying loudly for their assailants, these soon made a profound impression on their audiences. The terrible conditions and the callousness of the well-to-do explain the success of the Army among the "despised and rejected." By the 70's and 80's its value was recognized at least tacitly by the upper classes. Mrs. Booth corresponded with Queen Victoria on the subject of the age of consent; later Booth had an audience with King Edward. Peers and peeresses began to make substantial donations. The Army meanwhile had spread into other countries. The campaigns in France, Switzerland, and America are told in some detail and make excellent reading.

Even before Booth's death there had been murmurs against his arbitrary sway but they were little more than murmurs. With the accession of Bramwell, a man of integrity and administrative genius but without his father's demonic magnetism, clashes within the family and against the family burst into the open. The last three hundred pages are taken up with the story of Bramwell's deposition and various appendices. However valuable for the record these additions are, most readers will feel that the unity of a really magnificent biography is somewhat marred by them. One does not have to share Mr. Ervine's emotional involvement with his subject—or accept his suggestion that once we have discovered all that communism and fascism have to offer us there will be nothing left but religion to turn to—to find this an absorbing book, to admire the skill and humanity with which the author has handled his complex material.

Clara Gruening Stillman

An Old Battle

Fortune and Men's Eyes. By George Cronyn. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

THOUGH the setting of George Cronyn's latest novel is contemporary America, the book is, in its own way, as clearly a "period" novel as was its predecessor, the medieval "Fool of Venus." In "Fortune and Men's Eyes" we find Mr. Cronyn restaging the old battle of man versus society. Ten years ago this might have been a whacking good fight. Today it seems a ludicrous-sad bout between two one-time ring favorites, now aging and punch-drunk. Once this conflict was a popular peg on which any writer might hang his plots. Samuel Butler did it, and Shaw, and Sinclair Lewis, and their works were, in varying degrees, good, because they dramatized a war which was really being waged in the daily life of the time. However, such a conflict can only be symbolized in satisfactory artistic terms if, at the historical moment in question, it truly exists, if, in other words, numbers of individual men actually find themselves pitted against an established, inflexible social code. Now, in 1935, lacking a rigid society, we accordingly lack one of the two protagonists of the drama. Society, being in flux, is as puzzled, as uncertain, as insecure as man himself. There is very little fight left in it. No longer is it possible to imagine the figure of man grappling with the giant of society; we must think of man in society, or of man as society itself.

Therefore, when we discover that the hero of Mr. Cronyn's well-made contemporary novel is compelled, in his race toward his destiny, to run the gauntlet of the whole series of organized, antiquated social and moral taboos, we must believe either that the author has deliberately falsified facts for the sake of a good story or that his novelist's eye is singularly myopic. This hero of Mr. Cronyn's is Byron Peirce, one of three sons of a fleshly but idealistic Presbyterian minister, and, for the son as well as for the harassed father, the sin of sexual indulgence represents man's rebellion against the artificial code that has been pressed down on him, man's assertion of his manliness, of his humanity. Now, Mr. Cronyn to the contrary, I do not believe that it is any longer necessary for a man to assert his manhood by a grim, conscience-stricken fornication; man's sexual independence has by this time been pretty well established. Again in defiance of Mr. Cronyn, I think that the food, the opinions, and the wearing apparel of the Byron Peirces are matters of general indifference to the world in which they live. In consequence, Byron's exposition of his sex-society problem, his struggles with it, and his solution of it seem to me, at best, picayune affairs, and Mr. Cronyn's novel seems anachronistic for its preoccupation with them.

In only one respect does the novel impinge with any pointedness on contemporary reality. Only when Mr. Cronyn touches on the economic aspects of the brothers' lives does his mechanical story spring to life, since on this front alone can it conceivably be said that man still does battle with organized society. It is a pity that Mr. Cronyn should have regarded the economic implications of his family history as of secondary importance, for in his sections on Canadian lumber camps and Minnesota Farmer-Labor campaign battles there are moments when his writing suggests the proletarian saga that must soon be written, and the younger brother, Clyde, has about him slim, fiery touches of the proletarian hero who is even now being imagined.

Mary McCarthy

Marlborough as Soldier

Marlborough, His Life and Times. By the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, C.H., M.P. Volume III, 1702-1704. Volume IV, 1704-1705. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.

THE four years covered by these volumes mark the height of Marlborough's glory as a soldier. He was to win other great battles after Blenheim, but it is with Blenheim that his name is inseparably linked. Including the evolution of the "Grand Design" against Louis XIV, the relations between Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy, the storming of the Schellenberg, and the devastation of Bavaria, nearly half of the two volumes is devoted to the Blenheim campaign. For all the wealth of manuscript material which Mr. Churchill has had at his disposal, his account does not make any large addition to what was already known about the episode, but his narrative gains in clearness and vividness from his own practical acquaintance with warfare and the technical aid given by Colonel R. P. Pakenham-Walsh, a professional student of the campaign with whom he "visited the battlefields and traversed the marches." The devastation of Bavaria which followed the Schellenberg battle, he declares, "was not senseless spite or brutality, but a war measure deemed vital to success and even safety," although "to the wretched sufferers it made no difference what the motive was"; but he also notes, as if by way of apology, that while "perhaps four hundred villages were burned" the devastation was "neither so sure nor so widespread as that which France had inflicted upon the Palatinate a quarter of a century before," and "of course" was "incomparably less efficient than the destruction wrought by the Germans in their withdrawals from France and Belgium in our own times."

Marlborough at this time, however, was much more than a great commander; indeed, the "easiest part" of his task, Mr. Churchill thinks, was "to beat the French in the field." He was the "mainspring" of the Grand Alliance and, with the aid of his staunch friend Godolphin, virtually Prime Minister of England. He was the personal representative of England's foreign policy on the Continent, but he had also to make sure of political support in England for his military program while struggling to obtain "effective military action from the crowd of discordant, jealous, and often incompetent or lukewarm allies." It is the high distinction of Mr. Churchill's biography that it does not allow any one part of Marlborough's career to overshadow others. The irritating obstructiveness of the Dutch, the unique cooperation of Prince Eugene, the difficulties of Queen Anne's first government, and the dreary but inevitable controversy over the Occasional Conformity bill—all find their proportioned place. William III was strong in diplomacy and politics, but dominant military genius was lacking; Frederick the Great had military genius, but the "width and complexity" of the affairs over which he presided were not comparable to those in which Marlborough was absorbed. Only with Napoleon does Mr. Churchill find Marlborough's combination of military, political, and diplomatic functions "applied again upon a Continental scale."

In view of Marlborough's well-known hunger for money and honors, Mr. Churchill's remark that "he liked at odd moments to reflect upon his growing fortune and the princely setting in which his heirs and successors would dwell" seems studiously apologetic. It would, however, have been better for Marlborough, he thinks, if "something like" Godolphin's economical suggestion of a national thanksgiving for Blenheim had been adopted instead of the gift of the royal manor of Woodstock, on which the Queen proposed to build Blenheim Castle, and a permanent grant of £5,000 a year, for the rewards were later to disturb both his happiness and his dignity. Fortunately,

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there is little else in Marlborough's character or bearing to apologize for in these four years. If ever a biography deserved to be called definitive, this one does, for if what is still to come equals what we already have, there will be one period of English history which will not need to be reworked on either its political or its diplomatic side.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Law as Sociology

Law and the Social Sciences. By Huntington Cairns. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

FOR a long time now jurists with flushed faces and rapid pulses have been talking about the need for a sociological jurisprudence. The need for a stock-taking has occurred to Mr. Cairns, a young Baltimore lawyer, who has read widely in the social sciences. He has surveyed successively the contributions to legal science of anthropology, economics, sociology, psychology, and political theory. The results, as he has developed them in the course of his review, appear surprisingly meager despite the fact that he is highly sympathetic with the aspirations of sociological jurisprudence. Again and again Mr. Cairns's critical sense forces him to admit that this or that contribution of the social sciences is of no great value to the jurist. In view of this it becomes particularly depressing to consider that other contributions which he accepts will not stand a more searching analysis, or that they represent theories which are not indispensable to legal progress. It was certainly realized, for instance, long before the formulation of the theory of cultural lag that legal institutions were often anachronistic, and as Mr. Cairns takes pains to emphasize, the Roman jurists were, after all, the first sociologists.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Cairns's survey describes the contribution of anthropologists in clarifying the origins of primitive legal institutions. Only too frequently eminent legal historians have talked glibly of this or that characteristic of early law in blissful ignorance of anthropological investigations. But even here it is easy to make much of their failings. It should be remembered that they are dealing with the legal history of the cultured peoples, and that a generalization which will not hold good of the Trobriand Islanders may be valid with respect to the history of Greek or Roman or English law. In this connection it is unfortunate that Mr. Cairns has omitted altogether to survey the contributions of social and economic historians in illuminating various phases of legal history.

In view of the importance of "human nature" in legal problems, it might be supposed that psychology would have particularly great contributions to make. But Mr. Cairns only succeeds in demonstrating that it has surprisingly little to offer. A great deal of attention has been attracted in recent years by examination of legal rules of evidence in the light of psychological experiments. Many of the tested rules, however, have stood up surprisingly well. Moreover, the importance of this type of investigation is confined largely to Anglo-American law. Other systems do not have a law of evidence in the sense of a complex of exclusionary rules, but admit all logically probative facts.

Of more importance is the fact that psychological truth is not always legal truth, for there are political elements involved in legal administration which often make inadvisable the application of psychological knowledge. Thus Mr. Cairns ridicules the rule that damages will not be awarded for the effects of fright unaccompanied by physical injury, on the ground that psychologists have shown that fear may often produce palpable if not devastating effects on the human organism. This may readily be conceded, but the legal rule might still rest upon the risk of encouraging fraud in accident litigation.

The political dangers of an enthusiastic application of social science can be best illustrated by the history of penology. Mr. Cairns omits any consideration of penology on the ground that it has been written about too much, but an examination of penological theories would have been highly instructive in connection with the correlation of law and social sciences. It would have been interesting to demonstrate that penological theories are often utopian, not because of their inherent character, but because of the realities of judicial administration in the milieu in which we live.

Curiously, the longest but least interesting chapter of Mr. Cairns's book is devoted to law and economics. His review here breaks down because of the very richness of the material! His selection of such specific topics for discussion as taxation and small loans seems arbitrary. On the other hand, his elaborate examination of the nature and justification of property seems far removed from legal practicalities, and in at least one respect is highly scholastic. Mr. Cairns insists that property is purely "a legal relation," and hence that the physical nature of property is of no importance to the jurist. This, in view of the obvious importance of the traditional distinction between real and personal property, is rather startling. According to his theory, a mortgage on an automobile would be governed by precisely the same formalities as a mortgage on the Empire State Building.

The confusion in Mr. Cairns's book is due fundamentally to the present immaturity of the social sciences. He has wisely eschewed in his review any general disquisitions on method. But the confusion would have been lessened if he had kept in mind more constantly and consistently the internal problems and limitations inherent in legal method. The chief value of sociological jurisprudence has lain in its fundamental point of view. But its importance in this respect is too easily exaggerated, particularly in the field of the ordinary civil law, in which it is often important merely that a recognized and well-established rule be available. Much has been heard of the undesirability of attempting to deduce results from existing legal precepts by exercises in pure logic irrespective of social needs. But the mischief has only too often been due not to the fact that the logical method has been used but to the fact that the logic has been bad. Moreover, those who have campaigned for sociological jurisprudence have proceeded on the theory that judges have gone wrong largely because they have had inadequate knowledge of social processes. But the mischief, of course, has lain far more in their self-interest than in their ignorance of sociological method.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Contributors to This Issue

RICHARD LEE STROUT is a Washington correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

L. O. PRENDERGAST is a Los Angeles journalist living at present in Mexico City.

HAROLD J. LASKI is professor of political science at the University of London and author of "Democracy in Crisis."

SELDEN C. MENEFEE is a teaching assistant in sociology at the University of Washington.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is on the editorial staff of the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is the author of "Samuel Butler."

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a historian and journalist.

WILLIAM SEAGLE was assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences until its recent completion.

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SENATOR BLACK'S COMMITTEE investigating the utilities lobby rushed into action by calling to the witness stand Philip H. Gadsden, chairman of the Committee of Public Utility Executives. At once it was divulged that this organization had raised $151,865 from twenty-six utility companies, and that another $150,000 had been supplied by the Edison Electric Institute to pay two New York law firms. A further $50,000 had come in from utility companies, but according to Mr. Gadsden this is still on hand. Though summoned unexpectedly he had a statement ready, prepared with exemplary care, showing apportionment of every cent until June 30. But the statement chiefly covered printing and mailing, and did not even touch the cost of sending telegrams to Members of Congress. A memorandum found in Mr. Gadsden's files, presumably addressed to holding-company members, contained this sentence: "Your own advertising will further stimulate editorial comment all over the country." Mr. Gadsden professed to know nothing about it. Senator Black wisely decided to postpone further hearings while the groundwork of a nation-wide inquiry was laid. But the session was enough to demonstrate that the Senate committee means to uncover the utility lobby if it can be done, as against the House Rules Committee, also presumably investigating it but interested more in the activities of the Administration in behalf of the holding-company bill. Representative Brewster's charge against Thomas Corcoran has been fully aired. The propriety of Corcoran's activities is now merged into the greater question of the propriety of any attempt of the Administration to press forward its own program. But Mr. Brewster in raising this issue discredited himself as a man without convictions and as having an unhealthy preoccupation with the problem of how best to get himself reelected.

WHEN CONGRESSMAN DIES introduced his bill for bigger and better deportations he put it forward as a cure for unemployment. "If there were no aliens in this country," he said, with all the self-confidence of a patent-medicine advertisement, "we would not have an unemployment problem." The conservative press pounced upon his kindergarten economics and informed the Congressman that aliens are also consumers; and no less a person than Commissioner of Immigration MacCormack revealed that his mathematics were as bad as his economics by pointing out that the number of immigrants illegally in the United States may be estimated at 100,000 and not 3,500,000, as Mr. Dies, out of an overheated imagination, had asserted. But a reading of the bill itself indicates that its concern is not with solving unemployment. As we pointed out in our issue of July 3, the bill would require every alien to hold a permit from the Department of Labor. "The Labor Department," reads the text, "shall not issue a permit to work to any alien unless such alien can show that he entered the United States legally and is of good moral character and has not been convicted of a crime involving moral turpitude and is not engaged in subversive political agitation or conduct, and unless the alien or his employer can show that there is no American citizen able and willing to accept or hold the job or position." Here is language as vicious as it is loose. Like the Tydings bill to protect the armed forces from propaganda, the Kramer bill providing a heavy fine and imprisonment for persons suggesting the "propriety" of "overthrowing the government by force and violence," and the Dickstein bill to deport aliens who disseminate "propaganda from foreign sources," the Dies measure is aimed at the growing number of people in the United States, citizens and non-citizens, who maintain that all is not quite right with our political system. Every one of these bills must be defeated.

CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE throughout the country are marshaling their forces to oppose the President's tax program. Their campaign will not do them great credit. Any economist worthy of the name will tell them that if capitalism is to be saved there must be much heavier direct taxation in all brackets, particularly the upper ones. Capitalism is a system of privilege; it also imposes a responsibility which those who benefit from it must bear. British capitalists know this, and consider most American business men in the kindergarten age for expecting to get their privileges at present rates. The representatives of business before the House committee made a sorry showing. The President's program is far from perfect, but they did not aim at its weak points; they fired at it with broadsides. The estate of the late Harry Payne Whitney, according to Roy C. Osgood, a Chicago banker, would have shrunk under the proposed schedules from $72,700,000 to $26,700,000. This will strike anyone but a banker as more than adequate for an American family. But Mr. Osgood was trying to make Congressional hair stand on end. The weakness in the President's program is that it is not comprehensive. It also puts into operation the philosophy of anti-bigness in its corporation-tax feature. Against this business men might make legitimate protest if they themselves were ready for government control of bigness. But they are ready for nothing but to escape paying their full share of the freight of capitalism. George H. McCaffrey for the Merchants' Association of New York laid down the amazing proposition that the only conceivable purpose of a tax plan is to balance the budget. Unless American capitalists are more seriously interested in creating a more social state, they will be astonished by the rapidity with which capitalism collapses. Its worst enemies are not the radicals but these business men when the subject of tax reform comes up for discussion.

THE TARIFF AGREEMENT with the Soviet Union lifts our relations with Russia to a level of wholesome normality, after the inexplicable collapse of the debt negotiations early this year. The debts were a thing apart from trade, and yet they were permitted to overshadow immediate realities. Now trade comes out of the partial eclipse, and we are assured of Soviet purchases in our markets of more than $30,000,000 worth of goods in twelve months, for which we offer lowered tariffs to Russian goods which should increase our Russian imports to about the same figure. These are not impressive figures but they double our exports during 1934, and more than double our imports. The debt question remains out of the picture, since the agreement was made under the powers vested in the President in the Tariff Act of 1934 and is not subject to Senatorial review. Russia, having no tariffs, offers no tariff reductions, agreeing instead to make the increased purchases. We offer the tariff rates given to Sweden, Belgium, and Haiti—not, be it noted, to Brazil. Brazil was granted a special rate on manganese which will divert some of our normal buying of this metal from Russia. So the bargain with Brazil is being kept. One immediate effect of the agreement was to annoy those Members of Congress who want us to have no truck with Russia even if it increases trade. Since there had been no news of the agreement before it was signed, they charge that the government did not fulfil the requirements of the act, which stipulate that the President shall give reasonable notice of the intention to negotiate an agreement under the act, so that special representations can be made to him by interested persons. We do not know what, if any, notice was given, but as the agreement is of obvious benefit we cannot see that any interest, beyond the maintenance of prejudice, has been injured. The agreement gives Ambassador Bullitt his first sizable success on a mission that has been for him a succession of disappointments.

THE DECISION to crown young Otto, candidate for the throne of Austria, will not be made in Vienna, or in Paris or Rome, but in the capitals of the Little Entente. If they choose, they can accept a Hapsburg restoration as being on the whole preferable to the nazification of Austria, and thus make it certain. Or they can hold to their determination to prevent it even at the cost of war. Rome is now ready for the coronation of Otto. Paris, weighing only its own interests, is not unfriendly to a plan which sets a high hurdle in the way of the Anschluss. But France cannot dominate the Little Entente over this issue as well as the Little Entente can dominate France. Austria has voted to restore to the Hapsburgs the royal property nationalized after the overthrow of the monarchy, and Otto is to be permitted to visit Vienna in a private capacity. Thus the campaign for restoration comes to the edge of success. But Titulescu, Rumania's Foreign Secretary, announces that the Little Entente has not abandoned its principles. "Mobilization," he declares, "would follow as a matter of course if the dynasty were reestablished in Vienna." As he has recently consulted King Carol and Prince Paul, the statement carries full authority. The rulers of Rumania and Jugoslavia agreed, it seems, to consider the restoration of Hapsburg properties as an internal Austrian affair, but to reaffirm their hostility to restoration. In the meantime, Austrian instability is seen in the brutal swiftness with which the Heimwehr leaders seized on the tragic accident in which the wife of Premier Schuschnigg was killed to try to capture his office for Prince Starhemberg, their leader. Had Schuschnigg been injured in the accident, Austria would have had to live through another coup.

THE BRITISH CABINET finally has rejected Lloyd George's "New Deal" after four months of delay, and he now can use his program for campaign purposes. This includes a "prosperity loan" of a billion and a quarter dollars for public works, the control of the Bank of England by industry and commerce as well as high finance, a permanent planning board to coordinate public expenditure, the reduction of the Cabinet to four or five ministers without portfolio, and government regulation of the coal, steel, cotton, and shipping industries. The scheme means little unless he can rally enough support in the next Parliament to hold the balance of power between the Conservative and Labor parties. At seventy-two Lloyd George remains mercurial and provoking. He is that rare occurrence, a lonely leader who has survived the shipwreck of his party.

WRITERS ON CENTRAL EUROPE have many times pointed out at length the toll which the post-war years have taken of those beleaguered peoples, but as an indication of desperation the suicide figures for Budapest are revealing in a way that a general discussion of the subject does not quite equal. In 1932 the average number of suicides was six per day; in 1933 it was nine; in 1934, eleven; and in the current year the average has reached thirteen. Recently twenty-eight persons committed suicide in Budapest in one day, out of a population of a million. The same number of suicides per million population in New York City would make a total of 33,125 annually. On the basis of such figures in Hungary the current year may show the appalling number of 4,745 suicides in the capital alone.

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At the same time the birth-rate has fallen by two-thirds. Four years of war and seventeen years of peace accompanied by fierce racial dissension and economic collapse have brought the once sparkling city on the Danube to these straits. And it is the crowning irony that the future seems to hold little promise of recovery, but on the contrary the threat of still another war.

ALFRED DREYFUS was once as famous as any man in his time. Families quarreled about him over the breakfast table, and his vindication was a world-wide triumph. It is difficult to remember, after more than thirty-five years, that Dreyfus actually spent a bare five years in prison before he was publicly exonerated by his country and given the cross of the Legion of Honor to boot. Yet those five years he once said left a mark on him which he would carry to his grave, and one need not doubt that they did. With just about as little evidence of his guilt, Tom Mooney has lived almost four times as long in a cell. If he is released, it will be because, as in the Dreyfus case, there were enough disinterested persons in the world to persist in championing him until justice was finally done. And now that August is coming around again, it should not be forgotten that two other prisoners of whose guilt the evidence was almost equally meager may not look forward hopefully to their ultimate release. Because a Governor of Massachusetts hoped to inherit the political good fortune of his predecessor, the sentence of Sacco and Vanzetti was not commuted to life imprisonment. Because they are dead, they will not in time know what it is to be free again, with their names cleared of a crime which to the last they steadfastly and credibly denied having committed. Proponents of the abolition of capital punishment sometimes seem as tiresome as single taxers, but there is no case which advances their cause more steadily or gives it more logic than that of the two in Massachusetts, who, unlike the more fortunate Dreyfus, were not permitted the simple decency of dying in their beds.

BECAUSE of our crowded space at the time we were unable to comment upon the excellent commencement address delivered last month by retiring President Joseph Ames of the Johns Hopkins University. Compared to the similar addresses of most other university presidents this year, especially the Hearstian anti-red one by President Angell of Yale, it is a little masterpiece. It is brief and sensible, but what particularly commands admiration is Dr. Ames's vigorous and courageous stand for free speech within and without the university classrooms. The conflict in its behalf, he said, "will never be over. Do not underestimate the forces against you. At the present time in this country they are fighting under the banner of patriotism and Americanism. But who defines the words for you? Look at them! . . . Back of all this talk of Americanism . . . lies the worship of that demi-god of the lower world, Orthodoxy, and back of Orthodoxy lurk the so-called Vested Interests." Then he added this sentence, which must have made strange reading to some of the members of the Johns Hopkins Board of Trustees: "It is absurd to think that the possession of money or the attainment of success in any way means that proof of right thinking or of right doing is secured." Dr. Ames's speech formed a glorious ending to his career as president of one of the most influential universities in the country.

SIR JOSIAH STAMP, chairman of Great Britain's largest railway system, and director of the Bank of England, recently made a 12,000-mile journey through the United States, and sums up his impressions in the *Times* of July 14. He expresses his amazement at the failure of the country to appreciate the gravity of the constitutional issue, but he does so in words which will give small comfort to the Liberty League. "So far from the Constitution being fixed," he writes, "and any change or new features treated with great jealousy as something to be undertaken only under direct pressure, it should be a feature of the Constitution that provision for amendment should arise systematically and automatically, and at regular intervals. The burden of political discussion should be what matters are proper to insert in the regular constitutional-amendment act of a particular forthcoming year. It would be prepared for with the regularity of a Presidential election." Sir Josiah, who rose from the British civil service, finds that Americans do not understand that "one cannot safely legislate beyond the capacity of experienced administration to execute. There is little sense [in America] of the truth that administration is both a tradition and a technique." He reports that we take a too rosy view of British recovery, but he understood that orthodox Britain is not so much being praised as the Roosevelt regime is being blamed. "American reporters see things in black and white and have not much use for half-tones. . . . To say anything that would qualify the high optimism about British recovery was, in a sense, to blunt the edge of a favorite political weapon."

DEFINITIVE—for the moment—figures have come out on the subject of drunken automobile drivers, and we offer them for what they are worth. Assembled from official police statistics of forty-three cities in New York State, including New York City, they show a decrease of 33 per cent in arrests of drivers for drunkenness in 1933 and 1934, as compared with four typical prohibition years. In New York City, in 1928, 1,501 drunken drivers were arrested; in 1931, 1,214; in 1933 and 1934, 835 and 887, respectively. Other states show comparable declines as follows: California, 10 per cent; Connecticut, 32.2 per cent; Illinois, 33.8 per cent; Iowa, 40 per cent; Michigan, 34 per cent; and Virginia, 33 per cent. Pennsylvania alone shows an increase—29 per cent. These figures will doubtless be challenged by the one-time drys; and in the absence of strict definition of what constitutes a drunken driver, perhaps they should not be considered conclusive. They may indicate a real decline in the intemperate consumption of strong waters; they may, on the other hand, merely indicate that ten years of drinking prohibition spirits have so fortified the American driver that he can now hold equal quantities of better liquor with results less damaging to public safety. A new menace, however, has been discovered on the public highway. Young ladies in bathing suits are not allowed to promenade in sight of motorists on the Boston Strandway. According to Police Captain Edward Fallon, they constitute a danger to automobile traffic in that they might lure drivers to take their eyes from the all-important road ahead. So far no statistics are available as to the number of drivers arrested for looking at a bathing beauty, but we once knew a man who bumped into a lamppost because he had turned to watch a pretty girl.

The Foolish Spending Program

OF all the contradictions and obscurities conjured up by the Roosevelt Administration, nothing surpasses the confusion in the policy of spending for public works in relief of unemployment. What is the objective of public spending? Is it merely to "purge the relief rolls," or is it to create employment? The newspapers agree that Harry Hopkins now is Number One spender, with Secretary Ickes a poor second. Mr. Hopkins is setting up a glorified and reformed CWA with the new qualification that all his projects must meet a high standard of social usefulness. Since he had 2,400,000 persons on work relief before the four-billion-dollar fund was created, he need only continue, elevate, and expand his former policy if he is to "purge" the rolls of a few hundred thousand more relief workers. Then the President's promise to find "useful" work for 3,500,000 persons this year will have been kept.

This would be reasonable only if the national objective is merely to purge the relief rolls, that is to say, if the chief evil is the cash dole. But a child can see that the evil is unemployment, and the policy must be not to end the dole but to create work. If it is argued that Mr. Hopkins, in purging the relief rolls, is creating work, the contention is a misleading half-truth. He is creating work for those on relief. The unemployed not on relief number probably another six million. For them Mr. Hopkins is doing nothing. They now find themselves in a penalized class; because they have managed not to appeal to the community for help, they are rewarded by not being helped. Not only that, the national policy of spending which might help them falls under the control of one man who is obsessed with the objective of purging relief rolls. More attention is paid to fulfilling the President's promise of taking all the able-bodied persons off relief than to finding work for the unemployed. This is sheer perversity. Assume that the relief rolls are purged; the unemployed not on relief will come to their senses and see that they only defeat themselves by not going on relief. The administration will then have a new roll to purge, which will cost another pretty sum of billions.

Strangely enough, this is being done in the name of self-respect. The cash dole is declared demoralizing; work relief is justified as strengthening individual character. The argument does not bear scrutiny. Things were better as Mr. Hopkins at first administered work relief, for he asked a person to work only for the hours, figured at his normal wage, which would equal the amount of his relief. That is, a dollar-an-hour man, drawing fifty dollars a month, worked fifty hours a month. Thus Mr. Hopkins recognized the price of a person's skill. Now the worker is classed as unskilled, intermediate, skilled, or professional, is made to work a fixed minimum of 140 hours a month, and receive payment which, at a rough estimate, is about 30 per cent below current wages. The price value of his skill is thus destroyed, and the self-respect he derived from having it socially recognized is destroyed with it. The alleged degradation of cash relief is supplanted by the genuine degradation of a work-gang status.

The projects of Mr. Ickes are let out under contract, and labor is employed by the contractor at current rates. The PWA takes men where it can find them; they can be on relief, they can have fought sucessfully to stay off relief. They are paid the going wage. Here no sophistries are called for about saving self-respect and preserving skills. A man gets a job which without PWA he would not have had. He earns his money—he will be discharged if he doesn't. As far as he is concerned his status is no different than if the project had been created by private enterprise. Why is this not in every way a more desirable method of relieving unemployment? The common answer is that Mr. Ickes is painfully slow, and has set up such rock-ribbed standards that few projects can meet his requirements. He did hurriedly create an unwieldy central administration, which has not always functioned smoothly; and when it was a choice between time on the one hand and legality and security on the other, he snapped his fingers at time. In so far as the PWA machine became clogged, he can be criticized, but this defect should not be exaggerated. He has made worse mistakes; for instance, he might have pressed much more actively the building of municipal light plants, instead of getting lost in the jungle of negotiating rate increases with local utilities. But he deserves full credit for setting a high standard for performance and integrity once work was under way. His greatest difficulty was the limitation of the public grant on PWA projects to 30 per cent. That has now been raised to 45 per cent, and the government is offering an unusual bargain, a public-works project, quality beyond challenge, for fifty-five cents on the dollar. This ought to bring plenty of new projects; it opens up the prospect of relieving unemployment on a national scale.

But here we come to the astounding contradiction in this spending policy. Mr. Ickes is offering his bargain at a 45 per cent reduction. Just across the street Mr. Hopkins is bidding against him (it comes to this) by offering to build public works for nothing. That is, Mr. Hopkins can make a public grant up to 100 per cent. His wares are not so alluring, for his projects have to be built by relief-roll labor, working at depressed wages, and the job on the whole is hastier and likely to be less perfect. The division between Mr. Ickes, who controls projects costing more than $25,000, and Mr. Hopkins, who controls all lesser ones, is not genuine, since the projects rejected by the PWA can go back to Mr. Hopkins for further consideration. Is there any doubt which bidder will get the business? A few will go to Mr. Ickes because they like the quality of his services. Most will go to Mr. Hopkins to get something for next to nothing. This policy is ridiculous, and must be revised. Mr. Hopkins must not bid against Mr. Ickes; the unemployed not on relief must have every consideration; the money must be spent at current wages until it is demonstrated that no more can be spent in that way; and then the unemployed should have cash relief. There are signs that the folly of the present system is making itself apparent, and Mr. Ickes is to have sole charge, at least, of low-cost housing. But we see no sign that the false philosophy of "purging the relief rolls" will be abandoned.

The Wolf and the Lamb

THE League of Nations, wounded at Corfu in 1923, and over whose corpse Japan seized Manchuria and the war in the Gran Chaco went on for years, should, now that the Abyssinian affair seems well on the way to its denouement, be buried, not so much in the interest of justice as of public health and decency. After several weeks of footless discussion the Italo-Abyssinian Conciliation Commission gave up the ghost at Scheveningen. Although the purpose of the commission's negotiations had been peaceful settlement of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, with particular reference to the affair at Ualual, the Italian delegates refused further mediation when Professor Gaston Jeze, in presenting Abyssinia's case, insisted on declaring that Ualual was in Abyssinian territory, as pertinent to the discussion. Although the creation of the League commission of four on May 25 provided, in the event of a disagreement, for the selection of a fifth member who might bring about an adjudication, the commission adjourned without any proposals for further meetings. Abyssinia has now demanded that the dispute be brought before the League Council at its meeting in August, but even Emperor Haile Selassie must know, what the European countries are at no pains to conceal, on how frail a reed he is leaning when he suggests such further negotiation.

How pertinent is the old fable! The wolf said to the lamb, "I shall eat you for muddying the water," and when the lamb attempted to explain that this was impossible, since he was drinking below stream, the wolf replied: "Then I shall eat you anyway. Why do I need an excuse?" In the modern version there is, of course, a difference. The wolf is supported by a circle of other wolves, which, if they are not prepared to join in the banquet, are at least determined not to interfere.

It is predicted that the war will begin in September, when the rainy season has ended. Signor Mussolini declares that nothing shall stand in the way of his conquest of Abyssinia! Rome considered the attempt of the American and French delegates at Scheveningen to prolong the discussions a plan to "wreck the commission," and Italian officials are unable to understand any suggestion that the United States might invoke the Kellogg Pact, since this country "has no sphere of influence" in Abyssinia. Simple adherence to a treaty to which Italy and the United States were parties, and which attempted to make war impossible, is incomprehensible to a country bent on territorial aggrandizement at whatever cost.

As a result of Secretary Hull's latest discussions with the French, British, and Italian ambassadors on July 11, at which, without actually invoking the pact to outlaw war, he expressed the deep concern of the United States for the preservation of peace, it is not unlikely that further discussions will take place in an attempt to prevent hostilities. But it would be idle to suppose that any such negotiations will be successful. The Duce is playing the game with all his cards on the table, and he is well aware that no country has given any indication of effectively challenging him, or is likely to do so. France, Great Britain, Japan, even Sweden are politely disassociating themselves from the affair, if not directly then by joining the embargo against the exportation of arms to Abyssinia. A particularly ominous note has been struck in the declaration of the International Red Cross that it will not be able to be of aid to Abyssinia in the event of war, since the Emperor has not yet found it possible to give the necessary guaranties demanded by the Geneva Red Cross Convention of 1929. The lamb, in other words, will be eaten; and not only will the slaughter take place without interference, but such wounds as it may suffer before its final demise will not be ministered to in the manner which has been demanded by humanity for more than half a century.

At least one thing should be eminently clear from the progress of the Italo-Abyssinian struggle. Not only is the League of Nations shown—one may hope for the last time—to be hopelessly inadequate to deal with international disputes when these are projected by a determined and predatory government, but treaties to "outlaw war" are equally displayed to the world in all their futility. The system of economic sanctions, moreover, when it takes the form of an embargo on the exportation of arms to a belligerent or about-to-be belligerent country, is shown to have its weaknesses. Italy, with a handsome corps of munitions factories to call upon, is not concerned with the problem. Abyssinia must buy arms from other countries, and however admirable in principle may be their refusal to sell munitions of war, in fact this refusal contributes to the weakness of what is already incomparably the weaker nation. In the face of the time-honored processes of aggression, in short, our modern diplomacy is shown to have few advantages over the old system. It takes more than a signature on a treaty to stop a tyrant.

There Will Come Thousands

TWENTY-TWO obscure Americans were killed in the first six months of 1935 in the course of that ceaseless battle between the haves and the have-nots which at any moment may cause some quiet American street to bloom with tear gas and bring armed men running to factory gates. Of the twenty-two thirteen were killed during strikes; the following accounts of how their lives came to an end reveal in a few sharp strokes the plight of the disinherited and the forces ranged against them.

February 3. Columbus ("Pink") Walker, Rossville, Georgia. Walker was an unemployed man, a sympathizer of the United Textile Workers of America. He was shot by a scab during a strike at the Richmond Hosiery Mills.

February 17. Paul Knight of Santa Maria, California. Killed at El Centro by vigilantes during a strike of lettuce workers, under the leadership of the Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union.

April 4. Ignacio Velarde, Gallup, New Mexico. Unemployed veteran killed by the fire of the sheriff and his deputies during a workers' demonstration against the eviction of unemployed miners.

April 17. Andy Latiska, Toronto, Ohio. Killed when guardsmen poured a hundred shots into the crowd of strikers at the Kaul Clay Company.

May 11. Fonie Stephens, La Grange, Georgia. Injured by national guardsmen who were evicting strikers from the company houses. Died in hospital as result of these injuries.

June 14. John W. Duster, Omaha, Nebraska. Killed by police fire during the strike of street-car men.

June 14. George Melhelm, Canton, Ohio. Died in hospital from injuries received when struck by tear-gas bomb fired by Republic Steel Company guards during the strike at the Berger Manufacturing Company.

June 21. W. H. Kaarte, Eureka, California. Killed in attack by police with riot guns and tear gas at Holmes-Eureka mill, where lumber workers were on strike.

The idiocy of poverty in the midst of plenty has often been pointed out. It is as nothing to the tragedy inherent in the facts here tabulated. In practically every case it would be found that the immediate point at issue in the struggle that ended with the death of one opponent was not the right to that good life which could be provided to every American out of the richness of his country and the intelligence and skill of his fellow-countrymen. Instead, the point at issue was the difference between one starvation wage and another, between twenty cents an hour for picking lettuce and thirty cents an hour, between ten dollars a week for working long hours in a dangerous industry and twelve dollars a week, and in the case of the miserable share-cropper between complete destitution and abject poverty. There is a final idiocy. In every case the forces of the government were aligned not with those who were attempting to realize ever so faintly the intelligent American dream of material well-being, but with those who would shatter it to bits in order to preserve the anachronism of private profit.

Such a state of affairs cannot last forever. Meanwhile such organizations as the International Labor Defense, which compiled the casualty list here cited, perform an extremely important function. The I. L. D. has just issued a pamphlet on the occasion of its tenth anniversary which provides a brief history of working-class heroism in the fight for that "American standard of living" which all school children are taught to believe in. (It also contains explicit practical instructions on what to do when arrested.) In general, it makes excellent reading. We had forgotten that this inscription is engraved on the Statue of Liberty: "Send us your huddled masses yearning to be free. . . ." We were moved as by the Spirit of '76 when we read the telegram that Joe Hill sent to Big Bill Haywood just before Hill's execution by a firing squad. "Goodby, Bill. I will die like a true-blue rebel. Don't waste any time in mourning. Organize." And the speech of Angelo Herndon as he faced an all-white jury just before being sentenced to long years on a Georgia chain-gang is authentically American in its revolutionary eloquence:

> You may do what you will with Angelo Herndon. You may indict him. You may put him in jail. But there will come thousands of Angelo Herndons. If you really want to do anything about the case, you must go out and indict the social system. . . . You may succeed in killing one, two, even a score of working-class organizers. But you cannot kill the working class.

Twenty-two workers have already been killed in 1935. Many others are in prison. In their behalf we pass on the slogan of the I. L. D.: "They gave their freedom. Give them your support."

Censored!

IN the striking little pamphlet "Censored!" got out by the National Committee Against Censorship of the Theater Arts and sold for five cents, there is one thing that strikes us as a bit disingenuous. Mark Marvin contributes an introductory plea "For a Free Stage" and in the course of it discusses conditions in Europe, where "in the continuous crisis that has followed the World War censorship accompanied the growth of fascist power and fascist 'culture.'" Germany, Italy, and Austria are taken up in turn, but evidently Russia is not considered a part of Europe since no mention is made of any censorships exercised there.

Otherwise the pamphlet is well worth reading, especially for its summary of recent incidents which demonstrate how widespread is the tendency at the moment to use either police powers or extra-legal terrorism for the purpose of preventing the performance of plays written from a radical point of view. Clifford Odets's effective tour de force "Waiting for Lefty," just at the end of a long New York run, has already quite a history behind it. Boston, following its recent tradition, promptly forbade a performance. During the same week the New Haven school board revoked the permission previously granted to perform it in a school building, and in Chelsea, Massachusetts, a policeman broke up a performance. In Newark the New Theater League, after having its permission to use a school building revoked, rented a theater only to find that the police had discovered, four hours before the scheduled performance, hitherto unsuspected fire hazards in the building. Fortunately, however, the story has a happy ending in Newark. As a result of a protest meeting, the mayor and the other city officials have been compelled to grant the use of the school building and have assured a citizens' committee that no more attempts will be made to break up a performance.

The American theater has never shared even theoretically in the right of free speech guaranteed to the printed word, and it is too bad that liberalism has not in the past made any general effort to obtain a recognition of its right to the same status as any other form of expression. There is, of course, a disposition on the part of some radicals to deny the value of "constitutional guaranties," and the right of free speech is undoubtedly violated often enough. But that such are nevertheless worth a good deal is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that in the specific case under consideration a book has rights which an acted play has not. Doubtless the same persons who object to a performance of "Waiting for Lefty" would be equally glad to suppress the volume in which it is printed. Yet any citizen of Newark can read it if he likes. And the press's theoretical right to freedom is worth just that much.

It is also worth remarking that high-handed police methods in dealing with the theater may easily pave the way for the gradual extension of such methods into other fields. Sometimes liberty is lost all at once; at least as often it disappears bit by bit. The citizen who has become accustomed to seeing theaters closed by executive fiat is already half prepared to see newspapers suspended and books refused publication in the same way.

Issues and Men

Mirage of Gold

Skagway, July 1

I HAVE just passed by train along the line of the gold rush of 1898 to the Klondike, looking down from the tracks above upon Dead Horse Gulch in White Pass. Through here, and through the Chilkoot Pass, thousands of men, in rain and snow and under clear skies, suffered, struggled, fought, and died in their mad efforts to be the first to reach the newly discovered gold. Near the summit of White Pass the train stops at a monument on which is a tablet recalling the death in this brutal vale of three thousand horses and mules, tortured, starved, beaten, and overloaded by men whose one thought was to beat everyone else to the Eldorado. Because most of their masters were unfamiliar with the art of packing, many of these animals were literally skinned alive or lost their balance in dangerous places; according to one eyewitness, the toilsome procession up that ravine passed one dead animal after another. When the stout-hearted and physically capable had surmounted the pass and crossed over to Canadian soil, into the Yukon Territory, they might well have lost heart on facing the appalling treeless waste, the mountains of rock, the deep snow, the bitter winds which confronted them there nearly four thousand feet above sea level.

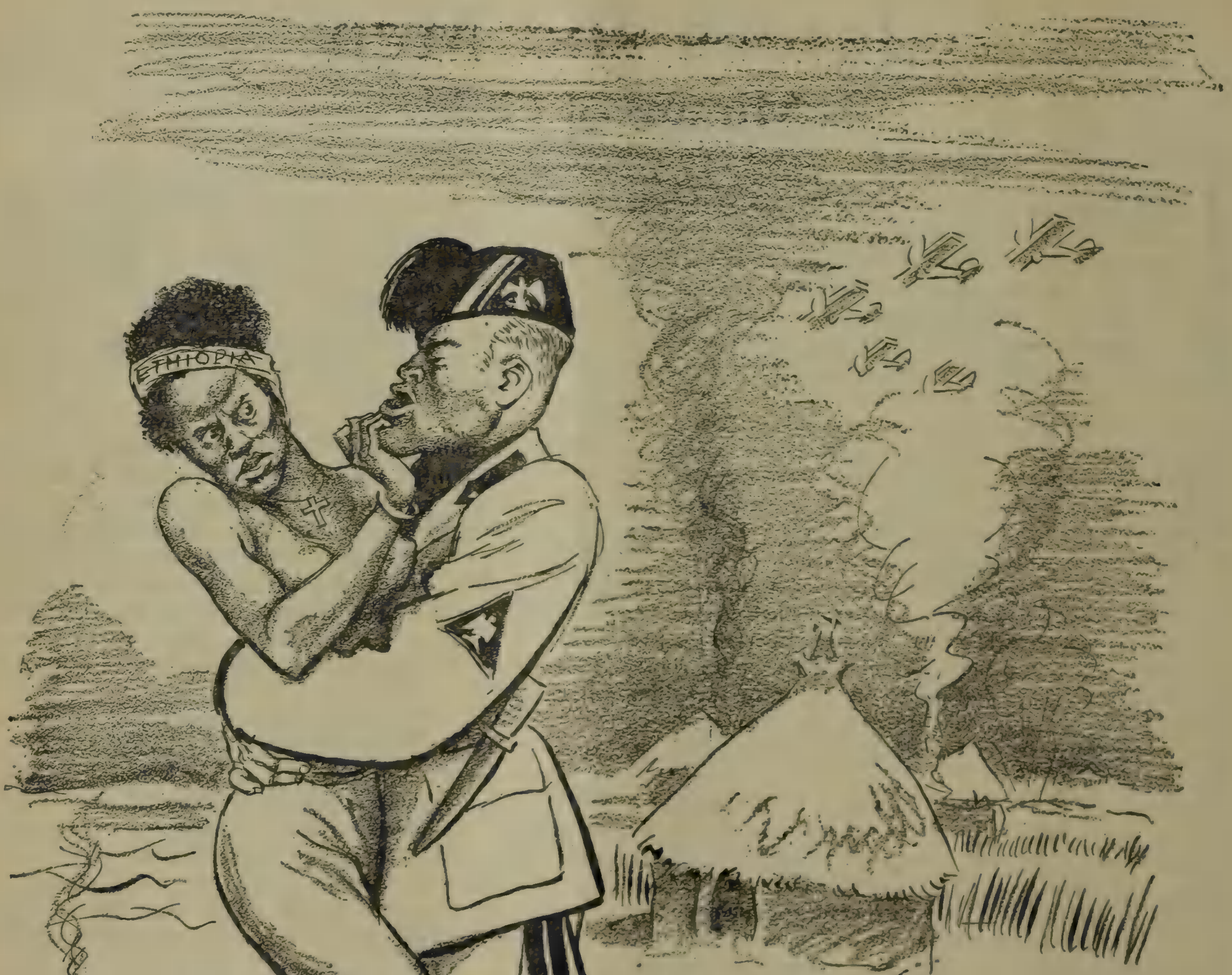
Now even the trail itself is rapidly disappearing as a result of snow slides and cave-ins and the rotting away of bridges across the mountain stream which flows through the gulch. I doubt if it could be climbed today. At the foot of Dead Horse Gulch White City arose overnight and in no time at all contained ten thousand persons—it is hard to see today how they could possibly have found places for their tents and shacks and log cabins upon those sloping hillsides. The site of the "city" is marked only by a single cabin and by a white cross erected in memory of a packhorse-caravan operator who returned a year ago to the scene of his activities and died that night as he slept rolled up in his blankets where he had camped many a night before. But the disappearance of this "city" is not an isolated case. At Lake Bennett the railroad station and a deserted, windowless, rotting log church alone survive in the place where another ten thousand lived and coined money out of the hordes who bought or built flimsy rafts and boats of every kind and description to ferry themselves and their animals—if they still had any—down Lake Bennett and the connecting rivers and lakes which finally empty into the Yukon. In the old days the lake teemed with every kind of craft because nobody went overland from there. All trusted to the water and the currents, and not a few lost their lives at White Horse many miles beyond. When we passed Lake Bennett, the only craft on the water was a seaplane—now become an extremely valuable adjunct of life under the Arctic Circle, which is only 460 miles from Bennett. What a fortune its owner could have made in 1898! Men would have torn each other to pieces for seats on that plane and the privilege of reaching Dawson, the gateway to the Klondike, in a few hours.

It now takes thirty-six hours by stern-wheel steamer from White Horse to Dawson, the end of the railroad, and four days back against a terrific current. Dawson, the great boom town, also has vanished. There were thirty thousand people there at one time in the saloons and dance halls and in cabins and tents and homes of every description, in addition to the miners who came there in droves to blow in within two or three days the money they had toiled for months to acquire. Today it is a staid, sober community, well policed by the red-coated Mounted Police, as friendly and kindly disposed as the old Dawson was reckless, devil-may-care, and utterly indifferent to the fate of any individual. Significant is the fact that mining ceased years ago to be the work of gravel-washing gold-seekers on their own. It has become the job of great corporations, whose machinery, here as elsewhere, produces steadily year in and year out, but which do not seem to have gained as much from the Roosevelt gold policy as might have been expected. Those who made or expected to make a fortune by a lucky strike have long since disappeared.

Finally, here is Skagway, a mere wreck of its former boom greatness. I counted up to fifty houses and stores falling to pieces and then stopped. There is an indescribable air of desolation about it, like the decaying villages one sees occasionally in Vermont and New Hampshire sinking gradually back into the embraces of Mother Earth. Hardly five hundred permanent residents remain here, living off tourists or connected with the railroad. Take away the railroad, and Skagway would follow White City to oblivion. *Sic transit*—the mirage of gold.

For it was a mirage—nothing more and nothing less. It is impossible to make a balance sheet of that gold rush, to foot up the loss of men, the destruction of animals, the waste of property and to offset it with the results achieved. But the Bishop of Yukon Territory says that more money was brought in and spent by those who took part in the gold rush than was actually taken out in nuggets of the precious material. That is astounding and enlightening indeed. Yet I have no doubt that if another bonanza were reported tomorrow, there would be a mad rush of airplanes and caterpillar tractors and motor cars and mules and horses to the scene. You would not be able to make people listen to the story of what took place in 1898 and of how little those who reached the promised land got and kept. The Bishop says that of the numerous Indians who made large sums of money by the sale of their holdings of land he knows of only one who kept a fraction of the money thus obtained. But the lure of gold, of private profit, is as great as ever and always a mirage.

Oswald Garrison Villard


ETHIOPIA
Fritz

"But, dear, I only want to civilize you!"

Huey Long Chokes New Orleans

By C. H. CAMPBELL

New Orleans, July 8

THIS tale of the City Hall That Moved to Washington was begun on July 4. But five days is a long time in Louisiana today, and last week is now ancient history. Twenty-five new laws have since then been placed on the statute books of the state, laws that have no other object than to tighten the grip of the state's dictator, Huey P. Long.

At a moderate estimate, some 50,000 employees of the state and its subdivisions are placed by this new legislation directly under the dictator's thumb as far as their jobs are concerned. They include school teachers and policemen, library workers, garbage collectors, and employees of the courts. All this was done under the pious name of civil service. But although the new laws, and some that were passed at preceding extraordinary sessions of the legislature under the Long whip, apply to the entire state, their major object is the control of the city of New Orleans, which has crept under the wing of the federal government under previous attacks by the Long machine and now seems destined to lose its independence altogether unless the national administration finances it and the federal courts support it.

Twenty days from today, the effective date of the latest state laws, there will be twelve office-holders in City Hall who are not removable at will by Senator Long, and none of those twelve may name so much as his own stenographer or clerk without Long's approval. Seven of the twelve are the assessors who fix the value of property for taxation. The other five are the Mayor and the four members of the city's Commission Council, named by the electors of the city by a decisive majority over Long opposition.

At the Criminal Courts building an efficient, honest District Attorney, Eugene Stanley, may not choose his own assistants or his clerks, and not even the name of civil service is given to this, for they are to be appointed by the Attorney General of the state, a subservient tool of Senator Long's. Furthermore, the Attorney General at any time he chooses may supersede the District Attorney in any prosecution, and the courts themselves are barred from preventing him.

Months ago Senator Long set out to bend New Orleans to his will, or break it. Here was organized opposition; here the people at the polls had defeated his candidates for mayor and council and other city offices; here he must make sure of the votes to protect him against signs of waning strength in some of his old strongholds in the country parishes. First he obtained control of the state Supreme Court, highest tribunal, a control represented by a bare majority of four votes to three—the court always shows just that ratio in decisions involving cases with a political flavor. Already the legislature, save for a dwindling minority, was merely a rubber stamp for his will. The court now would approve any act the legislature might pass.

But it soon developed that there was more in the high-court control than that. The Attorney General went into the Supreme Court and said in effect that the City of New Orleans was bankrupt, that the state desired to institute concursus proceedings to establish its exact financial status and to protect creditors, but that all the judges in the city were biased or too busy and would the Supreme Court please appoint some other judge to hear the case. Four to three, the Supreme Court did please, naming Judge Amos Lee Ponder of Amite, a country jurist who had long been a creature of the state machine. Judge Ponder immediately issued an order for a hearing and for the production of the city's financial records.

The city replied with one of its first moves for federal protection. It went into the court of United States District Judge Wayne G. Borah, nephew of the Senator from Idaho, and asked for permission to reorganize the city's finances under the terms of New Deal legislation, amending the bankruptcy act to apply to municipalities. Judge Borah stayed the action before Judge Ponder pending a hearing, and the city obtained the consent of the New Orleans banks, its largest creditors, to a reorganization plan whereby overdue loans on anticipated tax receipts would in the future have fixed maturity dates instead of being demand paper. These overdue loans resulted from delinquent tax collections, resulting, in turn, from the general business depression; they were fully covered by the property involved but the city did not wish to sell it for taxes at such a time. Judge Borah approved the plan. As soon as he had done so, the city, hard pressed financially because it no longer had the fiscal-agency contracts under which it was wont to anticipate tax revenues for current expenses, and faced further with legislative action delaying the tax-collection date until October 1, went to the banks and asked a loan of $3,286,000 for operating expenses during 1935. The bulk of this was to be used for expenses from June 1 through December, and the balance for bills incurred during the first four months of the year and for back salaries due city employees, who had been struggling along on half pay nearly all of that time.

The banks seemed about to grant the loan, when the state announced a suspensive appeal from Judge Borah's decision. Immediately the banks wrote Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley, one of the chief objectives of the Long attack, that they considered this appeal to mean that the legality of outstanding loans to the city was still under attack, and that under the circumstances they could lend no more.

Once more the city turned to the federal government. The Mayor went to Washington with a member of the directorate of every bank in the city and asked the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for a loan. The bankers said they thought the paper was good but they could go no farther because of their previous loans. The head of the RFC, Jesse H. Jones, agreed, but said he had no legal authority to make such a loan. The Mayor turned to the Federal Reserve Bank. He was told that while the bank had the right to make the loan, it was designed to assist member banks and not to deal directly with a municipality. The city was still without funds.

While the city government was turning this way and that in search of money, and paying half salaries or less to

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
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its employees from funds obtained through discount offers for tax prepayments, liquor licenses, and other smaller revenue sources, Senator Long struck another blow, this time at personal liberty; and again the aid of the federal court was sought as the only protection against oppression.

Colonel John P. Sullivan, long in politics, a bitter foe of the Senator, was charged by the Attorney General's office in the criminal court with "operating a confidence game" in connection with certain transactions between a Homestead Association of which he was attorney and a director, and a realty company in which he was a large stockholder. The transactions were years old. They had been mentioned by Senator Long more than a year before in a Senate committee hearing. But the charge was filed with the statement that prescription had not run because the facts had only just been brought to the attention of the Attorney General.

No sooner was the charge filed against Colonel Sullivan than the Attorney General obtained from the state Supreme Court an order recusing all the local criminal-court judges and naming to hear the case Judge Mark C. Pickrel, a Long appointee to a judgeship at Lake Charles, Louisiana, 200 miles away. Colonel Sullivan's attorneys then went into federal court and asked transfer of the case under an article in the federal revised statutes that provides for such transfer where the defendant can show that he would not get a fair trial in the state court. On the date set for his arraignment Colonel Sullivan did not appear before Judge Pickrel. His attorneys mentioned their federal pleading. It made no difference to the judge; he ordered a warrant issued for Colonel Sullivan's immediate arrest. The attorneys had to rush to federal court and get from Judge Borah a writ staying proceedings before Judge Pickrel and setting a hearing before himself in November.

Now Colonel Sullivan is not highly regarded by some people in New Orleans. Many who are opposed to Senator Long politically are also opposed to political leadership by the Colonel, although many of these undoubtedly would consider him by far the lesser evil. But by this case he has become a symbol for all opposition to Long. For should the federal court decide in the fall that it has no jurisdiction in his case, who could oppose Long's domination and feel safe in a kangaroo court of Long's making?

After the Sullivan charge was filed, Judge Ponder appeared again on the scene, this time appointed by the Supreme Court (four to three) to hear receivership proceedings brought by the Attorney General against the Sewerage and Water Board, which provides the city's drainage and sewerage and its water supply. The board had obtained a $2,500,000 loan and grant from the Public Works Administration to make needed improvements and to put men to work. It was a local board, named by the City Council. But the $2,500,000 looked like a lot of money to spend on patronage and fat contracts. The fifth special session of the legislature in a year rearranged the manner of appointment to the board so as to give Long control. Into federal court went the city —thinly disguised as out-of-the-state taxpayers and bondholders of the board—and obtained an injunction against the new board, which in the meantime had been declared legally constituted by the state courts. The injunction meant that the city-controlled board could go on with its spending of the federal funds, at least pending final decisions against it. Hence the receivership proceedings and the reentry of Judge Ponder on the scene, plus an injunction to prevent disbursement of the money. Once more the city appeared in federal court, seeking adjudication of the board's finances. Judge Borah remanded the case to the state court, but now is considering a rehearing. Many workmen, meanwhile, are idle.

While all these things were going on, the city began to feel the effects of the various punitive acts of the more recent legislative sessions. It had reduced its budget from $8,815,386.94 in 1929 to $6,655,058.34 in 1935, trimming everywhere possible to meet the reduction in revenues that followed depressed times. But the legislature made its position more difficult by retaining $700,000 annually turned back by the state from highway gasoline taxes for use on city streets, by taking away the right of the city to certain license taxes, and by forcing increased appropriations for the police and fire departments, which by yet another legislative act had been put under state boards having no connection with the city government, not even a nominal one.

A few weeks ago it became evident that the city could not find money to pay its employees any part of their salaries. Most of them seemed determined to carry on as long as they could possibly obtain food and rent on credit, but certain leaders among the garbage collectors, stirred up, it has since developed, by Long agents, issued an ultimatum: if their pay was not forthcoming, they would strike. And strike they did, for there was no source whence their pay could come. The city treasury was completely empty.

Once again the city looked to the Great White Father in Washington. The order came down the line to the local offices of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. The garbage men were to be put on the relief rolls and the collection of garbage in New Orleans was to become an FERA project. Not only that, but employees in nine other city departments—"departments essential to the health and safety of the city"—were to be paid in the same way. These were employees of the city board of health, the city prisons, juvenile delinquent homes, and the like, with the exception of professional men in those departments. At one stroke 1,400 of the city's 2,447 employees (excluding the state-controlled police and firemen) were put on Uncle Sam's payroll. True, they were not paid their full salaries. But they were getting $63,000 a month in all, compared with the $85,000 a month they were supposed to be paid by the city. "And the city owes these men the difference," declared Mayor Walmsley, "and will pay it when it has the funds." The city also owes their total salaries to the remaining 1,047 employees who are working for nothing.

The action of the FERA brought Senator Long back from Washington on the first airplane trip of his life. He arrived on the night of July 3. On Independence Day the legislature was again in session. Early on the morning of July 8 it adjourned. Twenty days from that date the following new laws will be in effect:

All city property taxes will be collected by the state tax collector instead of by the city treasurer, thus putting all the employees of the city treasurer out of work.

All city license taxes will be collected by the state supervisor of public accounts instead of by the city.

The city one-cent tax on gasoline will be collected by the supervisor of public accounts and placed in a special fund for city paving, to be expended only on approval of the Long-controlled state Tax and Bond Board.

The police and fire boards, now Long-controlled, may borrow in anticipation of their revenues to pay the policemen and firemen, although other city employees are unpaid (save those on relief) and Long has blocked similar loans to pay them.

The state Budget Board will control appointment of all school teachers in the state, making possible the turning over to politics of the New Orleans school system, in which for many years the teachers have been secure in their jobs.

The state Civil Service Commission, composed entirely of Long-controlled state officials, must approve the appointment of every state, parish, and municipal employee, except those elected directly by the vote of the people. This means, in the government of the city of New Orleans, everyone except the Mayor and the four Councilmen.

The city may no longer collect licenses from liquor dealers, from whom the state already collects license taxes, but the additional licenses charged by the city will be collected by the state.

Last but not least—and probably the occasion for the whole business of the legislature's session—five laws provide that anyone who shall use relief funds for political purposes shall be guilty of a criminal offense.

Was there a political purpose in the payment of the city's garbage collectors and other employees with FERA funds when the city could not pay them, considering that the FERA in Louisiana is dominated by anti-Long leaders named by the national administration, which he opposes? May the state Civil Service Commission refuse to approve the appointment of a garbage man—a municipal employee—and then name another man in his place to be paid by the FERA?

There is a primary election coming in January. Senator Long has a seat in the Senate at issue. Eight seats in Congress and many state offices must be filled.

How much longer can the City of New Orleans manage without funds? To what extent can the federal government offset with relief funds Long's control of all the political jobs in the state and its municipalities? How much will this help, with the polls completely in charge of Long-appointed commissioners, an unprecedented situation brought about by yet another special legislative act? And how far can the federal courts go to protect the people of New Orleans and of the whole state from oppression if they oppose the dictator? Already state investigators are probing state income-tax returns, filed for the first time this year, of some of those opposed to the Senator's domination, as though to offset the scandalous revelations of the federal grand jury's probe into the graft-swelled incomes of some of Long's leaders. The next few months will tell the tale.

Storm Over the Virgin Islands

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, July 15

THE publicity given the inhabitants of the Virgin Islands, if figured on a per capita basis, establishes an all-time record. The population of the Islands is 22,000. If the newspaper space devoted to the Islands were divided among them, the share of each individual would be as great as that of a Hollywood star. This is not normal. Something is wrong in the Virgin Islands, no doubt about it. But the Islands receive so much attention as to make that wrong appear to be tremendous. Yet the evidence before the Senate subcommittee last week, which Secretary Ickes says is full of perjury, and which was accepted without cross-examination, is in the main tittle-tattle, and at its worst is not tremendous. What was tremendous was not the testimony but the method of Senator Tydings, chairman of the subcommittee. It is a matter of importance when a Senate committee invites witnesses to appear before it to make charges against a department of government, admits their statements without cross-examination, postpones rebutting testimony until a later date, and when the chairman intersperses the record with his own judgment. Thus Senator Tydings acquitted Judge Webber T. Wilson, the notorious judge of the McIntosh case, familiar to *Nation* readers, simply on the Judge's version of the events.

One reason why the Virgin Islands are in the news is that a politically appointed judge has to be whitewashed. The spoils system is under attack. The highest-ups in the system are involved. Judge Wilson is a protege of Senator Pat Harrison; if he is disgraced Pat Harrison is disgraced. But Pat Harrison may not be disgraced because he is too important as the Administration's lieutenant in the Senate. Secretary Ickes wants Wilson removed. He already has more than irritated Attorney General Homer Cummings, Postmaster General Farley, and Senator Harrison, all of them linked in the chain of the appointment. Senator Tydings now comes out on the side of the spoilsmen. He is hostile to Secretary Ickes. Indeed, he wrote the Secretary one of the rudest letters ever penned in the history of the Senate, when Secretary Ickes protested that he had broken his promise to let witnesses be cross-examined.

So the system of patronage is at stake. The prestige of Secretary Ickes is at stake. The relationship between the Interior Department and the Senate is at stake. Secretary Ickes wants Wilson out; the spoils system wants Governor Pearson out. Pearson is a Republican whom Ickes is hanging on to. But that still does not explain why 22,000 Virgin Islanders get so much newspaper space. If Governor Pearson really were a terribly corrupt man, shielded by a vicious Department of the Interior, that would explain it. But one needs only to reflect upon the passionate charges of Paul C. Yates and other accusing witnesses to realize that Pearson is not a crook and a grafter; nor is the Interior Department a Tammany Hall. All the Virgin Islands people put together would make one fair-sized small town. And the accusations are of small-town caliber, disseminated with the usual small-town distortion and exaggeration by whispers and gossip. Since I wrote the article in *The Nation* on justice in the Virgin Islands I have had interviews with "experts" on the Islands who wished to "set me straight." Most of them impressed me as being persons obsessed, pursuing fantasies, all innocent of appreciating what an impossible interpretation they gave of human nature. If they were to be believed, the satanic residue is about a hundred times more concentrated in Governor Pearson and Secretary Ickes than in ordinary mortals. One would expect at least a sizable embezzlement a day from the government in the Virgin Islands, and now and then a murder. One listens to them for a while and decides that what they say is not material for the law courts but for the pages of a novel.

Even so, there is something wrong in the Virgin Islands, that is, aside from the patronage problem. It isn't explained by Governor Pearson's corruption, since he is not corrupt. Nor is it explained by calling Morris Davis, the colored leader of the local proletariat and antagonist of the Pearson regime, a prejudiced agitator, which undoubtedly he is. It isn't explained by admitting that Governor Pearson has not made administration in these distant islands as efficient as it needs to be. The fact is that the majority of the Virgin Islanders are hostile to Pearson and to the Department of the Interior which controls him. They were hostile to his predecessor; they were hostile to the Danes who once ruled the islands. They are "agin' the government." Why? Because the government is fundamentally against them. Not consciously, not deliberately, but in the way that so many colonial masters rule their subjects. For the Virgin Islanders, though on a high level of education and ability as native populations go, have mighty little to say about their own affairs. The wealth in the islands is unequally distributed; the tax burden is also unequally borne in an inverse ratio. Voting in this "American" territory is on an income qualification, and local government is by a body chosen by this electorate with members added by the governor's appointment. Here, of course, is the real evil in the Virgin Islands, and until it is cured, there never will be peace, there never will be a popular American government or governor. And there never will be publicity measured on a normal per capita basis.

No doubt about it, Secretary Ickes means well by the Islanders, and he told Paul Yates, when he sent him to be Pearson's executive assistant, to treat the natives "like human beings." Had Pearson not been accused of crimes he never committed, and had the patronage issue never been raised, the Department of the Interior and Dr. Ernest Gruening's Division of Territories and Insular Possessions would have been free to get at fundamental problems. They have prepared a tax-reform bill for the Senate, just a beginning but showing what might be expected if the Islands were not subject to the immediate pressure of the feud. But Pearson was under attack, the department was under attack, and the feud was at its height. Yates went down to help Pearson; he was chosen by him, and he turned traitor. Ex-Congressman Wilson went down to be judge and came to be looked upon as the chief hope of the angry population against the governor and the government. Baer went down as government attorney, a Tydings protege, and turned against the governor. The motives and caliber of Yates can best be illustrated by citing his cablegram sent after his resignation to Stephen Early, the President's secretary: "I, together with other loyal Democrats, have been abused and crucified by a gang of reactionary and thieving Hoover Republicans." The value of Baer is shown by his decision to blast the Republican Pearson regime with a broadside of graft prosecutions—about a hundred of them. The Department of Interior hurried down two investigators to find out what was what. On their report Baer was dismissed, and the department was informed that one straight case of corruption was found—the man is in jail—and there was the famous McIntosh case. Readers will recall that the government tried to drop this case, and that Judge Wilson, overruling the government's motion, proceeded to try McIntosh himself, refused a jury, found him guilty, and delivered a sermon about the cross of Christ that was the finest gem of Americana for the year.

Judge Wilson told about this trial at last week's hearing. He also told about himself, disavowing any knowledge of political conditions. He had never "dreamed," he said, of becoming Governor Pearson's successor. To listen to him, one almost would have thought no finer paragon of judicial probity ever graced a judge's bench. Almost, but not quite. For when he told about the McIntosh case he had to admit that this hapless government servant did testify that he took the supplies with the authority of the assistant director of the Public Works Department, Donald S. Boreham, and that Boreham swore that this was so. "Boreham," related the Judge, of McIntosh's testimony, "had given him [McIntosh] permission to do it [take the lumber and cement] and McIntosh promised to pay it back to him some time or other, which Boreham swore that he did. Which the court did not believe, and I therefore decided that he was guilty." As a matter of fact, payment was in services which McIntosh actually rendered. But that is not the point. Here was the kernel of the situation: Boreham was a government man, a Pearson man. If he were believed, McIntosh would have to go free. If McIntosh went free, the Pearson regime would not be discredited. So Judge Wilson disbelieved the sworn testimony of a government official, found McIntosh guilty, and fined him $200. And McIntosh then listened to the representative of American justice roll out: "You have become a Judas and a Benedict Arnold to your country," after which came the story of the cross.

It was after this testimony that Senator Tydings made the remark: "I have seen nothing about his [Judge Wilson's] conduct in the Virgin Islands in connection with this case that reflects on Mr. Wilson." On this Secretary Ickes wrote to the Senator: "Before this ex parte hearing opened, you assured me that all you wanted was the facts. You told me that you would not permit hearsay evidence. You promised me that the hearing would be impartial. None of these promises has so far been fulfilled. . . . You, in effect, say in advance that any evidence that may hereafter be submitted that tends to give a true picture of Judge Wilson will be disregarded."

This letter stopped the hearing. It pushed the Tydings inquiry under the nose of the President, who smelled it, and had it closed. When it opens again it will not be this kind of hearing. And probably there soon will be a settlement of the Pearson-Wilson head-hunt. The common prediction is that both heads must fall. Pearson will probably go back to private life. Wilson, the story runs, will be given a job in Washington, not for his own sweet sake, but to save the face of Pat Harrison. Which goes to show that the cost of Pat Harrison's face is very, very dear.

Cold Terror in California

By HERBERT KLEIN and CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, July 15

TERROR has broken out into the open again in California, the state nearest to the setting sun and organized "fascism from above." In the Eureka lumber strike two workers have been slain and scores wounded; in San Pedro Fred Friedl, an official of an A. F. of L. maritime union, was slain by police in ambush, and open street riots occurred after his death. The waterfront situation is tense in San Diego, San Pedro, and San Francisco, with every indication that a showdown on a vast scale is imminent. The state is full of propaganda organizations, such as the reorganized Crusaders, now engaged in spying on relief workers, and the New Order of Cincinnatus. The secret militaristic bodies, such as the Berkeley Nationals and the California Cavaliers, are growing fast. The state itself is arming: the California Naval Militia has been recruited by an intensive radio campaign, and the California Marine Militia is in formation. Both of these militia organizations will be commanded by the regular adjutant general of the National Guard; they constitute, in effect, an indirect attempt to increase the strike-breaking armed forces of the state. The resurgence of terror in California blasts the cheerful assumption of many liberals that oppression on the West Coast has been relaxing, that the terror has been beaten back by a wave of popular repudiation, and that fascist violence is a phenomenon of the past.

It is true that since the conclusion of the criminal-syndicalism trial in Sacramento California has been outwardly calm. The sun shines, the highways are not barricaded, and an EPIC bloc in the legislature encourages the liberals to think that a better day is dawning. But this calm does not augur peace. The period is one of transition from sporadic vigilante activity to controlled fascism, from the clumsy violence of drunken farmers to the calculated maneuvers of an economic-militaristic machine. For the time being the vigilante outrages of 1934 have somewhat abated, but terror—a cold and tightening terror—is everywhere discernible. It is the terror of preparation—violence in embryo. In no phase of the industrial life of the state is this type of terror more clearly reflected than in agriculture, the state's chief industry; and the situation in the field does not differ substantially from that on the waterfront or in the factories and mines. A highly industrialized, heavily capitalized agriculture is mobilizing for action. "We don't want any trouble," is the phrase of the hour, "but we insist on harvesting our crops."

The sort of preparation now being carried on is illustrated by the activities of the Associated Farmers, an organization notorious for the part it played in the agricultural strikes of 1933-34 and in the recent criminal-syndicalism trial in Sacramento, which was, of course, a judicial manhunt directed against the leaders of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union. The San Francisco headquarters of the Associated Farmers maintains an elaborate espionage system. At present its file on "dangerous radicals" contains approximately 1,000 names, alphabetically arranged, with front- and side-view photographs of each individual indexed, and, on the reverse side of the card, biographical information, including notations of arrests, strike activities, affiliations, and a reference to a corresponding number in the archives of the State Bureau of Criminal Identification. Sets of this file have already been distributed to more than a hundred police officers in the state, and a selected list has been sent to members of the association so that they will be able to identify radicals in their communities. Incidentally, the State Bureau of Criminal Identification is closely affiliated with the Associated Farmers, deputies from the bureau frequently working in the field in cooperation with agents of the association. The state bureau had its private investigators sleuthing for the Tagus Ranch in the San Joaquin Valley; it employed, at one time or another, the various stool pigeons upon whose testimony the several defendants in the recent Sacramento trial were convicted.

The Associated Farmers maintain a smoothly functioning propaganda machine. Press releases are issued regularly and members of the organization receive confidential bulletins, some of which are interesting. They explain the operations of the Communist Party, coach members on strike-breaking strategy, point with pride to convictions in radical cases, digest the reports of stool pigeons, quote with approval such comment as that of John Lawrence Seymour, the California composer, that "a planned invasion of America's cultural sources by Communist propaganda is obvious," and encourage the drive toward fascism in the law. In a bulletin issued on March 22, 1935, Judge Dal M. Lemmon, who presided at the Sacramento trial, was congratulated on having instituted a "speed-up" system against the defense, and members of the association were urged to be in constant attendance at the trial. The association has regular radio time. It has four branch offices and it maintains in addition a representative in every county of the state. It is also closely affiliated with the state and local chambers of commerce.

It is interesting to note that Associated Farmers is not, strictly speaking, a farmers' organization. The committee appointed to raise funds for the organization consisted of an executive of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, a representative of the Industrial Association of San Francisco, an executive of the California Packing Association, and a representative of the California Farm Bureau. At the organization meeting at Fresno on May 7, S. Parker Frisselle told those present that the "bankers, shippers, and oil companies" would raise the necessary funds, and also explained that the "farm" label was adopted so that the organization would "carry more weight with the public." Fruit exchanges, packing houses, and shipper-grower organizations, all contribute to the treasury. In the strikes in the Imperial Valley in 1934 Eastern banking interests are reported to have indemnified the farmers for the loss of unharvested crops in order that the strike activities of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union might be crushed. Moreover, Associated Farmers is closely affiliated with local grower-shipper organizations throughout the state. The California Cavaliers, a semi-secret anti-labor organization, was formed in Sacramento last February at the suggestion of the Associated Farmers. "We aren't going to stand for any more of these organizers from now on," to quote from a statement of Herman Cottrell, a peach grower, in the Sacramento *Bee,* "and anyone who peeps about higher wages will wish he hadn't."

Organized terrorism in agriculture is producing a system of peonage. By the use of elaborate identification records the growers make the workers conscious that they are being watched and their individual histories investigated. The workers live in guarded quarters which have "no trespass" signs at the entrance and are surrounded during harvest with barbed-wire fences and "moats." The conviction of the leaders of the C. A. W. I. U., on evidence transparently false, deprived the workers of valuable leadership and warned them of the consequences of organization. Such warning was, however, superfluous, more than a hundred arrests having been made in connection with the cotton strike in the San Joaquin Valley in 1934. The great company farm-factories are watched by armed special deputies, and machine-gun equipment has been installed in several establishments. Living in company camps, the workers are made to realize that they can be summarily evicted. The existence in the locality of a sturdy "stockade" is a visible warning of possible concentration. The threat of deportation is constantly used, particularly with the Mexican laborers, many of whom, of course, have illegally entered the United States—a circular distributed in the cotton strike warned the Mexicans that if they did not go back to work they would be "deloused, defilthed, and, if that isn't enough, deported."

The various social-service agencies of the state, instead of investigating working conditions, generally spend their time and exhaust their budgets in investigating the workers. The state and federal employment agencies work in close cooperation with the growers, and the relief agencies obligingly strike names from the relief rolls whenever cheap labor is needed in the fields. That relief agencies have discriminated against workers active in agricultural strikes is well known (People vs. Lillian Dunn and Others, 1 Cal. App. 2d Series, 556). And along the highways are the state highway patrolmen, always ready to break a strike or arrest a worker.

With state officials working under their direction to help ferret out, fingerprint, and incarcerate trouble-makers, the organized big growers have sought to establish a network of "controls" throughout the state. They have pushed through anti-picketing ordinances in practically every county in the state. A sample ordinance adopted in Tulare County a year ago prohibited "unauthorized line-ups of automobiles, concentrations in camps for which permits have not been obtained, and meetings of more than twenty-five persons without permits," and also outlawed lectures, debates, discussions, loitering in alleys, halls, and the like without a permit. With this system of intimidation in force, the growers can penalize interchange of opinion and even prohibit association among workers.

But the preparations do not end at this point. Throughout the state certain curious establishments are in course of construction. About ten miles from Salinas, conveniently removed from the main highway, an inclosure has recently been built. A stout and unbroken wall of planks a dozen feet high forms a rectangular stockade which is divided off into several compartments on the inside, the whole occupying an acre or more. Along one wall are ranged a group of outhouses, the only sign that the structure is intended for humans rather than swine. A water tower rises in solitary grandeur in the midst of the camp. Surrounding the tank is a platform, splendidly adapted for observation, night illumination, and marksmanship. Flood lights are located at the four corners of the stockade in such manner that they can illuminate the interior and also encircle the stockade with a clearly illuminated zone.

When local workers became curious about this menacing structure, they were referred to Mr. Sterling of the Sterling-Harding Packing Company, and to Mr. Church of the firm of Church and Knowlton, both Salinas concerns. These gentlemen informed the workers that the stockade was being built "to hold strikers, but of course we won't put white men in it, just Filipinos." The argument usually advanced is that the stockade will be used to protect strikebreakers, that is, to keep the strike-breakers in and the strikers out. But of course the structure is equally well adapted to herd strikers into and to keep them in.

The fortress defense is a feature of the model labor camp established at Brentwood by the Balfour-Guthrie Company, a large grower concern in which British capital has been prominent. This camp has hot and cold showers, free electricity, a camp caretaker, seventy-five cottages supplied with free gas for cooking, and tents with floors and frames connected with a community kitchen. During the last strike in the community the camp was protected by "a substantial fence surmounted by plenty of barbed wire, with the entrance guarded night and day." Yet despite these evidences of solicitude the owners complained that the "agitators continually referred to it as a stockade, a cattle corral, or a prison, and to its inhabitants as slaves or prisoners." P. S. Bancroft, president of the Associated Farmers' unit of Contra Costa County, in defending the camp said that "obviously the fence and guard were there to keep the lawless element out, not to keep the contented workmen in." Yet when the striking laborers of Imperial Valley set up a camp and strike headquarters in 1934, it was raided by local police, because, to quote from the *Shipper-Grower Magazine* of March, 1934, "it was a concentration camp in which the workers were being kept against their wishes" by Communist labor leaders. The burning question would seem to be, When is a concentration camp not a concentration camp? Who is herding whom and what for?

With these preparations concluded, it is slight wonder that the Associated Farmers announce in a radio broadcast that their members "can go ahead and harvest your crops and not worry about agitators." But air-tight as the system appears to be, it is in danger. Recent hearings in Los Angeles indicate that still further wage cuts for agricultural labor may be expected. The employed farm laborer in California today makes on an average about $300 a year, with about 150 working days; the prevailing hourly wage for farm labor at present is about 22½ cents. Under these circumstances it can only be a question of time until the lid is blown off.

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Revolt in Panama

By CARLETON BEALS

PANAMA, for most Americans, means a canal managed with noble efficiency and providing service to the civilized world. If we recall that Panama is a country larger than Austria or Ireland sprawling for hundreds of miles in either direction from the canal, we probably cherish the easy belief that the people of that unknown land have been greatly benefited by our paternalism. What are the facts?

Enthusiasts about the canal call it a marvelous socialist experiment, a proof that government ownership works. Certainly the administration, though overstaffed, is honest and relatively efficient. There have been no shady stock mergers, no looting of stockholders by bonus slices or trick holding companies. In the Canal Zone there are no rich, no poor, no unemployment. The Governor's house, though the scene of more stuffed-shirt dinners, is only a little larger than other employees' houses, which are rent free except for a small upkeep fee.

Proportionately there is less crime than anywhere else in the world. Sanitation is better than in the United States, mortality lower than in my own university city. Of course, old folks don't stay there to die. But Zone employees receive a 25 per cent bonus because they live abroad in a dangerous tropical climate. They are also eligible for a better pension than any other civil employees. Goods may be purchased in the commissariats at prices from 50 to 75 per cent lower than in the United States, yet those commissariats return juicy profits to our government. Although residents must pay high-binder gas, electric, and ice rates to the Electric Bond and Share subsidiary, soon a new government-dam project will end this. Gasoline costs eight cents in the Zone, twenty-six cents in Panama; standard brands of cigarettes, four to six cents in the Zone, fifteen cents in Panama. The Zone residents are a privileged group, better cared for than the employees of any other large enterprise on earth.

But this is scarcely socialism; rather is it bureaucracy raised to perfection. The Canal Zone is a benevolent dictatorship, a feudal paradise, not an organic functioning entity shaped by the active intelligence of its citizens. Not only is it bad taste for them to criticize the operation of the canal; it is dangerous. He who utters the least breath of discontent is soon on his way back to the United States, along with his payroll relatives who have eased into the same soft haven of stilted green houses, broad screened-in verandas, and moon-flower trellises of this lotus-like climate.

The Canal Zone has long felt that it has been most generous to Panama. Along with the State Department, the banks, and the public utilities, the Zone for a long time ran the little republic through puppet governments; and its dark-skinned inhabitants, not to mention tourists, received all the benefits of low-priced commissariats, cheap movies and restaurants, and hospital service in one of the model institutions of the world. With this large additional business of a hundred thousand Panamanians and half a million tourists annually, more than the entire resident population of the country, the Zone could sell goods ever more cheaply and cut hospital fees ever lower. And this not only created new berths for relatives from the states; it engendered a vast pride in the growing importance of Zone activities. Without doubt the Zone is far more efficient, far more generous to its inhabitants, than is Panama.

The Zonites were shocked, therefore, when a year or so ago the new President of Panama, Harmodio Arias, with commendable independence, journeyed to Washington to complain about these benefits, as well as about certain abuses connected with the interpretation of the 1903 treaty which gave us the Zone. It was at his direct request that the Zone benefits were withdrawn from Panamanians and tourists, and the Zone bureaucracy ever since has been grieved at the ingratitude of the Panamanians, who so suddenly desired to put brakes on the absorption by the United States of all the country's political and economic activities.

But why should Panamanians prefer to pay twenty-six cents instead of eight cents for gasoline? It looked as if the inefficient Panamanian economy were trying to save itself by putting up artificial barriers; as though the Panamanian commercial classes, including large numbers of Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, and Armenians, merely wished a free hand to exploit the Panamanians and the tourists; as though inferior Panamanian doctors wished to charge higher prices for sawing bones. This selfish motive does play a large part, but it is not the whole story. The republic is actually grateful to President Roosevelt for cutting off all Panamanian privileges in the Zone and making Panamanians—and also tourists—buy in Panama at higher prices and die from diseases that might have been cured by cheap expert care.

The business success of the Zone springs from two main factors. First, all supplies are purchased in mass quantities for an uncontested market of 47,000 civil and military employees. Second, no duties, no taxes, no private profits are paid on these goods. As a result no Panamanian merchant could compete. All native enterprise was stifled. And every Panamanian merchant driven to the wall meant more unemployment, lessened purchasing power, reduced government revenues. It was nice to be able to buy cheaply in the Zone, but Panama was thereby deprived of revenue. The more American monopoly expanded, the less Panama could spend for sanitation, schools, paved streets, and the less surplus remained to develop the backward interior. Money was being drained out of Panama to augment American profits, increase the number of American jobs, and make the Zone increasingly a paradise, while Panama sank into misery, with more and more of its population reduced to a peon status.

The evil was accentuated by the Zone's consistent boycott of Panamanian labor. This is officially denied, but statistics tell the truth. Preference is given to West Indian Negroes, mostly British citizens, who form the bulk of the 30,000 aliens in the Zone. Since they speak English, the Zonites are not obliged to learn Spanish. Being so far from home, the Negroes are more docile; according to Zone officials, they are also more industrious and dependable. The Zone itself, of course, has no unemployment problem because it callously shoves such difficulties off on Panama. After the building of the canal, hordes of West Indian and Oriental laborers were dumped into the adjacent republic to starve or beg. They and their children live in Panama City and Colón in festering slums, in abject poverty, crime, and promiscuity. In the fire-trap shacks covering whole blocks entire families of ten to fourteen persons occupy one room. The Zone continues to dump its unemployed on Panama in the same way as of old.

Thus in its relation to Panama the canal experiment, however much it benefits its own employees, is revealed as a great feudal enterprise, a brutal monopoly, intent on maintaining its privileges at the expense of the land of which it is a part. Nor does the monopolization stop with the sale of goods. The Panama railroad, which returns millions in profit to the United States government, controls interoceanic communications and has prevented all independent normal communication between the two coasts and between the cities and the interior of the republic. In accordance with the original 1867 concession and the 1903 renewal, Panama receives a beggarly $250,000 gold annuity (we have been trying to force it to take depreciated dollar bills) from the railroad and the canal, the former for the most part supported by Panamanian money. The rest of the income is siphoned out into the United States treasury. When any conflict arises over the interpretation of the treaty or the acts and policies of the railroad, it is settled not by mutual agreement but arbitrarily by United States officials. When convenient, the United States Attorney General rules that the railroad—our government owns all the stock—is a private enterprise; when more convenient, that it is an American government institution.

The Panama railroad is unique. It operates mostly in the Zone but caters to a foreign population. Though it is owned by the government, freight and passenger rates are high. Before me lies the bill of costs of a shipment of machinery, which shows the charges from Panama City to Colón to be higher than the entire cost of shipping from Colón to Barraquilla, Colombia, and then by river and muleback to far Bogotá. A non-competitive monopoly, the railroad tenaciously refuses to relinquish its unfair exploitation of the Panamanian people. In no sense is it run as a social enterprise to provide the greatest possible benefit to its clients.

Among its numerous advantages, the railroad has that of being one of the largest single landlords in all Panama. Besides its vast tax-free realty properties in the capital, it owns Colón, the second largest city in the republic, except for nine blocks and four scattered lots. It collects ground rents for Uncle Sam from business men, houses of prostitution, open cribs, saloons, gambling dives, pick-up cabarets, hotels, private homes, and the vilest slums on the continent. High ground rents continually force native residents to sacrifice their homes. In no other place in the world is a government the owner of practically an entire foreign city. Not only are the title and present manner of using these properties dubious, but by an improper interpretation of the original concession the railroad flatly refuses to pay taxes, and though the Zone supervises sanitation, it makes no contributions to police and fire protection, public schools, parks, or other necessary public services.

In one portion of Colón, known as New Cristóbal, the United States government, without complying with local regulations or troubling itself to take out building permits, has spent millions in building homes, schools, hospitals, hotels, clubhouses, and playgrounds for American employees, though in the Zone itself there is room for many such developments. The major reason for having thus built up New Cristóbal outside Zone property is said to have been to evade prohibition and other strict American regulations—a conspiracy of our own government to help its citizens evade its own laws. Congress, for instance, appropriated nearly a million dollars for a new Zone high school. This was erected in New Cristóbal on foreign soil. The Panamanians promptly tore down the American flag raised over the new building, but the school refuses to abide by the national school laws.

In other ways also the railroad has stifled Panamanian initiative; it has built tourist hotels, absorbed local trucking and taxi services, monopolized the supplying of vessels in transit through the canal. For more than a decade, though the three million dollars necessary have long been in the Panamanian treasury, the railroad has blocked all efforts to build a road across the isthmus. The War Department has contended that a road would menace the canal's safety, though three Zone governors have reported that actually it is a great military necessity. But a road would reduce freight costs on many things to a fourth of the railroad rates. Many business men have interests in both Colón and Panama City; a road would enable them to save the railroad fare and to motor across at convenient hours. At present, by utilizing the Gatún ferry, it is possible to get across the isthmus in rather bumpy fashion. A Panamanian bus service was started, with fares less than a third those charged by the railway, but the Zone authorities abolished the service. In 1926 the United States at last acceded to Panama's demand and a treaty was drawn up by the imperialist Francis White. Let Panama put up $1,250,000 and cede its entire sovereignty over Colón, and the United States would itself build and control the road. This monstrous scheme was blocked by the single-handed efforts of Deputy Harmodio Arias, now President.

The monopolistic spirit of the Zone is explicable. The employees, with practically permanent tenure, want more jobs for their relatives, for their children, and presumably for their grandchildren, who will not even be American citizens. They are jealous of any limitation of the number of jobs. Now that Panama is at last trying to defend itself, the original contempt of the Zonites for the "Spigomanians" has turned into fury. When the newsreel of President Arias's visit to the White House was shown last year in a Zone movie, he was hissed. Shouts of "Monkey!" went up, although he is one of the most honest and capable executives I have ever encountered. Disconcerting as it must be to the Zonites to have Panama defy the old tradition that it is an inferior land to be ordered about at their pleasure, their ill-will is basically motivated by a struggle for jobs and a snobbish feeling of superiority.

It would be tedious to recount the numerous petty restrictions the Zone has placed on Panama. No Panamanian can cross the Zone to the interior of his own country without a costly Zone car and driver's license. The 1903 treaty obliges the United States to maintain adequate communications between the two Panamanian regions on either side of the canal, but such communications exist at only a few points and are interrupted at night. Thus if a riot occurs on the far side, the government is powerless to handle it. If a Panamanian from the far side wishes to go to the theater, he must also pay for a night's lodging in Panama City or Colón. In case of illness, no doctor can be obtained and no patient can be taken to the doctor.

The Zone authorities have persistently refused to permit the installation of a government radio-broadcasting station, so much needed for communication with outlying regions and to provide programs, though under existing treaty arrangements such a station would in no way endanger the canal. For a time the Zone authorities even attempted to control the licensing of radio receiving sets.

In defiance of the treaty the Zone does not permit Panamanian customs collectors or immigration inspectors at the ports. American officials examine the baggage; the immigrant must then go over to Panamanian soil, pay the bill, and after excessive red tape on both sides, return to the Zone to get his belongings. American officials arbitrarily hold passports needed for identification and travel in Panama. A returning Panamanian must prove his identity to Uncle Sam, not to his own government.

The Zonites show their ill-will by a silent boycott of Panama stores and Panama goods. The United States government sells fifty-cent Japanese tennis rackets, but buys Argentinian or Cuban, instead of Panamanian, beef, although it is to our best interests to see prosperous economic and agricultural development of the regions adjacent to the canal. In case of war, with the approaches to the canal cut off by the enemy, the defense could not be maintained more than a month because of lack of food supply. It would be rather pathetic if the remarkable Zone defenses had to capitulate merely because not enough food existed in Panama.

Correspondence

What the Socialist Party Wants

To the Editors of The Nation:

For a long time Ben Stolberg has made it his recreation to hang about the corridors, so to speak, of places where less fastidious radicals are at work in order to pick up tidbits of gossip, scraps of documents, and ideological cigar butts for the delectation of readers unsympathetic to the radical cause. This equips him admirably to write the sort of article on the Socialist Party you recently published, but it scarcely qualifies him to produce a critical piece that would foster public understanding or promote internal Socialist improvement.

I am chiefly concerned about the preposterous yarn regarding the genesis, at Detroit, of the party's present declaration of principles. It is true that in the platform committee I was nominated by Norman Thomas to bring in a draft of a declaration; it is not true that in any particular Thomas sought to lay down the lines it should follow. It was brought back into the committee and, save for the usual deletions and corrections, almost unanimously approved.

I have no wish to evade responsibility for the more controversial portions on war and fascism which Mr. Stolberg, by the familiar devices of judicious omission and skilful juxtaposition, pictures as so hard for logical minds to grasp. Before me, requiring many hours for analysis, were two sets of representative ideas: one, the various suggested declarations worked out by party organizations and printed as alternatives in the convention agenda; another, more important in my estimation, a huge pile of resolutions on party tactics adopted by state conventions and by various locals throughout the country. These did not, of course, entirely agree; indeed at times they sharply disagreed; but nevertheless from them a definite trend of thought emerged, which I conceived it my duty to embody as far as possible in a single declaration expressive of majority desires. Although on war and fascism it seemed wise to follow a contingent policy, rather than attempt to set forth dogmatically the precise manner in which reaction might first precipitate the need for a crisis tactic, even here there was no departure from theoretical positions increasingly taken by the movement abroad and locally in this country.

I am satisfied, because of the conscientious labor I spent on this analysis at Detroit and from a subsequent review of the same material in perspective, that whatever defects the declaration's critics may find in it, it was substantially what a large majority of the party had demanded.

Wilton, Conn., July 3 Devere Allen

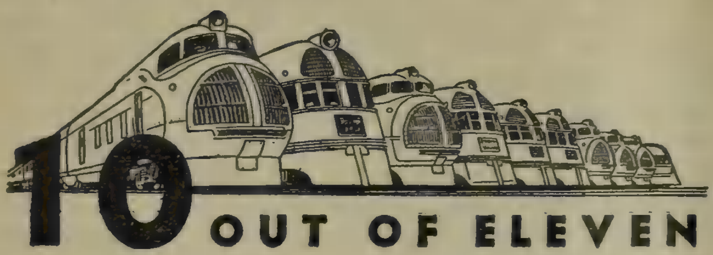
The Grand Coulee Dam

To the Editors of The Nation:

In your issue of March 20 James Rorty, in an article about the Grand Coulee Dam, had the impertinence to state that among the "interests concerned not with the use of land but with selling it at a profit" were the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, of which I am a long-time director, the Northwestern and Pacific Hypothekbank, and the Realty Mortgage Company, of which I am the manager. The Northwestern and Pacific Hypothekbank under former management had required property in the Quincy Plains, but disposed of all of it in 1910, or about ten years before there was any talk about Columbia Basin irrigation. The Northwestern and Pacific Hypothekbank owns considerable land, principally in Adams County, nearly all of which has been farmed for wheat and is still farmed for wheat, some years at a loss and some at a profit.

As your magazine seems to be interested in the private affairs of the corporations of which I am manager, allow me to state that I have sold land in the Columbia Basin district for $3 an acre, and it has been bought by resident settlers for pasture. Right near the dam there is of course speculation for town sites and lots, as is usual near any new enterprise employing a large number of men. Neither the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, the Northwestern and Pacific Hypothekbank, the Realty Mortgage Company, nor several of the other companies mentioned are interested in any of this speculation or lot selling, as they own no land near there. A large amount of the land in the district can be bought from the counties at $1 and up per acre. If the Spokane Chamber of Commerce has stated that there is land available for from $5 to $15 an acre they speak about agricultural land, some of which could not be bought from resident farmers at anything like these prices.

Mr. Rorty asks why condemnation proceedings were not initiated early? If he had taken the trouble to investigate he would have found that at the request of the Columbia Basin League at an early stage the legislature of the state of Washington passed some legislation to prevent speculation whenever



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an irrigation district should be formed. But the irrigation district has not been formed, and if a high dam is ever built it will be probably ten years or even more before there is a chance to form such an irrigation district, in which case the United States government will presumably take good care that the land speculators are not allowed to play their game.

Lately the Agricultural Department has been buying land in different parts of the Northwestern states as it is doing in the Middle Western states, but it has no connection with the Columbia Basin project, and the government has agreed that if fifty acres of such land can be irrigated and an irrigation district is formed, the seller can buy back the land at cost plus 5 per cent interest.

One more statement, Mr. Rorty says that Superintendent J. D. Ross of the Seattle City Light knows that it was the Grand Coulee crowd and the Inland Empire crowd that blocked him when he asked for PWA money to complete the Skagit River development. I do not know who these different crowds are. I do know, as everyone does, that the municipal power plant of Seattle has been trying to cover the whole state of Washington, and it has been stated in the newspapers several times that the City of Seattle objected to the building of the low dam as a competitor in the production of power.

Spokane, June 25 R. INSINGER

To THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As I pointed out in my article, there is nothing illegal about speculation. It is the traditional American pattern. The real-estate business is the business of buying land as cheap as possible and selling it as dear as possible, and where land is condemned, forcing as high a price for the condemned land as possible; and the real-estate business is a perfectly respectable business. It is also true that all owners, including farmers, do the same thing. I pointed out that this pattern is incompatible with any genuine enterprise of functional planning designed to benefit the country as a whole. Well, isn't it?

I regret the inaccuracies that appeared in my article but point out that they were minor. Certainly I directed no attack upon Mr. Insinger and his companies; I merely listed these companies among those holding land in the Columbia Basin, which was accurate. As to speculation in connection with the project, land in the Columbia Basin was certainly changing hands in considerable quantities when I was there; and the promotion campaigns conducted by real-estate companies were certainly in speculative terms—the quotations used in my article, such as "Buy at the Fringe and Wait," were from literature in my possession. Such speculative activity may be relatively negligible, as Mr. O'Sullivan of the Columbia Basin Commission alleges. It is important to keep it so, and my article, like his own official efforts, was directed to that end.

New York, July 8 JAMES RORTY

Dreams and Facts

To THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Under this title Mr. Max Nomad reviewed my book, "Leaders, Dreamers and Rebels," in *The Nation* of April 24 in such a way that the reader who doesn't know my work would get the impression that my writings are fascist-nationalist propaganda aimed against Marx, Lenin, and bolshevism.

At a time when the whole of capitalist Europe and even America, with vanishingly few exceptions, were as one in shaping political opinion against bolshevism, and there was no talk of "red seductiveness," it was precisely I who published two books, "Geist und Gesicht des Bolschevismus" and "Lenin und Gandhi," in which I took pains to do justice to the ideology of Russian communism and the surpassing stature of the revolutionary leaders.

My new book, which has as its subject the wish-dreams of mankind, seeks to place fascism and national socialism rightly in the history of political thought; it follows along the same lines that I have pursued in my cultural activity from the beginning and expect to pursue in the future. It may be that Mr. Nomad is right when he says that books impelled by a desire for objectivity "cannot lay claim to serious consideration." I have also been forced to listen to attacks from critics with fascist leanings who have said that "Leaders, Dreamers and Rebels" plainly flirts with socialism.

Mr. Nomad on many points displays that "sovereign contempt for facts and texts" which he accuses me of showing. Everyone who reads my book will be impressed by the fact that scarcely one type of historical occurrence is treated with less detail than are wars and conquests. Nevertheless, Mr. Nomad numbers me as a partisan of the theory that represents "the historical process chiefly as a succession of wars and conquests." Far from entertaining such a conception, I show how in the majority of cases world-history is conditioned by "dreams" and metaphysico-religious fantasies. I spend 450 pages in doing this, yet Mr. Nomad makes light of my attempt. Without offering any proof he dogmatically opposes me with the idea that every wish-dream has been simply a rationalization of material interests and an expression of personal ambitions.

According to my critic, I offer "barely a hint of the class basis of the ever-changing interpretations given to the concept of 'equality.'" Perhaps no hint—but an exhaustive explanation, which covers in over a hundred pages the path of the bourgeois ideal of equality from the French Revolution to Marx's concept of class and to the "classless equality" of bolshevism.

Mr. Nomad looks at Russia with a great deal of sympathy but little knowledge. But he must know that the terms "millennarian spirit" and deep-rooted "catastrophism," as applied to the Russian national character, which he ironically calls my "profundities," stem wholly from Russian authors, and especially from men like Berdjajev, Arseniev, and Gorki, who must needs know a good deal about the essential character of their nation. Moreover, the skeptical amazement with which Mr. Nomad casts doubt upon the authenticity of a famous statement of Lenin's does not speak well for his knowledge of fact. Why is my unfriendly critic so sure that I have no reason for the citation of this sentence except the wish to distort Lenin's principles thereby?

And since Mr. Nomad lays such great store by "facts and texts," might I ask him on what facts and texts he bases his assertion that Marx during his last days had given up his opinions on partial social reforms? The question whether Marx was for or against evolutionism has filled whole libraries with volumes pro and con, split the socialist movement, and been the occasion for terrible bloodshed. This question Mr. Nomad dispatches with a wave of the hand, and decrees a "conversion" of the great revolutionary which is really more than contestable.

In his remarks on my presentation of George Sorel, the liberty which Mr. Nomad opposes to "facts and texts" reaches its greatest heights. He ascribes to me the thesis that Sorel provided the foundation for syndicalism and the Action Française. I spoke, however, solely of the decided influence that Sorel's ideas exercised on these two currents, just as they have upon fascism. If Mr. Nomad will take the trouble to read the great basic work of Michael Freund on Sorel, he will find stated there all that I have ascribed to Sorel—also the explanation of Georges Valois: namely, the tracing back of Sorel's writings to the idea of "fatherland"; the oaths of allegiance which Sorel, as the spiritual father of the Action Française, gave over to its pages; the writing which Sorel contributed to the publications of the Action. To be sure, Sorel, as a thinker full of contradictions, often changed his views concerning the politics of the day; he later threw overboard syndicalism and activism, and became an admirer of Lenin. But this admiration has had no consequences, whereas from Sorel's theory of power the historic actuality of fascism sprang. It is therefore in no way a "desecration of Sorel's thought" when Mussolini looks upon him as a teacher.

Vienna, May 15 RENE FULOP-MILLER

Langstroth

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your interesting editorial called Coals to Newcastle in the issue of *The Nation* for July 3, you make the statement that "there is no biographical sketch of Langstroth in any encyclopedia." There is, however, an accurate and authoritative sketch of him by Ernest Rob Root in "The Dictionary of American Biography," Volume X (1933).

New York, June 30 CARL VAN DOREN

Contributors to This Issue

C. H. CAMPBELL is assistant city editor of the New Orleans *Item-Tribune.*

HERBERT KLEIN was formerly Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune.*

CAREY MCWILLIAMS is a California lawyer and journalist.

CARLETON BEALS, journalist and author, has passed many years in Central and South America.

ROSE M. STEIN was formerly research secretary of the League for Social Justice of Pittsburgh. She has recently been engaged in making a digest of the record of the Senate Munitions Committee.

STERLING D. SPERO, coauthor with Abram L. Harris of "The Black Worker," was a member of the research staff which prepared "Labor and the Government," recently published under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Fund.

FREDERICK C. LENDRUM is engaged in medical research at the University of Wisconsin.

EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Jane Matthew, and Other Poems."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life."

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Labor and Industry

Seven Against Horvitz

By HEYWOOD BROUN

LORAIN, Ohio, has a church for almost every corner, but religion is the only form of collective bargaining which is tolerated in the town. Mr. Horvitz locked out his staff when it pressed the right of group negotiation, and the Mayor said vaguely that he didn't believe in violence when a Cleveland Guild committee made a protest. Still, it was in Lorain, Ohio, a little later that a managing editor was slapped in the face and the Associated Press considered this episode of such news interest that it sent over its wires a story so vigorous that it made front page in one or two papers in distant New York City.

On the night of July 12 some three hundred citizens of Lorain marched down to the *Journal* plant in defiance of an injunction and shouted their intention to back the Guild in its fight for the right to unionize. That, also, was a rather startling thing, since Lorain is cradled in the shadow of the American Tube Company and the "better" element of the town boasts that it is an open-shop Eden.

By a curious coincidence, Frank Maloy, the managing editor of the *Journal,* is also the local correspondent for the Associated Press. To him the largest Lorain labor meeting in ten years was not news. The fact that his glasses were broken in a scuffle a few days before constituted front-page stuff. Possibly he did but interpret the official feeling of the town, for on the basis of a single slap the Mayor proclaimed a riot zone and sent in men with sawed-off shotguns, and a local judge issued an injunction which prohibits any Guild member from walking any street in the same direction as a *Journal* employee.

Much has been said by the management of the *Journal* about "outside agitators," but no mention has been made of the fact that the scab staff has been recruited from places as far away as New Orleans. Students of journalism may also be interested to know that another recruit is a junior at Ohio State. As a matter of fact, the locked-out staff of the *Journal* has managed its own affairs. The group of seven represents a total of forty-one years of service to the *Journal.* In order to get out a paper Mr. Horvitz has been compelled to hire a staff of almost twice as many men and women. Economy is no object. Lorain fears to face the example of a successful union even if it is one of only seven.

I spent last week-end in Lorain and called upon Mr. Maloy, who fulfils the difficult task of sending out news dispatches for the impartial A. P. and also maintaining the lockout against the American Newspaper Guild. I was of a mind to compliment him on his story of the managing editor who got slapped. It had in it that indignation which is sometimes lost in the quest for neutral reporting.

In reply to my question Mr. Maloy said that he had not written the story of the heroic managing editor. He had merely supplied the Associated Press with the facts. I asked him whether he had supplied the A. P. with any facts about the Guild's big labor mass-meeting. He said that he had not. Bill Davey, national organizer for the Guild, invited Mr. Maloy to attend the meeting just across the street from the *Journal* plant. He pointed out that it might be of potential news interest. Mr. Maloy declined to attend. I am quite certain that any fears he may have had of being molested were groundless since the Guild members were anxious to get their side of the case before the public. But the *Journal* did not send a reporter.

I asked Mr. Maloy as to the authenticity of a rumor which I had heard. It was to the effect that the Associated Press had informed its correspondent that his position as managing editor of the picketed plant and also agent for unbiased reporting might be considered by some a delicate one and would he please make every effort to be impartial. Mr. Maloy seemed surprised by the rumor. No official of the Associated Press had urged impartiality upon him.

Roy Howard of the Scripps-Howard papers and Mr. Sulzberger of the *Times* have both expressed the fear that labor news might not be accurately reported if news staffs were organized. It will be interesting to learn whether they make any protest to the Associated Press about the condition under which an unorganized journalist may both lead a fight to break a union and at the same time report any important phase of the fight without a hint of prejudice.

Since I had no opportunity to write any newspaper account of the Lorain lockout, my own role was that of observer and I do not think the Mayor can accuse me of violence. I did try out an experiment in peaceful picketing but it was unsuccessful. The city room of the *Journal* faces directly on the street. My guide indicated the journalist nearest the window. "That strike-breaker," he said, "calls himself 'a tough guy from Erie.' He says he doesn't need any organization."

I pressed my face against the glass and observed the young man intently. The tough guy was wrestling with "Society Notes from Amherst, Ohio," and making rather heavy going of it. Scrutiny seemed to make him a little nervous. In particular he had fearful difficulty with the head. He wrote seven and tore them up before he hit on one which seemed to him inspired. It ran "Bride-to-Be Gets Linen Shower." And when he had set this down he rather disarmed me by looking up with an engaging smile and winking. I moved over to the open door and said, "Why don't you come out with your own crowd?"

"And wear one of those silly signs?" said the tough guy from Erie, pointing to a picket's placard.

"It wouldn't be anything like as silly as writing about linen showers," I told him, but he didn't come out.

A long morning was spent in talking to thousands of workers coming in and out of the American Tube Company on the 6 a. m. shift, and from what they told us it seems evident that Lorain will be glad to support another paper which will give a fair deal to labor. Fortunately, plans for such a daily publication now seem to be well under way. However, it is only fair to admit that such a paper will not be able to get an A. P. franchise and reap the benefits of its neutral news coverage of industrial disputes.

Academic Cossacks in Pittsburgh

By ROSE M. STEIN

ON a recent visit to Pittsburgh, America's foremost architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, is said to have remarked, upon seeing the University of Pittsburgh's thirty-eight-story Cathedral of Learning, "That's the most stupendous 'keep off the grass' sign I've ever seen." Mr. Wright had reference to the cathedral's architecture. He was probably entirely unaware that this laconic description prophetically summed up the university's attitude on liberal ideas, and that the structure itself has, in effect, served as a "keep off the grass" warning to students and teachers who have and express any opinion on the controversial social and economic problems which agitate the world. Suppression of liberal activities and the dismissal of teachers who manifest even the faintest pink hue have occurred at the University of Pittsburgh so often that they have ceased to be news. What brings Pitt once again to the fore is that the situation has finally impressed itself upon the public consciousness sufficiently to call forth an investigation by a legislative committee. The investigation, in turn, is significant because, in the light of recent oustings of students and teachers from other institutions, facts revealed about Pittsburgh may very well represent conditions which prevail in many schools, perhaps in all but a few of the better ones.

One after another they came before the committee: a remarkable procession of educators who, not as university representatives but as individuals and as citizens, had dared to address strikers or to speak of their plight, and who had thereby incurred either actual dismissal or the threat of dismissal so imminent that they rushed to find other employment in time to escape the ax. Six testified. But there are many more than six upon whom the ax has fallen or threatened to fall, for reasons other than incompetence or economy, since 1921, when Chancellor John G. Bowman came to Pittsburgh, and especially since 1926, when he conceived the dream of building the highest school—in terms of floors—on money largely contributed by Pittsburgh's millionaires. Twenty-five faculty members have been fired during the last five years, and during the same period fifty-nine others have resigned.

Contributors other than millionaires helped pay for the thirty-eight imposing floors of stone, mortar, steel, and glass—many of the alumni and Pittsburgh's not so rich. But complaints from these latter groups have received scant notice. It was testified, for instance, that during the 1928-29 term the university received a complaint about a member of the faculty. The school's executive secretary called the teacher's attention to the letter, but before deciding upon what action to take, he said, "Now just wait a moment, let's see who this man is." After consulting a Directory of Directors he said, "He is small potatoes. We won't pay much attention to him." It was when this same teacher touched the sensitive toes of Pittsburgh's "big potatoes" that he was summarily fired.

Dr. Colston E. Warne taught at the University of Pittsburgh during the 1927 coal strike. In that year Andrew Mellon's Pittsburgh Coal Company broke its contract with the United Mine Workers of America, known as the Jacksonville agreement, restored the open shop, and drastically reduced wage rates; the miners who struck in protest were blacklisted, evicted from their homes, and given generally rough treatment by the company's hired coal-and-iron police. Dr. Warne became interested in the strike. During the Christmas holiday he visited a number of coal communities and was deeply touched by the plight of the workers. Upon his return early in January, 1928, he addressed the Hungry Club, an open-forum organization of Pittsburgh's business and professional people which meets every Monday for lunch and to hear lectures on topics of the day. Dr. Warne related some of his observations and stressed as means for remedying the conditions he described collective bargaining and government control of the coal industry. Immediately after this talk the Chancellor called him into conference and explained that the board had "reacted very violently" to his speech. The conference constituted an initial warning.

Some time later the Pittsburgh *Press*—a Scripps-Howard publication—asked Dr. Warne to write a series of articles on his coal survey. He casually mentioned the proposition to his dean and found the administration was absolutely opposed to it. The articles were not written. In the course of a discussion of the matter with the head of his department Dr. Warne was given to understand "that the university had an unfinished Cathedral of Learning and that if we were to go seriously in opposition to the Mellon interests, who were counted on to help the university substantially, and other large groups, we would be imperiling the situation of the university."

Within a few months another difficulty arose. In the course of an address to a church group Dr. Warne made remarks which wounded the sensibilities of E. T. Weir, of the Weirton Steel Company. Mr. Weir complained, and as he is no "small potatoes" his complaint received all due consideration. The situation resolved itself into a definite choice: Dr. Warne either had to drop his speechmaking on the coal industry or give up teaching in Pittsburgh's university. He chose the former. But there was a final straw. Dr. Warne was a member of Pittsburgh's Civil Liberties Committee. In a community like Pittsburgh the very few who dare speak out at all are made to bear the full burden of liberal activities. Thus it is not surprising that the same man who dared speak out against the coal barons was also forced to handle civil-liberties abuses, simply for want of someone else to do it. It is as true today, after six years of depression, as it was in 1929. As a member of the Civil Liberties Committee Dr. Warne was co-signer of a petition addressed to the Governor of Pennsylvania urging him to institute an investigation of coal-and-iron police activities. It was after this that Dr. Warne was given to understand that his contract would not be renewed at the expiration of the term, and he obtained another job.

W. E. Chalmers faced dismissal because he addressed a group of taxicab strikers. Fred E. Waltman was fired a month before the term ended for his coauthorship of an

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article entitled Cossacks, dealing with the brutalities of coal-and-iron police. In his case the head of his department was not even consulted. Dr. Whiting was too closely identified with the Student Liberal Club.

The sins of Dr. F. E. Beutel outweighed all others, and it was only through fear of nation-wide publicity that he was not fired on the spot. In 1927 the United States Senate investigated the campaign of Senator-elect Vare, and Dr. Beutel was called as a witness. When asked wherein he had implicated by his testimony the university or "friends of the university," Dr. Beutel offered the following explanation:

> I made no statement involving the university other than to state I was teaching at the university. . . . When you say "the friends" of the university, yes, I testified, in detail, as to the effect of the political activity of the Mellon machine in Pittsburgh, of the amount of money they spent on that election, and the long lines of employees that got paid off at their headquarters after the election was over.

Such frankness was unpardonable. Dr. Beutel was told that he had "no future" at the university, was summarily deprived of the class he valued most, and was given to understand, of course "in all friendliness," that he had better resign. He did.

The university's cardinal stupidity was committed in firing Dr. Ralph E. Turner, the latest victim, whose dismissal took place on June 30, 1934, and resulted in the legislative investigation of a month ago. Dr. Turner was associate professor of history, had been with the university for nine years, enjoyed the highest scholastic standing, and was one of the most popular men on the Pitt campus. He was certainly not the most radical man at the university. That he, rather than any one of the six or seven "marked" faculty members, was the victim was due partly to chance but in greater degree to that peculiar quality in the Chancellor which the report of the American Association of University Professors termed "mystical" and which the Chancellor's own executive secretary described as "unpredictable."

There is, for instance, another man in the history department at Pittsburgh who is just as much admired by the students and the community, and is as active in the League for Social Justice as Dr. Turner was in the Pennsylvania Security League. Carefully measured, the first-named league might even prove to be a trifle to the left of the other. Chancellor Bowman was quoted as having said to the college dean a year earlier in reference to both these men: "What shall we do with these two radicals in the History Department?" He supplied his own answer as to the disposition of one of them. An explanation of why the other man at least was saved may be found in a private conversation between J. Steele Gow, the executive secretary, and Dr. Turner, which has since been made a part of the committee's record.

> He [Mr. Gow] said that no one could tell what the Chancellor's reactions to a situation would be. He said that not even he could tell. That the Chancellor was moody and had peculiar mental states and that he had reactions to situations that could not be rationally inferred by men beforehand. And then he went on to illustrate how the Chancellor judged certain men on the faculty and, as I recall, spoke of at least two examples in which the Chancellor had held a certain opinion of a man because he met the man on the street when he had no hat on, and that the Chancellor held a certain attitude toward another man because he didn't like the necktie that the man wore.

Here then is a situation in which the education of 12,000 students and the destiny of several hundred teachers are determined by the Chancellor's moods and whims, which in turn are affected by the color of a necktie. Dr. Bowman must be, in the estimation of his board, an efficient executive. His salary of $31,500 a year is the highest paid to any college executive in the country. He is paid, the testimony brought out, to be a good manager. This means that he must allow no one under his command to interfere with the feudal control exercised over the community by the wealthy Pittsburgh industrialists who also sit on the university's board.

Quite a number of the present faculty and students were called to the witness stand. Their testimony varied but little: fear, insecurity, espionage, suspicion. Dr. Turner was told that the Mellon-owned Union Trust Company had continually reported on his activities. No one knows who else is being watched. Everyone is afraid. Student activities even remotely concerned with social or economic problems are barred. Evidence of one of the teachers in favor of the university was characterized by J. Alfred Wilner, counsel for the "liberals," as of "no weight" since this same teacher had written a letter some time earlier in direct contradiction of his testimony. This contradiction, Mr. Wilner pointed out, "demonstrates clearly the difference between what a professor actually thinks and what he dares to say in public."

The committee's report censures the university's refusal to charter student organizations as "a distinct tendency to abrogate and nullify any attempt on the part of students to become engaged in activities of a liberal nature." It expresses emphatic disapproval of Pitt's attitude on academic freedom and insecurity of tenure, and accepts as "ideal" the principles for both as outlined and adopted by the A. A. U. P. Finally, it recommends "as soon as the same may be legally approved" a change in the present self-perpetuating Board of Trustees and suggests that fifteen members be chosen by the Board of Directors internally, that ten be chosen by the Alumni from its members, and that five be appointed by the Governor. It further suggests that the Governor of Pennsylvania, the Mayor of Pittsburgh, and the Chancellor be members ex officio.

The committee has done its duty as well probably as could be expected. The witnesses have all done well. Briefs by counsel are respectively excellent. The state legislature has approved the usual appropriation to the university, representing approximately one-fourth of its total budget, and has done so without any of the reservations recommended by the committee. What now? For a while perhaps calm will reign. No one knows, however, when Pittsburgh's steel and coal and glass and aluminum workers may find it necessary to stage a fight against oppressive conditions. Then teachers will again forget that they have to eat and will speak out. The Chancellor will again call them into conference. Or if he has found it too disagreeable to testify, he will probably delegate that duty to his secretary, who in the "friendliest" way will tell the offending teachers to seek other connections. Thus the cycle will be rounded out. Come to think of it, what right have we to expect anything else from the status quo?

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Trouble in Paradise

Academic Freedom in Westchester

By J. W.

Valhalla, New York, July 9

MRS. RUBY WARNER and Miss Mildred Babcock, teachers in the public schools of Valhalla, New York, have been dismissed after years of service because they had the temerity to join a spontaneous movement for the return of a 10 per cent pay cut. Mrs. Warner, mother of four children, graduate of the University of Minnesota, wife of a college graduate and former lawyer, taught English at School One in the Valhalla district. Miss Babcock, an enrolled Republican, a devout churchwoman, also a college graduate, about to qualify for an advanced degree at one of New York's leading universities, taught social science. For years they wrote and coached the school plays, stayed after school to instruct the laggards, and played prominent roles in all activities. No one had a word to say against either of them. Today they are a storm center in a controversy which threatens to split this little village wide open.

Two years ago Valhalla teachers took a 10 per cent cut. Their salaries had been near the minimum fixed by the state even before that. Recently rising prices made it apparent to all on the faculties of the two schools in the district that immediate relief of some kind was necessary. Instructors called a meeting at School Two, of which G. H. Remsen is principal. Mr. Remsen said he didn't care if they met there but he thought they ought to have the approval of Herman Ronnei, supervising principal of both schools and actual principal of School One. He telephoned Ronnei and got his consent.

The day before the meeting was to have been held thunder broke about the ears of the teachers. Mr. Ronnei was in a rage. He protested that no one had said a word to him about it, ordered the session called off, and warned, "It's going to be just too bad for the ringleaders." A few days later Mrs. Warner and Miss Babcock got notice that their contracts would not be renewed. Teachers in villages of this size have no tenure. They hold their posts at the will of the board, which renews contracts if it so desires, an arrangement which makes talk of "academic freedom" a laughing matter.

Mrs. Warner and Miss Babcock are popular in Valhalla. They are also good teachers. It is, for example, well known that before Mrs. Warner began teaching there students failed regents' examinations in large numbers. One year the entire graduating class flunked and there was no graduation. That was a public scandal. Then Mrs. Warner came. Since then students have passed. Miss Babcock has had similar success. But school boards are not interested in educational advances any more than the United States Steel Company when paycuts are involved.

When the annual meeting was held on May 7, trustees changed the time-hallowed procedure of such sessions and placed the election first on the agenda. Joseph Hanley, Postal Telegraph employee, and Mrs. Mabel Moody, Republican politician, were reelected president and vice-president, respectively. This done, the trustees railroaded the meeting, prevented supporters of the teachers from speaking, and abruptly adjourned the session when a motion demanding that all trustees resign was before the house.

According to Mrs. Nathaniel Poussette-Dart, a resident of Valhalla for the past fifteen years who is leading the fight for the teachers' reinstatement, nearly all of the 500 residents who crowded the Village Hall that night would have voted against Hanley and Mrs. Moody had they known what was coming.

Mrs. Poussette-Dart organized a citizens' protest committee which went into action immediately. Students threatened a strike. There were torchlight parades and demonstrations. The entire village was aroused. The trustees retaliated in black-shirt fashion. They spread rumors that a priest had a petition signed by pupils avowing Miss Babcock taught them things the church does not approve, that she taught radical ideas destructive to the community. Mrs. Poussette-Dart says that the reason why the trustees never produced this petition was that the children who signed it also signed a plea begging for Miss Babcock's reinstatement.

Joseph Hanley, Jr., stalwart young son of the board president, went around Valhalla hinting darkly: "If you knew what these women had been doing you'd want to tar and feather them." Students who protested were frightened by state troopers, warned they "might not pass" their examinations, or told they "might not graduate." Teachers who wanted to help Miss Babcock and Mrs. Warner were intimidated and then compelled to sign papers that they had not been intimidated. They had contracts of their own that wanted renewing.

Appeals have been sent to the State Department of Education but so far vainly. Commissioner Frank P. Graves says in effect that there's nothing he can do about it. Miss Lillian Broderick, president of the Westchester County Teachers' Association, has held two "hearings," but those who attended say they were farcical. The association has not lifted a finger.

Meanwhile, the fight for reinstatement goes on. A permanent Teachers' Rights Committee has been formed with the aid of the Westchester Branch of the American League Against War and Fascism and is now functioning on its own. Many prominent educators and others interested in education are members. In addition, a group of ten or more nationally known educators, among them Professor George Counts, Professor Theodore Brameld, and Professor Childs, have agreed to serve on an investigating commission which will weigh the merits of the case. The campaign threatens to become Westchester's *cause célèbre.*

Next Week

Life Insurance:
The New Offensive Against
Policy-Holders
by Mort and E. A. Gilbert

Books and Films

On the Human Face

By ROSS EDWARDS PIERCE

A glory is that lightens in Man's face
At the mere mention of immensities,
Things not yet hinted of this mortal race,
All highest hopes the life may yet release:

An ecstasy as that where curtains drawn—
Far up the shores of morning soars the lark
And from the yellow burning wharves of dawn
The Argonauts swift striving to embark:

Pregnant of all that pyramidal mass
The joys-loves-raptures time may bring to pass
All other loveliness it doth o'erpass,

And no Shakespearean poet ere shall scroll
Its epilogue—or think to plumb the whole
Of this divine infinitude of soul . . .

The Negro's Role

Black Reconstruction in America. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

IT is not surprising that the publication of this book should be hailed as a literary event. Dr. Du Bois is a great personality. He is the hero of one of the outstanding social controversies of recent American history—the great debate with Booker T. Washington, outwardly a clash of conflicting theories of education, actually a bitter political fight over the Negro's place in American society. In this fight Dr. Du Bois stood squarely and bravely for full educational opportunity and complete social and political equality, as against Washington's insistence upon the Negro's adjustment to the inferior status which the white world imposed upon him. While Dr. Du Bois, through his books, through the *Crisis* which he long edited, and through the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which he helped to found, has continued this fight without giving or asking quarter, the struggle has more and more been losing its reality. This is not because it has been attaining its objectives—these are almost as far away as at the start—but because Dr. Du Bois and the movements he has led have never realized the social basis of the things for which they were fighting. The suppression of civil liberties, no matter what racial complications it assumes in the case of the Negro, is primarily the suppression of the rights of labor. To Dr. Du Bois the issue was primarily racial. He never fully grasped the economic basis of racial discrimination, and he therefore never attempted to lead the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to realize the need of working out an economic program. He has held to his racial approach to the Negro problem with increasing intensity, finally reaching the point where he is willing to accept segregation and an independent black economy inside white society as an instrument of Negro liberation.

And now as an old man Dr. Du Bois has turned to reading Marx. The child of this strange intellectual marriage is "Black Reconstruction." Written with all the poetry and fervor of his "Souls of Black Folk," one of the authentically important books of its generation, "Black Reconstruction" sets out to correct the false impressions and disprove the lies and slanders of the white historians of the Civil War and Reconstruction.

The Reconstruction, Dr. Du Bois points out, took place amid "the slime of [an] era of theft and corruption, which engulfed the nation and did not pass by the South. Legislators and public officials were bribed. Black men and white men were eager to get rich. In every Southern state white members of the old planter aristocracy were part and parcel of the new thieving and grafting." New York had its Tweed ring; other states had equally unsavory though less famous machines; the federal government experienced the worst period of corruption in its history, going through a series of scandals in which a Vice-President, a Speaker of the House, chairmen of leading Congressional committees, and Cabinet officers were involved. When the Negro Reconstruction governments showed similar corruption, the South blamed the situation on the Negro and "reiterated this charge until it became history." The Reconstruction governments, on the other hand, despite the inexperience of their members and the poverty of the states they governed, accomplished great and positive gains. They broadened the popular base of the government, they improved the criminal law, they laid the foundation of Southern public education. Much of their legislation still remains on the statute books. The constitutions which they adopted remained in force for years after the return of white control.

This book would have been an important contribution to historical literature if the author had been content to show by this method that the Negro "is an average and ordinary human being who under given environment develops like other human beings." But Du Bois's old race consciousness and new Marxism do not allow him to remain content with the demonstration of this major thesis; they lead him to transform the Negro plantation slaves into a revolutionary working class and make the Reconstruction legislatures into dictatorships of the proletariat.

Not satisfied to accept the fact that the emancipation of the Negro was the result of the defeat of the Southern planters by the Northern industrial capitalists, Du Bois insists that "the black worker won the war by a general strike which transferred his labor from the Confederate planter to the Northern invader." That the Negro participated in the Civil War is a historical fact beyond refutation, but the part he played can by no manipulation of terms be made to fit Du Bois's interpretation. About 178,000 Negroes—78,000 freemen and 100,000 former slaves—fought with the Union armies, and nearly 4,000,000 remained loyal to their slave masters, raising the food, making the supplies, transporting the troops to fight for their enslavement. Nearly 28,000 actually fought with the Southern armies. The Negro masses did not play a conscious and decisive role in their own emancipation. The hundred thousand black men who joined the Federal forces came largely from areas invaded and conquered by the Northern troops. Some joined freely; others were inducted by force, in a process more like the corvée than a general strike. Only on the theory of the last straw could we call these additions to the Northern armies decisive.

But even more fantastic than this thesis of Du Bois's is his insistence that the Reconstruction legislatures were proletarian dictatorships. He declares:

> . . . among Negroes, and particularly in the South, there was being put into force one of the most extraordinary experiments in Marxism that the world, before the Russian Revolution, had seen. That is, backed by the military power of the United States, a dictatorship of labor was

> to be attempted, and those who were leading the Negro race in this vast experiment were emphasizing the necessity of political power and organization backed by protective military power.

This is the central thesis of "Black Reconstruction." A proletarian dictatorship resting on the military forces of victorious industrial capital! Indeed, this was "an extraordinary experiment in Marxism." Dictatorships the Reconstruction governments were, and the dictatorship here, as always, was a dictatorship of the power which controlled the military force.

Marx's hero was the proletariat. Du Bois's hero is the Negro. Du Bois, fresh from his reading of Marx, makes the Negro the proletariat. Everywhere throughout this book, in many ways an extraordinary work, Du Bois's race consciousness distorts his Marxism; so that the net result of "Black Reconstruction" is to add more confusion than light to the understanding of one of the crucial epochs of American history.

Sterling D. Spero

Medicine Must Be Socialized

The Doctor's Bill. By Hugh Cabot. Columbia University Press. $3.

A LARGE number of families in this country are suffering because they cannot afford medical care. But the problem of paying the doctor's bill is far from being the only economic difficulty connected with our present medical service. For example, thousands of well-trained young physicians sit all day in empty offices. On the other hand, numerous "fashionable doctors" are so rushed that they have no time to examine a patient carefully and adequately. In both cases valuable diagnostic ability is going to waste.

Furthermore, the public has no means of distinguishing a well-qualified expert from an ignorant bungler. Our present laws permit any licensed practitioner to proclaim himself a specialist in any field he may choose, and to perform any operation to which he can persuade a gullible patient to submit. Moreover, the patient who can pay large fees may receive even less scientific treatment than the poor man. The expression of an unbiased diagnostic opinion is difficult when a surgeon can easily charge a thousand dollars for an operation but will have difficulty in collecting more than twenty-five dollars for examination and advice. As a result we have with us the "fee-splitting" racket and an appalling increase in the number of unnecessary operations.

Yet when the Wilbur Committee on the Cost of Medical Care made its timid suggestion of a socialized medical service, the American Medical Association replied with a blast of anathemas. "The issue is one of sovietism versus Americanism," the official journal thundered. The A. M. A. denounced even the august American College of Surgeons for suggesting a prepayment plan for medical costs. It sabotaged the efforts of the Michigan State Medical Association and the Milwaukee County Medical Society to give the public some form of health insurance. It has threatened with ostracism private groups of physicians who have attempted to offer insurance for medical expenses. The complaint about the hardship of payment for medical services is generally answered by the wholly irrelevant argument that our national expenditure for medical care is smaller than the amounts we pay for tobacco, cosmetics, soda-water, and silk underwear.

Why does the A. M. A. take this reactionary attitude? Delegates to the national convention are usually elected because they have been successful in the practice of medicine, and success in our present economic system necessarily means financial success. The House of Delegates accordingly tends to represent opulence and senility. Yet other medical organizations somewhat similarly constituted have displayed a much more kindly feeling toward "socialized medicine." The suspicion is unavoidable that the association which claims the sole right to speak for the profession does not truly represent the feelings of the whole body of American physicians.

Dr. Cabot opens his book with an amazingly lucid outline of the changes in the conditions of medical practice during the past forty years. Our present dilemma is shown to be not the result of "subversive activities" but an inevitable consequence of social, economic, and technical changes. The growth of specialism, hospitals, and complicated laboratory procedures are demonstrated to be the result neither of a demand by the public for fancy frills nor of a faulty emphasis in medical education. Instead, they are necessary developments if recent scientific discoveries are to be applied in healing the sick.

The book makes a careful survey of the various systems of socialized medicine in Europe and also of the numerous forms of organized medical service which exist here. Dr. Cabot obviously does not wish to sell any European system for use in this country. He hopes, however, that unhindered expansion of our own beginnings in the direction of socialized medicine will result in a system adapted to our conditions and needs.

Dr. Cabot has no rigid formula to solve all medical problems. Certain features must be present in the future medical service, however, if the best care that medical science can offer is to be made available to all who are sick. Medical care must be administered by well-integrated groups with adequate hospital and laboratory facilities. Free competition must go; only about 10 per cent of the patients at present can pay a fee large enough for the physician to make any profit, and the future promises only "more and more fierce competition for the privilege of treating fewer and fewer patients." Payment must be based upon some form of health insurance. Health insurance will no doubt ultimately be compulsory, but Dr. Cabot is skeptical of the success of any system that might be created at the present time by a fiat of Congress.

Physicians should probably receive flat salaries: the collection of fees is a very dubious incentive to conscientious medical service. As for the repeated demand of the A. M. A. that the patient shall have "the free choice of a physician," Dr. Cabot notes that the demand for this freedom of choice generally comes from the physicians concerned and not from the patients. Contrary to the official dogma of the A. M. A. the system of socialized medical services should not be wholly, or even chiefly, under control of the profession. The public which pays and the patient who suffers should have a voice, not of course in the technical problems of medical treatment, but certainly in the social and economic aspects of how medical service is to be delivered. The sole right of medicine to exist is that it serve the health of the community, and not that it furnish an income to its practitioners.

Frederick C. Lendrum

Portrait of a Poet

The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges, and the Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon. Edited by Claude Colleer Abbott. Oxford University Press. Two Volumes. $10.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS destroyed his personal diary. Another notebook on matters of criticism and of scholarship he kept, and this became the basis for Lahey's biography. Canon Dixon's personal diary, which might have had notes on Hopkins, has not been found. Furthermore, Robert Bridges himself destroyed his own letters to

Hopkins—just why is not easily determined. Hopkins's poems, then, and these two volumes of his letters are all that are allowed us of his life's record. He disciplined himself even for posterity. But he left to Bridges the decision as to what should become of his poems, and in 1918 Bridges gave these poems to the world. They are record enough for any sensitive reader.

Hopkins's letters to Robert Bridges are, for the most part, letters about poetry, about prosody, and, in the last years, about music. Many of them are detailed criticisms of Bridges's work. Many are analyses of Hopkins's technique, paraphrases of his own poems. These two gentlemen and scholars were intimate only in their aesthetic interests. The man who had renounced medicine for poetry was far from sympathetic with the priest who, had he considered it necessary, might have renounced poetry altogether for service to Christ. Twice, obviously, Bridges and Hopkins came near to complete misunderstanding: once when Hopkins delicately but directly tried to win Bridges to his own God; once when Hopkins wrote the now famous letter stating that he was always thinking of the Communist future.

> The too intelligent artisan [wrote Hopkins] is master of the situation. . . . However, I am afraid some great revolution is not far off. Horrible to say, in a manner I am a communist. . . . Besides it is just. . . . I do not mean the means of getting to it are. But it is a dreadful thing for the greatest and most necessary part of a very rich nation to live a hard life without dignity, knowledge, comforts, delight, or hopes, in the midst of plenty—which plenty they make. They profess that they do not care what they wreck and burn, the old civilization and order must be destroyed. . . . But as the working classes have not been educated, they know next to nothing of all this [the value of tradition] and cannot be expected to care if they destroy it. The more I look, the more black and deservedly black the future looks.

A curious formality runs through the one-sided correspondence, from which Bridges obviously gained far more than Hopkins. Many times Bridges altered lines in his own verses because Hopkins had pointed out defects; Hopkins very seldom accepted suggestions. Bridges, to be sure, knew when to stand his own ground; he persevered in his more conservative technique and became one of the greatest Victorian prosodists. The two men spoke to each other as equals, sometimes even bluntly. Apparently they actually saw very little of each other, but their correspondence continued for about twenty-three years, until Hopkins died at forty-five.

The correspondence between Hopkins and Dixon, which covers only the last ten years of Hopkins's life, is more personal. Canon Dixon, a curate in London, remembered Hopkins as a schoolboy. When, therefore, Hopkins expressed his sympathy and admiration for Dixon, who had never had his deserved recognition, Dixon came to love the younger artist. He could, moreover, sympathize with Hopkins's vocation. And even while he urged Hopkins to continue writing he did not quarrel with his supreme faith or question over-much his renunciation. For Hopkins's poetry Dixon had only the highest admiration, acknowledging at once a genius so original that it must have its own way. There was whole-hearted communication between them; and from these letters we learn how sensitive and passionate a schoolboy Hopkins had been, how terribly he had struggled, how much he had renounced for his calling.

Hopkins not only saw and felt with unusual sensitivity; he deliberately attempted to draw into himself every impression taken by his senses so that each in its turn might be registered indelibly on his inner mind. From so acute a sensibility and so intense a cultivation of it he suffered nervously all his life. Delicate from childhood, he came at times close to death from exhaustion due to inner conflict. He was not content merely to describe beauty, he must transmit it directly to the reader. Therefore his need of a new technique, a new syntax, was constant. This process of drawing sensuous impressions inward he calls "inscape." The effects of it in his poetry are easily pointed out. Hopkins, for example, records not a description of the lark's song, but the way it affects his own ear; he describes a starry night, a dappled day, as if his own nerve-ends were giving back their sensitivity. Since he saw everything in motion, his fundamental metaphysical problem was to see unity in the dynamic physical world. Each image, as he gives it, alters. He had a passion for watching the beauty of clouds, of light and shadow. This is evident in the prose essays included in the appendices of these volumes. But his poems also reflect his peculiar sensitivity to motion, to the effects of light. They are, moreover, dramatic, full of action. Denied action himself, denied physical expression of his intense sensuous delight, he projected both in his poetry, resolving it always into the theme of unity, of peace in God.

Actually Hopkins had chosen a calling in accord with only half his mind, utterly contradictory to his almost morbid sensibility. Stomach disorders, nervous prostrations indicate a constant strain. But his will power never broke down. "Feeling," he writes, "love, in particular, is the great moving power and spring of verse." Then he adds: "And the only person that I am in love with [God] seldom, especially now, stirs my heart sensibly, and when he does I cannot always make capital of it. It would be a sacrilege." So all of the feeling, the fresh, violent delight he had in nature, must be willed to God. Youth's intensity of emotion mercifully faded a little; the intellect took hold. But Hopkins never rose to any great office in his chosen calling. About his failure he could be humorous, but he also grieved. And the more he was convinced of his failure, the more he determined to renounce everything but the priesthood. In the eight years before his death he found time to write only twenty poems, but among these were his amazing "terrible sonnets," heart-breaking poems of conflict between doubt and faith, our most magnificent record of the way in which a man's will can prevail even though every sense takes its toll of pain.

On entering the priesthood, Hopkins foreswore poetry for seven years. "The Wreck of the Deutschland," written at the request of a superior, allowed him to take up his pen. The next few years were his most prolific. In this period he learned his technique. Then came the totaling up of his record in his last sonnets. And we have today a small but very precious and original collection of poems. In them is revealed the man's soul, the battleground between a terrible sensitivity and an iron will which had accepted a dogma.

Caught in the religious zeal of his Oxford days, Hopkins was led by Newman into Catholicism. But he was almost biologically determined for poetry. His sensibilities remind one of Dorothy Wordsworth's or of Proust's. Over them he drew down the bars of his faith. Poetry results, always, from inner conflict and must always, for the purpose of the poem itself at least, resolve that conflict. Hopkins's poetry is one of the greatest illustrations of how this creative process takes form in words. Much could be said about his technique. He learned his use of "sprung rhythm" from Anglo-Saxon. He believed that poetic language must be the current language of the age, but he adds that this language "must be to any degree heightened and unlike itself." He noted that his own use of alliteration was unlike Swinburne's in that he used it only for stressing meaning, never for mere sound. He studied Milton's contrapuntal choruses in "Samson Agonistes," and so found that rhythm running against rhythm could be made to stress meaning. The very violence of his feelings and statements demanded that no word be left unstressed if it confirmed meaning, that language must be condensed in order to state emotions felt as if all in one flash. His innovations were, in other words, all necessary to his art. Therefore he dared and, for the most part, he succeeded. Hopkins was writing music when he died. Music was merely a purer, less questionable release for a caged heart.

EDA LOU WALTON

Tragic Mississippi

Deep Dark River. By Robert Rylee. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

SOCIAL evil is a complicated thing, and the novelist who would show it both truthfully and effectively must as a rule evolve an elaborate factual structure. When in his admirable endeavor to help the Southern share-croppers Erskine Caldwell writes a story as impossible as "Kneel to the Rising Sun," he injures his cause by his faulty structure. Mr. Rylee evidently has no less at heart the atrocious conditions under which the share-croppers live, and he avoids the pitfall of the young and inexperienced crusader by evolving the very sort of elaborate, casually cruel plot by which actual life prepares its tragedies.

He gives us Mose, a husky young farm Negro who works contentedly for a meager living because his imagination has been completely captured by the great legend of the Christian faith as it has been transmitted to him, after undergoing at the hands of his poetic race changes no less extraordinary, grotesque, poignant, and beautiful than those the same faith underwent at the hands of the stone-carvers of Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In giving us Mose, Mr. Rylee gives us in large part his race.

Through a series of credible incidents, one leading inevitably to another, and all of them ironical commentaries on the helpless lot of an underprivileged man in personal conflict with one more fortunately circumstanced, Mose incurs the hatred of Birney, the manager of the plantation on which he works. But even in Mississippi a likable, hard-working, unoffending Negro has some rights. Instead of waylaying Mose and beating him to death, Birney hires another Negro to pick a quarrel with Mose and shoot him. The plan miscarries slightly; Mose kills the trouble-maker in self-defense.

Up to this point the book affords the reader the delighted surprise that comes when he encounters a new novelist who writes with fine seriousness and a profound appreciation of the beauty and tragedy of the human lot—this in spite of the fact that Mr. Rylee's prose, though always sensitive and often moving, is never really distinguished. But with the indictment of Mose for murder and the attempt on the part of Mary Winston, a woman lawyer, to save him, Mr. Rylee's ignorance of the ways of the world betrays him sadly.

It is incredible that anyone with enough intelligence to pass the bar examinations and with several years of active practice behind her could have entered the case with the blithe ignorance shown by Mary Winston. Although she knows that Birney has the active support of the two corrupt sons of the plantation owner, and although she knows that the three have for years carried on an illicit business without any interference from the local officers, with whom they are thick as thieves, it doesn't occur to her that the jury will be rigged, and she enters court relying exclusively on the justice of her case. Although she knows that the plantation Negroes who are her sole witnesses as to the real cause of the shooting depend for their very existence on their white bosses and live in constant terror of them, it never occurs to her that they will be frightened out of giving true evidence for Mose. And when she makes her final plea, she talks to the jury very much in the manner of a Sunday School teacher urging her pupils to better things.

Mussolini marches in Africa! Japan moves into north China! Hitler's Germany rearms, on sea and land! War within the next few years seems overwhelmingly likely.

Will We Stay Out Of the Next War?

Under that general title *The New Republic* will publish, in consecutive issues, beginning in the issue of July 31, a series of four articles of paramount importance.

1. **How We Entered the Last One, by WALTER MILLIS of *The New York Herald Tribune*, author of *The Road to War*.**
2. **Neutrality by Statute, by W. T. STONE, *of the Foreign Policy Association*.**
3. **Propaganda and the Next War, by O. W. RIEGEL, *Professor of Journalism at Washington and Lee University*, author of *Mobilizing for Chaos*.**
4. **Economic Problems of Neutrality, by GEORGE SOULE, of the staff of *The New Republic*, author of *The Coming American Revolution, etc.***

The series of articles faces the question whether the United States is likely to be drawn into the next war, and the even more pressing question whether the dominant political and economic forces in this country will want to stay out.

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A lawyer so naive and so ignorant would probably have lost her case even if her client had not been a poor Negro in darkest Mississippi. Yet the difficulties that confront her are true to fact, and taken together constitute a damning picture of injustice and the suffering it entails.

Alice Beal Parsons

Shorter Notices

The Last of Mr. Norris. By Christopher Isherwood. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

This gently shocking portrait of an international spy, modish as it may be with its bright references to homosexuality, flagellation, and communism, is nevertheless reminiscent of Compton Mackenzie's humorous novels of war-time secret service in the Balkans. The comic method is, in both cases, the same. The secret agent is no longer the stock sinister figure of melodrama and romance; he becomes, instead, a small, mild-mannered, inefficient man, the dupe in most cases of the personages he seeks to betray. While Mr. Isherwood is not so resourceful as Mr. Mackenzie once was in handling the comedy of this inverted cliché, he does manage to furbish his joke until it glitters almost like new. The account of Mr. Norris and his haunts and habits in fatigued London and decadent Berlin is as accurate as farce should be. In its static aspects the novel is clever and creditable. Unfortunately, once it begins to move, the work lacks that which is essential to any fictional venture into international espionage—a good, involute intrigue plot. The end and middle of Mr. Norris are only too inherent in his beginning. At almost every point in his narrative the author lags two or three steps behind his reader, and as a result of this sluggishness a gay little novel turns into an anti-climactic bore.

Tsar of Freedom; The Life and Reign of Alexander II. By Stephen Graham. Yale University Press. $3.50.

Mr. Graham is a belated Slavophile who believes the Marxist movement in Russia only seems to endure and that Slavophilism only seems to be dead. He sees the Russian nation as a mystic entity existing between the Czar on the one hand and the revolution on the other. Its essential nature is expressed by "The Brothers Karamazov," which will outlive all changes of regime. "Tsar of Freedom" is a romantic idealization of Alexander, an attempt to interpret his reign, combined with a series of "philosophic" musings of the utmost triteness. National psychology is the basis of Mr. Graham's interpretation of history. The psychology of the Russian people is humble, mystical, and emotional. It needs a church and a master. The psychology of the radicals and the Westernizers was full of arrogant rationalism, the materialism of the West, and the internationalism of the Jews. Hence it was unsuited to the Russian temperament. Though the author mentions the existence of historic currents which underlie the surface of events and give them their real significance, he fails to tap those currents at many crucial points.

"BRICKBATS AND ORCHIDS"
A COMING NEW BOOK
For and against modern active dated money (Non-STAMP) by Editors, Economists, etc., of world-wide reputation and up and coming young Lippmanns, Mark Sullivans, Brisbanes, etc. Editorial Board of well-known men to select articles. Variable time limits and amount of exchange fees provide regulation and control on a scientific basis. Read "Debt and Production" by Bassett Jones. Part of proceeds from book sales to be offered Institute of Public Affairs, University of Virginia, at tenth annual session in 1936, as an endowment fund for research in special subjects along Brookings Institution lines. **"I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man"** Thomas Jefferson, Founder University of Virginia. Recent high spot bibliography "Money in Motion," John Chamberlain, New Outlook, June, 1933. "Mayor Unterguggenberger's Plan," Hans Cohrssen, New Outlook, March, 1933, "Booms and Depressions" and "Stamp Scrip" by Irving Fisher, Yale, Esquire, May, 1935, "A Matter of Modesty" by Ezra Pound, about Silvio Gesell.
THIS WEEK'S SESSION UNUSUAL! Why not attend? Address me University of Virginia until July 15th. Yours for streamlined private capitalism, sound money, taxes from increased business volume and Money in Motion and the desire to uncover new hard-hitting word Engineers able to take either side. P.S. Should banks be allowed **exchange fees as a profit!**
J. B. N. CARDOZA.

Films

The Film Library

THE Museum of Modern Art Film Library has just offered at a private showing in New York a specimen of the kind of program which it intends to make available for circulation among libraries, universities, museums, and other institutions throughout the country. This opening bill included the celebrated kissing scene from "The Widow Jones," made by May Irwin and John C. Rice in the nineties; "The Great Train Robbery," the first of the westerns, produced in New Jersey by an Edison camera man in 1903; and an example of a new type of cartoon photography entitled "Joie de Vivre," recently imported from the studios of two young artists in Paris. The bulletin from the Film Library also announces the acquisition of a portfolio of ninety photographic studies made by Edward Muybridge at the University of Pennsylvania in the eighties. Each of these studies is composed of twenty-four individual photographs which record different segments of a single continuous action. As Muybridge's analysis of motion with the still camera was undoubtedly one of the most important steps leading to the invention of cinematography, ownership of this portfolio must cause the same sort of satisfaction to the Film Library that the Morgan library is supposed to experience upon acquiring a Gutenberg Bible or a first-folio Shakespeare. In any case, the Film Library has made an excellent beginning in its attempt to provide a sanctuary against time for what is, in a quite literal sense, the most perishable of the arts. Future Ph.D's, making a study of the early twentieth-century cinema from the standpoint either of its technical evolution or of its sometimes bewildering reflection of our culture, will be grateful for the spirit of devoted foresight which has prompted its founding. It is certain also that the existence of such an institution will have the immediate effect of increasing the prestige of the films in those quarters which still consider a serious interest in them a sign either of affectation or of intellectual decay. It endows them with a kind of respectability which may be only academic but which tends to place them on an equal footing with the other arts.

Among the current pictures which need not encumber the archives of the Film Library is "Escapade," in which William Powell and a newcomer named Luise Rainer are to be seen in an adaptation of a German triangle comedy of Vienna in the period of Johann Strauss and Frau Sacher. Despite Mr. Powell's unconvincing transition from a Dashiell Hammett sleuth to a society artist of the Danubian epoch, the film retains much of what must have been the elegant naughtiness of the original. Several scenes in the artist's studio make the sort of old-fashioned appeal which causes one to remember that there was once an organization called the League of Decency. But the real interest centers on the closeness of Miss Rainer's impersonations of Elisabeth Bergner. The difficulty with Miss Rainer's American debut is not that she has insufficiently mastered the tongue, which is her apology in the trailer following the film, but that she gives us too little opportunity to determine what her own personality may be like. A comparison between her first love passage with Mr. Powell and any of the similar passages in the Bergner pictures will confirm the often challenged assertion that there is such a thing as sincerity in acting. It may be that Miss Rainer has a personality of her own and that she will be permitted to discover it, but in the meantime her emergence on the Hollywood screen is a matter of much less consequence than the advertisements would lead one to believe.

William Troy

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MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE who were against the "death sentence" in the holding-company bill have now learned that the pressure of home investors which, in some cases at least, decided their vote, was nothing more than a smack from a city directory. The result is that several members are ready to change their votes, and it is within the bounds of possibility that the "death sentence" may yet be enacted. The comedy of Warren, Pennsylvania, has put the utilities to rout. The spectacle of a local utilities employee writing hundreds of telegrams, signing them with names chosen from the local directory, then burning the originals so that the crime should not be detected shows to what lengths of deception the utilities are ready to go. It also raises a question of ethics for the Western Union Telegraph Company, whose local office knew the telegrams were spurious. Associated Gas and Electric, whose employee was the comedian of this episode, admitted to the Senate committee investigating lobbying that it had spent $700,000 to defeat the holding-company bill and justified it as a modest one per cent of its outstanding stock. But it is seventy times more cash than was originally invested by the two men who formed this holding company, for they gained control of assets worth $640,000,000 on an original outlay of $10,000. Philip H. Gadsden, chairman of the Committee of Utility Company Executives, pleads pitifully that the misdeeds of a few individuals should not reflect on the honest attempt to save millions of stockholders. But the holding-company bill will not injure honest properties, or take from stockholders a cent which represents honest value. It is written in the defense of stockholders in general, as much as of the public which now pays for services at extortionate rates based upon watered valuation.

"NOTHING," said a Washington wit, "frightens this Administration so much as to win a court decision." The remark fell after the United States Court of Appeals had overruled Judge W. I. Grubb in the TVA case, and had given careful reasons for finding the act constitutional. As if disturbed by recent Supreme Court philosophy, the judges of appeal offered this idea: "We live under a dual government of divided powers, not under two separate governments of conflicting powers. The power over navigable waters granted to the federal government is not in conflict with but necessarily superior to the dominion over such waters which the states reserve to themselves." The Supreme Court may accept this little lesson since it applies only to navigable waters and not to human beings. But it also may prefer the staunch reasoning of Judge Grubb that since the Constitution does not confer on the federal government the authority to embark on undertakings like the TVA the federal government is prohibited from doing so. Even if the government wins in the highest court it will find it has a high hurdle to leap. The fight is being made not on the right of the government board to sell power, but to sell surplus power of a war-time dam. It owns Wilsom Dam, built in the national defense. It has a constitutional right to sell what it owns. But the power companies denied that it could sell surplus power if it competed with private business. The Circuit Court of Appeals now finds it can sell the surplus power, even if in so doing it competes, because it has the right to dispose of its property. But that hardly makes it clear that the government can dispose of power from dams built not for national defense but for the mere defense of the victims of public-utility companies.

NOT UNTIL the Ways and Means Committee of the House drafts a bill will it be possible to comment seriously on the President's tax program. The move to substitute an excess-profits tax for the graduated tax on corporation profits was placed before the President, and he is said to have worked out a characteristic compromise, retaining the graduated tax but reducing its spread, and adding the excess-profits tax as well. Thus he establishes the principle of the tax on bigness without using it with any real effect. Preliminary forecasts indicate that higher death duties will begin with inheritances of $75,000, and higher income taxes on net incomes of $150,000. Until we see the scale of inheritance taxes we are unable to say whether they are sharp enough to conform with the President's own intention of breaking up great fortunes. Certainly income-tax increases should begin in the lowest bracket. The cost of government is being borne, in part by borrowing, in part by indirect taxation—therefore by the poor, and in part by taxing the well-to-do. No one can accuse us of opposing borrowing in an era of extreme destitution, but we are aghast that a widely heralded tax reform should fall short of taxing the rich in preference to borrowing. And as the rich are the loudest to cry out against the unbalanced budget, they cannot consistently decline to bear their share of the cost of fiscal probity. One should be able to expect them to exert influence on Congress to this end, but it will be left to the progressives to wage the fight for sound finance, and they will have to defeat the spokesmen of the rich if they win.

A LITTLE MORE than a year after the infamous "purge" of June 30, the Nazis have broken out again against their enemies, the Jews. Jews are being subjected to indignities and injuries on the streets of Berlin; Jewish shops are being attacked and their customers threatened; and a blanket ordinance forbids the operation of ice-cream parlors by Jews after 7 p. m., although these establishments traditionally do most of their business in the evening. All this is a departure from the established procedure of forbidding German Jews to practice in the professions and the arts, but on the whole permitting them to continue in business. It indicates a split between the more conservative Nazi anti-Semites, represented by Prime Minister Göring, and the radicals of whom Goebbels is the leader, and who would like to see every Jew expelled from the country or forced to live in a ghetto. James G. McDonald, High Commissioner for Refugees Coming from Germany, in a comprehensive report on the condition of Jewish exiles, reports that some 80,000 Jews have left that unhappy country since the beginning of the Hitler regime. The McDonald report urges that responsibility for these refugees be assumed by the League of Nations, since the Nazi government has taken drastic measures against their return, and the countries to which they have fled are not in an economic condition to welcome or maintain them. The recent anti-Semitic outbursts cannot fail to add to their number.

AS IF TO MAKE IT QUITE CLEAR that the excesses under the Hitler government are continuing and will continue as long as the Nazis are in power, not only the Jews but the Catholics are being subjected to continued persecution and harassment. There is considerably less pulling about of Catholics in the streets, but the Reich Ministry of Justice has issued orders for the strictest suppression of Catholic clergymen discovered to be making "insidious attacks on the state." At the same time Catholic youth groups have been forbidden mass appearances in public and Catholic newspapers have been confiscated and suppressed. On Sunday, July 21, the day after the latest decree was issued, only the Catholic priests in Freiburg were so rash as to ignore it. Curiously enough, although promises of drastic action had been announced to accompany any violation of the order, the Nazi lightning did not strike the Freiburg clergy dead, but instead it was explained that the decree had not actually been published in Freiburg before the sermons were preached. But this need not be interpreted as a tempering of the Nazi storm. It has long since been evident that there were no lengths to which the Hitler cohorts would not go in their *kultur* madness and in their attempts to bolster up a desperate economic situation by dragging out diversions for a succession of Roman holidays. In so far as the latest manifestations of violence indicate a split within the Nazi ranks between the extremists and the moderates, they may serve to hasten the day of reckoning. Hitler himself is reported to be away "on a cruise"; one may guess whether this means that he has absented himself to escape responsibility, or that his lieutenants are taking advantage of his absence to put through changes which he refused to sanction.

THE NEW YORK *Times* writes sensational headlines over a dispatch by Clarence Streit from Geneva giving details of a "secret" protocol between Britain and Italy in 1891, by which Italy was to have nearly all of Abyssinia as a sphere of influence. Streit in his dispatch admits that the protocol and the agreement which followed have both been published and languish in the dust of public libraries. Furthermore the agreement was modified by a long series of further agreements on the same theme, in which later France joined, and it was finally superceded when Abyssinia, under the special auspices of Italy and France, joined the League of Nations. Britain in 1891 was prepared to relinquish Egypt and the Sudan, and therefore was not concerned as to the control of Lake Tsana in Abyssinia, through which flows the Blue Nile. No dusty protocol of that year would make Britain today feel bound to turn over this region to anyone else. Today Egypt and the Sudan are firmly in Britain's keeping, and their prosperity depends on the Blue Nile, with its rich deposits of silt. Britain itself had its eye on Abyssinia, and after the World War began talking of a mandate over this slave-ridden land. As much as anything this made Abyssinia's reception into the League appeal to Italy and France. Of all the agreements made, we suspect that a secret one of last year between Italy and France is the most important, for it signalized the withdrawal of French opposition to Italy's claims against Abyssinia. But the factor determining Mussolini's intention to conquer Abyssinia, by war or by peaceful means, is no written or unwritten agreement; it is the simple fact that now it can be done, and nobody is ready to oppose him effectively. If the League lives up to its obligations, Italy will withdraw from membership. Even Britain, concerned as it is over Lake Tsana, cannot invite this situation. Mussolini outside the League is almost inevitably a menace; inside the League he remains part of the anti-Hitler front.

ABYSSINIA now finds itself cynically abandoned by its guarantors, and in turning to self defense is obstructed in buying munitions. Orders from European countries, some even paid for, are not being filled. This is a predicament the American advocates of strict neutrality must explain away. Not to sell munitions to either party in a dispute may be to determine the extinction of the country not possessing its own munition factories. Emperor Haile Selassie is making fine speeches, dramatically offering to die for his country. The fact is that he is confronted by strong tribal opposition at home, and if he should try to give away territory to Mussolini he probably would be killed. He arouses our pity in mentioning the possibility of a Morgan loan. True, his country and Finland are among the few to which American bankers can make advances under the Johnson act.

But he reveals a saintly naivete if he believes Morgan and Company would stake him in a fight for national survival, which he already has lost. For our part we shall not be naive, either, about Abyssinia. The country is deep in the dark ages, its millions of blacks are kept in bitter subjection by their ruthless masters. Our indignation over the policy of Mussolini, and the final collapse of all international morals at Geneva, does not make us defenders of the tragic feudalism of Abyssinia. The best we can say for the country is that it has a right to lift itself from the depths under the protection of the League.

THE NEW FRENCH BUDGET is interesting for the decrees by which Premier Laval has reduced house rents, the income from government obligations, and the prices of bread, gas, and electricity. They set a precedent which a government either to the right or left of the present middle-party regime will find useful. The reductions themselves, along with the higher taxes on large incomes and on munitions manufactures, served to disguise the force of the blow against the French standard of living which is contained in one of the most deflationary budgets on record. The 10 per cent reduction in the wages of government employees—an annual salary of $663 now becomes $596.70—will not, of course stop there; and it will not be offset by the reductions in the cost of living. Purchasing power will be cut all along the line and there is no assurance that France will be able to avoid devaluation after all. Robert Dell, in our issue of July 10, pointed out the tie-up between the Comité des Forges and the Bank of France, which precipitated the financial crisis and has just dictated the terms of its solution. The Comité des Forges, he wrote, along with the French fascists, would like to see an alliance between France and Germany "for it would make it necessary for both countries to be heavily armed" with resulting profits to the iron-and-steel trust. We note that Laval, now that he has saved the franc, is "anxious to renew conversations" looking toward agreement with Germany. Two-thirds of the French national expenditure goes to support the army, navy, the air force, and the service of the national debt. No doubt, the savings effected by the new budget will also be put where they will do the most harm, namely into the perfecting of that vast armament machine which will presently go off and blow Europe to pieces again. Premier Laval is to be congratulated on the mildness of the riots with which his budget was greeted.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST'S anti-Soviet campaign has come a cropper in a way peculiar to his journalistic genius. Thomas Walker, whose real name is Robert Green and who "wrote" the first sensational expose of the "real and whole truth" about conditions in Russia, turns out to be a notorious forger and violator of the Mann white-slave act. For the latter offence he had served a term in Leavenworth, and he was later sentenced by the Colorado courts to serve eight years in jail on a forgery conviction. He escaped prison after a year and a half, and roamed over the USSR for the purpose of "fact-finding." He had great difficulty in selling his "facts" until last year when he met Mr. Hearst in London. Mr. Hearst, whose eye for scoops and newspaper geniuses is proverbial, immediately put him to work for his papers. Having finished his series for the Hearst papers, Mr. "Walker" returned to the United States, and he had no sooner reached our shores than federal officers detained him for using a false name on his passport. The Colorado authorities were notified, and at this writing he is on the way to that state to serve the remaining six-and-a-half years of his forgery term.

THE GOVERNMENT, being possessed of a Labor Relations Board (whose three new members will be named in a few days) should at once submit to it the dispute between Postmaster W. R. Jackson of St. Louis and the National Association of Substitute Post Office Employees. This has been in progress since last summer when William F. Hill, a substitute post office worker, wrote a letter to the St. Louis *Times-Star,* conservative in tone and making constructive criticism of the Post Office. There followed a quiet campaign by the postmaster to make Hill leave the union, and to drive some of his Jewish fellow-unionists out of the service. Both anti-Semitism and hostility to the union were apparent in the postmaster's behavior. At one conference with his men he cast aspersions on the Jewish race, called members of the union "rats," and denied the right of employees to criticize the post office. Since then Theodore Bronstein, Samuel Raban, and Samuel Rosen have been dismissed in a manner which suggests discrimination of a serious order. Protests of the union to Washington have received no consideration. The dispute resembles in many details cases which the National Labor Relations Board ruled were discrimination due to union activities. The Post Office Department obviously is trying to stifle the dispute by the familiar strategy of delay. It should set an example to private employers by submitting this case to arbitration.

THE LATEST ATTACK on the sanctity of the home comes not from the communists who, as we all know, invariably believe in free love, but from the school-board trustees and other educational administrators who insist that married teachers, if they happen also to be women, must give up their jobs. At a recent session of the National Association of Women Lawyers at Los Angeles it was reported that many women teachers, afraid for their positions, are concealing their marriages, or are actually going to the lengths of getting divorces from their husbands—with whom, however, they continue on amicable terms—so that they may technically preserve their single status. If this were the height of the Educational Silly Season, it would be bad enough, but in New York City, a further peak has been scaled. Miss Rose Freistater has been refused a permanent teaching license because she is thirty pounds overweight. The alleged grounds for the refusal are partly that Miss Freistater is not a good insurance risk for the pension fund, and partly that embonpoint is not "esthetic." In the good old days teachers could be fat or thin, some of them were decidedly not "esthetic," and a few had perceptible mustaches. Obviously this was a slovenly way to appoint our teachers, and still more regulation may be in order. We suggest the following: All applicants for a teaching position must be blonde, slender, must dislike the company of males over fourteen, and must vote the Republican ticket regularly; they must not chew gum. This will put everything on a high intellectual level, and we can sit back and feel that our children's future is in safe hands.

The Battle for Civil Rights

HOWEVER much various groups of radicals and liberals may disagree over doctrine and procedure, there is one cause in which they can fight shoulder to shoulder: the maintenance of the time-honored liberties incorporated in the American Bill of Rights. Freedom of speech and of the press, the right to petition for redress of grievances, the right of peaceful assembly must be cherished as faithfully today as they were when written into the Constitution, and by an active minority of the population they are as faithfully defended. The yearly report of the American Civil Liberties Union provides a thrilling record of this struggle; with an astonishing small membership and annual budget, the Union, aided by some of the most capable lawyers in the country, who offer their services in most cases without remuneration, has carried on the fight for civil rights with a zeal and persistence of which every sincere American patriot cannot fail to be proud.

The attack on workers' rights, the report shows, took precedence, for the number of persons involved and the violence of the repression, over every other aspect of the civil-rights struggle. There were many fewer lynchings than took place in the previous year, the situation has improved with respect to labor injunctions and the censorship of plays and books, the absurd deportation proceedings against John Strachey were dropped by the Department of Labor, and despite the efforts of the D. A. R., the American Legion, the Elks, and William Randolph Hearst, not one of the gag bills has at this writing succeeded in passing both houses of Congress. Of five Supreme Court decisions affecting civil liberty, two have been favorable: the Mooney decision, which may open the prison doors for Tom Mooney after almost two decades; and the Scottsboro decision which demanded a new trial for the defendants on the ground that Negroes were excluded from the jury panel. The court refused to take jurisdiction over the Herndon case; it upheld the right of a state university to demand military training of its students in spite of religious objections; and it upheld also the right of the Democratic Party in Texas to exclude Negroes from the primaries.

The opposition of employers to collective bargaining as provided for under Section 7-a of the NIRA has been the occasion for the fiercest contention between workers and their bosses. With the impetus given organized opposition to labor by the San Francisco general strike in the summer of 1934, the labor war has gone on in California, in the onion fields of Hardin County, Ohio, the truck gardens of southern New Jersey, and among the share-croppers of eastern Arkansas, to name only the high spots in the struggle. Workers' camps have been burned over their heads, union headquarters have been ripped to pieces by vigilante committees, the right to picket has been denied or nullified by the activities of police and in some cases by the militia, demonstrations of the unemployed demanding improvements in relief have been brutally crushed, and workers have paid with their lives for their temerity in attempting to carry out the letter of the federal law which affirmed their right to a labor union.

As an aspect of the labor struggle, an unprecedented number of criminal-syndicalism and sedition cases have come into the courts, the protest of reactionaries against unemployed demonstrations and left-wing unions. Criminal anarchy, criminal syndicalism, and sedition laws were invoked in Arkansas, California, Illinois, Iowa, and Oregon; the State of Georgia revived an ancient insurrection statute for the same purpose. As a result of the most publicized of these trials, that under the criminal-syndicalism law in Sacramento, eight defendants convicted out of seventeen tried are now serving sentences of from one to fourteen years. Attorneys and investigators attempting to aid the cause of workers arrested under criminal-syndicalism laws for strike activities have been kidnapped, run out of town, beaten, and otherwise intimidated. In the case of Robert Minor and David Levinson, seized in Gallup, New Mexico, driven out of town, beaten, and left in the desert, an attempt was made to get the Department of Justice to intervene on the ground that the two men had been taken into federal territory on an Indian reservation. The Attorney General not only denied jurisdiction, but the local authorities declared the kidnapping a hoax to get publicity.

This brief résumé of a pamphlet which should be read by everyone for whom the Bill of Rights is a reality worth defending indicates that the emphasis in the struggle to preserve a true Americanism is changing. A few plays are censored—notably Clifford Odets's "Waiting for Lefty"—the ban has been lifted on almost all books, bills requiring teachers to take loyalty oaths have been passed in twenty states, five Negroes were lynched from January to June, 1935—but these manifestations of reaction and lawlessness, serious as they are, are not the important aspect of the civil-rights battle. Old-fashioned liberals who have never failed to protest against violations of freedom of speech must realize that those violations occur most frequently and most flagrantly on the labor front. In the mines and factories, before the mill gates, in the halls of labor unions where legitimate work is being done in an orderly manner, the Bill of Rights is being violated and traduced by those persons who have taken an oath to defend it. No longer is it possible to assume a sincere, forthright—and detached—championship of civil liberties. The battle is being fought on the picket lines, at labor meetings, in the courts where striking workers must be defended. Journals of opinion like *The Nation* are forced to concern themselves more and more with labor. Membership in organizations like the American Civil Liberties Union should be increased a hundred-fold. The forces of reaction realize this perfectly well; they are tightening their belts for a struggle in which they clearly see the opposing factions, and which they mean to win with the aid of every government agency they can capture, by force, by money, by strength of numbers. It is heartening to know, as the Civil Liberties Union report shows, that protests are not lacking whenever they are needed. But these protests must be reinforced by many more thousands of persons giving their time, energy, and money if a democratic government in this country is to be preserved.

Making America Safe for Martial Law

THE sedition bill which slipped through the Senate by unanimous consent, now (as HR 5843) is certain to be reported out of committee to the House and will pass, if it comes to a vote. So we are close to the enactment of a bill as dangerous to democracy as anything since the Espionage Act of 1917. The Senate text has been modified by the House Military Affairs Committee. The bill now requires proof of intent on the part of those charged with inciting soldiers and sailors to disobedience. The words "military and naval forces" have been changed to "army and navy," but this alteration is worthless if it is meant to keep the bill from safeguarding martial law, since legally the army includes the national guard. The description "regular" should be inserted before army.

The language of the bill loses its apparent innocence in a study of the Espionage Act and what happened under it, for that act too appeared innocent. But it will be recalled that the Circuit Court of Appeals, overruling Justice Learned Hand in the *Masses* case, found that "the utterance of words which may cause insubordination" came within the meaning of the statute. The present bill would punish all who "advise or counsel, or publish material which advises or counsels disobedience." So it is left to the courts to decide whether advice and counsel are to be measured by possible results. The insertion of the proof-of-intent clause in the present bill does not save it from being a sweeping denial of freedom of speech. For during the war the courts ruled that intent might be inferred from the reasonable effect of a publication. Thereupon, to quote Chafee's "Freedom of Speech,"

> . . . it became criminal to advocate heavier taxation instead of bond issues, to state that conscription was unconstitutional, though the Supreme Court had not yet held it to be valid, to say that the sinking of merchant vessels was legal, to urge that a referendum should have preceded our declaration of war, to say that war was contrary to the teachings of Christ. Men have been punished for criticizing the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., while under the Minnesota Espionage Act it has been held a crime to discourage women from knitting by the remark: "No soldier ever sees the socks."

When the Espionage Act was passed the public had no inkling how it would be used, and Congress did not weigh the measure with any understanding of its implications. Nobody foresaw the blight it would prove to genuine Americanism. But now the country has had experience with this kind of "innocent" legislation, and should be on its guard. For the Espionage Act can be pleaded the extenuating circumstances of war and the lunacy it engendered. No such excuse can be offered now. This sedition bill is a clear attempt to lay the broadest possible legal basis for the suppression of free speech and a free press in times of civil disturbance. It is not as though the army and navy have no legal means to punish incitement to mutiny. Both forces have existed without this proposed legislation for a century and a half, and nobody asking for this bill is able to supply the slightest evidence that it is needed for the protection of military and naval discipline. If the national guard is used to break a strike, or if martial law is invoked, any critique of these measures as policies becomes criminal. A newspaper expressing doubt of the wisdom of its elected representatives at such a time can be seized, and its editors fined and imprisoned. It would become criminal merely to object to the presence of troops in a city where there was an industrial conflict. The aim of the bill is better understood, too, in knowing that it is sponsored chiefly by chambers of commerce from all parts of the country, by their agents in Washington, and by the business men's lobby advising the President through Secretary Roper. What they want is plain enough. If it comes to a test of democracy, in which labor seeks to wrest a greater share of economic power from management by withholding its services, business intends to throw the national guard and the courts into its fight to maintain supremacy. This is pure fascism, differing no whit from the familiar technique of Hitler and Mussolini. This fascist bill will pass unless it gets lost in the pressure of legislation at the close of the session. Not enough time remains to wage a nationwide campaign against it. Also it is easy to divert attention from its real purpose by pretending that it applies only to communist agitation in the regular army and navy. The National Publishers' Association, as quick as lightning in defending the freedom of the press when the employment of child labor and union reporters is under discussion, refuses to lift a finger to defeat this bill.

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THE career of George W. Russell (Æ) is among other things a reminder of the fact that a national movement in literature can be international at the same time, and perhaps had better be if it hopes to succeed. The now famous Irish renaissance which got under way during the 1890's has come to be thought of as a purely local affair, and critics of a latter day who deplore the cosmopolitan character of contemporary writing look back with envy at a city, Dublin, which had the courage to cut itself off from other capitals and nourish a deep provincialism.

But Dublin did not cut itself off. Standish O'Grady's passionate "History" was trying to be Homeric, and succeeding; and the particular movement which drew Russell into it around his twenty-fifth year was so far from taking its impetus from native soil as to require the importation from London—yes, London—of a fertilizing mind. The movement was theosophical, and its bible was the books of A. P. Sinnett, the Esoteric Buddhist. When Æ began to publish poems in the *Irish Theosophist* he was speaking not merely as the Irishman that he was but as one who had ranged the earth for ideas and symbols with which to materialize his vision. "I know I am a spirit," he wrote in the foreword to his first volume, "and that I went forth in old times from the self-ancestral to labors yet unaccomplished; but, filled ever and again with homesickness, I made these homeward songs by the way." It was from the Movement that he had learned about his Ancestral Self, and the Movement had heard about it from the wise men

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of the East. Thus it was with a cultivated tongue that a man destined to become Ireland's prophet began to speak. With an imagination trained elsewhere Russell commenced a career which was to exhibit him before his death the other day as a poet, a playwright, a story-teller, an editor, a conversationalist, an agricultural economist, a painter, and a political philosopher. And his career was what it was, and Ireland is in part what it is, because he never lost contact with the two poles of his thought, the near and the far, the provincial and the universal, the Irish and the human.

As a poet Æ has usually been considered with William Butler Yeats the best of his time and place. But he is a very different poet from Yeats, and indubitably inferior. To be sure he has never incurred like Yeats the charge that he was posing; he has never played around among the philosophies; he has not gone through "phases." From first to last he has made his poetry serve a single vision, and the integrity with which he has done this is not the least impressive sign of his sincerity. Yet his endowment has never been one-tenth as brilliant as Yeats's. His "Collected Poems" is a monotonous volume, nowhere brightened by flashes of that felicity which Yeats possesses in a degree unique among his generation. Not merely is Æ invariably mystical, concerning himself from poem to poem with that life within his own life, that Oversoul inside the soul, which he considers it his sole business to search out; he is also invariably twilight in his mood, returning page after page to the same colors and sounds and to the same half-lighted landscape. All of which proves his sincerity rather more clearly than it does his genius. Possibly he is to be more respected than Yeats, and more implicitly believed; but less admired.

His influence while he lived was to a remarkable extent impalpable, and this influence will be the more difficult to measure as time goes on. Much of his best prose has never been collected from the files of the *Irish Theosophist,* the *Internationalist,* the *Irish Homestead,* the *Irish Statesman,* and other Dublin periodicals. His conversational powers, while there have been many to attest them, will in the nature of things have to go for the most part unrecorded. Padraic Colum has said that Æ seemed to have a "charm to prevent the world from wearying him." His talk was inexhaustible not only in itself but in its ability to stimulate the brains and tongues of others. Yet it must live on in the others rather than in anything which remains of him; just as his effort in the fields of economics and politics must be lost sight of as "progress" goes on and history is made.

Nevertheless he will be remembered in this latter connection as one who always kept himself superior to the moment and above the battle. He was a mystic even when it came to cooperative creameries and credit societies. And on the whole it could not have been bad to live in Ireland thirty years ago when a young patriot was exhorting his people in such words as these:

> Ah, my darlings, you will have to fight and suffer; you must endure loneliness, the coldness of friends, the alienation of love; . . . laying in dark places the foundations of that high and holy Eri of prophecy, the isle of enchantment, burning with druidic splendors, bright with immortal presences, with the face of the everlasting Beauty looking in upon its ways, divine with terrestial mingling till God and the world are one.

Monkey Business

It was just ten years ago that a distinguished American statesman so far forgot that gratitude to his mother which statesmen commonly emphasize as to declare upon the witness stand his inalterable conviction that "man is not a mammal." This is, in other words, the tenth anniversary of the "monkey trial" at Dayton, and though the occasion has not passed unnoticed in the daily press, we have seen no comment upon what is uppermost in our own minds, namely, the sense that the trial was the climax of an epoch which, in wistful retrospect, seems charmingly innocent. The reactionaries of Tennessee were worried about the pernicious doctrine of evolution because they had nothing more serious to worry about.

The only important results of the trial were purely incidental. The champion of orthodoxy died of overeating a few days after he had won a hollow victory, and Mr. Mencken was enabled to compose a classic of American prose entitled "In Memoriam: W. J. B." The high moments in the trial were (1) when Mr. Bryan made the contribution to physiology mentioned above, (2) when a bewildered high-school student testified that he could remember nothing he had been told about evolution except that all life begins as a single cell and then confessed that he had continued to go to church after learning this distressing fact, and (3) when Mr. Mencken fell off a table into the lap of another visiting journalist. As for the anti-evolution law which the trial was supposed to test, it still remains on the statute books but it has not affected the teaching of biology in the state university. The Supreme Court of Tennessee disposed of the matter with characteristic courage by declaring a mistrial on purely technical grounds and then recommending that the case should not be reopened.

Over the entire proceedings brooded the spirit of Mencken. He himself in the flesh was heard to remark that he was having the best time of his life, and there was no reason why he shouldn't have been. This was his America behaving as he had always said that it did. He didn't invent the trial, but if it had not existed already it would have behooved him to invent it. Nothing that he had previously been privileged to report fitted so completely his favorite adjective, "gaudy"; nothing so perfectly illustrated his conception of the typical behavior of *Homo Sapiens.*

But the trial at Dayton was also a pre-depression phenomenon absolutely inconceivable today. The only threat which the embattled farmers felt was a threat to their traditional orthodoxy. Great lawyers could afford to devote their time to an extravagant junket. Even the principals knew that they were fighting shadows, and the animosities aroused were merely froth. The pleasant custom of "running him out of town" was not resorted to and nobody was lynched. Even the hill-billies were anxious to hear what the opposition had to say, and Mr. Mencken was treated with that respect which is the devil's due. It is not over such intellectual questions that we fight today, and the liberal lawyer will no longer be found having a limeade with the prosecuting attorney at the village soda fountain. Mr. Hays and Mr. Darrow are grimmer now; so, unfortunately, are the forces they oppose.

Issues and Men

Home After Vacation

I HAVE been away on a vacation which actually took me out of the country—that is, I crossed and recrossed the Canadian boundary several times. For nine days in Alaska I was practically without news. But when I got back and received the daily newspapers, there wasn't any doubt whatever that I had returned to this country. For the headlines in the newspapers were the same old familiar ones. I believe I could have spoken most of them before opening the sheets. Sure enough, there they were: "Huey Long Calls Roosevelt a Liar"; "Roosevelt Taxes Scored as Menace by Business Protestants"; "Roosevelt Demands His 'Must' Program"; "Ickes in a Violent Controversy"; "Virgin Islands Scandal Aired"; "Glass Amends Administration Measure"; "Utilities Send Bogus Telegrams to Influence Congress"; evidently all was well and normal under the stars and stripes. But there was further confirmation of this fact: "J. E. Hoover Denounces Those Who Coddle Criminals"; "Department of Justice Declares Arrest of Chief Weyerhaeuser Kidnapper Near"; "Ex-Convict Slain in Streets, Two Seized"; "Two Policemen Killed Chasing Fugitives"; "Two Negroes Lynched in Mississippi"; "Watch on 55,000 Known Criminals Ordered By Commissioner Valentine"; "Special Prosecutor Appointed in New York to Investigate Rackets"; "Treasury Department Announces Impending Nation-wide Drive Against Liquor Violations"—its two-hundreth similar proclamation. Nothing but "normalcy" here, sufficient to delight the heart of any Warren G. Harding. What further proof need there be of our steady march toward law and order and universal happiness?

Then there were the usual disasters. Floods in New York, train wreck in the state of Washington, an earthquake in California, and that other familar natural phenomenon, Nicholas Murray Butler, returning from Europe and giving an earth-shaking interview on peace. Investigation after investigation; inquiry after inquiry. The stupid old public-service corporations making their usual blunders and going about the influencing of public opinion in just the wrong way; reams and reams of sports; the familiar bathing girls and beauty contests in the Sunday rotogravure sections. Industrial strikes, of course, unending, and the Administration announcing once more that it is going to put a lot of people to work and take them off the public relief rolls at some time and some place and somehow, in the near future. Business is going on as usual, with the usual amount of loud grumbling by business. And, alas, from every quarter fresh incidents in the bitter conflict between labor and capital, between liberalism and reaction, between liberty and fascism. No one can doubt that our great Ship of State is on an even keel!

Let me confess that somehow it was a good deal of a shock. I had been sailing on marvelous inland waters, skirting vast glaciers, seeing endless snow-topped mountains, and studying those outlying American fishing and fur towns which cling to their tiny bits of shore line and are cut off from the rest of the continent by impassable mountains or island fastnesses and wide straits. To come back from this fascinating scene to the realities of our everyday social and political struggle, and to realize how slow we are in making headway against the evils which confront us is not possible without considerable sinking of heart. Why is it that we cannot grapple effectively with some of these evils? Is it *all* due to the profit-making system as increasing numbers think? Somehow I cannot quite feel that. But who could deny that if at first everything did seem to change under the New Deal, little or nothing has actually changed? We are not even clear that we shall retain the social gains which at first seemed certain and secure.

The cynic could not fail to find much that is amusing and depressing in the declarations by a bar association and by Attorney General Cummings that the legal profession is now finally to be purged of its crooks—one serious proposal just made is that no lawyer except a public defender shall be permitted to appear in court to defend criminals. In that way, this reformer declares, we shall get rid of all shyster lawyers by one fell blow. I recall how many times Joseph H. Choate, William H. Taft, and Charles Evans Hughes demanded that the bar be purged and the standards of justice raised, and how year after year nothing happened. Must we wait for a Soviet State to go the advocate of the public defender one better and wipe out the whole legal profession? One also hears reports on one's journeyings that the liquor situation has not been improved by the abolition of prohibition, and that in some states, at least, conditions are much worse than under that discarded system.

Well, according to custom I must end this piece on a cheerful note, or I shall be accused of having an unusually bad attack of the grouch that so often accompanies a return from a particularly restful and helpful vacation. And so I must add in all sincerity that the ferment that we are in is in considerable degree proof of the awakening of large sections of the people to the struggle which is at hand. In Oregon I spent an evening with some fourteen liberals and radicals, all disillusioned followers of the New Deal, who assured me that liberal Oregon was done with F. D. R. and that they were determined to find some other way of expressing themselves at the ballot box than through either of the old parties. Every college campus I visit gives me proof that the young people are considering social problems and political issues, and are thirsting for knowledge about them, as never before in my lifetime. The number of small weeklies springing up in the West as journals of protest also tells the story. This will not avoid the clash or delay it, but it does mean that multitudes will go into it with genuine understanding of much that it signifies and portends.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Life Insurance: The New Offensive Against Policy-Holders

By MORT and E. A. GILBERT

THE life-insurance companies have launched a new offensive against policy-holders. This spring they pushed through the New York State Legislature a new amendment to the existing insurance law. According to Albert Hirst, counsel for the New York State Association of Life Underwriters, "the law aims to prevent twisting [rewriting of policies]. . . . The amendment became necessary because of the rather startling experience that the New York City Association had in the prosecution of a certain Mr. Legg."

The Legg case, unique in many important respects, demands the attention of policy-holders. Mr. Legg, an independent insurance counselor, had advised a policy-holder to buy new insurance policies and cancel his old. The amount of insurance involved was $50,000. Without impairing this protection, the insured, by rewriting, reduced his costs by $728 and retrieved $10,870 in cash. The Mutual Life Insurance Company, from which the business was "twisted," took action against Mr. Legg. He was indicted for alleged violation of the state "anti-twisting" law, enacted in 1892, amended in 1923, and never enforced. The companies had never utilized the law in order to curb twisting because, contrary to popular conception, it is not an "anti-twisting" law at all. It merely declares it a misdemeanor to ". . . make any misleading representation or incomplete comparison of policies for the purpose of inducing [a policy-holder] to lapse or surrender his insurance."

By invariably referring to this law—and to similar laws in other states—as an "anti-twisting" law the companies have prejudiced policy-holders and intimidated agents. Thanks to the flood of company propaganda against rewriting, both the insured public and the soliciting agent are convinced that the practice is illegal. Rarely do the companies attempt to use the law as anything more than a threat. In Pennsylvania, for example, where an "anti-twisting" law has been on the statute books since 1921, not a single case has been tried under it, the companies being afraid even to test the law. Undaunted, certain companies in New York State determined to misuse the law to prevent Mr. Legg or anyone else from giving policy-holders further aid.

In the case of The People *vs.* Legg et al. (1931-32), the court had to decide whether Mr. Legg, in suggesting a rewrite, had resorted to "misleading representation and incomplete comparison of policies." The decision was based, of course, upon the consequences of the rewrite. Did the policy-holder gain or lose by the transaction? The perennial contention of the companies is that the insured "almost always loses." In keeping with this contention, they insisted that the twister must have violated the law, since only by misrepresentation could a policy-holder be induced to rewrite. If, on the other hand, the advantages promised by Mr. Legg were genuine, there could have been no material misrepresentation. Moreover, if he had no need to misrepresent, the implications are of tremendous significance in that they impugn the fundamental honesty of life insurance. Can policy-holders advantageously substitute new policies for old? If they can, we must conclude that the latter are basically unsound, that the overpayments, presumably for savings, made by the insured are not returned by the company at his death. For the most important effect of a rewrite is that the policy-holder salvages his overpayments.

The case finally reached the New York State Supreme Court. We will follow it through. Mr. Legg's contentions were taken from a statement he had submitted to the policy-holder, explaining and summarizing the replacement of policies. The Mutual Life Insurance Company had secured this statement and relied upon it as sufficient evidence to convict. The alleged misrepresentations in the statements were pointed out by an expert analyst, Joseph B. Maclean, associate actuary of the Mutual Life; his indictment included eight separate counts. The majority opinion of the Supreme Court was written by Justice Alfred H. Townley.

Legg, referring in his statement to the cash-surrender value of the policy, amounting to $10,870, had said, "You receive none of the earnings from this equity." Maclean claimed misrepresentation in that ". . . the insured received all of the interest earnings from the equity of the policy . . . part of it in cash as a dividend, and part of it as an increase in the cash value." The court held that Legg's statement was not open to that construction. In the words of Justice Townley:

> The statement itself in estimating the net insurance premiums upon the existing policy allows a credit of $570 for dividends. . . . The obvious intent of the representation was that, until the insured had taken the cash-surrender value of his policies, none of the income thereof would be available to him for any use outside of his insurance policies. . . . Taken as intended this statement was true.

(It is curious to note that Mr. Maclean, in an article published in the *Eastern Underwriter*, October 7, 1927, had presaged the court's opinion: "Part of the cost [to the insured] where the policy has a cash-surrender value is represented by interest on that value. . . . The company actually holds the amount of the cash value and earns interest upon it which is not paid to the policy-holder. The insured, therefore, pays over the interest on his cash value just as clearly as if he held the cash value himself, earned interest upon it, and paid the interest to the company.")

Legg further contended that "in case of death, this equity, $10,870, is a loss to your estate." The company, aware that the fundamental principles of life insurance were at stake, tried to establish misrepresentation: "The equity of a policy is not a loss [to the insured] in the event of death, since it forms a part of the amount of the insurance, and, in fact, was the whole basis of the level-premium life insurance under which both the Prudential [which issued the new policy] and the Mutual operate." The court was not taken in by actuarial sleight-of-hand; its interpretation is in effect a recommendation of twisting:

> This statement [Legg's] is literally true. In case of death the insured would only receive the face of the policy [$50,000], and would receive nothing more. . . . By surrendering the existing policies and taking out new straight-life policies, the insured would have insurance for the same amount, and at death would receive the face of the policies and have $10,870 in addition thereto, which would not be true if the present policies remained in force.

The remaining six counts of the indictment are not distinguished by their appeal to reason. We cite the opinion of the court on only two of them:

> The fifth alleged misrepresentation is the sentence, "In case of total disability prior to age sixty, you pay no more premiums." This is claimed to be false because suspension of premiums only occurred in case the total disability is *permanent*. That anyone would have understood it any other way seems incredible. The trivial character of this claim fairly indicates the spirit in which the criticism of this statement was undertaken.
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> The eighth alleged misrepresentation is that the words "Net Annual Cost" at the end of the summary implied that the amounts . . . were payable for the same length of time. That anyone could possibly understand that a twenty-payment life policy with only ten more payments due would require the payment of premiums for the same period of time as a straight life policy is inconceivable.

We will skip the other four counts. Lest we be suspected of stacking the cards against the companies, we quote the Supreme Court's summation of the entire case:

> These alleged misrepresentations taken as a whole reflect nothing but a hypocritical examination of these statements [Legg's] undertaken in the hope that in a multitude of trivial criticisms might be found enough substance to support the charge made against these defendants. They are wholly insufficient to support the charge of misrepresentation, or to indicate any criminal intent on the part of the defendants. . . . The statements relied on by the people [*vide* Mutual Life Insurance Company] to sustain this conviction [of Legg in the lower court] concerned minor details and incidents connected with the insurance contracts which did not affect or destroy the substantial merit of the suggestion made by the defendants to the insured with respect to his policies. . . . The judgment should be reversed, the information dismissed, and the appellants [Legg et al.] discharged.

It is significant that the minority of the Supreme Court could dissent only by accepting Mr. Maclean's testimony *in toto* without the slightest investigation of its validity. Justice Francis Martin, who wrote the dissenting opinion, seemed to hold that Mr. Legg's manner of approach to his client was enough to convict him. According to Justice Martin:

> The indirect method of approaching the subject indicated that they [Legg, his associate, Stapler, and the insurance agent, Anderson, who was acquitted in the lower court] were not frank in presenting the proposition, and that it was being carried out through fraud and deceit. The attempt of these defendants to avoid each other while carrying out the details of the transaction and their failure to disclose their connection or identity emphasize the fact that they knew they were attempting to carry out a scheme or transaction which was forbidden by the insurance law.

Rich in unconscious humor, Justice Martin's opinion fails to mention the inexorable fate of agents who twist openly. Legg's "indirect method" was patently an effort to protect the agent from the wrath of his company.

Beyond doubt, the outcome of the Legg case was, as Mr. Hirst called it, a "rather startling experience" for the companies. This precedent materially weakened the effectiveness of the existing law as a threat; hence the need for the amendment. Intended to reinforce the "anti-twisting" law, to make it more difficult for policy-holders to obtain help, the provisions of the amendment merit scrutiny. First, the amendment forbids the issuance of any illustration which misrepresents the conditions of any policy or falsely estimates dividends. No one can quarrel with that. A true representation usually makes an overwhelming case in favor of a rewrite. Second, it prohibits misleading representations as to the standing of any insurance company or of the legal-reserve system. An unstable system based upon fundamentally unsound principles cannot be perpetuated by legal benediction. Third, the amendment debars incomplete comparisons, that is, comparisons which do not include net premiums and gross premiums, growth of the theoretical cash value, disability and all other benefits, for the duration of the contract according to the expectation of life; to be complete, the comparison must mention possible differences as to amount or period of premium payment, including differences in incontestability and suicide clauses. The transparent intent of the companies is to compel twisters to analyze policies from a specious, actuarial point of view in the hope that, owing to limited knowledge, the policyholder will be "taken in." Furthermore, the twister is obligated to warn the insured that under the terms of the new insurance he must postpone committing suicide for two years!

A revealing light on the foregoing provisions is cast by the one which stipulates that the policy-holder is not presumed to know the contents of his policies. The companies seem unaware that their request for this provision is tantamount to an auto-indictment. Had the agent who sold the original insurance given "complete representation," had he presented "complete comparisons" with other forms of insurance, the policy-holder could not be ignorant of the conditions in his existing contract. Moreover, the chances are that he would not have purchased it had he known them.

The real significance of the amendment is in its intentions and implications. Despite the "substantial merit" of rewriting, the companies are intensifying their campaign against it. Insurance is inordinately overwritten; nine policies out of every ten taken out are lapsed or surrendered, only one being carried to its intended completion. Behind the statistical computation of the enormous lapse ratio lie the unrecorded tragic case histories of unprotected dependents. Yet the companies persist in their indifference to the plight of their policy-holders. Little concerned with the original purpose of life insurance, they have become simply big-business outfits disguised as mutual benevolent institutions, each controlled by a self-perpetuating management. In theory, policy-holders own their companies. Unless they establish and assert their ownership, there will be serious repercussions in life insurance.

The Sabotage of the Leviathan

By PETER EHLERS

THE ship-subsidy racket flourishes under the New Deal as under the old. Despite Senator Copeland's whitewash of the Department of Commerce on the Mitchell charges, the department is working hand in glove with the same shipping executives who drove a bung into the Treasury under Coolidge and Hoover.

The peak of interest in the three-day investigation by Senator Copeland's Commerce Committee came at the final session, when the Leviathan lay-up was disposed of. Mr. Mitchell's poorly considered and loosely worded charges were generally accepted as duds after the first day's hearings—that is, all but the Leviathan charge. (He had written to President Roosevelt that "Secretary Roper recently has executed the contract involving the permanent lay-up of the Leviathan, which results in Vincent Astor, Kermit Roosevelt, the Franklins [P. A. S. and his son John M.], and other stockholders of the International Mercantile Marine Corporation being relieved of paying $1,720,000 justly due the government, without any consideration whatsoever for such release.") The vessel and the numerous deals involving her, from the close of the war on, have been a constant subject of sotto voce conversation among shipping men in New York and Washington. Secretary Roper, therefore, took no chances. He appeared at the final hearings with a long string of Commerce Department subordinates laden with data in refutation.

Roper testified that the vessel was "unseaworthy" and that "fear existed in the minds of passengers on these trips as to the safety of the Leviathan, some alleging it was a firetrap"—a serious charge, and one that might well have been looked into immediately by the Steamboat Inspection Bureau. He called Mitchell's figure of $1,720,000 "purely imaginary," and ended by expressing enthusiasm for the proposal that the Leviathan be made into a school for training sea personnel.

James Craig Peacock, director of the Shipping Board Bureau, was the principal witness really acquainted with the facts. He explained that the International Mercantile Marine lost money every time it ran the ship. At the close of the season last year the New York *Times* printed the company's claim that it had lost $500,000 from the five voyages. Peacock put the loss at $741,000. He went on to describe the new lay-up plan as "a fifty-fifty split" whereby the government assumes half the estimated loss on the vessel in return for a promise by the I. M. M. to build a new cabin liner of the Manhattan-Washington type. Withdrawal of the Leviathan from operation, he told the committee, was a "sound proposition" from the standpoint of the government.

Senator Copeland, after telling newspapermen not to "take any stock in rumors that ship-subsidy legislation will not be enacted at this session," declared: "So far as I have any influence with the government, we will never operate the Leviathan."

Both Peacock and Roper denied that the lay-up contract had been executed at the direction of the President, but said that the President had approved it. Just before the contract was signed, in fact, President Roosevelt was reported at a press conference as "losing patience" with its critics. The President reiterated his approval while the Copeland hearings were progressing. According to the *Times,* he "regarded it as silly to cause a company to take a certain loss provided they would take the expected loss and devote it to building new ships." A wholly one-sided case, it would appear. A shipping firm contracted with the government to operate a vessel a certain number of voyages per season. The vessel lost money. Why not, then, lay her up, take the money that would have been lost, and put it toward the building of a new ship, to the greater splendor of the American merchant marine?

These would seem to be all the facts—but they are not. The whole story of the Leviathan involves, besides the lay-up contract executed this spring: (1) an unsuccessful attempt to take the vessel out of service last spring; (2) the contract by which the International Mercantile Marine took over the United States Lines from the so-called Chapman interests in 1931; and (3) the contract by which the Chapman interests took over the United States Lines from the government in 1929. It is simplest to start with the last mentioned point and work up chronologically.

In 1929, after the Jones-White act had been passed and mail subsidies instituted, the government put up for sale its choicest ships. This was in direct compliance with the "take the government out of business" cry set up by the shipping propagandists as soon as it had become clear that there would be more profit in the mail contracts than in the previous, and none too stingy, managing-operator contracts for government-owned vessels. P. W. Chapman, a Chicago banker, working with Joseph Sheedy, a former Shipping Board official, entered a high bid of $16,500,000 for the Leviathan, Republic, George Washington, America, President Harding, President Roosevelt, and a fleet of five American Merchant liners. Chapman paid about $4,000,000 down and gave the government a mortgage for the remainder. While this deal was an almost incredible gift to him, it should be remembered that the professional ship operators were in such a sanguine state of mind that the highest bid offered by any one of them was only $10,000,000—for eleven transatlantic vessels, including the largest ship afloat! These professional operators at once got to work to put the skids under the Middle Western outsider. With the help of Postmaster General Brown, Secretary of Commerce Lamont, and Lawrence Richey, Hoover's closest secretary, who sent an unsigned memorandum to the Shipping Board, they succeeded in ousting Sheedy as operating chief of the Chapman lines; and as Chapman knew almost nothing about shipping he soon found himself suffering heavy losses and in financial hot water, especially in the matter of the Manhattan and the Washington, which were at the time building in Camden with the government putting up three-quarters of the cost. The Shipping Board then prepared to auction off the fleet again—less the old George Washington, the America, and the Republic, which were taken back by the government; this left the Shipping Board's equity in the reduced fleet at $8,457,000—the amount, that is, that was unpaid from the sale price of $16,500,000. This $8,000,000 is a key figure in what follows.

Two groups bid for the liners. On the one hand was the powerful International Mercantile Marine, headed by P. A. S. Franklin. On the other were Western shipping and banking interests, including R. Stanley Dollar, of the Dollar Steamship Company, Herbert Fleishhacker, and Kenneth D. Dawson. Chapman, in a surprise move, lined up the Western interests and put in the high bid. But it was said that it failed to comply with specifications, and the I. M. M. forthwith claimed the ships. Fleishhacker went to President Hoover, and as a result the Shipping Board commenced private negotiations with Mr. Dollar. But these were stopped by the late James Francis Burke, lawyer for the I. M. M., secretary of the Republican National Committee, and close friend of the President. Hoover was in the middle. It was then suggested that the rival groups go to a hotel room and "get together"! Bids were changed, and in the wrangle Chapman was eased out.

The upshot was that the I. M. M. got the ships for a new company, the United States Lines, in which the Dollar group took a large block of securities. The total price paid was only $3,170,000! The government wrote down its equity about $5,000,000 and made a gift of this sum to the I. M. M. Nor was this all. First, the interest rate was cut to one-half of 1 per cent. Second, the I. M. M. was not required to pay a penny of interest for three years. Third, it did not have to pay a penny of principal for three years. Fourth, it was given the half-built Manhattan and Washington, started by Chapman. (The United States Lines, for all its prating about building up the American merchant marine, has not laid a single keel since the construction subsidy became available.) Fifth, the $500,000 mortgage interest that had accrued under the Chapman management was canceled. It should be added that through June 30, 1933—that is, before the I. M. M. had paid the government a dime—a total of more than $6,000,000 was paid out by the government in mail-contract subsidies, twice the amount of the fleet purchase!

The important thing here is that during all the negotiations the Shipping Board was adamant on one point: the consideration for the I. M. M.'s being given the fleet so cheaply was that the Leviathan must be run. There was never the slightest doubt that she would lose money. Testimony in the Black Ocean Mail Committee hearings by the I. M. M. officials bears this out as follows:

> **SENATOR BLACK:** The Leviathan was taken over with a definite understanding about it?
>
> **R. M. HICKS** [I. M. M. lawyer]: If you had not agreed to operate the Leviathan and knew you were going to operate her at a loss, you would have had to pay more than the $3,000,000 for the note [that is, the I. M. M. would not have been given the $5,000,000 write-down]. [Page 4,104.]
>
> **JOHN M. FRANKLIN:** We said before we bought the line, which is exactly what we did say, the Leviathan losses would be very heavy, and that was one reason we got the fleet so cheaply. [Page 4,146.]
>
> **P. A. S. FRANKLIN:** There isn't any question or doubt that the payment was reduced on the understanding the Leviathan would be taken. [Page 3,785.]

The contract provided that the giant liner be run seven voyages a year for five years (1931-36), with the option of omitting up to two voyages each year on the payment to the government of $10,000 per voyage. In addition, there were large forfeitures to be paid for total non-operation of the vessel. It is partly upon these that Mitchell bases his $1,720,000 loss to the government; the figure is disputed, but it will be shown later that, if anything, it is too small.

The contract was executed at the end of 1931, and hence only one voyage was made in that year, as was provided for. In the summer of 1932 the Leviathan made all her seven voyages. Then the I. M. M. made an additional contract to run the ship eight extra voyages through the winter of 1932-33. The contract's validity was challenged by the Comptroller General. Moreover, it was charged that the I. M. M. was seeking to pile up the Leviathan's losses during the lean winter season so that the government might permit her withdrawal, which would remove her from competition with her sister ship, the Majestic, of the British White Star Line, in which the I. M. M. had a heavy interest (while receiving subsidies for building up the American merchant marine). It is noteworthy that when the I. M. M. got the vessel from the Chapman company it at once changed her destination to Bremen, which put her in direct competition with the Europa and Bremen and removed her as a competitor of the Majestic.

After the unprofitable extra voyages during the winter of 1932-33, the company received permission from the retiring Hoover Shipping Board to take the vessel out of service. In the spring of 1934 the I. M. M. again applied for lay-up permission from the Roosevelt Shipping Board Bureau, for, despite the unsupportable action of the Hoover board the year before, the 1931 contract was still in effect and the vessel was supposed to run. At that time Henry H. Heimann, executive manager of the National Association of Retail Credit Men, was director of the bureau. Previously Heimann had been head of the shipping subcommittee of Roper's Business Advisory and Planning Council. On being made head of the Shipping Board Bureau he wrote a memorandum to Roper approving the lay-up. Roper himself was reported, after I. M. M. officials had called on him, as favoring the proposal. But the move was blocked by Thomas M. Woodward, who with Heimann and Admiral Hutch I. Cone formed a sort of executive board in the bureau. Shipping executives would love to have Woodward's scalp; he has upset their apple-cart on many occasions. In a minute and almost unanswerable memorandum to Roper, Woodward took up P. A. S. Franklin's arguments for the lay-up and one by one let the sawdust out of them. Roper ordered the Leviathan to run. The memorandum was never given to the press, and was inserted into the record of the Black committee in the last few minutes of the hearings. Inasmuch as the I. M. M. offered the same arguments this spring as last—with one difference—the document is pertinent now.

The gist of the I. M. M. proposal was that the Leviathan stood to lose $500,000 during each of the three contract years then remaining, and that the I. M. M. would take this

$1,500,000, add to it $500,000 of new money plus the $500,000 it had saved through the non-operation in 1933 allowed by the Hoover Shipping Board, and undertake to build a new $10,000,000 vessel of the Manhattan-Washington type, if the government would loan it the remaining $7,500,000 under the construction-loan terms of the Jones-White act of 1928. In short, it asked the government to sacrifice the prestige of the American merchant marine contracted for in 1931, when, as has been shown, a whole fleet was virtually given away with the operation of the Leviathan the chief consideration. The presumption of the I. M. M.'s demand is heightened by the fact that the Jones-White construction-loan law was in itself a means of obtaining favors from the government. The law was extremely generous and led to loans that will probably never be collected. President Roosevelt has denounced the construction-loan principle, but it is included in the new Bland-Copeland subsidy bill. In support of its proposal the I. M. M. argued (1) that the Leviathan was twenty years old; (2) that unless there were a vast increase in transatlantic travel she would always be operated at a loss; (3) that she could not compete with the more modern sea giants—it was alleged that she pushed tons of water before her by reason of her design, and was therefore too slow.

These claims can be almost entirely refuted. Although the Leviathan is twenty years old, she was reconditioned by the government in 1921 at a cost of nearly $10,000,000, which added ten years to her life, so that she will be good until 1942. Probably the vessel will always be operated at a loss. P. A. S. Franklin's estimate of that loss at the time his firm bought the ships was $700,000 a year. Note however, that when it came to drawing money out of the I. M. M. till, the estimate, in the construction-loan proposal, was $500,000. But it is worth while to look farther. The total gross loss of the Leviathan for the sixteen voyages she made under the I. M. M., until the spring of 1934—including the eight off-season voyages during the winter of 1932-33—was actually only $625,016, less than that estimated for a single season, and all this during the worst of the depression. What is more, the $625,016 figure is padded in that the Roosevelt Steamship Company, a subsidiary of the I. M. M., milked the United States Lines of a commission charge of more than $27,000 per voyage. Still more, "excessive intercompany charges, commissions [other than that of the Roosevelt Company], and wharfage helped to swell the losses of the United States Lines," according to Woodward. And further, the claimed loss on the Leviathan was $40,751 per voyage, yet from April, 1929, to December, 1931, the Chapman group operated her for forty voyages and realized a gross profit of $2,809,819, or $70,245 per voyage. In 1931, before I. M. M. operation, the Leviathan carried more passengers than any other ship except the Bremen and Europa, and carried more first-class passengers than either of those vessels.

As to the ship's inability to compete with "speedy, modern monster steamers," as Kermit Roosevelt calls them, there is a good deal of argument. It is true that she is not fitted out in the penthouse style of the Normandie. But that she is necessarily slow by reason of her design is not true. The ship, according to Woodward:

> . . . was designed for standard commercial maximum speed of 30 knots, but is capable of doing substantially more without injury to hull or frame [on her first voyage the Normandie averaged 29.68 knots and her top speed was 32 knots]; she is designed, and is the outstanding example of such design, on the seaplane principle . . . instead of pushing before her tons of water, as suggested by Mr. Franklin, the faster she goes the more she will rise out of the water . . . her original design has been changed and rendered much less efficient by the wrong location of wing tanks which have tended to unbalance the stem-to-stern position in that the tanks as now placed make her sink head down when all tanks are full. In addition, the propellor blades now on the Leviathan are not the type originally designed for the vessel, and not so efficient.

The last two assertions would be a good subject for a Congressional investigation.

When the I. M. M. officials applied for a lay-up this year, the situation and the arguments, as has been stated, were the same as in 1934, with one exception. This spring they stood to save two years' losses instead of three, and instead of offering to put in escrow for construction of a new ship $1,500,000 ($500,000 for each year of the three years), they offered only $500,000. According to their proposal of last spring, they should offer twice $500,000—based on their original 1931 estimate, it should be twice $700,000. And this, one concludes, is what James Craig Peacock, present head of the Shipping Board Bureau, meant when he said the arrangement was a "fifty-fifty split."

The government subsidized the United States Lines partly, as the shipping propagandists never weary of repeating, to "compensate for the difference between foreign and domestic operation [labor] costs." Yet the Black committee discovered that in 1933 at the beginning of the Roosevelt Administration, when the committee had just begun its disclosures and the shipping people, fearful of contract cancelation, were sending out a flood of press releases on the above theme, 24.81 per cent of the employees of the United States Lines were "first-papers" foreigners, that is, men who are still essentially foreigners and are accustomed to working sixteen hours a day.

To sum up, in its transactions involving the Leviathan and the I. M. M. the government (1) failed to obtain the full benefit that was to accrue to American labor; (2) gave away five million dollars in the 1931 write-down; (3) signed away the merchant-marine prestige that went with operation of the Leviathan in the summer of 1932 and subsequently; (4) allowed the I. M. M. to save $2,100,000 estimated losses in those years, on the figures of Franklin himself; (5) paid the United States Lines more than $10,000,000 in mail subsidies after 1931, to say nothing of the subsidies to other I. M. M. affiliates—the Baltimore Mail Line, the Panama Pacific, and the American Pioneer.

What valid excuse, then, did Secretary Roper have to reopen, this spring, the Leviathan lay-up negotiations? The only point brought out at the Copeland hearings that might have warranted such a move was Roper's claim of "reports of passengers" that the ship is "unseaworthy" and a "firetrap." And Roper stressed the losses of the ship more than the "unseaworthiness." I have it on the authority of an expert well acquainted with the entire Leviathan situation that there is no basis whatever for the firetrap theory. And if the Leviathan is a firetrap, then so is her sister ship, the Majestic, which the British have seen fit to continue in operation.

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Who Gets Supplementary Relief?

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

WHO gets supplementary relief? Relief administrators, with their minds and eyes closed, say one group. The facts show that another and entirely different group is aided. Taking the nation as a whole, about one-sixth of the households on relief have one or more members holding jobs with private employers. The fact that these households are on the rolls clearly implies that the earnings of employed members are not, singly or jointly, sufficient to enable them to purchase the minimum-subsistence living allowed relief clients. Since that living is of an appallingly low standard, to require supplementary relief and to obtain it simply means that the worker's earnings are almost infinitesimal when placed against his responsibilities.

The outstanding factors in this situation as it is viewed by the relief administrators are three: (1) low wages; (2) underemployment; and (3) family responsibilities. While theoretically no worker is accepted for relief who is working full time, no matter how insufficient his earnings, practically this prohibition is not observed in all instances, for on humanitarian grounds it must occasionally be ignored. By and large, underemployment at low rates of pay, combined with large family responsibilities, explains most of the cases. While it is not possible to review the situation in detail, since the extent of supplementation varies not only from city to city and section to section but also, and most importantly, from family to family, it is nevertheless possible to obtain some enlightening glimpses of the nature of the problem. Take a notoriously high-profit industry like tobacco. A study made in Winston-Salem, Durham, and Richmond showed that about one-eighth of the households on relief included tobacco workers. Of these, 29 per cent "had some employment during November (1934) and also received relief during that month," but "whatever the size of the family, earnings were insufficient for minimum subsistence according to the relief standards in the cities in question." Here is a condensed picture of the situation:

	Households with one person working	*Households with two or more persons working*
Median number of days worked	16.3	30
Earnings per month	$21.91	$42.91
Median number of persons dependent	4.4	4.7
Relief received	$11.58	$14.66

A little calculation will reveal that several important points are concealed in these figures. Since the "two or more persons" data cannot be analyzed, let us take the "one person working" household. Assuming that a normal working month is four six-day weeks, or twenty-four days, these figures clearly show that at full time the worker could earn but $29.21, or $4.28 less than the relief standard of $33.49 for minimum subsistence. In short, the tobacco industry, with its huge profits, cannot afford to pay its unskilled workers (mostly Negro females in this instance) wages equal to relief—approximately $8.36 for a six-day week. This is the most revelatory study yet made, but additional light on how much the relief households earn is available.

In Dayton, Ohio, it was discovered that 98 per cent of the households receiving supplementary relief had incomes of less than $20 a week—usually much less. A study made in Philadelphia, the results of which are reported in a somewhat different fashion, showed that of 10,358 families on direct relief whose situation was analyzed, 4,092 had non-relief incomes in the week studied to a total of $14,167.19. The total budget was $120,951.19, leaving a deficiency made up out of relief funds of $106,784. Finally, as to the extent of the problem in various cities, it is known that in Bridgeport and Baltimore in May, 1934, 22 per cent of the relief households had non-relief earnings, in Chicago 13 per cent, and in Seattle 6 per cent. The average earnings per person in the household varied from $3.16 per week in Baltimore to $1.78 in Chicago. Obviously these incomes required supplementation. As to rural conditions, a study of incomes in scattered farm areas brought out that relief households other than those of farm operators, with members employed in October, 1933, had incomes of $32 a month for whites and $23 for Negroes. Such cases were necessarily receiving supplementary aid also.

These facts were turned up by research workers taking an official and exceedingly blinkered view of the situation, and in themselves provide a complete justification for a humanitarian policy. The official notion is that it is the worker who is getting supplementary relief. This is hardly an accurate statement of the situation. *The person whose income is supplemented is the employer.* It is by this "humanitarian" device that the employing class chisels in on the relief funds—the only funds distributed by the Roosevelt Administration which have directly benefited the masses of the people.

From any sensible and civilized point of view the maintenance of the population is a legitimate charge upon the economy of the nation. Under present conditions that economy is in the hands of private owners. Except in rare instances—one of which will be discussed below—the private owners of industry have not taken general responsibility for the workers and their dependents. In times past the workers, when in difficulties, have been shifted to the care of private charities or to the care of the state as provided by various kinds of social legislation. During the present depression the federal government has underwritten unemployment relief by design, and by accident has picked up thousands of casualties who more properly require other kinds of aid not currently available. The government is more and more coming to carry the burden of taking care of those who, for one reason or another but chiefly because no work is available, cannot maintain themselves. It gets the money to perform the job from taxes. Indirectly, then, private ownership takes care of the casualties of our economy. But only indirectly—and never completely. How incompletely it takes care of unemployment cases—the vast majority of those now receiving federal funds—can be seen by comparing the probable wage loss of the workers since the beginning of the depression with the amount of relief paid out. The difference will run into eleven figures and represents the extent to which private ownership has received public aid from this particular source. In the case of what is technically known as "supplementary relief" it is possible to see the process unmistakably at work—without concealment.

It is because so much confusion exists in the minds of the specialists in relief problems that this fairly elementary point may strike the reader as a novelty. Loose thinking has resulted in the separation of the economy and the state in spite of the obvious dependence of the latter on the former for funds. It is but infrequently perceived that when the state assumes burdens properly chargeable to the private owners of the economy it is, in effect, subsidizing the owners. By relieving them of the necessity of maintaining workers formerly attached to their industries, it at one and the same time protects property from the assaults of the dispossessed and protects the profits, or drastically reduces the losses, of the owners. Thus relief becomes, under present arrangements, only to a minimum degree a humanitarian enterprise ("Nobody shall starve"), for it is to a far greater degree a method of propping up the system of private ownership. This is most clearly apparent in the case of "supplementary relief." The employers allege that they cannot pay higher wages or employ the workers for longer hours because it would make operations unprofitable. (This is an obvious lie in the case of tobacco, but let that pass.) They thus compel the relief administration to provide the difference between what they choose to pay the workers they employ at all and minimum subsistence. The relief administrator, by maintaining the workers, gives a direct subsidy to employers.

The fate of the Southern share-croppers clearly illustrates how agricultural employers, for many years directly responsible for their workers, have gone about acquiring the traditional prerogatives of industrial employers. From the close of the Civil War until just the other day share-cropping involved the provision to the cropper by the landlord of "furnish" (goods and services) sufficient for a full year. As the system has fallen into decay, this has become a burden to the landlord from which he has attempted to escape. Several methods have been used, one of which is to force the share-cropper into the status of a landless day laborer paid only when he works and hence responsible for his own "furnish"; another is to refuse "furnish" to all members of the cropper's family who cannot work—thus cutting off from subsistence the very young, the very old, the ill, and the handicapped members of the household; and the third is to supply "furnish" only during that part of the year in which the cropper's labor is indispensable for production. The refuge of the cropper subjected to these policies has been the relief office. When no day labor is obtainable and resources are exhausted, or when non-workers cannot be cared for from household earnings, the croppers go on relief, and the landlord thereby derives a subsidy from federal funds and is on a par with the steel, coal, copper, tobacco, and automobile barons.

In the share-cropping and other agricultural areas where low pay is notoriously the rule, it becomes quite a problem in the busy season to get the workers off relief, for a better living may be had on relief than off—to the eternal disgrace of the owning class. In such circumstances the collusion between the local relief administrators and the landlords emerges into the open. For while the latter will not pay decent wages and keep the workers off relief altogether, the former have no scruples about supporting low wage scales by excluding the workers from relief during those seasons when the miserably paid work is available. In effect, relief is used to maintain a cheap working force for the landlords. How this is arranged is clearly revealed by a proposed "solution" of the farm-labor problem in Gloucester County, in South Jersey, as printed in the Woodbury, New Jersey, *Evening News*, April 3, 1935. The four-point program follows:

> 1. Put relief matters up to the local municipalities with responsibility centered in the hands of those knowing the needs of those in that community.
> 2. Stop relief in rural communities during the growing season.
> 3. Employment needs of the farmers to be supplied through the county relief offices.
> 4. Lowering of relief so that the unemployed will be spurred to accept positions when offered.

Usually, however, the arrangement is tacit and not open. In fact, the South Jersey cooperative scheme was scotched as an open arrangement, but it is probably being carried out secretly. Such a program was carried through in the tobacco regions of North Carolina last year, where tobacco growing as well as tobacco manufacturing is subsidized by relief. The technique has been applied in the Colorado beet country, in Michigan, and in strawberry-growing regions as well.

Thus the euphemism that it is the relief client who gets supplementary aid plainly breaks down under analysis. The question is one that is likely to become more and more acute during the next few months. As the pious efforts to keep to NRA code wages and hours collapse under the drum-fire of competition, two things will happen: there will be an increase in unemployment because fewer people will work longer hours; and there will be a rise in the relief load. Part of the increase will consist of completely dependent households; part will be cases where low pay will require "supplementation." The relief authorities will necessarily be forced to care for the completely dependent, but how will they solve the problem of supplementation? Douglas Falconer of the New York City Home Relief Bureau has indicated the probable line: Since sufficiently great increases in relief appropriations cannot be anticipated, cases now on the rolls will be thrown off if the household income is as much as $5 a week; and naturally no new cases will be accepted if the income equals that amount. This will automatically cut by more than one-half the relief standard in New York City, where the average allowance in December, 1934, was $48.38, for if this $20 standard is applied to supplementation cases, how long will the completely dependent families escape the ax? Thus the pressure of supplementation may wreck even the current disastrously low standards of relief. The chiseling of employers, combined with the responsible administrators' unclear conception of just what relief—particularly supplementary relief—is, will make a further contribution to what the employers seem hell-bent on achieving—low wages and low living standards for the working class. It is imperative that the situation be seen in a clear light in order that the blame may be placed where it belongs. Nowhere is the light murkier than where relief officials solemnly gather.

Books in Germany

By I. A. LEVITAN

SATURDAY afternoon in Berlin. The day's work is done and I walk aimlessly through the streets. I enter a bookstore in an old, dilapidated building. A man of about seventy with a long white beard greets me. I look around the half-empty shelves. Few good books are there; in the main there are only theological volumes and cheap novels. Though the books do not interest me I want to talk to the old man. I hesitate; one seldom speaks to strangers. "You do not have many interesting books," I venture.

"No, not many," he replies in a slow, meditative tone. "But where will you find interesting books now? Nobody cares for books any longer, or those who still care are ashamed to admit it. I would not be able to sell good books if I had any. Besides, the best books are prohibited."

I am astonished at the bravery of the old man; to speak so freely to an utter stranger! A storm trooper walks up and looks in the window. I point to him and ask the old man to speak more quietly.

"I am not afraid of anyone," he snaps back at me angrily. "I am an old man, over seventy. I have lived my life, and all my life has been associated with books. Only two years ago I had three of the largest bookstores in the city, with a stock worth well over a million marks. Only two years ago I had an international reputation. Book collectors and librarians the world over knew my firm and I supplied them with the rarest books. What have I today? This little shop which my Jewish landlord permits me to keep though the rent for the last six months is still unpaid. Why should I fear? My reputation, my name, my life accomplishments are ruined. Should I fear for my life? A man over seventy does not do that. What have I in this world? How can I sell books? To whom? The best books may not be sold; the internal market is ruined; foreign purchasers refuse to buy from us."

In the building where I lived there was a bookstore and lending library on the first floor when I moved in; it was gone before I had to leave. One evening I dropped into the shop. It was a mess. Books lay all over the floor; the proprietor and his young daughter looked frantic. "What is the matter?" I asked casually.

"What is the matter? Man, life is becoming impossible. First, when this government came to power, they confiscated the best-sellers. Well, that I could understand. They were socialist and communist books—propaganda, theory, and books about the Soviet Union. But now new prohibitions are announced every day. One does not know where one is. S. A. men just invaded my store and confiscated twenty-eight books, works by Strasser, Röhm, and other former leaders. And the robbers even wanted me to sign a paper saying that I was donating these books of my own free will, for the good of the fatherland, I suppose."

"And father refused to sign," the girl interrupted. "He is so stubborn. He will end in a concentration camp."

"Well, why not? Our present income might suffice for you alone; now it has to feed two. For the last four months we have not taken in more than three marks a day. Out of that we have to pay rent and live. And the intolerable taxes! Our customers used to be civil servants and government employees. They used to borrow three or four books a week even when we charged forty pfennigs a volume. Now we charge only twenty, but few of them still come, and those who still borrow take only a single volume. I do not blame the poor souls. Their salaries have been cut, and besides they complain of the lack of interesting reading matter. They have read most of the old books I have, and as to the new ones—well, after trying one they refuse to take another."

One morning about two weeks later I saw a sign hanging in the window: *Zu Vermieten* (For Rent).

I met a Communist by appointment in a cafe in Moabit, the proletarian section of Berlin. The best way to describe Moabit is as an old German woman once described it to me: "Das rote Moabit bleibt schon immer rot." (Red Moabit will always remain red.) After talking a while we took a walk. We passed a bookstore. Half a dozen copies of Hitler's "Mein Kampf," some of Göring's books, the Propaganda Minister's masterpieces, and others of the same category graced the window. "Let's go in," I suggested, "and look over the new literature."

"You will be surprised by what you will see," my companion said.

"Not at all," I assured him, "I have seen that stuff often enough, even read some of it."

We entered. My companion greeted the young fellow behind the counter. "An American correspondent," he introduced me. "He wants to see what you have."

"Here are the works of Rosenberg on culture," the clerk began. "Here are Zimmermann and Bartels on the same subject. The latter I can sell you at a reduced price. Have you read 'Schlageter' by Hans Johst? Ehrinberg's 'Deutsche Passion, 1933,' too, is highly recommended. Would you perhaps care for Günther, Doree? They are very important. They have revealed to us the Teutonic soul and the importance of racial purity. Perhaps politics interests you? Economics? Please let me show you—"

"Zum Donnerwetter, Fritz," my companion interrupted, "he is safe. He is one of us, an American friend. Show him what you have."

Suspiciously Fritz's glance fell on me. He was at a loss.

"I guarantee him," my companion said. The shopkeeper gave me his hand and said, "Let me show you." He took out from the shelves a few copies of Ehrinberg's "highly recommended" drama. Then he pulled out another book which stood behind these, took off the wrapper, and handed it to me. I could not believe my eyes: "Lenin on Imperialism." He jumped around from one shelf to another, revealing to me one prohibited book after another. Marx, Engels, Stalin, Lenin, Kautzky, Lunacharsky, and dozens of other Russian writers; Minzenberg, Remarque, Ossietzky, Herzfelde.

"But aren't you afraid to keep these books? Is it not too dangerous to keep them right on the shelves? Why don't you hide them?"

"No safer place to keep them. A bookstore must always be prepared for a sudden raid. Bookstores are constantly suspected nowadays. We are, as the *Beobachter* says, a hangover from the Jewish-Marxian-liberal era. But our salvation lies in the nature and character of the Gestapo [the secret police]. They are not conspicuous for intelligence. When they come to a store, they search in the back rooms. If there is a cellar they immediately rush there. They ransack the corners, look in every nook and crevice. But here, on the shelves, in the open—they do not suspect anything. Experience is the best teacher."

"But how do you get these books?" I asked.

"To tell the truth, I do not know much about that. Your friend can probably tell you more than I can. I only know that a man, who identifies himself by a number, comes every month on a certain day and takes an order. I pay on the spot. A week later the books arrive by mail, in these wrappings just as you see them."

"And do you sell any?"

"How do you think I manage to stay here?" he asked. "Do you think I sell any of that junk?" pointing to the official Nazi books standing on the shelves. "Even the Black Shirts are tired of it. I have a couple of hundred customers who come often. They buy for themselves and for their friends. I do not show these books to strangers."

"Are there many such stores in Berlin?"

"Plenty," he replied. "More than you think."

The experiences here described are not unusual or exaggerated. I am merely copying them from my notebooks, just as they were recorded on the day the event happened. There is plenty of independent evidence to confirm my personal observations. A few months ago a questionnaire was sent around to the largest German bookstores. It asked: "What sociological changes in the book market have you observed since the National Socialist revolution?" Here are some of the published answers:

Theodor Körner of Altenburg replied: "The manual laborer has not as yet returned to the book market."

Karl Buchholtz, one of the most famous Berlin book dealers, observed that his customers "have considerably declined on account of the political events."

Arthur Collignon of Berlin wrote: "From a sociological point of view we may say that the book-purchasing classes have not changed. Only individuals have ceased buying and the total quantity has considerably declined."

Christian Kaiser's bookstore at the Rathaus in Berlin was somewhat more explicit: "Naturally nearly all non-Aryans have ceased purchasing."

The magnificent Bismarck bookstore in Berlin admitted: "Our customers, who are chiefly government employees, have been buying very much less. Probably on account of the decline of wages."

The Lindemann bookstore in Stuttgart concluded its answer with the following sentence: "The assertion that the love of books is growing in Germany . . . we hope is true, but we cannot as yet assert it to be a fact."

Correspondence

The Nation and the *Mercury*

To the Editors of The Nation:

It was in the pages of *The Nation* that the League of Women Shoppers found its first correct information on the unfair labor policy of the *American Mercury*. We used your material in our investigations, found that you were accurate in your facts, and took our position of supporting the strike of the *American Mercury* employees accordingly. At meetings of our members, and in our approach to American Federation of Labor unions we read from the columns of *The Nation* to explain our support of the strike, and to persuade others to do likewise.

From your editorial of May 22 we read that "if they [*American Mercury* employers] carry out this threat [fighting the Regional Labor Board decision] and fail to reinstate the strikers, they will have lined up with those reactionary newspapers which are content to purvey generous ideas in their pages while resisting legally established standards in their own office." And in your correspondence columns of June 26 we read the complete report of the Regional Labor Board, which refuted every lying statement of the owners of the *American Mercury*.

Then suddenly on July 3 we find splashed all over the back page a joint offer of *The Nation,* liberal magazine, and the *Mercury,* also "liberal" magazine. We were mystified! One statement in the advertisement, "In order to create more work for our circulation departments during the summer we have arranged this tremendous bargain," is particularly astonishing, since you must know that the circulation department of the *American Mercury* is manned entirely by strike-breakers. The employment mentioned is not as praiseworthy as *The Nation* would seem to indicate. The statement is both false and misleading.

Immediately upon the appearance of the advertisements our members began telephoning protests. Has *The Nation* found new facts? Is *The Nation* now supporting the editors of the *Mercury* we were asked? The strikers came. They felt that this was a strike-breaking act on the part of *The Nation*. At our Board of Directors' meeting several women said that *The Nation* was becoming unreliable. Our president, Mrs. Aline Davis Hays, among others, decided to cancel her subscription to *The Nation*. Our board felt that advertising matter in *The Nation* was to some extent an extension of editorial text. Because *The Nation* is a magazine of opinion, and not a frankly commercial press, they felt that *The Nation* would not print an advertisement solely for revenue when it conflicted with their editorial stand. Therefore it was logical to assume that if the editors of *The Nation* were forced to print the advertisement because of a previous contract they should certainly have printed an explanatory editorial.

As a result of these protests from our members, we sent a representative to your offices for an explanation. She returned with the following report: That your business manager signed a contract with the *Mercury* after the strike had begun for several exchange advertisements which were to appear in your pages during the course of a year. When you realized the importance of the *Mercury* strike, you tried to cancel the contract; since you were unable to do so, you were forced to print the advertisement. Our representative also reported that your editors greatly regretted the appearance of the advertisement.

We still place the question, however, whether *The Nation* does not feel the same compulsion to integrity in its advertising pages that it demands from its editorial matter? We request that you publish this letter of protest in behalf of a great number of our members who are disturbed to find *The Nation* unreliable in support of the strike. We request also that you print an editorial comment to repair what damage the advertisement may have done to the cause of the strikers, which you as well as we have at heart.

New York, July 15 ALINE DAVIS HAYS,
for the Board of Directors,
League of Women Shoppers

The Nation has received several protests, including the one published above from the League of Women Shoppers, against the appearance in our issue of July 3 of an advertisement offering a joint subscription rate for *The Nation* and the *American Mercury*. The League of Women Shoppers charges that we have been "unreliable" in support of the strike and inquires whether we do not "feel the same compulsion to integrity" in our advertising pages that we demand from our editorial matter. Last week's issue of the *New Masses* carried an editorial based on the report of the League of Women Shoppers implying that the insertion of the advertisement was a denial of our "pretensions to support labor." *The Nation* has devoted more space and more vigorous language to the cause of the *American Mercury* strikers than has the *New Masses*. As to our "pretensions to support labor" we are content to let our readers judge our sincerity.

The letter of the League of Women Shoppers lays down a rule as to agreement between advertisers and editors which on second thought few persons would care to impose on periodicals in present-day America. An honest magazine sells its space to an advertiser with the guaranty that he will not be immune from criticism, that he shall not interfere with editorial policy, and that the text of his advertisement shall conform with the magazine's standard of taste and accuracy. We see no more reason why the *American Mercury* should be excluded from buying our advertising space than should other companies whose labor policies we also freely criticize. We are not afraid that anyone who knows us will believe that our editorial policy is or can be warped by consideration for our advertisers.

The joint-subscription offer of July 3, however, is advertising of a special character, because in it *The Nation*, through its circulation department, recommends the *American Mercury* to its readers. The arrangement to run a series of exchange advertisements with the *Mercury* was made February 21, two months before the strike. The text of the joint offer, which was to appear in both periodicals, was agreed on by the officials of the two companies without knowledge of all *The Nation* staff. This was shortly after the strike began. The *Mercury* fulfilled the terms of its contract by publishing the offer. When members of *The Nation* staff objected to the form and language of the agreed text scheduled to appear in *The Nation*, the *Mercury* was asked to release us from our contract, or to use the space in an advertisement in which we did not recommend the periodical. The *Mercury*, as it had a right to do, declined. Since we were under contract we felt obliged to keep our promise and did so. This did not indicate any change in our editorial attitude toward the strike. No further combination subscription offer is provided for or will be made under the contract.—Editors *The Nation*.

NEXT WEEK

The Elks Save America

By A. B. Magil

New and Challenging Conclusions Regarding Human Sex Relations

This *new* work by the "great master" is already recognized as a monumental landmark in the field of sexual knowledge. It is the logical result of a long lifetime of study, specialization and original research, in the far-flung and ever-widening realms of sexual science. It is systematic, comprehensive, concise and up-to-date. It sheds important light on sexual behavior, normal and abnormal, enabling the individual better to comprehend both his own nature and the natures of those about him.

It is *essential* in the library of the physician and scholar; it is *invaluable* for those intellectually mature persons who may be sexually perplexed; it *belongs* in the library of the habitually well-informed.

Note skeleton outline of contents herewith.

PSYCHOLOGY of SEX by HAVELOCK ELLIS

I. INTRODUCTION
II. THE BIOLOGY OF SEX
The Physical Basis of Sex—Erogenic Zones—The Biology of Courtship—The Factors of Sexual Selection—(1) Touch, (2) Smell, (3) Hearing, (4) Vision.
III. THE SEXUAL IMPULSE IN YOUTH
The First Appearance of the Sexual Impulse—Auto-Erotism — Erotic Day-Dreaming — Erotic Dreams in Sleep—Masturbation—Narcissism.
IV. SEXUAL DEVIATION AND THE EROTIC SYMBOLISMS
Sexual Deviation—Urolagnia and Coprolagnia—Erotic Fetichism—Stuff Fetichisms and Erotic Zoöphilia—Kleptolagnia—Exhibitionism—Algolagnia (Sadism and Masochism Sexual Senility.
V. HOMOSEXUALITY
Sexual Inversion—Eonism (Transvestism or Sexo-Esthetic Inversion)—Treatment.
VI. MARRIAGE
Introductory (The Problem of Sexual Abstinence)—The Advisability of Marriage — Satisfaction in Marriage — The Monogamic Standard — The Control of of Procreation—The Problem of Childless Marriage—Impotence and Frigidity—Chastity—The Menopause.
VII. THE ART OF LOVE
The Sexual Impulse in Relation to Love—Why Love Is an Art.
VIII. CONCLUSION
Dynamic Nature of Sex—Sublimation.
GLOSSARY
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ALMOST 400 PAGES
—Over 100,000 Words—

Authoritative Comment

"It would be idle to say that this book is the best of its kind. It has no kind. It stands alone. There is nothing to compare with it. . . . No intelligent adult should be without it." — Norman Haire, Ch.M. M.B. *(eminent gynecologist)*.

"Few books on the subject of sex can be so confidently recommended to all and sundry as this truly admirable volume."—Bertrand Russell in *The New Statesman*.

"Although primarily designed to instruct the medical profession, it is to be hoped that the general reader will take this opportunity under Dr. Ellis' masterly guidance to acquaint himself with the workings of that [sexual] impulse."—*Times Literary Supplement*.

Please mail this to your bookseller or to:

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 75-N,
333 Sixth Ave., New York City

Enclosed herewith is my remittance for $3.15 (price $3.00 plus 15c for delivery and handling), for which please send *prepaid* a copy of PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX by Havelock Ellis.

Name ....

Address ....

City.................................. State..............

☐ Check here if book to be sent C.O.D.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

Send a Postcard!

To the Editors of The Nation:

On June 5 the official Brown Shirt organ, the *Angriff* waxed merry over 50,000 postcards mailed as birthday greetings to Ernst Thaelmann in his cell at Moabit. The *Angriff,* turning Punch, referred to them as "political chain letters," "lost in the sand." Doubting, with that omniscience the Nazi editors are noted for, that 50,000 Bobbies, Wills, and Jims in America were concerned with the fate of a certain Thaelmann, the *Angriff* concluded by saying that if these letters had arrived from America, perhaps "we might have sent them Teddy in a bright red cockade. . . . But they wouldn't let him get off in New York, and he could cruise the ocean like the Flying Dutchman."

Americans interested in justice fail to catch the humor of the Nazi wit of the *Angriff.* The Anti-Nazi Federation, 168 West Twenty-third Street, supported by the United Anti-Nazi Conference, has now organized a great campaign to obtain 100,000 signatures and postcards which will be mailed to Berlin, demanding the release of Thaelmann and all other anti-fascist fighters. At the same time replicas of the signatures will be sent to Secretary of State Hull demanding for Thaelmann and all other political refugees that historic right to safe asylum which is one of the basic traditions of the American people.

We should like to urge your readers to obtain these postcards for themselves and their friends. They can be had free by merely writing to the organization headquarters. Already several thousand Americans have signed and dispatched them. Delegations are also being formed to be sent to Washington and Germany. The stuffed mailboxes of the Third Reich will be ample proof to the Brown Shirt comedians that there are 100,000 Americans willing to "lay out a stamp" to help set free these valiant fighters, the anti-fascists of Germany.

New York, June 18 June Croll,
Secretary, Anti-Nazi Federation

Japanese in California

To the Editors of The Nation:

Carey McWilliams's article on the Japanese in California gives puzzling prominence to a short discussion of the same subject that I contributed to the New York *Times* more than six months earlier and denies the truth of two statements ventured by me. I remarked that prejudice against the Japanese in California had abated. And I said that the anti-alien land legislation had effectually stopped Japanese land ownership. Mr. McWilliams makes a qualified denial of the first, and says of the second that "the exact opposite is true."

The person who should know most about the questions at issue is Samuel J. Hume, of Berkeley, executive secretary of the California Council on Oriental Relations. This is an active statewide organization that exists to combat prejudice and discrimination against Orientals and to remove causes of friction. It was Mr. Hume who lobbied against and defeated without much difficulty the bills aimed at Japanese fishermen, to which Mr. McWilliams devotes considerable space, but the defeat of which he fails to report.

In response to my query, Mr. Hume writes me under date of July 5:

> Anyone familiar with the state, recalling the situation of ten years ago, would say that anti-Japanese feeling, that is, antagonism toward the Japanese in California, has definitely subsided and is dying out. This is due principally to two causes:
>
> First, the adult population of the state has increased 60 per cent in the last ten years. The tremendous influx of people from other states accounts for a large proportion of this increase. Neither these newcomers nor the younger generation of Californians have the old emotional attitudes and prejudices toward the Japanese.
>
> Second, the action of the alien land law and the improved economic status of the Japanese have drawn many Japanese into the cities, with the result that the economic competition of the Japanese is now more diffused and consequently less obtrusive.

Mr. Hume's testimony is supported by that of Professor E. G. Mears of Stanford University. In an article contributed to the *Survey-Graphic* of May, 1926, Professor Mears wrote: "The Oriental cheap labor of the past has gone to the cities—at any rate, it is disappearing from farm and ranch. Anti-alien land laws are fast driving the decreasing number of Asiatics away from rural pursuits." Professor Yamato Ichihashi, professor of Japanese government and history at Stanford, in "Japanese in the United States" attributes the decline in Japanese land ownership since 1920 chiefly to the subsidence of the war-time agricultural boom, but adds that the hostile land laws "undoubtedly had a share in producing that decline." He cites figures showing the rapid decline and concludes: "The law alone can explain the aspects of the situation noted." And again he sums up:

> The Japanese have interested themselves in farming from the beginning of their appearance on the Pacific Coast, at first working as farm hands, then gradually emerging as contract, share, tenant, and independent farmers. The intention of the land laws was to check the further development of the process, and the laws everywhere having proved effective, many Japanse have left the farm and drifted to towns and cities to find other occupations.

On the other question of anti-Japanese prejudice, Professor Ichihashi writes in the same book: "The problem of alien Japanese residents has practically exhausted itself. Even the anti-Japanese agitation seems to have become well-nigh extinct."

This is a matter of common knowledge with most of us. Mr. Hume's organization has made great headway in organizing California support for repeal of the 1924 exclusion law and substitution of a quota control on the same basis as that which controls immigration from Europe. In San Francisco, for instance, the demand for quota is supported by the *Chronicle* and *News* and opposed only by Hearst. Feeling against the Japanese in California must of course be distinguished from feeling against the militarist Japanese government, which exists in California no more and no less than in other parts of the country.

There is always plenty of prejudice and Mr. McWilliams does well to take it seriously and expose its manifestations. I would not think of denying or questioning the evidence he brings of a renewal of agitation in Southern California, where he lives. And controversy is stupid. But Mr. McWilliams's curious singling out of a six-months-old fugitive newspaper piece that was not before your readers to use as the text of his article, and his less than courteous manner of flatly denying the truth of my statements require this much of a rejoinder in justice to that reputation for accuracy that is one of the journalist's dearest possessions.

San Francisco, July 8 George P. West

Labor and Industry

Connecticut Forms a Labor Party

By NATHANIEL SHERMAN

Hartford, July 15

THE political air is full of talk about new parties, third parties, and labor parties, but it has remained for organized labor in Connecticut to take the lead in the actual formation of a state labor party. In Hartford on Sunday, June 30, representatives of 150 Connecticut Federation of Labor locals, meeting at the call of the Hartford Central Labor Union, unanimously voted for the formation of a Connecticut Labor Party, "anti-capitalist in nature," to be based on A. F. of L. unions, independent unions, and other mass organizations, irrespective of present political affiliation. The meeting was the first statewide political gathering of A. F. of L. unions in the United States.

A few brief statistics are required at this point to indicate the scope of the conference. More than 41,000 Connecticut trade unionists were represented by 165 registered delegates from 31 cities and towns. Equally important is the fact that the Central Labor Unions of Danbury, Waterbury, Hartford, New Britain, Meriden, and New London, all important industrial centers, sent official delegates. Sixteen independent locals, with a membership of 14,200, were represented and also pledged their support. There are approximately 75,000 members of the A. F. of L. in Connecticut, and more than half of these, through their local delegates, are supporting the new move. And new the move is, not only in form, but in content. The conference, which will meet again on July 21, when an even larger representation is expected, unanimously voted for the formation of a Labor Party based not only on the trade unions and other "working-class organizations" but also on the support of "professional people, farmers, veterans, and Negro organizations."

Such a party, the program states, is to be actively built and supported by the whole labor movement "for the purpose of creating a mighty weapon in the fight against wage cuts and company unions, and to achieve genuine unemployment insurance at the expense of the employers and the wealthy; for the immediate cash payment of the bonus by taxation of the rich; for the thirty-hour week, without pay reductions, for the defense of civil rights of the workers; for the defense of the trade unions against employers' attacks; against the use of National Guard and the police in strikes; against taxation of the toilers and farmers, but for the taxation of the wealthy to meet the needs of the unemployed and labor growing out of the capitalist-induced crisis; against the threat of fascism which endangers the labor movement; and against the threat of a new world war."

The opening paragraph of the resolution, unanimously adopted by the conference, states that it is "becoming plain to labor that after five years of economic crisis its conditions of life have been growing worse, and that the old political parties, the Republican and Democratic, clearly represent the interests of the wealthy employers, bankers, and others who live off the toil of labor." Obviously the unanimous adoption of the foregoing resolution implied the absence from the conference of politicians and party hacks. Present at the meeting, however, as registered observers, were representatives of farmers and fraternal organizations and representatives of the Socialist and Communist parties. Plans were drawn up for the formation of local Labor Party committees in each city and town; every A. F. of L. local will be asked to indorse the movement; delegates to the State Federation of Labor convention to be held in the fall will be instructed to vote their support of the party. A pamphlet in an edition of 25,000 is now being published, and more complete plans will be drawn up at the second conference to be held in New London on July 21. At present authority resides with a Continuations Committee of fifteen trade unionists, headed by William E. Kuehnel of Hartford, president of the Central Labor Union of that city.

According to Kuehnel, who is himself a former munitions worker, and who signed the call for the conference, the movement arose from "our realization of the complete failure of labor's traditional political policy—that of rewarding its friends and punishing its enemies. Bitter experience in the Colt Fire Arms strike, and in the strike of our brothers in the textile unions, demonstrated clearly that this traditional policy meant that we played right into the hands of either the Democrats or the Republicans. . . . The reason is not hard to find: the Democratic and Republican parties are in the hands of the employers and represent their interests, not ours." Kuehnel also points to the fact that labor has helped to elect governors and mayors "who have used the state militia and police against us while we were trying to get a decent living wage."

"We in Hartford," he says, "felt the full effect of the present political set-up when, in the Colt strike, the government refused to enforce Section 7-a. Our brothers in the textile unions not only had similar experiences, but had to contend with the National Guard, called out by a man elected to office as 'a friend of labor.' It was our experiences in these strikes that led to a preliminary conference on the part of those active in the Colt and textile strikes. The result was encouraging and predicted, to some extent, the success of our first conference."

The political orientation of the new party, it may be said, will be based on advice given to the conference by Miss Mary van Kleeck, Director of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation, who maintained that it should grow out of the day-to-day struggles in the workshop and be directed toward a program arising out of these struggles.

"Vital issues for American civilization center in the workers' day-to-day struggles to maintain their standards of living," Miss van Kleeck said. "The task of a labor party is to center the political program around these struggles, to keep both the program and the leadership responsive and responsible directly to the workers' organizations for their immediate economic interests, broadly conceived as the basis for the standards of living for all workers, industrial, agricultural, and professional. Upon these living standards civilization itself is based."

Lessons from Lorain

By HEYWOOD BROUN

I WISH there were some way to tell the story of the Guild fight in Lorain, Ohio, to the huge public of America. Obviously I am not competent to do it even aside from my own partisanship for the newspaper union. But I must insist that the issues involved ought to be of interest to a much wider audience than editorial workers.

In the first place a little research in Lorain, or some similar town, would do much to open all our eyes to the vital faults of the American press. This city with a population of some twenty-five thousand has one paper, the Lorain *Journal,* which comes out at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is owned by Sam Horvitz who is a paving contractor. Some years ago the *Journal,* then under different management, undertook to criticize Mr. Horvitz very sharply and so to end all that he bought the paper and continued it as a sideline.

This sort of set-up becomes increasingly familiar in small American cities. When small-town journalism is mentioned the average American thinks of William Allen White and the Emporia *Gazette.* In fact the phrase "the small-town paper" conjures up in the minds of many a sentimental picture of the kindly boss who is Bill or Joe to his fellow workers and shares a cot in the city room with the office boy. I have a decided quarrel with the paternalism which I think Bill White typifies but that can wait for some later article. In fact it can wait indefinitely because the Emporia idea is rapidly on the way out. And no matter what kind of case I tried to make against Mr. White I would have to admit that he is a newspaper man and not a paving contractor. In fact I have always maintained that he was a newspaper man and not a philosopher or a novelist.

Today the small-town paper seems to be doomed to become a sideline in the hands of somebody who has large outside financial interests. This is very bad for small-town journalism. Every now and then I run into somebody who has the archaic idea that there is a certain rugged honesty and virtue in the smaller papers as opposed to those of the big cities. With a very few honorable exceptions the smaller papers are more unfair and venal than the big ones and I am not forgetting the press of Chicago. I do not intend it as any very staggering comment when I say that in my opinion the newspapers of New York are about the best America has to offer.

But as the small-town papers become even more brazenly organs of special and local pleading for privileged interests they tend to corrupt the whole loaf. If a New York publisher said and really meant, "I intend to be absolutely fair in my treatment of labor news throughout the country," he would find the greatest difficulty in making good his pledge. He would be dependent for much of his news on one of the large press services and this is the spot where bias seeps in. To simplify the argument I will waive certain decided mental reservations and say that the press associations sometimes give the fairest stories of which they are capable about disputes in big cities. But strikes and lockouts in small communities are woefully manhandled.

If the fight assumes first-page proportions somebody may well be sent in who is capable and who is sincerely desirous of furnishing his press-service executive with the true facts. But where there is no bureau the local correspondent of any press services owes a much stronger allegiance to his immediate boss who is likely to be the owner of the town's only paper. Not infrequently the strike is in a plant in which the local newspaper owner is a heavy shareholder. In any case the paper's interests lie with those of the management of the plant. Under such circumstances the man who originates the dispatch for the news service is under terrific pressure to give the strikers the worst of it and the entire press of the country is poisoned at the sources.

Last week I pointed out that the managing editor of the Lorain *Journal* who is the active leader of the lock-out against the Guild, Mr. Horvitz being in Florida on a paving job, also happens to be the Lorain correspondent for the Associated Press. I made a formal written complaint about this condition to Kent Cooper, general manager of the A. P. I said distinctly that my complaint was based not entirely on any specific treatment of news during the lock-out but on the set-up itself. My reply came from Jackson S. Elliott, the assistant general manager, who completely evades the point. Mr Elliott wrote:

"This acknowledges your letter of July 16 to Mr. Cooper, informing us of your recent visit to Lorain, Ohio, and commenting on a story from Lorain, June 21, covering an incident related to the controversy between the management and former employees of the Lorain *Journal.* Your letter caused us to reexamine the recent exchanges of correspondence between our Cleveland and Columbus chiefs of bureau with Mr. John Dunn, chairman of the Lorain unit of the Cleveland Newspaper Guild. Assuming that you had access to the correspondence, mentioned above, while in Lorain, it seems that you must be convinced of the desire of our staff employees to deal with this controversy with entire fairness."

I didn't see the correspondence and I have no idea what it contains nor do I see what it could contain which would impair my argument that a man should not be the active leader of a lock-out against a labor union and at the same time the so-called neutral observer who is expected to furnish the papers of the country with a fair account.

But my true quarrel is not with any A. P. reporter, not even with Mr. Maloy, the managing editor of the Lorain *Journal.* My quarrel is with the A. P. executives. Why should I think that Jackson S. Elliott, assistant general manager of the A. P., is fair when I find him slipping so readily and probably unconsciously into that telltale phrase "the controversy between the management and former employees of the Lorain *Journal.*" Mr. Elliott is either ignorant or biased if he does not know enough about labor disputes to realize that he is using the phrase always utilized by employers when they war against the right to collective bargaining. It has been said over and over again in similar situations, "Why there's nothing to bargain about—these people don't work for me any more—they're just former employees." The theory of 7-a was that workers who were fired for organizing were illegally dismissed and that they still retained a right to their jobs. That is the contention in Lorain today. I see no reason why I should not reiterate my charge that the position of the A. P. in the Lorain lock-out is wholly wrong both in principle and specific act.

Victory in New Jersey

By McALISTER COLEMAN

NEW JERSEY consumers of electricity rubbed their eyes in frank astonishment the other day when they read the headline, "Commission Orders Public Service to Reduce Rates." For the first time in its thirty years of domination over the political and economic life of the state the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey has been forced to have a subsidiary reduce its rates. It has been forced to do so, furthermore, by a utility commission generally considered to be subservient to the will of the corporation, which monopolizes 80 per cent of the electric and gas business of the state and practically all the street-car and bus service as well. In June the Public Service Gas and Electric Company of New Jersey cut its customers' electric bills 20 per cent, thereby reducing the amount it receives from New Jersey consumers by $5,176,566 a year. For domestic consumers rates formerly starting at 9 cents for the first twenty kilowatt hours, on top of a dollar monthly minimum, will now be 7 cents, with similar reductions as consumption increases.

In the opinion of most unbiased experts these rates are still far too high. To those acquainted with the history of Jersey utilities, however, a rate cut of any size is so unprecedented as to warrant widespread jubilation among the long-suffering consumers. Thomas Nesbitt McCarter, president of Public Service and its subsidiary companies at a salary of $150,000 a year, now goes up and down the state talking darkly about attempts to "ruin the electric industry" and threatening cuts in the 15 per cent dividends of the gas and electric company. (It is to be noted, however, that the rate cut has not affected the price of Public Service stock.)

How did it all happen? What overnight change took place in the policies of a commission whose past performance has been practically 100 per cent in favor of Public Service? The answer is to be found in the activities of a small group of determined men and women who for two years have been doggedly battering at the powerful defenses of Public Service. When this group first petitioned for a reduction in rates, they were told that to fight McCarter was about as healthy as making faces at Hitler on the streets of Berlin; that the Utility Commission was no more than a preparatory school for lawyers graduating into the service of the utility companies; that the press of the state was hostile. Mindful of the odds against them, they nevertheless went forth to battle, with John A. Matthews of Newark, a former assemblyman and one of the leaders of the New Jersey bar, representing Herman W. Brams, the first individual petitioner, and the Utility Users' Protective League of New Jersey acting as intervenor in the hearings.

The Utility Users' League was an organization which had been formed shortly before the electric rate case started for the purpose of fighting Erie commutation rates in northern Jersey. Among its members were four men whose nicely timed team-work and willingness to accept the most difficult of assignments, without thought of compensation, proved, together with the militant tactics of Matthews, to be the determining factors in this fight. These four men were the brothers George and Samuel Slaff, young lawyers, residents of Passaic, who practice in New York; Dr. John Bauer, veteran valuation expert, who bears the scars of many a rate battle with the power trust; and A. Raymond Travis, Jr., the league's secretary.

In an article in *The Nation* for November 21, 1934, called Jersey Power Costs Too Much, I gave the arguments employed by both sides in the long-drawn-out hearings before the utility commissioners at Newark. As it turned out, the case hung on the valuation of the company's properties. High-priced experts were marshaled by the company to swear that the rates should be based on a valuation of $450,000,000. Dr. Bauer took the witness stand to contend that $150,000,000 would be a fair valuation.

Early in the case the forebodings of the pessimists seemed justified. Joseph F. Autenreith, chairman of the commission, who had heard much of the important testimony, suddenly resigned, saying that his commissioner's salary of $12,000 a year was insufficient for his needs. A month later he popped up as counsel for the New Jersey Central Power and Light Company. In his place, over the heated protests of the league, Governor (now Senator) Harry Moore appointed Frank J. Reardon of Jersey City, a protege of Mayor Hague's. But to the vast relief of counsel for the people, Mr. Reardon, from the time he entered the involved proceedings, seemed to have a much clearer idea of what they were all about than did his colleagues, Mayor Bachrach of Atlantic City and Thomas L. Hanson, former secretary to Governor Larson.

It was Commissioner Reardon who made gestures of incredulity when an expert for Public Service testified that under the head of the company's "going value" there should be included and capitalized in the rate base the George Washington Bridge, the Holland Tunnel, the highway system of the state, and finally the flourishing birth-rate in the thirteen counties of the Public Service domain. These items were included, it was gravely explained, because the company was entitled to levy tribute upon so rich a territory. This same witness admitted under the raking cross-examination of George Slaff that he had included in his final estimates duplicate appraisals of a power plant which the peoples' counsel claimed was obsolete anyhow. He was followed on the stand by another company witness who, testifying as to the condition of the poles carrying Public Service electric wires, said that he had inspected all the company's poles and found them well-nigh perfect. This inspection had been done by "observation." Under the questioning of Slaff it developed that the "observation" was made from a high-powered car in which the expert was speeding through the state.

The significance of the Jersey reduction, outside the saving in dollars and cents to the people of the state, lies in the proof it offers that men and women with courage, intelligence, and persistence can sometimes win a victory over the huskiest of Goliaths.

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Books

Realism—Old Style

The Furys. By James Hanley. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN England Mr. Hanley's realism has earned for him a unique position that he can hardly expect to enjoy in this country. It is not surprising that a nation whose principal literary nourishment in the past fifteen years has been the crepuscular symbolism of Virginia Woolf, the robustious whimsies of J. B. Priestley, and the silver-plated mysticism of Charles Morgan should be shocked into respect for a writer who manifests something more than a hat-tipping acquaintance with contemporary actuality. Not since "Sons and Lovers" has so much of the concrete substance of England been allowed to sully the pages of the English novel; indeed, Mr. Hanley has caught up English realism at the point at which it was abandoned by the early Lawrence. That such critics as the late Arnold Bennett and John Cowper Powys should lose their heads a little in saluting him is, under the circumstances, understandable enough. But we in this country have suffered too arduous an exposure to realism in all its forms, from the ponderous social documents of Dreiser to the mordant case histories of Faulkner, to be any longer capable of the kind of open-mouthed astonishment before the revelations of "life" or "reality" which it seems to be the sole end of pure realism to provoke. It is not that the recent American novel is better written than the English, or that it is wiser and more balanced in its attitude toward experience, but that it has at least passed beyond the stage where it believes that experience by and for itself is a sufficient guaranty of interest or significance. We have come to demand again in a work of fiction that pretends to be anything beyond the paranoid or the journalistic the presence of a theme that will give to the materials represented a consistent form and a comprehensible meaning. It is the total indifference to these two things in "The Furys" which makes it, for all its fine psychological insight in the treatment of individual characters and scenes, a source of very special exasperation for the American reader.

Mr. Hanley has created a world which his intelligence has not striven hard enough to understand. The result is something that one may find it hard to believe—a novel without a theme. And because it is without a theme it is without center, without focus, without form. The only boundary that exists is that set up by the three generations of the Furys, an overwrought family of immigrant Irish marooned in the working-class district of an English seaport city that is undoubtedly Liverpool. At the beginning it would seem that the central conflict is to be between the strong-willed mother and her youngest son, who has just been dismissed from a seminary in Ireland for bad conduct. But this is soon abandoned for an intensive treatment of half a dozen almost equally important situations involving other members of the clan. There is a general strike which affects most of the characters in one way or another: Mr. Fury is left jobless; Mrs. Fury is forced to appeal to a loan shark; another son is active in the fight between police and workers. But how all this is related to the essentially pschological struggle between mother and son, to the domestic troubles of Desmond Fury and his prostitute wife, and to the reconciliation between the elder Furys, is never made clear. Always in the background is the speechless, motionless figure of the aged grandfather, whose day dreams are of Ireland and his childhood and the body of his mother lying dead from starvation. Here, one would think, Mr. Hanley might have found his theme, or at least a beginning for the Furys' long history of sorrows and tribulations, even the most distinguished of which are traceable to economic necessity. But this writer lets it be known through the character of a half-mad professor of sociology that he is above all such interpretations. Like his character, he sits on a high place and surveys the tortured and self-torturing human masses with a sort of perverse satisfaction. The formula for immunity is elsewhere expressed by the opportunist Desmond: "Our real enemies are our own people."

But the real objection to this book is not that it fails to give expression to the proletarian revolutionary theme. It is rather that it deals with a vast body of material without informing it with any meaning or significance whatsoever. A young boy's resistance to his mother's influence is no longer a sufficient subject for a book of this length and scale. Yet to bring his work to some sort of conclusion Mr. Hanley is forced to have the boy turn on the mother in what is no more than a fit of meaningless perversity. Unable wholly to concentrate on the psycho-pathological aspects of family relationships, as D. H. Lawrence was able to do some decades ago, and unwilling to give weight to the social and economic forces operating on the family, this talented young writer falls into a confusion that is reflected in everything in his work.

William Troy

Portrait of a Year

Eyes on the World. By M. Lincoln Schuster. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

"THE hair-trigger opening and closing of thousands of camera shutters" enables us "to fix comprehending eyes on the world," writes Mr. Schuster. And in synthesizing the outstanding photographs of the year with the flow of the year's news, he has, I believe, set a new form which will influence books for years to come. Photographs for too long have been isolated phenomena, expressive of events and people but uncorrelated with the main stream of history. It is something new to weave these photographs through the headlines, through the news, through the titles of the year's outstanding books, through the cartoons, speeches, proclamations of the year, into a new and integrated fabric. "Eyes on the World" attempts to show us what history looks like when it is being poured red hot from the ladle.

"Eyes on the World" represents a new method of communication. We have had books of pictures before, we have weeklies which digest the news, we have rotos and newsreels which are sketchy and uncoordinated, but "Eyes on the World" gives us a vivid picture of the year as a whole, classified and edited. Many people may quarrel with Mr. Schuster's editing, but none is apt to deny that this is a vivid and stimulating way to delineate a year. We have strikers dying in Toledo, violence on the Coast, the jobless sleeping on the sidewalks, cows being shot in the drought-stricken corn belt—the story of America's year told in headlines and photographs that are full of conflict and bloodshed. We see thousands assembled under the swastika in Germany; we have flashes of Mussolini, of Mosley's Black Shirts, of fascist riots in France and Austria, student conflicts in Spain, and preparations for war in Japan, with machine-guns being set up in Manchuria. We have the "war against illiteracy" in Russia, medical students attending the tuberculosis college, Soviet citizens going to the circus and the ballet, Bolshevik babies being brought up in nurseries, Stalin good-humoredly discussing literature with Maxim Gorki, healthy-bodied boys and girls running down to the beach near Leningrad.

The following headlines will sound familiar to anyone who takes his morning paper with his breakfast coffee: "Troops Fight Paris Rioters," "Greek Revolt Spreads," "Dollfuss Slain by the Nazis." But assembled with these headlines we see a French woman, her baby on her shoulder, pushing back a gendarme; we see the strained faces and tense figures of the Greeks, in postures that only the candid camera could capture; we are shown the hands of Heimwehr troopers reaching up toward a windowsill from which the dead body of a Viennese Nazi is being rolled into their outstretched arms. We all of us remember having read about these things in the daily press. We shall remember many of the pictures reproduced here. But "Eyes on the World" does something to these memories of ours. It condenses them in a form that is startling and vivid.

This book is interesting not only as a historical document but as an evidence of the changing style of photography. The ever-growing position of the candid-camera photography is made emphatic. There is nothing artistic on the page entitled A New Spanish Custom, but the picture of the clash between students and civilians has a swirl of activity that the old art photographer, laden with cumbersome equipment, would be powerless to express. A short while ago I was prevailed upon to judge a "salon" of photography in one of the larger art museums of the country. What a collection of dew-filled landscapes, scarf-draped nudes with vases, and Corot-like trees waving fuzzily against the sky! The difference between the Corot imitation and the Acme news shot of national guardsmen firing on Toledo strikers, the ground bouncing with bricks, the attitude of each man in the picture eloquently expressive, is the difference between the past and the future of photography. The never-to-be-forgotten shot of the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia (for which the camera man as well as the king gave his life) may not follow the laws of dynamic symmetry, but the content of the picture is so breathtaking that it will take its place among the historic photographs of the world.

Other photographs show that dynamic composition can exist with the candid-camera news quality. The pictures entitled Japanese Man of War and Samurai have great power. There is sheer beauty in the glistening ebony backs of natives in Man Power by William La Varre. It is difficult to think of any art form which could be more expressive of the tawdry glamor of burlesque than the Jacobs photographs. And pictures like Little Women, from China, and the Sovfoto picture, Red Square, are exquisite examples of photography gleaned from a news service, the work of some unknown photographer.

The book, among other things, reveals that montage as a method is difficult and in its infancy. But the imperfections of some of the more crowded layouts are more than compensated for by the beautiful balance of pages like the one entitled Coolie, where the young Chinese face rises out of a background of surging Oriental humanity, the composition interestingly cut through with headlines, "China's forgotten millions: Life is cheap in Manchuria." Sometimes we feel that the captions tend to be too flashy, but we cannot complain when the portrait by Pierre Verger, expressing all the dignity of a man who comes from the soil, is underlined with the title: "The good earth yields this Chinese peasant an income of twenty-nine cents a month."

"Honest pictures," writes Mr. Schuster, "can give us an impact, a startled awareness, a deep flooding illumination which even honest words cannot always attain. In the right hands, an artist's lens is an instrument of truth, a probing and searching instrument. It can unlock secrets lodged in ponderous sociological surveys. It can unseat error and destroy partisan pleading." We hope that "Eyes on the World" will go on year after year unrolling the life behind the headlines.

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

Literary History at Its Worst

The First Century of American Literature. 1770-1870. By Fred Lewis Pattee. The D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.50.

THIS book completes Professor Pattee's three-volume history of American literature. Though published last, it is the first in point of time. The first half of the era it deals with, 1770-1820, produced nothing of enduring value in our literary annals, but the remaining fifty years brought forth a group of writers who are still our chief glory in the realm of literature: Hawthorne, Melville, Thoreau, Whitman, Lowell, Emily Dickinson, and Emerson. Professor Pattee's general discussion, unfortunately, is similar to that in all his other historical works—comprehensive, bizarre in its critical opinions, and poorly written. His previous books have been severely attacked on all these grounds by non-academic folk, and one had hoped that he would be somewhat influenced for the better by the continuous onslaught, but apparently it is too much to expect a radical mental and emotional change in an academician of seventy-two.

Like nearly all his colleagues he thinks that Franklin's simple, cheap, and shoddy "Autobiography" is a "classic to be rated with the greatest of the world's autobiographies," but that the magnificent Tom Paine was no more than an "impetuous . . . journalist who thought only in superlatives and who knew nothing of prudence." Most of the younger college professors now agree that Philip Freneau was at best an ambitious but mediocre versifier, but Professor Pattee still holds to the opinion of the Revolutionary literary critics that he is "one of the glories of American literature," and that "in strength of conception and in sustained mastery over the vaguely terrible" some of his work surpasses "the English poetry of the early Romantic movement." To bolster this view Professor Pattee quotes such "vivid and contagious" lines as, "She walks the ocean like its queen" and "She stays to guard her native shores." His final judgment is that "a half-dozen of his best lyrics—Poe can show no more—are worthy of any anthology."

In the first decade of the nineteenth century there lived a Philadelphia literary critic named Joseph Dennie. He was a man of slight learning and fairly adequate taste, but Professor Pattee sees in him one of the great critics of all time, adding specifically that a good deal of his work was "worthy of a critic like Hazlitt." And "the second reviewer in the new decade was also a man of genius . . . Charles Brockden Brown," whose idea of a good novel was a fantastic adventure story of the sort he himself wrote. Professor Pattee's reverence for the early American writers is so deep and indiscriminate that he sees good even in Parson Weems's biography of Washington. He admits that it is an absurd book, but he immediately adds that it "has its merits. It is written with vivacity and complete conviction; its battle stories are told with gusto."

Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" makes little impression on Professor Pattee. He thinks that "the characters are symbols; the dialogue is unnatural; . . . Tragedy was the intent, unrelieved by humor, but emotion is lacking, gripping power, realism. It can be read in cold blood with thoughts only of the method, the literary artifice, the highly finished style." Unlike Hawthorne, Whittier was a real artist. His "Snow-Bound" is "primitive in its feelings, simple, intensely human. . . . The snow storm actually happened." Whittier gets a full chapter of fourteen pages, but Melville gets only cursory mention. Perhaps one of the reasons for this is to be found in the low opinion Professor Pattee has had of "Moby Dick." In his "Century Readings in American Literature" (third edition, 1926) he said that the book is "a wild mélange of adventure and of Gothic romance. . . . As a novelist Melville was a failure."

The present volume by Professor Pattee is full of strange night-school English. I quote a few samples:

> Latin it was that seems first to have laid hold of the young student's [Philip Freneau's] imagination.
>
> Written not at all was it [H. H. Brackenridge's "Modern Chivalry"] for profit.
>
> Tremendously was it [Paine's "Common Sense"] successful.

When Professor Pattee attempts to explain or define literary phenomena he achieves remarkable conclusions. For example:

> The geography of the South made not for literature. In contrast with New England, it had an out-of-doors climate.
>
> To comprehend Emerson, one must begin, perforce, with ancestry.
>
> Romanticism may be defined as the spirit of youth.

Professor Pattee's textbooks on American literature are perhaps the most widely used in our colleges and universities. A founder and editor of *American Literature*, the chief organ of the professors in that department, he commands great respect as an authority in the field. The influence he has had on the academic study of the national letters has thus been tremendous. How harmful it has been to the development of intelligent criticism and sound scholarship, the present book—his fifteenth—proves for the fifteenth time. CHARLES ANGOFF

Communist Ideology

Russian Sociology. By Julius F. Hecker. John Wiley and Sons. $3.

Religion and Communism. By Julius F. Hecker. John Wiley and Sons. $3.

Moscow Dialogues. By Julius F. Hecker. John Wiley and Sons. $3.

HERE are three forthright, authoritative books which bring together information essential to the understanding of what the Marxians, on one of their off days, have taught us to call the "ideology" of communism. Yet these books are by no means exclusively an exposition of communist social philosophy; they present the main currents of Russian thought and religion for the past two centuries in a unified picture hitherto not available to readers unfamiliar with the Russian language.

Dr. Hecker is a European of international descent who received his chief education in this country, including a religious training, returned to Russia after the revolution to participate in the reconstruction of the cultural and religious life of the Russian people, became himself converted to communism, and has now been appointed professor of philosophy in the University of Moscow, his special field being the interpretation of British and American culture. He is a man of transparent honesty, great integrity of character, and sound scholarship. He has the confidence both of the Communist authorities and of the church, anomalous as this fact may appear.

Hecker's trilogy is neither a history of events nor a description of social and economic conditions. It is confined to an account of Russian "ideology." But it is not mere partisan propaganda such as we have learned to expect from Soviet sources and such as Hecker himself at times avows. He tells us that "Communist teaching is not unlike religious dogma, it is frankly *partisan;* it accepts its proletarian class bias and scornfully rejects any so-called objective, impersonal, or superclass science and philosophy." Such dicta leave one groping for light on proletarian or religious mathematics, astronomy, or biology. But the spirit which thus induces Hecker to expound loyally the most meaningless items of the Communist creed does not seduce him into practicing this particular article of the creed. His books, while obviously written in full sympathy with the Communist conception of class warfare, are nevertheless objective and scientifically impartial in the presentation of facts, as is recognized by eminent authorities like John Macmurray and Sidney Webb, who have written prefaces for two of the books, and by Harold Laski.

"Russian Sociology" is the most solid of the three books. It begins with the Decembrist movement of 1825, and after discussing early Slavophil and Westernist theories sets forth the thought of the subjectivists—Peter Lavrov, Mikhailovsky, and Kareyev—of anarchists like Kropotkin and Chernov, and of P. A. Sorokin, whose move from Minnesota to Harvard has been overlooked by the author. The next section of the book, a suprisingly brief one, is concerned with Marxo-Leninism and revisionism. Plekhanov, Peter Struve, and Bogdanov receive special attention. The exposition throughout is well documented and the criticism is both restrained and instructive.

When one turns from "Russian Sociology" to "Religion and Communism" one can hardly avoid the impression—doubtless quite unintended by the author—that dialectical materialism is an impregnable rock, while religion is a life of dialectical movement. The history of Russian religion is traced back to the origins of Christianity in Russia, and the extraordinary potpourri of the superstition, magic, czaristic politics, avarice, mysticism, and moral idealism which have constituted Russian religion is vividly pictured, along with the growth of the anti-religious tradition which began under the influence of Voltaire, Diderot, and Holbach. Anyone who wishes to understand the historical justification for the revolt of communism against religion will find a better explanation of it here than in any other available account. He will also be led to wonder what would happen if an enlightened form of religion should arise in Russia—animated by social ideals akin to those of communism, like dialectical materialism utilizing all the methods and results of the sciences and rejecting mechanistic philosophy, but unlike it viewing the evolutionary process as the experiments, creations, struggles, and sufferings of a cosmic mind. There are signs that such a religion is dawning here and there in the Western world, although ignored by pundits. But Hecker wisely refrains from vaticinations about the future of religion in Russia or elsewhere.

One who has read "Russian Sociology" and "Religion and Communism" does not need to read "Moscow Dialogues," for it contains very few facts or arguments which are not to be found in them. But if he skips it he will miss a most delightful review of the subject as well as a corking good time. The book represents a series of informal discussions between the Communist Socratov and a group of Americans—a Senator, a Rotarian, a banker, a humanist, a reformist, and a professor. Needless to say, each is a stage type, true to form and entertainingly done. This book will doubtless be the most popular of the three.

Hecker's work is the best available in the field, but it is not perfect. The religious ideals of Alexander and the Holy Alliance are merely mentioned. One must look to Clarence Ford or Bertrand Russell for light on that amazing person, Baroness Krüdener, although the somewhat analogous Rasputin is mercilessly etched. There might well be a reference to the influence of Edwin Markham's social poems on prerevolutionary Russia. One regrets the lamentable proofreading of all three books, especially the "Moscow Dialogues." Finally, one may be permitted the wish that some sort of consistency might be established in the spelling of Russian proper names. We have in these books Dobrolubov and Dobrolyubov; Milyoukov, Milyukov, and Miliukov; Pugachev and Pugatchev

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The lay reader is convinced that Pobyedonoscev and Pobyedonostsev are one man, but that N. Karev and N. I. Kareyev are two he cannot so easily tell. These and any other defects, however, should deter no one from reading Hecker's admirable volumes.

EDGAR SHEFFIELD BRIGHTMAN

Fearing's Metrotone News

Poems. By Kenneth Fearing. With an Introduction by Edward Dahlberg. Dynamo. $1.

A POET'S vision of evil may take various forms. Satire, of the usual sort, is the mildest of them; however stern the satiric poet may be in his primary intent, an irrepressible sympathy with human nature and a sense of the universality of folly cause him to wear the mask, at least, of geniality. Then there is the philosophical poet's attempt to explore and fix the laws of evil; his desire to extract the essence of the bad and the good may lead him to do a certain violence to the mixed quality of human character and action, and to set an Inferno in unrelieved blacks against the whites of a Paradiso. There is, finally, the nightmare vision of horror, chaotic and meaningless, which springs from overwrought nerves.

Kenneth Fearing's poems have something in common with each of these types. In the first place, they are intended as social satire, and more specifically as an indictment of capitalist civilization. The cruelty and hypocrisy of the present order are driven home by ironic juxtapositions: "It is Infant Welfare Week, milk prices up, child clinics closed, relief curtailed"; and "All winter she came there, begging for milk. So we had the shacks along the river destroyed by police." Sometimes the irony overreaches itself by crossing the borders of the fanciful, as in Obituary, where the dying worker's trinkets are parceled out among the Standard Oil, the D. A. R., Mr. Hoover, Gene Tunney, Al Capone, and the truck driver who ran over him. Those who are able to beat the game are represented in the figures of the gangster, the movie queen, the hero of popular fiction, and the plunger:

> And wow he died as wow he lived,
> going whop to the office and blooie home to sleep and
> biff got married and bam had children and oof got
> fired,
> zowie did he live and zowie did he die . . .

Against the background of a bourgeois hell are flashed revelations of a future proletarian heaven. That these seem to be conjured out of a hat, and are not made to emerge inevitably from their context, is caused in part by the general atmosphere of the poems, which is that of the nightmare vision. This atmosphere is created very skilfully, with a craft which draws upon the French Décadents and Surréalistes and the advanced movie. The repetitious, hypnotic rhythms punctured by shocks of surprise, the rapid shifts of perspective, the cinematographic fadings and fusions of characters, all contribute to the effect of a grotesque and convulsing dream, tense with "stacked and waiting murder" and permeated by "a touch of vomit gas in the evening air." The horrors are cumulative, leading up to such refrains as:

> Morphine. Veronal. Veronal. Morphine. Morphine.
> Morphine. Morphine.

The result is very pungent stuff, and, with regard to its "literary" qualities, some of the most capable verse written so far by the revolutionary group. But these poems are primarily designed, I gather, not as a kind of macabre entertainment—for the sufferings of people today are hardly a fit subject for that—but as a social weapon. Although it is close enough to current realities to be often very telling, the social

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criticism tends to be submerged in caricature and melodrama. From a proletariat bled until it is dazed, and from a ruling class so demoniacal, the promised land seems very remote. Like a cross-section of events in a newsreel, Fearing's picture of the contemporary world is pieced together out of "shots" chosen for their sensational quality, and it conveys no sense of direction. (That Fearing's Metrotone News gives us scenes ignored by Hearst's is highly commendable, but does not affect this particular criticism.) Consequently it is much less effective as commentary than the work of such poets as Hart Crane and Day Lewis, who bind the future to certain elements of the present and the past in a continuity of purpose and aspiration.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Erskine Version

Solomon, My Son! By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

As novelist, John Erskine seems to be much more at home in the past than in the present. The reason lies in his special limitations: his experiences with the novel have so far developed him in the direction of but two themes. The first is the superiority—no less complete for being diplomatically asserted—of women over men; the second is the similarity—in point of invariable human nature—that exists between past ages and contemporary life. In "Solomon, My Son!" Mr. Erskine's first theme is stressed to a degree where women, no matter how restricted or obscure their position, become the real makers of history, and where men figure as their feeble and all but inadequate tools. Solomon has none of the force and wisdom which are commonly attributed to him. The force belongs to his mother, Bathsheba; the wisdom is divided equally between his Egyptian wife, Magsala, and Abishag, his concubine; it is to their skilful machinations, conducted modestly behind the throne, that Solomon, according to Mr. Erskine, owes his reputation for wisdom and justice. Mr. Erskine's second theme—the similarity between past ages and contemporay life—is developed to its fullest, and most obvious, extent: Solomon's era is the New Deal. Mass discontent and social agitation on the one hand are balanced by Solomon's plans for recovery on the other. It seems hardly necessary to add that the irony behind Mr. Erskine's point of view is of the most innocuous kind; far from being a weapon of reform, or a cry of despair over human fallibility, it has no other purpose than that of providing entertainment.

But we demand of entertainment that it be rich in surprises—and in Mr. Erskine's entertainment the surprises are very few. He clears the way for comedy, but it is so overworked by his two major themes that it becomes before long a pretty dull and predictable affair. From any clash between the sexes we know that women will emerge as the uncrowned victors, and that every economic situation which shows itself in Solomon's reign will provide the usual quota of parallels to our own predicament.

HELEN NEVILLE

Shorter Notices

Playthings of Time. By Arnold Zweig. The Viking Press. $2.50.

This collection of short stories still leaves Arnold Zweig's reputation resting on "Sergeant Grischa." Of the twelve stories three have merit beyond the author's gentle, easy notation of the simple traits of very simple people and his preference for slightly naive incidents. In The Enemy and "Eleven-Eleven-Fifteen" a fuller talent is evident. Both are war stories in which the war is used, not to make or break character, but to point it, to show in a curious mocking way how even amid war's fatality, the characters of two men can to some extent determine those men's destinies—one of death, the other of life, one confused and pathetic, the other petty and ridiculous, both consistent and inevitable. By far the best piece is Kong at the Seaside, eight pages of exciting and adept narrative. The bitter bargaining over a dog is cruel and tense, loaded with surprisingly complex implications, while the statement is sharp, neat, and conclusive. For the rest it can only be said that they lose no opportunity to be convincingly anti-war, anti-German, and tiresomely sentimental.

Cat Across the Path. By Ruth Feiner. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

For a first novel this is a pretty slick performance. Miss Feiner knows her characters fairly well—but she knows her public even better. And thus she has been able to mix together the right amount of thrills, joys, and sorrows, and to leaven the whole with a dash of insight which is never too thick for the average reader's capacities—even a best-seller, these days, cannot hope to appeal by thrills alone to a public which has had at least one good dose of realism and Freud. The comparison, which has already been made, between Miss Feiner and Vicki Baum is a just one; for while "Cat Across the Path" has structurally not much in common with "Grand Hotel," it is at bottom the same kind of ready-made shocker, with just enough sophistication to keep it this side of absurdity and just enough "philosophy" to keep it this side of Elinor Glyn. There is the same careful planting of situations thought out in advance; as for the characters, they are about as complicated as the figures in a morality play: they have one characteristic apiece, and any given situation will serve to emphasize it. Add to this a style whose tedium is not even relieved by the tumult of incidents that crowds the pages and we have a piece of summer fiction which is neither better nor worse than usual. "Cat Across the Path" is marketable stuff; the enthusiasm accorded it in certain literary circles must remain a mystery—even, one suspects, to the author herself. For it is such a thoroughgoing commercial job, so faithful to its inherent limitations as to give the impression that Miss Feiner knew all along what she was doing.

Contributors to This Issue

MORT and E. A. GILBERT are completing the manuscript of a book to be entitled "Life Insurance: A Legalized Swindle," from which their article in this issue is an excerpt.

PETER EHLERS is on the staff of the Philadelphia *Record*.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN has for the past year been making a study of the relief problem. He is planning a book on the nature of American poverty.

I. A. LEVITAN was born and educated in Germany. After coming to this country in 1927 he engaged in reporting, magazine writing, and teaching. In 1934 he returned to Germany and served as Berlin correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency until compelled to leave by the Gestapo.

NATHANIEL SHERMAN, a Connecticut newspaperman, is a correspondent for the Federated Press.

MCALISTER COLEMAN is the head of the information bureau of the New Jersey Utility Users' League.

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE is a well-known photographer.

EDGAR SHEFFIELD BRIGHTMAN is a member of the Department of Philosophy at Boston University.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE contributes reviews and criticism to various periodicals.

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FEELINGS AGAINST NAZI GERMANY have justifiably risen in this country in consequence of the renewed persecution of Jews and Catholics, but New York expressed them in two episodes which cannot be excused even on the plea of impetuosity. One is Mayor LaGuardia's refusal to license a German masseur because of alleged discrimination against American Jews in Germany. The other is the riot on board the Bremen. The Mayor need only recall the time when Big Bill Thompson was "running King George out of Chicago" to realize how absurd a mayor can be who takes up a private war with a foreign government. And he is only a little less absurd if his war is in a worthier cause than that of "pure" history for Chicago school children. The riot on the Bremen is not even an outburst of impetuosity, but is the first of a series of similar disturbances to be staged on every German ship that harbors in New York. Mayor LaGuardia and the Communists who pulled down the Bremen's flag have no knowledge of German conditions if they believe their action weakens the Nazi regime. It may influence those who make policy, but an illegal outburst rallies to the German government more than one waverer who becomes indignant over the treatment of Germany and Germans abroad. The fight against fascism must be waged, but it should be fought first against fascist tendencies in this country, where there is a real threat to traditional liberties. The State Department has smoothed over the incipient troubles from the New York excesses, but it was near to having to make a humiliating apology to the Nazi government for American lawlessness.

WE FAIL TO UNDERSTAND why the President is afraid to come out in the open against the Tydings-McCormack sedition bill. One nod from him, and that assault on the democratic liberties of the nation will not be "given a rule" in the House, and so will never come to a vote. It slipped through the Senate by accident, at a time when only a handful of Senators were present. In the House, Representatives Maverick, Marcantonio, and Amlie did distinguished work in drawing up one of the best arguments on freedom of speech laid before Congress in recent times. Maverick and Amlie signed a strong minority report against the bill. But the committee shut its eyes to its real intent, pretended that it was needed to stop communist inroads in our fighting forces, and reported it out. The chambers of commerce and the patriotic societies now are exerting every influence to bring the bill to a vote, trusting that Congressmen who privately know it is dangerous will be afraid to come out openly against it. In this they may be mistaken, as the opposition to the bill is growing, and several other Congressmen, among them Representatives Celler and Duffy of New York and Healey of Massachusetts, have the courage to defend free speech and a free press as a heritage of the party of Jefferson. The President, when asked about the bill at a press conference "had not read it," meaning perhaps: "I don't intend to burn my fingers." Yet the President knows about it, knows there is no communist menace in this country, and no threat to the army and navy, and he knows, too, that the Bill of Rights is in grave danger. The country is being swept by a panic as though a war were in progress, yet only one national leader, Secretary Ickes, has dared to speak up for free speech. The President by a few well-chosen words could restore a sense of proportion to the country, and put an end to the spate of fascist legislation.

SENATOR JOSEPH T. ROBINSON, always an opponent of generous federal aid for public schools, is sponsor for a scheme authorizing the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to lend them $10,000,000 without specifying how this is to be distributed. The debts of the public schools now amount to more than three billion dollars, over half of it for back salaries. The late Senator Cutting proposed a $40,000,000 loan, which passed the Senate but was defeated in conference. But Senator Robinson, who voted against the Cutting proposal, is up for reelection in Arkansas, and the schools in his state are in a shocking condition. Under this bill Arkansas can get much more than its share of the appropriation, since the Senator (like Pat Harrison) is one of those Administration leaders who has to be taken care of. He had the bill heard by sub-committee in executive session with only two witnesses appearing, one of them from Arkansas. It was at once reported to the full committee, and then at once to the Senate. There Senator Wheeler offered an amendment providing equitable distribution of the money and permitting no state to receive more than 10 per cent of the total, an amendment which Robinson naturally opposes. As the amount provided is too small to be of much use to the schools it had better not pass at all, since it gives Congressmen the opportunity to say untruthfully that they have done something for the schools. But without the Wheeler amendment it would become still worse, a special kind of campaign fund for Senator Robinson.

THE CONSUMER—another name for Everyman—has little reason to thank the New Deal and Congress. At best he gets a little lip service. When real protection for him is suggested by officials of the AAA they are promptly dismissed. The pure-food-and-drug campaign of the Department of Agriculture is being constantly inhibited by special interests who know how to choke off good legislation. The late Mrs. Mary Rumsey, as head of the Consumers Division of the National Emergency Council, saw how consumers might be stimulated to take an interest in themselves, and the local councils she set up have been a useful beginning. But she had no genuine support, and since her death her organization has been like an anaemic orphan, with little money and few friends. Hers was pioneer work, as this country is far behind most democracies in its appreciation of the potentialities of consumers' cooperation. Though $300,000,000 in business was done by consumers' cooperatives last year, the sum could and should be multiplied ten times. Sweden, for instance, prefers to fight monopolies, not with laws, but simply by giving encouragement to cooperatives, a far more effective curb. We should like to see in this country a persistent, large-scale official support for consumers' cooperation in its every aspect. The Consumers Division of the Emergency Council should be extended and strengthened, and the public should be taught its own strength. We regret to hear that the consumers' division is to be transferred to the NRA, which is like giving it desk room in a mausoleum. Obviously the hope of its opponents is that there it can be killed off without scandal. Unless Washington is going to become exclusively the headquarters for producers, this transfer should be prevented.

NEW SHIPPING LEGISLATION at this session of Congress has been abandoned, according to high Administration officials. This means only that the scandalous Bland-Copeland bill will not be passed by the Senate after its narrow victory in the House. But as we have pointed out before, without any legislation the shipping ring can continue to shovel money out of the Treasury, and the President, if he tries to cancel the mail contracts, will run into prolonged litigation. There must be aggressive legislation. In January the Postmaster General told the President that mail contracts appeared to have been illegally and improvidently awarded, and "that decided changes must be made in the administration of the subsidy." In March the President asked Congress for a new shipping measure, ending mail contracts and other abuses. In June the Senate Investigating Committee urged "immediate, candid, and courageous Congressional action," to end "the sad, miserable, corrupting failure" of present shipping laws which have "resulted in a saturnalia of waste, inefficiency, unearned exorbitant salaries, and bonuses." Nine days later the House passed the Bland bill, which ignored four of the specific recommendations of the President. The next day the Senate withdrew the companion Copeland bill, while word was awaited from the White House. That word has never come. When the President, a Senate investigating committee, and the Postmaster General, concur in excoriating an existing practice in the strongest language, the public has a right to expect action. In this instance, the President must take the lead. If he fails to do so he will be condoning what he himself has condemned.

TEACHERS OF CIVICS will have to revise their account of American government to give more importance to the conference between members of the Senate and House on bills which pass the two bodies in different forms. The banking bill was passed by the Senate without a record vote, the opposition being unable to rally its forces because of a gentleman's agreement to alter the bill in conference. The only hope of defeating the Clark amendment, vitiating the pensions provisions of the social-security bill, is to delete it in conference. This is government by committee, due to the impracticability of government by houses of Congress. It demonstrates the growing awkwardness of the bi-cameral system. Since the Senate does not care to come to grips over a banking bill, and since this bill has passed the House in another form, the Senate chooses to take its defeat in conference. Similarly, the Clark amendment raises issues which members of the Senate do not care to face openly, so they avoid them by leaving the solution to the conference. This would represent a true working of the bi-cameral system only if the Senate were serving wider interests, as representing the states, and the House narrower ones. But this original purpose is now a fiction, and the two houses have the same general outlook. To a great extent they are duplications of service, without one chamber serving in any sense as a check on the other. The forthright way of passing laws would be to let them be examined first in public hearing, be debated publicly in a single chamber, and finally be voted on in public. The present system is a weakening of democracy, since it makes necessary a withdrawal from the public for trades and arrangements. Attitudes toward measures which are awkward to explain can be hidden, and in the end the conference report can be adopted by both houses without the public knowing precisely what happened.

WHEN THE GENERAL STRIKE broke out in Terre Haute, Indiana, on the morning of July 22, it came as a complete surprise to newspaper readers all over the country, although it involved 20,000 people and was the logical climax of a battle that had been in progress for many months over issues vitally affecting all workers. What is more, we are informed on excellent authority that the general strike came as a shock to many of the townspeople of Terre Haute itself, thanks to the silence of the local press concerning developments which finally led to a strike of about one-third of the city's population. The explanation is simple and all too usual. Terre Haute is dominated by a chamber of commerce made up of employers, including, no doubt, the owners of its newspapers. Terre Haute wants new enterprises which in turn want cheap labor and the open shop. Naturally the newspapers play down labor "disturbances." Only a complete stoppage in the town's activities and the declaration of martial law forced the story onto the wires and into the nation's newspapers. The workers at the Columbia Enameling and Stamping Company have been trying for more than a year to put into effect the collective-bargaining provision of the NRA. After a strike last summer, the company, having agreed not to discriminate against the strikers and to arbitrate points in dispute, proceeded to discriminate and refused even to discuss the issue of the closed shop. In March the workers struck again. Until June 15, pickets walked up and down peacefully before the closed plant. There were no disturbances. On that day the company sent seven extra guards to the plant, and a "riot" developed. Subsequently fifty-eight guards were imported from Chicago and sent to the plant. The labor unions, faced with what seemed to be deliberate provocation, threatened and then declared a general strike. It was an amazing demonstration of labor solidarity, but as usual it furnished an excuse for calling out the national guard, tear-gas flowed freely, and the strikers are now thrown back on the mercy of government conciliators. And it is more than possible that Terre Haute will once more recede into editorial silence, while three-legged chickens and gurgling quintuplets occupy the best newspaper boxes. What *is* news anyway?

THE STATE OF ALABAMA is rapidly forging ahead in the race for the most vicious anti-labor and anti-"red" legislation in the union. One of the most dangerous of its reactionary laws is the so-called Downs law, a Birmingham city ordinance, passed late in 1934. It provides a fine of $100 and/or six months' imprisonment for anyone who "shall print, publish, edit, issue, or knowingly circulate, sell, distribute, or publicly display any book, paper, document, or written or printed matter in any form containing or advocating, advising or teaching the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force, violence, or any unlawful means, or shall have in possession more than one copy of any such book, paper, document, or written or printed matter in any form." All convictions under this law have thus far carried the maximum sentence of fine and imprisonment, and the nature of the cases presented indicates clearly that possession of more than one copy of any book or other publication in sympathy with the radical movement is *ipso facto* evidence of guilt. The National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners has sent an investigating committee to Birmingham, with the special purposes of examining convictions under the Downs law and of testing it in the higher courts.

MOST OF THE BATTLES for the preservation of academic freedom have been fought in the larger colleges and universities, but last month a struggle took place in the Municipal University of Omaha so tragic in its consequences that its chief victim might well become the first real American martyr in the conflict between the vested interests and the free mind. Dr. William E. Sealock, president of the university, committed suicide after being summarily dismissed—while he was out of town on university business—for daring to uphold a set of principles which he expressed thus: "I am determined to defend the fundamental freedom of discussion in educational institutions as one of the most cherished rights in a democratic government, without which the high purpose of education would be lost." Four years before he had been called from his post of dean of Teachers' College of the University of Nebraska to head the University of Omaha. He turned out to be far better than the Board of Regents had hoped. He cleaned out the dead wood in the faculty and replaced it with educators so competent that his institution became one of the bright spots of the West. Some of the professors took a liberal stand on several public questions and one or two of them even expressed doubts about the public service of utility-holding companies. This aroused the ire of the president of the Board of Regents, J. E. Davidson, who is also president of the Nebraska Power Company. Dr. Sealock courageously stood by his men, with the result that he and his faculty were denounced as rank communists and atheists. The university was "investigated," but so little of a "dangerous" nature was discovered that even the local Hearst paper, the Omaha *Bee-News*, was dubious of the entire proceedings. Then the Regents took advantage of Dr. Sealock's aforementioned absence from the city, suddenly found him lacking in "the desired executive ability," and fired him. Dr. Sealock's subsequent efforts to obtain an explanation were fruitless, and out of desperation he took poison.

TWO RECENT DEMONSTRATIONS seem to bring the citizens' airplane or "flying flivver" nearer to actuality. There is no concealing the fact that progress has been slow for though flying is nearly as old as automobiling it is still almost as completely an expert's job as it was twenty-five years ago. In part that may be because the whole emphasis has been upon extending the limits of what the most highly qualified expert in the most elaborate plane can do rather than upon the development of a machine for everyday use. But whatever the cause, the fact remains that little has been done to popularize flying in the past thirty-two years. Eighteen months ago the Bureau of Air Commerce undertook to sponsor the development of a "flivver" required to be "fool proof," to attain a speed of 100 miles per hour, and to be manufacturable at a cost sufficiently low to permit a purchase price of $700. According to Eugene L. Vidal, director of the bureau, more progress would have been made if an aviation lobby opposed to anything which would make planes less costly had not tied up a proposed $900,000 PWA appropriation, but a machine manufactured by the Hammond Aircraft Company and demonstrated lately at Detroit is said to have met all the specifications except for its failure quite to reach the required speed. According to Mr. Vidal its absolute refusal to stall removes the cause of 70 per cent of the fatal accidents occurring to amateur flyers. The demonstrator simulated the most dangerous of all mishaps by stopping the motor fifty feet from the ground during a take off and permitted the plane to land itself. He also, imitating a frightened operator, drove it into the ground without levelling off for a landing. In both cases, not only he but also the plane remained unharmed. There seems little doubt that only high cost and the need for expert operation stand in the way of the large-scale development of a civilian airplane.

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"They'd Rather Live on Relief"

THERE is a growing propaganda to the effect that the unhappy millions in this country now living on relief are unwilling to take jobs. In part this is the new version of the old saw that anybody who really wants a job can get one. But it is also part of the offensive against a standard of living which, low as it is among many sections of our population, is still too high for employers who feel that the only way out of a depression is to tighten the other fellow's belt by cutting wages and lengthening hours.

Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard has asserted in the Hearst press, after a "nationwide survey of the relief situation" that "we have recognized in this country a new 'inalienable right'—the right of an individual to indefinite support at public expense and regardless of private employment available." "It indicates a breakdown," he continues, "in the primary characteristics of the American citizen—initiative, independence, self-reliance." Seventy-five per cent of those on relief, he concludes, are content to stay there.

Unfortunately such propaganda falls sweetly upon the ears of an Administration harried by the staggering cost of relief which shows no sign of abating for years to come; and the last two weeks have recorded an assault upon relief clients by both national and state governments that is calculated to yield a bumper crop of misery. On July 22 federal and state relief in South Dakota was stopped "until all farmers needing men to help with the harvest have been supplied with such help"; several other midwestern states adopted the same policy in somewhat less drastic form; and from Washington orders were issued to deny relief to anyone refusing employment.

We agree with General Bullard that living on relief is demoralizing—we agree so heartily that we look forward to the time when a collective economy will make the dole unnecessary. But it is clear that his "nationwide survey" was of the usual Hearst variety; and a few facts culled from local relief officials are enough to refute his libelous generalizations against millions of unemployed workers. He cites among others the example of the raspberry crop in Hammonton, New Jersey, part of which went to waste "because of lack of labor during the week in which a sales tax for support of the unemployed became effective." This in spite of the fact that the pay according to the growers was "about $2" a day, depending on the number of pints picked. But the testimony of Spurgeon Cross, director of the Atlantic County FERA, casts a somewhat different light on the situation. We quote from the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> Mr. Cross said that his office was ready to supply as much help as the growers needed but that the growers had been unwilling to pay the round-trip fare between Atlantic City and Hammonton, about eighty-five cents. Most of the pickers, he said, preferred to live at home, commuting each day. In past seasons pickers and their families have lived in shacks near the raspberry patches, five or six in a room, and have had to buy most of their own food. . . .

Aside from the red tape that must be cut to get back on the relief rolls once an unemployed person has taken a job, however temporary, we should find it difficult to reproach a worker who was either self-respecting (even though on relief) or moderately intelligent enough to refuse to take a job which might pay $2, if he were lucky, minus 85 cents for carfare. But $2 is far above even the official average wage for farm labor in the United States. According to data just issued by the Department of Agriculture, farm wages range from 70 cents a day in South Carolina to $2.55 in Massachusetts with an average of $1.41 for the whole country without board. As for working conditions and the factors which often reduce the day's wage let us examine the report of a relief official in the South who set out to discover just why people on relief had refused jobs. In this case it was the strawberry crop. For some reason there was little response to the demand for pickers, although the growers held out promises of transportation, food, and lodging, and $1.50 to $2 a day "clear money." We quote a few of the findings of the investigator.

> Transportation was indeed furnished, one way, to the fields. The dissatisfied, the cheated, and those who quit when the picking gave out, got back as best they could which in some cases meant walking thirty-five to forty miles empty-handed and empty-bellied. The good picker who could earn $1.50 to $2 per day "clear money" was not in evidence at any of the twenty-one farms surveyed. The standard rate was 1½ cents a quart of berries picked. Although two cents had been mentioned at the reemployment office as the rate offered on some farms, no defection upward from the norm was discoverable. . . . A grower's agent was quoted as saying that "a fair picker can pick between 100 and 150 quarts a day." At ten of the farms investigated the mean picking was forty to sixty quarts.

The "housing" promised by the growers consisted of old barns and shacks with as many as twenty people, old and young and of both sexes, crowded into a room of ordinary size. As for food its quality may be imagined—and often the pickers were cheated out of it. The report continues:

> The fancy promises of $1.50 to $2 a day "clear money" boiled down to exactly this on the first week's pay-off: twenty cents to one dollar for a work-week. The best exhibit of earning power was presented by a white family, father and mother and two children who had been shipped in by the relief authorities. The family of four netted $3.30 collectively for six days in the fields.

Finally we offer the testimony of a man who has been working in the harvest fields of Ohio for 15 cents an hour or $1.50 a day. He writes to *The Nation* as follows:

> The minimum wage paid for unskilled labor in the WRA is $44 for a month of 130 hours—32½ hours a week. Compare this with $36 for a month of 240 hours, about 60 hours a week, for making hay in the same locality. Lest anyone should say that the wages on relief work are too high, I quote a few prices in the village where I live while working in the harvest fields at $1.50 a day. No house here with a bathroom in it rents for less than $18 a month; most rents are $20 to $50 a month. Here are prices: 25 pounds of sugar $1.40; 1 loaf whole wheat bread $.11; 1 box matches, $.05; 2 small veal chops, $.15; 1 peck potatoes, $.29. Add to everything but bread a 3 per cent sales tax. How can a man support a family on $36 a month?

Moscow Offers an Olive Branch

BY progressive steps the USSR has been moving steadily into position as a world power, dealing with other powers on terms of equality through diplomatic measures of the accepted capitalistic variety aiming at its own security and political and economic advantage. Socialism within the Soviet Union, in the sense of the nation-wide development of state-owned industrial and agricultural enterprises, has grown by almost geometic progression. But international socialism, as directed from Moscow, has *pari passu* at every point in Russia's reorientation as a Great Power, moved into its eclipse. It is many years since the Foreign Office at Moscow issued its last magnificent theoretical denunciation of the imperialist tactics of the capitalist world. Chicherin's notes, once the joy and the terror of conventional diplomacy, were long ago replaced by the cautious jockeying-for-position of the typical foreign secretary. And with that change came the virtual extinction of the Communist International. The red-baiters of other lands might voice alarm over the menace of world revolution, but revolutionists knew that their international was sleeping if not dead—anesthetized by its leaders in Moscow. Loyal Stalinists, of course, defended the official Communist policy. The security of the socialist fatherland must come before all else; until that was finally established no other revolutionary effort could expect substantial support—not the death struggle of the workers in Germany, nor the valiant, hopeless stand of the revolutionists of Spain. With equal vehemence anti-Stalin revolutionary groups have opposed the "treason" of Moscow: its support of the League of Nations, its treaties with imperialist powers, its abandonment of the international program of revolutionary action. Stalin's government has remained scornfully unmoved, determined to build what defenses it could, no matter what the cost to world revolution, against the threat of attack from Japan on the east and from Germany on the west. Its diplomacy became the subtle instrument of national security instead of the mouthpiece of international communism.

The confusion which this policy spread among the revolutionary parties of the West cannot be exaggerated. Inevitably the movement, never united, degenerated still further into factional warfare. Attempts at united action against the common enemies—economic exploitation, imperialism, war, fascism—broke down in the face of the fratricidal bitterness generated on the left. In America, at least, nearly every united-front effort has been doomed by the expressed determination of the Communist Party to rule or ruin. For this reason the report of a new policy emanating from Moscow is of wide importance. The Communist International, meeting after an interval of six years, has promulgated a program of reconciliation with its enemies of the left, and has called for a united labor party of all groups in every country which oppose fascism. This is strategically a brilliant maneuver: it side-steps the world revolution, offers no threat to the non-fascist countries with which Russia has made agreements, and at the same time extends an olive branch to the left opposition groups which they may view with some suspicion but can hardly refuse. And if the policy proves successful, the USSR will have done more to strengthen its defenses than could be accomplished by a dozen mutual security pacts. But to recognize the self-interested motives behind the maneuver is by no means to oppose it or to minimize its importance.

The USSR is menaced by Nazi Germany; but all Europe and Asia and America are menaced by the economic and political barbarism that Nazi Germany exemplifies. In the political democracies of the West, the manifestations of fascism multiply wherever industrial tension offers an excuse for economic exploitation and political repression. Ironically enough, the revolutionary opponents of democracy are inevitably driven to its defense in order to keep intact any of the liberties which permit them to pursue their revolutionary ends. It may well be that the basic conflict of the next ten years will be not between capitalism and revolution but between fascism and democracy—a struggle in which the forces of revolution must support and win the support of all the friends of democracy, while the forces of capitalism will gradually, and often unwillingly, form an alliance with the cohorts of fascism.

We do not anticipate an immediate and happy reunion of the scattered hosts of freedom. The revolutionary lions and the liberal lambs will approach one another with gingerly steps and suspicious eyes and avoid the same bed as long as posible. But if they keep their attention fixed on the universal enemy, an honestly united front may emerge, based on the compelling logic of self-preservation. The hope of the world may depend upon the reality behind the pronouncement of the Third International at Moscow.

Germany's Heavy Burden

THE decisive weight of the Reichswehr in German affairs has once more been revealed in the sudden decision to call off the campaign of persecution of Jews, Catholics, and steel helmets. General Werner von Blomberg himself modified the conditions for entry into the army, so that half-Jews can be received, or to cite the German stipulation, men with not more than two complete non-Aryan grandparents. And Hitler's Bavarian holiday was invaded by Von Blomberg and General Göring to appraise the effect of recent events on foreign, especially British, opinion. Now the more rabid of Hitler's supporters have been put in leash. But the relaxation of terror is no sign that the fundamental economic strain in Germany is lessening.

A few days ago the New York *Herald Tribune* commented on the difficulty of establishing the true financial status of a dictatorship. Dr. Schacht demonstrated the truth of the statement not long ago. At the suggestion of several important financiers in the British capital, the London *Economist* had made an effort to discover the real state of Germany's finances. In the course of the inquiry its investigators made the amazing discovery that the Reich had a secret debt of twenty-five billion marks over and above its officially acknowledged foreign obligations. This was a charge that had to be answered, for Germany's ability to obtain foreign credit is her vulnerable point. The *Economist,* Dr. Schacht declared, had been misinformed. Germany's secret debt amounted to not more than twenty-two billion marks.

Conservative experts estimate that the Reich is carrying unfunded internal loans of from seven to nine billion dollars, the larger part in short-term obligations. Reich Finance Minister Krosigk-Schwerin admits that the government has drawn "many millions" out of the reserve funds of the insurance companies and the cash reserves of the nation's savings banks, in exchange for its I. O. U's. How large a total sum has been confiscated in this way was not made known. A government which lays its hands on the savings of a nation without tangible security in the shape of gold reserves or other assets is no better than the fraudulent banker who borrows the deposits of his customers on his personal note. It is known that the government has been operating for months with forced loans from financiers, traders, and industrialists, amounting to two thousand million marks. The great trusts were assessed to the tune of $250,000,000 to finance Schacht's dumping program, but persons who should know are convinced that the money has long since been used for military expenditures. Between August and October, they say, will come a new raid on the nation's private resources. It is generally admitted that Dr. Schacht has been guilty of financial juggling of a high order. His business transactions with the Gold Discount Bank, says the London *Times,* are anything but ethical. They violate the very fundamentals of honest business dealing.

In the field of private business the outlook is just as discouraging. Living costs have gone up 6 per cent in the last four months. The total wage has been increased enormously as the result of the boom in the munitions industries, but the average wage of the unskilled worker is 18 per cent lower than it was four months ago. The fact that these industries employ more than the ordinary ratio of skilled labor kept the average wage from falling below the actual figure of 8½ per cent. Meanwhile manufacturers, both large and small, are making a determined effort to force still more drastic wage reductions.

This ruthless wage policy has produced disaffection such as Germany has not known since the inception of the Third Reich. There are well authenticated reports of wage movements in the Saxon textile areas and in the industrial sections of central Germany. The government, of course, has denied the stories. But the greater immediate danger lies in the growing unrest among the small business men whom both the public and the government accuse of profiteering. Housewives are resorting to consumers' strikes, while the authorities decree protective arrest for the victims of its irresponsible economic measures, alienating the sympathies of those who were once the Third Reich's most faithful supporters.

There are unmistakable signs of disintegration in the National Socialist regime. With the exception of the enormous Nazi bureaucracy there is hardly a group or class in the nation that is satisfied with the present state of affairs. Militarism is taking its heavy toll. Every man, woman, and child in the country is paying ten marks ($4) per month for "national defense" and no amount of financial manipulation can conceal this intolerable burden.

Three Inches of Human Knowledge

THE Columbia University Press announces the publication of a one-volume encyclopedia, "compassing human knowledge in 5,000,000 words and three inches of shelf space." While we have not yet had the privilege of examining the volume the press release on its contents offers food for thought. President Nicholas Murray Butler is quoted in it as saying that "the contents are uncolored by the private judgment or opinion of individuals. . . . Facts are objectively presented and speak for themselves." If this is so, the *Columbia Encyclopedia* is unique in the world's literature, and will remain a literary curiosity long after its facts are out of date. But an examination of the announcement, devoted mostly to an enumeration of the amount of space given to various subjects, casts considerable doubt on President Butler's claim.

The longest biography in the encyclopedia is that of Julius Caesar, 2,800 words. If this seems to put the author of "all Gaul is divided into three parts" into an unduly prominent position, let us look further. Four other persons have biographies more than 1,500 words long. They are George Washington, Mary Queen of Scots, Lincoln, and Bismarck. Theodore Roosevelt gets 1,400 words and Bernard Shaw, 400; Napoleon, with 1,350, is only 200 ahead of Herbert Hoover—who, however, noses out his successor, the inventor of the New Deal, by 300. The German philosopher, Hegel, is allotted 1,380 words; Jesus Christ, however, rates only 1,200, 75 behind St. Paul. Mussolini, with 850, beats his rival dictator, Herr Hitler, by 100; Senator Hiram Johnson, with 400, is 50 ahead of Senator Borah. Raphael gets 1,450, but Michael Angelo only 900. Ralph Waldo Emerson is permitted 800; Marcel Proust draws but 300; Theodore Dreiser comes off badly with 170, but Sinclair Lewis, who made Main Street famous and coined a new word in "Babbitt," is at the bottom of the list with a paltry 150, only 20 ahead of Mary Pickford and not quite twice as many as Greta Garbo. Lenin manages to capture 1,050 words, but he trails former President Hoover by 50 at that, and he is 300 below Woodrow Wilson. Stalin, with 400, has twice as many as Edna St. Vincent Millay.

It may be, of course, that the words in some of the shorter articles are longer and more ponderous than in those which run to greater space. But it is hardly necessary to point out that, without even any conscious prejudice, the allocation of space to these subjects is not based on fact, as President Butler alleges, but on the exercise of "private judgment," if not of a single person then surely of the editorial board. The board also decided to include a "table of national parks and monuments," and one giving the "source, treatment, and symptoms of poisons." Dr. Clarke F. Ansley, editor-in-chief, is said to have conceived the idea of the one-volume encyclopedia "while raising horses as a hobby on a Michigan farm." The book, he declares, is designed to "give reliable elementary information in language as intelligible as that of a newspaper." This is, in all truth, a modest enough goal to aim at. Whether, in reaching it, credit will accrue to Columbia University remains to be seen.

Issues and Men

Government by Gangsters

WHAT has just occurred in Germany bears out anew the London *Times's* comment after Hitler's bloody purge of June 30, 1934, that for the first time in history a great government was being run by gangsters and with gangster methods. Adequately to picture what is happening in Berlin one must visualize, if one can, Al Capone and a Dillinger in charge of the city of Chicago and running it as they saw fit. This is no exaggeration. There is vastly more blood upon the head of Adolph Hitler than on all the gunmen in the United States put together—he murdered fully 1,254 in the "purge" of last year alone. Now he has ordered the renewal of the attacks upon the Jews, the Catholics, and the Stahlhelm, and may be counted on to carry on the war against the Protestant clergy.

Whom has Hitler just placed in charge of the Berlin police? A man of high character, sworn to uphold the law, to keep order, to protect all classes in the community? Not at all. He has installed a notorious Jew-baiter, Count Wolf von Helldorf, who was himself in 1930 sentenced to six months' in jail for instigating anti-Jewish riots and taking a leading part in them. If this is the proper course of action, then Mayor LaGuardia is entitled to go to the Tombs to pick his next chief of police. This is serving notice upon all the Brown Shirts and police in Berlin that they will be protected however much they may maltreat or torture the Jews, men or women—for defending a woman from Brown Shirts an American naval cadet has found himself in jail. Naturally the Nazis have turned around and declared that the responsibility for all this rests upon the Jews—that their "provocative attitude" gave rise to this righteous outburst of mob violence against them. Men and women living in terror of their lives for the last two and one-half years deliberately invited mob indignities and violence! That is what the rest of the world is asked to believe.

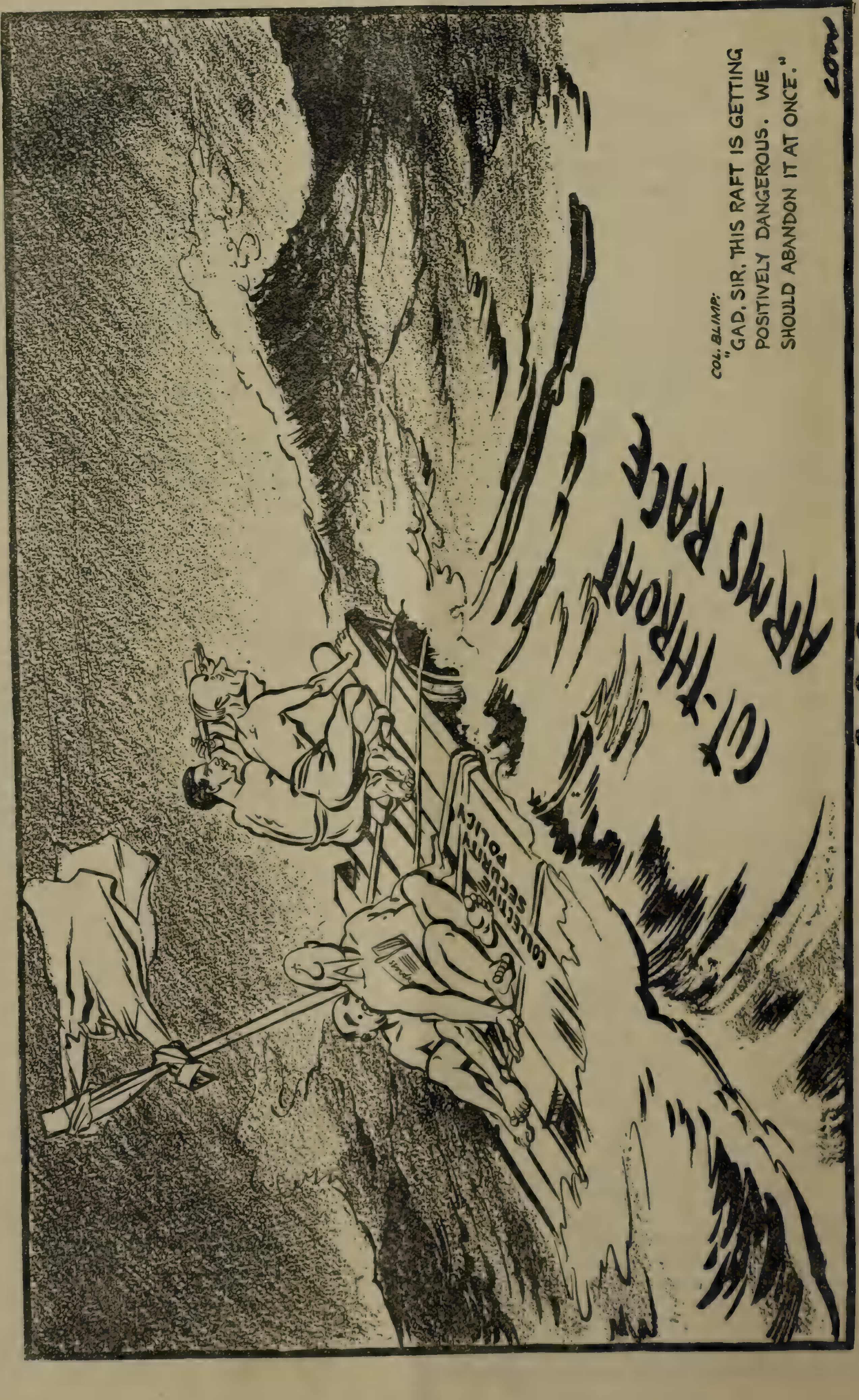
If that is characteristic of a certain German mentality, so is the wholesale admission by Hitler that Germany is not united under him, by his again declaring war upon the Catholics and the Stahlhelm. The Concordat with the Vatican, so praised as proof of Hitler's and Göring's statesmanship, has all but gone by the board, the Vatican making protest after protest against its violation, and Hitler in turn demanding that the clergy subordinate itself to his state and to his orders under penalty of immediate arrest. As for the Stahlhelm, that association of officers who served in the war, how many times have we not been told that it had been *"gleichgeschaltet,"* that, especially in view of Hitler's rearming Germany, it was entirely in sympathy with the Nazis? Again and again we have had Hitler's assurance that the solidarity of Germany behind him was beyond question, and that all but a handful of malcontents were on his side. Now we know that that is far from the truth, and the fact is confirmed by a statement of Dr. Robert Ley, the Nazi dictator of labor, on July 22. There is "still a long road ahead," he said, before the last German "regardless of whether he be Protestant or Catholic" has been converted to Nazism, "only through which the German people can become eternal."

The way to bring that about of course is to beat up and imprison anyone who does not agree with you. That is the method that has notoriously succeeded during the world's history in converting people to one's beliefs. But of course the appointment of Count von Helldorf, and of Hans Kerrl, as Under Secretary of Church Affairs in the Reich Ministry of the Interior, is proof positive that the Nazi party itself is not unanimous. These men represent the radical wing and as such their appointment must be unpalatable to the more conservative side, and to those officials like Dr. Schacht, who know that every new outburst of intolerance and violence injures the German nation in every country outside of its borders. Finally, it is quite characteristic of Hitler that while these things are happening and all Germany, according to the dispatches before me, is in a state of tension and fear of another bloody purge, he himself has ducked and disappeared. He is reported on a yachting cruise in Norway, the significance of which will doubtless become clearer in the course of the next few days.

Profoundly grieved as I am at the renewed attacks upon the Jews, I rejoice heartily over these latest developments. They must open the eyes of those Americans who have just returned from Germany to tell us that all was harmony and union there; they must convince any open-minded person that the dictator has not yet had his way with all the German people; and they have certainly refreshed the memory of millions as to the gangster character of the Hitler government. Americans are thus reminded once more that because a dictator can make trains run on time, clean the streets, drive the beggars into hiding, and supply bread and circuses, it does not mean that there is either genuinely good government or happiness among the people. There is every evidence that in Germany as in Italy there is a steady sinking of the standard of living. The newspapers report the closing of one German factory after another. Is it surprising, therefore, that it has been decided to whip up the party loyalty by attacks upon the Jews and the Catholics? That is the oldest trick of the dictator. "When things are going badly with you, start something," runs the rule. Give your followers something to attack. If there is an enemy to concentrate upon at home, so much the better. If there is none, why there is always an Abyssinia available, there is always the sacred honor of the country to be avenged. Hitler's course is no different from the conventional one of the dictator. But when he attacks the Stahlhelm he plays with fire; it is closely allied with the Reichswehr and that organization, which can break Hitler overnight if it chooses, is well aware of what is going on.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


CUT-THROAT ARMS RACE
COLLECTIVE SECURITY POLICY
LOW

COL. BLIMP: "GAD, SIR, THIS RAFT IS GETTING POSITIVELY DANGEROUS. WE SHOULD ABANDON IT AT ONCE."

S. O. S.

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Envoy Biddle, Faithless Trustee

By WILLIAM FRANCIS

WHEN Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., clubman, sportsman, and financier, sailed to take up his post as United States Minister to Norway, to which he had just been appointed, he carried the full confidence of James A. Farley, Frank C. Walker, and others high in Democratic Party councils who for a long time have felt that Mr. Biddle was eminently fitted to represent the American people in a diplomatic post.

Less implicit will be the faith reposed in the new envoy by the stockholders and creditors of the bankrupt Sonora Products Corporation, formerly known as the Acoustic Products Company, of which Mr. Biddle was a director. Their contention that Mr. Biddle and three of his associates in the Acoustic directorate betrayed their trust by appropriating a contract belonging to the company by diverting upwards of a million dollars in profits into their own pockets was upheld by Judge Swan in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in September, 1934. By this decision Mr. Biddle was held liable, jointly and severally with three of his fellow directors of Acoustic, to account for and reimburse the amount diverted.

Mr. Biddle was in Paris when the blow came, sojourning in the palatial Biddle *hotel particulier* in the Street of the Holy Fathers, but through his attorneys he twice applied to the United States Supreme Court for a review of the decision, which twice was denied him. Having exhausted every legal recourse, Mr. Biddle, using the latent diplomatic ability with which Messrs. Farley, Walker, et al., had long credited him, began negotiations upon his return to the United States in the spring of this year for a quiet, peaceful settlement of his million-dollar liability.

The creditors, knowing their debtor to be a member of the internationally wealthy and honorable Drexel-Biddle banking family, anticipated no difficulty. Further assurances as to Mr. Biddle's solvency lay in the fact that he had married successively into two of the greatest American fortunes, thus associating himself with the Duke tobacco and the Boyce Thompson mining millions.

Moreover at about this time there were intimations that Mr. Biddle's powerful political admirers were at last about to use the diplomatic talents which they knew him to possess. Some newspapers had him slated for a ministerial assignment to the Irish Free State; others for diplomatic service to Austria. In the *salons* of Paris, New York, Newport, and Washington the only question was whether Mr. Biddle was not to ornament an even more imposing capital than Dublin or Vienna. Wherever he went, "Tony" Biddle's friends knew he would do well and be a credit to his country.

All this looked rather cheerful to the attorneys representing the despoiled stockholders and creditors of bankrupt Sonora or Acoustic. It was patent that, after all, one couldn't be a minister plenipotentiary with a thing like this hanging over one's head. Under the circumstances what was a million dollars to the Boyce Thompson fortune? The creditors expected the settlement to be not only peaceful but prompt. But Mr. Biddle quickly disillusioned them, and before the matter finally was settled and signed he had suffered the indignity of being placed under a $100,000 bail bond. The whole trouble, Mr. Biddle said, was that he was not a rich man. On the contrary he represented himself as being entirely without assets. Nevertheless he could manage to offer $70,000 of which he could raise $25,000 in cash; for the balance he would give notes. He offered to prove his personal impecuniosity by submitting his finances to examination. Hearings which lasted for several days began in New York on April 24 before Harold P. Coffin, Referee in Bankruptcy, and the minutes make interesting reading in the light of Mr. Biddle's recent appointment.

Questioned by counsel for the trustee in bankruptcy for the Sonora concern, Mr. Biddle branded as false all accounts of his then-impending appointment to a diplomatic post. These persistent reports of his coming preferment, he insisted, were pure canards. But certain quiet rumors of Mr. Biddle's lavish contributions to Democratic Party funds were fully substantiated. Mr. Biddle confirmed the fact that, after the judgment had been found against him, he, in Paris, wrote and sent a check for $25,000 to Frank C. Walker, treasurer of the "Pre-Convention Roosevelt Campaign Deficit Fund." It was not made clear whether this fund had to do with the Roosevelt campaign of 1932 or the anticipated campaign of 1936.

At a subsequent session of the hearing Mr. Biddle, having "gone over his books," said he wished to add something to the record. He announced he had "discovered" another check made out to "Democratic Committee, George Earle for Governor." This check, also for $25,000, was to assist Mr. Earle in his campaign last fall for the governorship of Pennsylvania. Mr. Biddle said he had handed it to him in London as Mr. Earle was leaving for the boat that was to carry him back to America and victory in the Quaker State. On February 1, 1935, Mr. Biddle sent a check for $5,000 to James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany and now chairman of the Finance Committee of the Democratic National Committee.

None other than Mr. Gerard himself represented Mr. Biddle in the negotiations preceding the final settlement and it was not necessary for the creditors' attorneys to point out to him that gifts made by his principal since the judgment were, under the law, recoverable for the creditors. Mr. Gerard required nothing to be pointed out. He offered, on behalf of his client, $160,000 cash in full settlement. This was accepted. The sum, while less than had been expected, did, as the attorneys for the creditors pointed out, represent more than the actual profits realized by Mr. Biddle in the deal, which were approximately $150,000. Mr. Gerard thought Mr. Biddle's offer a handsome one.

In a letter acknowledging receipt of the contribution of $5,000—which turned up at the hearing but as to the present whereabouts of which everyone seems a trifle uncertain—Mr. Gerard without doubt expressed even greater enthusiasm for Mr. Biddle's generosity to the Democratic Party. Nor was he the only party chieftain to express his gratitude. Mr. Farley dropped his work at the Post Office long enough to write a glowing tribute to Mr. Biddle's altruism and Frank C. Walker, already preoccupied with the grave problems which he soon was to assume as head of the President's almost-five-billion-dollar works-relief program, took time out to write Mr. Biddle that he would take the first opportunity to bring such largesse to the attention of the Chief Executive.

All these letters have found sanctuary since the hearing at which they were produced. They were not read into the record although a few phrases from them crept into it. But a cable to Mr. Biddle in Paris from Mr. Earle, then campaigning in Pennsylvania, which was read at the hearing, reveals great depths of party gratitude. It said:

> State and national leaders tremendously appreciate your great generosity just when most needed stop Your unselfish help in this and your present efforts and influence may cause powerful *Sun-Telegraph* published by Hearst, edited by Walmer Jacoby, to support us. These may easily be determining factors in our campaign stop We will not forget what you have done and are doing
>
> GEORGE

Creditors' counsel, by the following line of inquiry, attempted to find out precisely who it was that would not forget:

> Q. When Governor Earle, or Mr. Earle, said to you in his cable "we will not forget what you have done and are doing," do I read it correctly as referring to the fact that the state and national leaders mentioned earlier in the cable will not forget?
>
> A. I really couldn't tell you.
>
> Q. Will you take a look at that cable [handing paper] and see if that also is your understanding?
>
> A. I couldn't tell you what he means.
>
> Q. Do you think Mr. Earle was assuming prematurely the gubernatorial "we" or was he referring to the state and national leaders who are first mentioned in his cable?
>
> A. I don't know.

Mr. Biddle made it clear, however, that no matter whence it came, all this gratitude was misplaced. It should have gone to his wife for, while he sent the checks and accepted the touching acknowledgments of the recipients, it really was Mrs. Biddle who supplied the money and asked him to make the gifts in her name. In fact, he said, at the time the earliest contribution went forward, he was and long had been a victim of that chronic financial embarrassment from which he was suffering at the time of Judge Swan's decision. Mr. Biddle declared he had owed $1,115,779.66 to his first wife, the former Mary Duke, at the time of their separation in 1931. By last autumn he was already very substantially indebted to the present Mrs. Biddle, was without income-producing investments, and had no means of paying his living expenses except as procured through her. With the exception of his desk and chair all the furniture in his $7,000-a-year office was her property. But he still belonged to twenty-three of the most exclusive and costly clubs in Europe and America. He was in debt and in no position to make political contributions. They all came from Mrs. Biddle who had him send them in his name "because she wanted to have it appear that way."

> Q. And I put it to you that the reason you and Mrs. Biddle wanted it to appear that way was in connection with some proposed or possible appointment which would come to you in the service of the United States Government.
>
> A. No, sir. I believe she wanted me, as her husband, to appear to be making the donation; it was simply a matter of wishing me to act in her behalf.
>
> Q. Have you since September 28, 1934, made any further contribution or contributions to Mr. Walker—to the fund about which I am inquiring?
>
> A. Not I; if my wife did I don't know.
>
> Q. You would not know whether she did or did not?
>
> A. No. . . .
>
> Q. Was there any discussion with Mr. Farley at any time since September 28, 1934, with respect to your appointment in connection with any post in the United States Government?
>
> A. When there was an erroneous report in the newspapers that I was going to be sent to one of the countries of Europe which was absolutely unfounded, I just mentioned I had seen it in a paper in the country to which I was reported to be going. I simply said, "It just shows how they get things wrong." He just laughed.
>
> Q. That was a conversation you had with Mr. Farley?
>
> A. Or words to that effect.
>
> Q. When approximately was that conversation?
>
> A. In the last two or three months. It was shortly after we came back here because I had been sent some clippings that I was going to this particular country. I had not heard anything about it. I cabled over here and said: "Will you please find out what it is all about?" After a week he wired me back, "You need not worry. There is nothing in it."

Before signing the written transcript of his testimony some time later Mr. Biddle desired to add to or amend some of his statements relating to Earle, Walker, and Farley. Supplementing his testimony as to Governor Earle, he said: "Mr. Earle wrote us a letter which I do not now have concerning several personal matters and mentioning the Roosevelt pre-convention deficit and suggesting that we might want to help out as he felt that Roosevelt stood between us and revolution." Adding to his statement concerning conversations with Mr. Walker, Mr. Biddle said: "Mr. Walker has said to me that he hoped that some day I would go into the diplomatic service as he thought I was qualified for it."

Amending his testimony relating to Mr. Farley, Mr. Biddle made it clear that it was another friend and not Mr. Farley who wired, in response to his cable, telling him not to worry as there was "nothing to it." He remembered that Mr. Farley once had said to him: "I would like to see you have a post."

In Trustee's Exhibits Numbers 35 and 36, which were letters from Mr. Walker and Mr. Farley and which are not now on file in the referee's office, certain other letters from Democratic high places were referred to but neither Mr. Biddle nor his $7,500-a-year secretary had been able to find them.

The case which Judge Swan found against Mr. Biddle and three of his former associates involved what the court referred to as their dereliction as directors of the Acoustic Company. Judge Woolsey, of the United States District Court, before whom the original trial took place in June, 1932, absolved Biddle and his codefendants of the charge of conspiracy and disloyalty to their company. He found they had acted in good faith and exonerated them from any liability. The Court of Appeals, speaking through Judge Swan, affirmed Judge Woolsey's decision as to all of the defendants except Biddle, two other directors of Acoustic, and an agent who later became a director. Each of these he held to be jointly and severally liable to account for and reimburse the creditors for the amount diverted.

The case had to do with the appropriation by these men of certain contract rights owned by the Acoustic Company. Chartered in 1927 to deal in phonographs, radios, and similar apparatus, this concern, in 1928, desired to acquire rights to manufacture under basic patents in the radio field. The DeForest Radio Company, then in bankruptcy, possessed such rights and the Acoustic Company opened negotiations with W. R. Reynolds and Company, which controlled the DeForest situation under a contract by which it expected to purchase 600,000 shares of DeForest stock at fifty cents a share, lift the receivership, and reorganize the DeForest Company. Conducted in part by Mr. Biddle, these negotiations were successful in obtaining for Acoustic from Reynolds a contract whereby Acoustic would be allowed to purchase 200,000 DeForest shares for $100,000 cash, have four of the nine places on the reorganized DeForest board, and "handle the managing, operating, and selling" of DeForest products.

Acoustic accepted this contract and instructed its president, Percy L. Deutsch, to endeavor to obtain the $100,000 by which Acoustic might carry out its contractual obligations when the time came for payment. That was on April 9, 1928. A few days later Mr. Deutsch, who at the time owed Acoustic $125,000 on an overdue note secured by collateral, reported his inability to procure the necessary $100,000 for the company and announced that "several individuals were desirous of accepting said proposition on their own behalf" and were willing to extend to Acoustic the benefits contemplated by the acquisition of the stock. Six weeks later Mr. Biddle told Reynolds that Acoustic was not able to raise the money and asked if there were any objection to dealing directly with him and several of his fellow directors.

"Tony," said Mr. Reynolds, "as long as you are in it and handling it, if you prefer it that way, there is certainly no objection as far as I am concerned."

Both lower and higher courts absolved Mr. Reynolds of the charge of conspiracy and justified his action in selling the stock to Biddle and his group when informed that Acoustic could not take it up. Reynolds was not bound to protect Acoustic's rights; the directors of that company were.

Partial payment for the 200,000 shares was made on April 24 by personal checks drawn by Biddle, Deutsch, and Harris Hammond, the son of John Hays Hammond, and also a director of the Acoustic Company. The receipt for such payment was made out to Acoustic. On May 24, following the conversation between Biddle and Reynolds, the balance was paid and the shares issued to Biddle, Deutsch, Hammond, Victor C. Bell, another Acoustic director, and two other members of the Biddle syndicate.

Possessed of the shares, the syndicate, acting with Reynolds, proceeded, says the Court, "to create an active market for DeForest stock on the Curb Exchange," and "made large profits in selling their shares." The proceeding and the manner of its execution provides a classic example of stock-rigging technique. From something less than $2 a share DeForest was boosted to around $30. When the members of the Biddle syndicate, on May 24, took over their 200,000 shares on the Acoustic contract at fifty cents a share, the stock, in anticipation of the reorganization, was selling in the open market at from $11 to $13.75. By that time Mr. Biddle already had made money in DeForest and on the day he took over 50,000 shares from Acoustic at fifty cents each (that amount being his portion under the syndicate agreement) he was buying 3,000 more shares on the Curb at $12 each. The stock was manipulated over a period of eighteen months and shares which cost Mr. Biddle's syndicate a total of $52,875 realized for its members aggregate profits of $1,795,299. Then the stock languished, sinking to nothingness when, after years had passed, the company still had not produced a single radio.

The position of the creditors was that these profits rightfully belonged to the Acoustic Company inasmuch as the contract which made them possible was the property of the company and could have been taken up by it had an honest effort been made by the directors to enable it to do so.

Judge Swan, in his decision, declared that "no efforts appear to have been made after April 9 to raise for Acoustic the $100,000 required." Neither was there any attempt, he found, to collect the overdue Deutsch note or to realize on the collateral behind it. "Moreover," he adds, "Acoustic did have substantial banking accommodations on June 6 and if these had been made available a few weeks earlier it would have been able to perform its contract with Renyolds and Company."

Even had it not been able to do so there still would have been no justification for the appropriation of the contract by Mr. Biddle and his associates in the group, according to the Court. Judge Swan denied that such a circumstance ever gave directors of a company the right to appropriate company property. He said:

> If the directors are uncertain whether the corporation can make the necessary outlays, they need not embark it upon the venture; if they do, they may not substitute themselves for the corporation any place along the line and divert possible benefits into their own pockets.

This judicial censure of Mr. Biddle and his guilty associates was made in September of last year. It has been published in the official law reports and the records in the case have long been open to public inspection. Despite this fact, official Washington evidently has taken no cognizance of Mr. Biddle's illegal adventure. The fact that he was held by a federal court to have diverted to his own use property of which he was a trustee was no bar to his appointment by the President to a high diplomatic post. It was no bar to the confirmation of that appointment by the United States Senate. At the very outset of his career, the new Minister to Norway has achieved a notable diplomatic victory.

The New Machado in Cuba

By CARLETON BEALS

EIGHTEEN months ago, one balmy Cuban twilight in winter, Colonel Fulgencio Batista—then "the First Chief of the Revolution," now the dictator of Cuba—took me to the annual San Lázaro festival in El Rincón. The roads were filled with careening auto buses and jammed with folk on foot—a river of them, women in bright dresses, men in white—a strange conglomeration of races: Spanish, Negro, Chinese, West and East Indian. The air was filled with the long murmur of gabbling people, the reports of exploding rockets, the faint strains of distant music.

Some blocks away from the little church, we descended from the car and walked unguarded through the dense crowds. The first to recognize Batista was a one-legged peddler, who suddenly uttered a shriek of delight, hopped frantically toward us, spilling his tray of cigarettes, and threw his arms around him. "My Colonel!" he shouted in joyous excitement. Next, an aged Negress, her white hair in curl papers, flung her arms about him. Everybody surged in upon us, from beggars to well-dressed folk; all wished to embrace him, shake his hand, at least touch his sleeve. "Viva Batista!" echoed along the atrium. "At last we shall have justice!"

Batista arrived at the church portals disheveled, laughing, his black eyes shining. The priest hurried forward to greet him. Through a side exit we escaped to the San Lázaro leper hospital. The nuns came fluttering into the parlors with expressions of surprise and curiosity. Over the wine and cake, one of them, frankly enthusiastic for the new revolutionary Grau government, told how during the odious Machado regime she had smuggled propaganda under her skirts to the hospital inmates and had collected money to overthrow the tyranny.

A great throng of people waited for us at the hospital door. Batista's guard, now on hand to open a lane for us, unceremoniously pushed aside a poor guitarist and his little girl of about thirteen, who were singing *coplas*. Batista reprimanded them sharply. She was a pert little creature, beautiful despite her rags, and had a melodious voice. She improvised verses about Batista:

The man who smokes a big cigar . . .
He came to El Rincón
On the day of San Lázaro
Because he loves the poor. . . .

For fully twenty minutes Batista remained listening. Several times his aides reminded him it was late. Impatiently he motioned them to be silent. Perhaps he was thinking of his own struggle for success; how at about the age of this little girl, he had been cast, an orphan, out on the streets to earn his bread. All the way back during the hour and half ride to Havana, he was silent and became animated again only briefly before he left me at my hotel on the Plaza Central at nine-thirty.

Batista's rise to power has been meteoric. Twenty-five years ago he was a boy in school in an American Quaker missionary establishment in Oriente. A little over twenty years ago, he was an orphan of thirteen adrift in the wide world to struggle or starve. Fifteen years ago he was a day worker in the cane fields, receiving a mere pittance. He has worked at every type of menial labor on the island; port-worker, railway hand, tailor's assistant, mechanic, what not. Five years ago he was court-martial stenographer with the rank of sergeant. Until less than two years ago, he took orders in that capacity; today he gives orders to the whole country.

Batista is no longer the "First Chief of the Revolution," but more than ever he is the first chief of the army, head of the largest, best-equipped, best-paid military machine in the history of Cuba, with absolute power over every phase of Cuba's life. He is now the maker and breaker of presidents.

I have spent days and nights with him. I have seen him beside his cannon and in drawing-rooms; I have heard him harangue his soldiers in mess-halls and speak smiling meaningless formulae at diplomatic gatherings. By his side I have struggled through adoring mobs of people, and I have talked with him quietly in his home and office. With sub-machine guns, I have shot cocoanuts off trees with him. At 4 a. m. Christmas morning, 1933, he borrowed my fountain pen to sign the release of more than 300 political and military prisoners. I have been with him at jolly parties and once was present at Sans Souci when the society folk of Havana snubbed him and his wife by leaving en masse; and I saw the grim hate behind his smile, suaver than usual. Today, eighteen months later, those who took him to Sans Souci are in jail or in hiding and the good society folk are fawning at his feet.

One would have to travel to the Far East to find a similar combination of oily courtesy, intellectual keenness, insight into men, devious astuteness, ruthless purposefulness, and extreme cruelty. Recently I talked with him in his new castle-like residence in Camp Colombia on the outskirts of Havana. As he leaned back luxuriously in his leather-carved chair behind his desk in a room lined with finely bound unread books, while his glance roamed reminiscently out the open French window to the sunlight bathing his garden, I analyzed the features of this man who had come up from the dregs to impose his will and now seeks to surround himself with gentility.

He is a racial blend (not a mixture) of all that is Cuban—white, Negro, Indian, and Oriental. It is impossible to tell exactly where one race ends and the other begins, they are so completely fused. He has the stocky build, broad features, and high cheek-bones of the Indian. His black straight smooth hair gives him a hawk-like quality. His skin has the yellowish tinge of the Oriental; he has the flat nose and dextrous, white-palmed hands of the Negro; but the carriage and bearing of the white. His glance is unique. It has the naive but dominating boldness of the Nordic, the craftiness and sinuosity of the Oriental, the liquid gentleness of the Indian, and the soft fantasy and cringing servility of the Negro slave. Yet his glance is also complete in itself—unified—that of the perfect breed, of a man master of himself and others, with no warring inner complexes, no regrets, no compunctions. In all the varied situations in which I have seen him, he was always the same whatever his superficial manners—quick-witted, good-humored, exquisitely courteous but forceful, calm but decided, ready to act but never hasty, smooth never brusque.

One day at four-thirty Batista sent his car to bring me to Camp Colombia. This presidio is pleasantly situated on high ground with barracks and officers' homes surrounding an extensive grass quadrangle where now frequently Ambassador Jefferson Caffery and Batista go riding together. But in 1933 Batista was supporting the Grau San Martín government which Sumner Welles was bent on destroying and did destroy.

Batista took me over the camp and, in the enlisted men's club, showed me where the sergeants' conspiracy had been hatched that culminated in the coup d'etat of September 4, 1933, which overthrew Welles's puppet De Cespedes government, eliminated the Machado officers Welles had protected, and seated the Grau government in power.

On that occasion Batista assumed control without shedding a drop of blood. Two weeks earlier in the original overthrow of Machado, he had not moved or risked anything. Now he merely took advantage of subsequent uncertainties to insure, not to Cuba as a whole but to the army, the proper benefits. He was promptly hailed as "the Savior" of Cuba. I wrote an article about him then—and tore it up. I had a presentiment he would betray the hopes of Cuba.

Soon after the installation of the Grau government, I sat at Batista's right at a luncheon under the garden trees at the home of Sergio Carbó, a newspaperman and liberator, now hiding from his wrath. This was Batista's first relaxation from purely official duties during nearly four months of stress. He had worked on occasions twenty-eight hours at a stretch. But he revealed not the slightest signs of fatigue. During this period, he had formed a government and dislodged the former revolting Machado officers from the National Hotel, the first bombardment of a skyscraper in history; he had suppressed the Atarés Castle revolt, though all Havana police stations had been seized by the rebels and Camp Colombia and the palace were both bombarded by airplanes; he suppressed two serious rebellions in the interior and dislodged workers' soviets from hundreds of sugar estates, mines, and factories, in some cases after prolonged battle. He had to suppress conspiracy in his own forces. He acted as arbiter in many strikes, often sitting through all-night sessions. Besides multiple political duties he had to reorganize the whole army.

Batista has gotten where he has through no lack of energy, audacity, and ability. But the strain has at last told. When I saw him several months ago, he remarked, "I have been ill, seriously ill. The freshness is gone. When I wake in the mornings now, I can scarcely drag myself from bed." But he is a man whose will is still greater than any physical debility.

Despite the almost accidental aspect of the blow of September 4, Batista declared it had tremendous national significance as a continuation of Cuba's uncompleted struggle for independence. The Grau government, he averred, was the first government of truly Cuban origin in Cuba's history.

"We demand the right to run our own affairs, the right of every free nation. We are not communists, we are hardly socialists, we merely want to liberate Cuba from foreign control. We do not wish to frighten capital, we need capital."

"Cuba has had more American capital than any other country in the world except Canada," I remarked. "Yet it has brought only misery to your people."

"Yes, we must raise living standards," he replied. "That will also benefit the United States. Cuba was once one of America's best customers."

But Batista is no economist, no sociologist. He shows himself completely naive about modern social tendencies. Armored in the military psychology, despite his long years of poverty he is utterly vague about the manner in which the rights of the people, of which he constantly talks, are to be established and maintained. For a time he reveled in popular admiration. He seemed to like the common touch. He addressed great mass-meetings stretching from the palace clear to the harbor Malecón. But presently he called all this "dangerous demagogy." He drew into his shell. Now he talks only to the army and scarcely leaves Camp Colombia, and then, under heavy guard, only to visit Ambassador Caffery or give a machine-gun banquet in the National Hotel to American financial potentates. Such as these helped him to betray the Grau government, and his own efforts to become a popular leader were frozen. Having done nothing to gain further popular support, having betrayed what support he did have and the government he had sworn to uphold, having bowed completely to the behests of Welles and Caffery, he has ended by using his power to destroy all rights.

Batista's type, that of the Latin American *caudillo* or military chieftain, who leaps from the dregs to whip up a powerful personal and military following to conquer the state, has long commanded the curious attention of novelists and psychologists, but of few sociologists. The Batistas are a sociological phenomenon resulting from militarism, political corruption, race and cultural conflicts, feudal colonialism, imperialism. Depending for victory on desperate rebellion rather than prior mass organization, such ambitious types, however noble their expressed purposes, have invariably failed because the day after their success, not having the wit, ability, or patience to create mass following, they have found their only sure support in machine-guns. The gulf between literate and illiterate, between countryside and urban life, is so vast that popular leaders have usually soon been weaned away from dangerous alliances with the people they promised to help and promptly have become the petty tools of feudal aristocrats, foreign capitalists, and American pro-consuls, thus rapidly converting themselves into hated tyrants against whom new revolutions inevitably have been started. This is what has happened to Batista, except that owing to the gravity of the economic crisis in Cuba, he has forsaken his liberating role more quickly and ruthlessly than is customary.

If today he is idolized by much of the army, otherwise he is the most hated man in Cuba next to Caffery. The Mendieta government, resulting from his treachery, which was set up as a government acceptable to the United States if not to the Cuban people, is today the narrowest, most unpopular clique that has ever governed Cuba, narrower by far than that of Machado. Every political expression of Young Cuba has been routed, the leaders jailed, exiled, murdered.

Antonio Guiteras, the one truly noble figure in all these struggles, went down before Batista's machine-guns on the lonely Matanzas coast.

The Batista-Mendieta government, drained by mounting military costs, has moved on from arbitrary decree to more arbitrary decree, from brutality to greater brutality. Cuba is ruled by the firing squad, by drum-head courts-martial; it is estimated that more than 4,000 persons are crowded in ancient castle prisons, swept by epidemics. To be a member of any but a few pseudo-company unions is punishable by two years imprisonment; to strike is punishable by death. Education has gone by the boards. Over half the working population of the island has been unemployed for years. In March 500,000 persons, representing two-thirds of the population, swept into a general mass strike of protest, which was suppressed by force.

Batista still insists that he believes in democracy, but "vile politics" makes only dictatorship—good dictatorship—possible. And so he rides the storm from day to day, while Sumner Welles periodically brands American journalists who tell the truth as unprincipled and tells the American public (usually on the eve of some new scandal) that all is well in the cemetery known as Cuba.

Batista conceives himself as the strong man, the man of destiny. He is merely a symbol of betrayal, of the tragic weakness of the Cuban people, who are worse off than their forebears under Spanish rule, a symbol of the hypocrisy of Roosevelt's New Deal in Latin America.

The Busy Utility Companies

By FRED WOLTMAN

THE Associated Gas and Electric Company showed a genius for propaganda technique long before the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee caught it the other day destroying records of its fight against the "death sentence" in the holding-company bill.

The Federal Trade Commission's files contain a mass of provocative (and often amusing) private correspondence illustrating its methods. There was, for instance, the Dushore, Pennsylvania, editor who ran a boiler-plate editorial attacking former Governor Pinchot's anti-utility stand. Apparently he never edited it, for following the editorial he printed the informative line, "From Associated Gas and Electric system, Publicity Department, Johnstown, Pa."

Warren Partridge, management executive of Associated, wrote a sharp note to the Johnstown representative. "Will you please let me know why this note appears on this clipping? It appears to me to be rather questionable policy in view of the agitation against utility-company propaganda."

"This editorial," the explanation said, "was furnished to about sixty-three newspapers in our territory and this is the only one that published by whom furnished. This is the first time any of the papers have added to our news items or publications the fact that it was received from our company."

Instructions were given not to send any more editorials for the present.

Again, the Associated Gas and Electric's securities division published a bearish advertisement in Pennsylvania papers. The purpose, according to the commission's examiner, was to induce debenture holders to exchange their bonds for other securities, a frequent practice of Associated.

"Associated operating companies in New York State," it warned, "alone have had their rates reduced by $1,300,000 this year. Reduced rates mean reduced income. Demand for emergency rate reductions is widespread."

Forthwith, H. C. Hopson, directing genius of A.G.E., was notified that the Pennsylvania operating companies were worried by "the prominence given to the large amount of rate reduction in New York alone."

"The Pennsylvania operators believe that this statement will tend to spur on the efforts to reduce rates in Pennsylvania and perhaps have some effect upon the Public Service Commission itself when it is publicly stated that such a very large reduction has been made in one of the neighboring states."

"Please look into this," Mr. Hopson wrote Dr. Daniel Starch, his brother-in-law, former Harvard professor and head of Associated's advertising agency.

"We will be careful not to mention the large amount of rate reductions in New York State" in future Pennsylvania advertising, Dr. Starch was assured after he looked into it.

An inter-office memo from S. J. Magee, vice president, on proposed bills in the New York legislature, said:

> There are certain of these bills that to my mind are very bad and we should do all we can to prevent their passage. . . .
>
> In connection with IX this takes in our Long Island Water Corporation and Mr. Atkin, I think, has discussed this fully with you and the advisability of employing a local attorney to help in getting this bill killed.
>
> III is a very foolish bill, and I cannot conceive of it being passed. Inasmuch as it covers subway and elevated companies, no doubt they will see to it that this bill is defeated.
>
> VIII is a very foolish and unnecessary bill and we should do all we can to kill it. A bill of this kind has been in the legislature practically every year for many years and has never got anywhere.
>
> I do not think we are interested in X at all. XI is a bad bill but I assume the large railway operating companies will see that it gets nowhere.
>
> XII, putting omnibus companies under the Public Service Commission, seems to me would be a good bill. Mr. Stephens, who introduced it in the Assembly, lives in our Brewster area and I know him quite well.
>
> XIII, bringing water companies under the P. S. C., might not be so bad if we had a good commission but under the present one I feel we should oppose this bill.

J. H. Pardee, president of the Utility Management Corporation, Associated management affiliate, wrote Dr. Starch concerning a visit with Alexander Dow of the Detroit Edison Company:

> Mr. Dow told me that his letters carried in the press

> of Detroit had an appreciable repressing effect on the press of Detroit and that the local papers in the surrounding territory rather rallied to his support. Russell of Rochester is putting out similar letters.

The files contain an article from *World's Work* by Philip Cabot, professor of public-utility management at Harvard, pointing out that few, if any industries have ever equalled the service given the consumer by the electric utilities. It bestows high praise on the holding company without which electricity would have been denied in all but large cities for a generation.

"For the next six months the red flag of Power," according to an editorial comment introducing the article, "will be waved before the eyes of 40,000,000 voters. The leading impartial authority here states the case as the record reveals it. On this record of actual achievement the power companies must be judged."

Two months before its publication, as an inter-office memorandum in the Federal Trade Commission files indicates, galley proofs of Professor Cabot's article were submitted to Dr. Starch and Mr. Hopson.

"Dr. Starch thought it was a very good article," the memorandum read. "But he was in doubt as to how it might be used."

Dr. Starch, the files show, has had a verbal working arrangement, but no written contracts, with Associated since 1923.

The files also contain the following news release from Associated Gas and Electric headquarters at 61 Broadway:

> It is believed that those who are interested in the public welfare will undoubtedly turn their attention before long to making certain that governmental authorities, instead of constantly pressing for rate reductions, will speed up their machinery for authorizing security issues so that the light-and-power industry, freed from unwarranted and generally unpopular attacks, will be able to go ahead and carry out plans for increased construction and development of its business with the direct resulting help to business in general and to the unemployment problem in particular.

Corruption, Sacred and Profane

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, July 29

THE woman pays. Dr. Amy N. Stannard, who knows psychiatry and nothing whatever about the Virgin Islands, now finds it her destiny to pay the price for peace in those islands by resigning from the Federal Parole Board to make way for Judge T. Webber Wilson. Dr. Stannard resigned in the midst of acclaim for her excellent services. No charge was or could be raised against her, other than that she is a woman. Attorney-General Cummings suggests that a woman is not suitable for parole work. Only 4.3 per cent of the prisoners eligible for parole are women, he says, and personal interviews have to be held with thousands of men. "A request for Dr. Stannard's resignation has been under consideration for a year," he added. But he did not finish that particular story. A year ago several Democrats looked longingly on Dr. Stannard's job and took steps to get it. The word came back to them that Dr. Stannard, as the only psychiatrist on the board, was indispensable. Now it is discovered that a woman should not hear certain kinds of evidence. That is to say, she is (or ought to be) embarrassed by such evidence and a man need not be. But Dr. Stannard is a psychiatrist and is no more embarrassed by such evidence than a male doctor is by childbirth. Embarrassment is not at issue in her removal, except in quite another form. Senator Pat Harrion would be embarrassed if a nice job were not found for his fellow-Mississippian and protege, ex-Congressman Wilson.

The "settlement" of the Virgin Islands quarrel thus proves to be worse than the quarrel. The President, quite the Solomon, undertook to end it by transferring both Governor Paul Pearson and Judge Wilson to other government work. He wrote almost identical letters to them, thanking them for their services, and stating that nothing had been brought out in the Senate inquiry to reflect on their integrity. (Evidence against the Judge had not yet been heard.) Probably it looked like a happy way out to the President. He can't afford to affront Pat Harrison, since one of his continuing problems in life is to stay on good terms with that rugged reactionary, and keep him mollified enough to sponsor Administration measures in the Senate which he really doesn't like. So Secretary Ickes creates a job for Governor Pearson in PWA housing and Attorney General Cummings looks about among the recipients of his personal patronage for a vacancy for Harrison's friend. He lights upon Dr. Stannard. He kicks her out and appoints Judge Wilson to her place. He may have sighed at the hardships of Providence, for he has boasted that politics do not play a role on the Federal Parole Board, and has criticized the state boards where it does. But if he sighed there is no public record of it. In a way it was a happy solution, since appointment to the parole board is not subject to confirmation by the Senate. That makes Judge Wilson secure in his job, no matter how much outcry is raised. He will be as secure as the Attorney General is deaf. The moral of the story (so far) is that a woman is not safe in the government service; not even if she has performed invaluable work of an expert nature not supplied by the men with whom she is working. A politically appointed judge who has made himself nationally ridiculous can be put in her place. And there is no democratic way to prevent this double miscarriage of justice.

But the Virgin Islands "settlement" turns out to be no settlement, not even at this egregious price. The President named Lawrence Cramer, governor of St. Croix, to succeed Governor Pearson. This is a good choice, for Cramer, a teacher of government for five years at Columbia, is the kind of man who in an orderly civil service might have reached St. Croix and been promoted to the governorship when a vacancy occurred. But at once Senator Tydings goes gunning for Cramer, whose appointment is subject to Senate confirmation. He does so with a most

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absurd inversion of common sense—by releasing to the press the fact that two persons once wrote a book on nudism and in a foreword expressed personal appreciation to Cramer. Now Cramer is no nudist; neither is Senator Tydings an Al Smith, with a minor phobia about nudism. He is a politician carrying on a feud with Secretary Ickes. The appointment of Cramer, since it is non-political, becomes a victory for Ickes, and Tydings wants the Interior Department to lose the Virgin Islands altogether. His idea of the perfect governor is an admiral. The President has stood by Ickes to the extent of appointing Cramer, so Tydings also is willing to fight the President. He is no New Dealer, this author of the sedition bill. The inquiry is not over, despite the "wisdom of Solomon." Tydings will draw up a bill of particulars, he is bound to create at least some political vacancies in the Virgin Islands for deserving Democrats to fill. And he intends to sweep away Cramer as well as Pearson.

All this makes enough bad news for one week from the nation's capital. But it is only part of a disturbing record. The lobby investigation has now established that over a million dollars was spent by the utilities to fight the holding-company bill. This, too, is only a beginning. The committee became involved in the Patton case, one of those episodes in which witnesses were overcome by loss of memory. Congressman Patton, a rustic orator from Texas, came away from the hotel room of John W. Carpenter, president of the Texas Power and Light Company, with a small box wrapped in newspapers. Carpenter didn't recall anything about it. Again and again he failed to remember it. Then his memory was prompted and he recognized the parcel as a box of cigars given to Patton by his son. Patton voluntarily appeared before the committee with what purported to be the selfsame parcel, only it was two parcels, one box of cigars and some books. Nothing could have been staged more effectively to demonstrate absolute innocence. Patton, however, was succeeded on the stand by a man who he thought was an intimate friend, and the committee learned that Patton out of a salary of $3,100, in a few months had saved $3,000 to buy bonds. And this witness told of Patton's nephew saying of the contents of the box, "Hell, those weren't cigars." Patton came back to the stand, pale and upset. He explained that he had collected $300 for mileage, and had brought $600 in cash to Washington, and out of this he had lived. And there the matter rested over the week-end, the committee waiting to hear the nephew (who denied in an interview the statement attributed to him) and to study Congressman Patton's personal accounts. Whatever is revealed, the committee will get back soon to the main story of the utilities. For the episode of Congressman Brewster of Maine is more characteristic of the methods of the utilities than anything that happened between Mr. Carpenter and the Congressman from Texas. Congressman Brewster switched his vote on the death sentence because he was afraid that if he didn't he wouldn't be reelected. That is the general picture; the utilities can control local elections, hence they don't need to make a general practice of giving away small boxes wrapped in newspapers. The influence of the utilities in local politics, moreover, is like the influence of other businesses. The lobby investigation perhaps cannot spread to such dimensions as to show voters that it is at their own doors that they first give away their democratic powers, not in Washington.

The lobby inquiry was spectacular but not more so than the hearing of Frank E. Speicher by the House Military Affairs Committee, as to the activities of Joseph Silverman, in the matter of truck contracts with the army. The technique of a Senate inquiry is diffuse and confusing, and the evidence is hard to follow and sift. But here was a man who testified that he had been told by Silverman that "he had the Assistant Secretary of War's office in the bag —in his back pocket, and if he bent over it would pop out." Silverman had on his pay-roll Ralph T. O'Neil, former national commander of the American Legion, said Speicher; this was the way he controlled the office of the Assistant Secretary of War. Speicher is an inner-tube maker, who wanted to make a contract with Chevrolet. "Silverman told me," he testified, "that if I didn't go along with his idea of doing business he would give me a piece of my own throat [indicated by drawing a finger across his throat]. He meant he would cut my throat in the Assistant Secretary of War's office. He said, 'Close your hands, now open them. What have you got? Nothing. Well, that's what you'll get.'" And Speicher told of a conference with Frederick H. Payne, former Assistant Secretary of War, at the Mayfair Hotel where Payne told the General Motors' representative: "I know Joe [Silverman]—you'd better put him on the pay-roll. He can be of aid to you." It is unnecessary to go into the long story of the deal whereby Silverman was going to get General Motors a half-share of a $10,000,000 truck contract, and collect a 7½ per cent commission. General Motors pulled out and the deal fell through. What is important is the evidence about "fixings" in Washington, which parallels revelations before the munitions committee about destroyer and other naval contracts.

One wonders what effect such revelations will have on the general public. Only the briefest compressions get into the smaller newspapers, and probably few readers take the trouble to absorb and digest the longer accounts in the larger dailies. But the aroma of this evidence spreads and soon pervades the country. This can have good or harmful results, good if the public gathers its forces to protect itself; bad if it grows hopeless about politics, and condemns the whole Washington set-up as generally corrupt. Wherever democracy has fallen this aroma of corruption spread first, and made people believe that honest government was impossible under the democratic system. If there is no strong reform leadership, with the promise of thorough housecleaning, America too may lose faith in its institutions. But the President, if he is going to clean house, will have to use his broom in the offices of his own friends first of all. He should reinstate Dr. Stannard, rebuke Attorney General Cummings, disregard the political debts of Pat Harrison, and do battle with the patronage system headed by Jim Farley. The line between sacred and profane corruption is hard to draw. For the President to determine to clean the stables would take real courage, and he is a man who would rather get some results out of manipulating an evil system than destroy the system at a political loss. The danger is that one day everything he has achieved may be swept away along with the evils he has condoned, and even worse evils befall the country.

Correspondence

The Fargo Cases

To the Editors of The Nation:

As attorney in the Fargo cases for the Non-Partisan Labor Defense, the organization put in charge of these cases by the Fargo Drivers' Union, I want to correct certain points in Samuel Paul Puner's article on the Fargo cases (Gas Sunday, *The Nation,* July 3), one of which is about to be appealed to the Supreme Court of North Dakota.

Mr. Puner writes that all the ninety-five strikers arrested in the riot case were dismissed except those who picketed at the river. Mr. Puner must have misunderstood the statement made to him by the Non-Partisan Labor Defense, for three of those admittedly not present were convicted.

Your readers may be interested to know how a verdict of guilty was possible. In North Dakota the jury for a criminal case is selected from a venire of 200, who are hand-picked, 120 by the county commissioners and 80 by the city commissioners. Out of the venire of 200, a panel of 40 is drawn, from which the defense is permitted to select the 12 jurymen. As a result many who had been deputized during the strike and others connected with the employers turned up on the jury.

I believe Mr. Puner failed to point out the real importance of the cases. An appeal is being made because in North Dakota and throughout the Northwest there is a general conviction among workers, and also among the members of the Farmers' Non-Partisan League, that it must be decided once for all whether or not the Associated Industries is to be permitted to intervene in every strike and discourage unionization. The Fargo drivers have been on the picket line since January 22, 1935, and are determined to stay out until they win the right to organize. This is one of the longest strikes the Northwest has ever seen.

Money is urgently needed to carry the Fargo cases to victory. Contributions should be sent to the national office of the Non-Partisan Labor Defense, 22 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

Chicago, July 2 Francis Heisler

India's Poverty

To the Editors of The Nation:

India's present extreme poverty will be increased by changing the government to a federation. The plan voted by the British Parliament gives the people no real powers of self-rule, but it sets up complicated and costly machinery, including five Second Chambers in British India and many new salaried posts. Winston Churchill, who objects to giving India even a shadow of self-rule, made one sound argument against the new plan. He pointed out that it would involve a great increase of expense, and said that the Indian people could not at present bear a large increase of taxation.

In his book, "The Government of India," Ramsay MacDonald says of the tax: "The habit of the government has been to exact from the cultivator the uttermost farthing, over and above a standard of life that is far too low." Since that was written, the taxes have gone up and up; and now they are to be raised again.

The situation was explained by Miss Madeleine Slade, a British Admiral's daughter, who for the past nine years has been Gandhi's disciple. In an address in Boston she said:

When the British came, India was a country with immense wealth and a healthy peasantry. Of its 350,000,000 people, three-fourths are agricultural; but in India agriculture cannot be carried on during the whole year. The people need a subsidiary occupation to follow during the months when it is impossible to work in the fields. From time immemorial this occupation had been the making of cloth. India made all the cloth for its own wearing and sold large quantities abroad. What they gained by agriculture, added to what they earned by cloth-making, enabled the people to live in simple comfort.

In order to make of India a great market for British cloth, the British government deliberately destroyed India's own cloth-making industry. You can read in the history books how it was done. Since then the peasant cultivators who make up the bulk of the population have been unemployed during part of the year. They have grown poorer and poorer, until they are chronically half-starved, and have become so enfeebled that the average length of life has dropped to twenty-three and a half years. In India the average income is twopence a day; and to get even that average you have to include the incomes of all the millionaires. There is terrible child mortality. You have been told various fairy tales to account for this, but the great reason is poverty. There is an appalling contrast between India as she was and as she is; and the change has all come about in 150 years, under British rule. England's whole wealth and prosperity are built up on the blood of India.

I know whereof I speak. My father was the naval com-

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mander-in-chief. We lived in Bombay in great pomp. I saw the enormously top-heavy Indian civil service, the most extravagant and costly in the world. I saw the Viceroy living like a mighty emperor. Since then, for nine years, I have lived among the poor and have seen the destitution of the starving peasants, by whom all that pomp and luxury must be paid for. I have known the inside of life in India—both sides of it.

Gandhi, by making it a patriotic fashion to wear homespun and setting the Indians to spin the yarn for it, which always finds a ready sale, has lifted many thousands of Indian families out of the lowest depths of poverty and enabled them to get a little more food. His present effort to revive some of the old village handicrafts is an extension of the same principle.

Boston, Mass., March 6 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Cotton Pickers on Strike

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The July Executive Committee meeting of the Share Croppers Union decided to call a strike of the cotton pickers in central Alabama in August for the following demands: $1 per 100 pounds for picking cotton, $1 a day for 10 hours work on the farm plus room and board for monthly help and plus 2 meals and transportation for temporary help. In order to spread this strike movement of the cotton pickers the Share Croppers Union has appealed to the Southern Tenant Farmers Union and the Alabama Farmers Union to unite in calling and conducting the strike.

The reader may wonder why it is necessary to strike for a measly one dollar a day and why the Negro and white farm workers, croppers, and tenants are willing to face lynch terror and persecution to carry through a strike. The answer lies in the poverty-stricken conditions of these toilers, unequaled perhaps in any other section of the United States. They slave from before sun-up until after sun-down, driven constantly by mean, gun-toting plantation bosses under a broiling sun at back-breaking toil for the magnificent sum of 35 to 60 cents a day. High prices under the AAA have made the problem of squeezing out a mere existence worse than ever. Landlord-controlled relief stations refuse relief to the majority of the workers and poor farmers, while others are forced off relief to accept jobs at the afore-mentioned wages.

In order to carry out this strike effectively a strike relief fund is very necessary. At the wages paid to the farm workers it is impossible to raise an adequate strike relief fund. Landlord-controlled relief stations refuse government relief to strikers. For these reasons we are appealing to all readers of *The Nation* to contribute to the Cotton Pickers Strike Relief Fund as generously as possible.

The Share Croppers Union conducted a cotton-choppers strike this spring, involving about 1,500 choppers, and succeeded in winning the $1 a day demand on about 35 plantations. During this strike a Negro I. L. D. organizer, J. W. Foster, was murdered by a gang of sheriffs and landlords in Dallas County, some twenty strikers were arrested and beaten, two white and one Negro union organizers were arrested and turned over to landlord gangs that "took them for a ride" and left them in the swamps brutally beaten. In spite of this terror the strikers went on to victory. In several places, when the strike was on the verge of success, the choppers were driven back to work through starvation. The relief fund was too small.

The strike will begin about the first week in August, depending on the ripening crop, and will spread to the various farming areas as bolls break into bloom. It will continue until the season is over. An accounting of the relief fund will be submitted for publication in *The Nation* upon request.

Montgomery, Ala., July 25 ALBERT JACKSON

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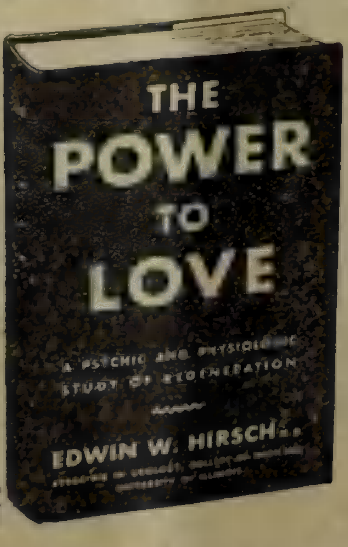

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Labor and Industry

Can Hotels Pay 18 Cents an Hour?

By ELINORE MOREHOUSE HERRICK

FOR the first time in its history the hotel industry, which somehow has always succeeded in escaping all regulation of working conditions, has been brought face to face with the New York State labor law via the minimum-wage bill passed in 1933. If we are to judge by the mute testimony of the statute books, the hotel industry has been served at Albany by an exceptionally effective lobby. For thirty years this industry has succeeded in blocking legislation that would "encroach upon the rights and liberties of American citizens." Despite its unusually advanced social legislation in other fields New York State has been unable to do more for workers in hotels than to require seats in elevators for the operator (if not found in the elevators they are certainly in the statute books) and limit hours of female operation to fifty-four a week. While women in factories are limited as to their hours of labor and may not work more than six days a week, in hotels "the sky is the limit" and the law permits women in hotel employment to work seven days a week. Restaurant workers, if they are women, must cease their labor at 10 p.m. So a noted restaurant proprietor in an upstate city maintains a part of his building as a hotel. That stratagem enables him to employ women workers unlimited hours in his restaurant which is the major part of his business.

The success of the hotel industry in defeating all adverse legislation is written into the record of amendments and exceptions to the New York labor law. Somewhere in every statute regulating working conditions in other industries there will be found the words: "This section shall not apply to hotels." When New Jersey passed a bill identical with the New York minimum-wage law, an amendment was written in specifically exempting hotels in deference to the Boardwalk interests of "the World's Greatest Playground." Of the sixteen states having minimum wage laws only California, North Dakota, Oregon, Washington, and Wisconsin have minimum wages for the hotel industry.

The NRA succeeded in bringing hotels under a code. That was their first experience with regulation. Many an employer had never charged his workers for uniforms, meals, and other deductions allowed under the NRA code. After the promulgation of the NRA codes for the restaurant and hotel industries, however, there was inaugurated a practice of deductions which lent itself to wide abuse. The allowable charges in the codes were 25 cents per meal and $2.50 per week's lodging. The New York Minimum Wage Board reports that "in some instances the food and accommodations supplied to workers are so unsavory and inadequate as to suggest that the purported deduction of charges is in fact a disguised form of wage-cutting. In other cases, employees maintain that they have been charged for meals that were not furnished and for lodgings that were not desired and were never used."

In the past the hotel men have lobbied quietly, but now the fight is open. Last May the New York Industrial Commissioner convened a special wage board to recommend minimum wages for women and minors in hotels and restaurants. The three representatives of the industry were Francis Gorman, manager of the Hotel Astor, vice-president of the New York State Hotel Association, George R. LeSauvage, assistant to the president of Frank G. Shattuck and Company (Schrafft's), and Charles A. Laube, president of the National Restaurant Association and director of the Buffalo Restaurant Association.

Their first move was to protest the Commissioner's choice of Miss Dorothy Kenyon as chairman of the wage board. She is an officer of the Consumers' League of New York, which has long fought for legislation protecting women workers in hotels. In the interest of harmony Miss Kenyon withdrew and Mr. Max Meyer, formerly chairman of the code authority for the millinery industry and member of the Industrial Council of the New York State Department of Labor, took her place.

After seven weeks of intensive deliberations and study of the 942 pages of statistical data gathered by the Minimum Wage Division of the state during the past winter, the wage board made these recommendations:

18 cents an hour to table-service waitresses
27 cents an hour to non-service food workers
30 cents an hour to lodging workers (chambermaids, etc.)
$10 a week to resident employees

Though the public and the labor representatives were unanimously in favor of this wage scale, all three employer members of the board refused to sign the report. The following week the press stated that the industry was going to campaign vigorously to prevent the adoption of these wages.

There is a widespread belief among those who have worked for labor laws in New York State that the hotel industry is making this fight not so much because of its inability to pay 18 cents an hour but because it is determined to defeat any kind of state regulation and regards the minimum wage as but an entering wedge to ultimate control of hours and other matters equally important to the well-being of the workers. The restaurant industry which similarly evaded regulation for many years finally became subject to the "night-work law" which limits hours to fifty-four a week and restricts them to the period between 6 a.m. and 10 p.m. When the present wage law was before the legislature in 1933 the restaurants, hoping to regain the lost ground, joined the fight against the bill.

On March 16, 1933, the New York *World-Telegram* carried a story of how the waitresses in the Schrafft stores (Mr. LeSauvage, assistant to the president of Schrafft's, is on the present wage board) had been required to write three letters each to Senator George R. Fearon, Republican leader, Speaker McGinnies, and Assemblyman Russell G. Dunmore, protesting the passage of the minimum-wage bill. Supervisors stood over them as they wrote with pen, ink, paper, and envelopes furnished them in their work places. The letters, unsealed, were turned over to the supervisors and then all mailed at the same time at the same postal station.

When interviewed by a reporter for the *World-Telegram,* Mr. John Shattuck, vice-president of the company, stated "we would be in favor of a minimum wage for women" and he insisted that the letter campaign must have been the work of one of the minor executives of the company and was not authorized by the company.

Despite Mr. Shattuck's statement in favor of a minimum wage Mr. LeSauvage now refuses to sign the wage board's report. Is it because 18 cents an hour and the other rates proposed are too high? Can the industry not afford to pay even 18 cents an hour?

The hotel and restaurant business ranks fourth in the list of industries employing women in the State of New York. The sum of $451,097,842 was spent for meals served in hotels, restaurants, drug stores, cafeterias, and lunch counters in this state in 1929, according to the United States Census. Granting that some of us "pulled in our belts" during the succeeding years, the food-service industry in New York in 1935 must still represent "important money," although current figures are not available.

The challenge the public must now meet is whether the 60,000 women and minors employed in hotels and restaurants in New York State are to remain forever without protection such as that granted to other workers throughout the state under our labor laws?

The Department of Labor's statistical study reveals that the median daily rates of women in hotels and restaurants is at present only $1.64. Over half the women earn less than 27 cents an hour. Weekly earnings of 8,875 women in restaurants reveal a median of $8.08. Wages of waitresses in hotels, taken separately, show a median of $5.29 a week, while the median weekly wage of chambermaids "living out" is $10.65. One-third of the waitresses in hotels and restaurants work a "split trick"—an economy device which forces women to remain away from home for long daily hours while they are on duty and paid for far shorter hours.

We the public are apt to delude ourselves with the notion that waitresses make "big money" in tips. During the Washington hearings on the hotel code the Deputy Administrator asked "Are not tips paid?" The industry spokesman replied: "They used to get tips but there are few tips paid these days." Eighty-nine per cent of the waitresses reporting to the New York Department of Labor say they get tips. The women in other branches are less favored for more than half of all those employed in hotels and restaurants get *no* tips. Waitresses average weekly tips of $6.90.

If you add $6.90 to the wages for the median work week of 43 hours at 18 cents the average waitress will receive a total of $14.64—bare subsistence for even the unmarried woman. But reports of the Federal Women's Bureau have shown that the vast majority of women workers, whether single or married, contribute to the support of others.

This wage of $14.64 is less than the $16 minimum wage decreed in California, but in California, the $16 wage is greatly decreased by arbitrary deductions which the law permits. A waitress in a large hotel in the midwest recently stated that she got 72 cents in her weekly pay envelope after all deductions had been made. At the code hearings a waitress testified that she was paid 50 cents a meal for four hours of work. She furnished and laundered her own uniform and paid her busboy. That cost her 50 cents. Her cash wage remaining was exactly nothing. This waitress "lived" on her tips.

The wages suggested by the New York wage board may not be considered adequate from the social standpoint. However, in recommending that no deductions from weekly earnings be allowed, the board has performed an invaluable service to the 60,000 women and has set an important precedent for the four states that have set wages for this industry. The board's report states:

> The system of deductions has led to unfair application by the unscrupulous. As was the practice prior to the codes, the cost of services to employees should be recognized as an element in the fixing of the hourly rates of cash pay, and no deductions from that rate should be countenanced, in order to end any possibility of extortion. . . . A heavy drain upon an employee's earnings is occasioned by charges or expenses for uniforms and other equipment. The style and quality of the equipment are usually prescribed by the employer; there is little standardization, changes in interior decoration may involve replacement by an employee of all equipment theretofore procured; shifts of employment may necessitate discarding old equipment in order to comply with the requirements of the new employer; time and money spent in maintaining the equipment are disproportionate to the benefits received by the employee. The furnishing, repair, and laundering or cleaning of uniforms are properly to be regarded as operating expenses of the industries. They should not be charged, either directly or indirectly, against employees.

While 18 cents an hour nevertheless will seem to many persons unconscionably low, elimination of all deductions will add materially to the cash wage now received. In the light of the practice of the industry throughout the country the New York wage board has given impetus to an important reform in this business.

Public hearings will be held by the Industrial Commissioner throughout the state, beginning August 5 in New York City. These will afford an opportunity to all groups to make known their views on the wage board's report. A state-wide committee of over one hundred social and civic organizations has been formed to present at these hearings the viewpoint of those who regard the suggested wages as only a small first step toward better conditions for the more than 60,000 women and minors in these industries. If the public has learned one lesson during the depression it is that the difference between wages and what it costs to live is paid by the public out of relief tax monies. Why should the hotel and restaurant industry be subsidized by public relief to its employees?

It is recognized that in the hotel and restaurant business some employers now meet and even exceed these recommended minimum standards. There is a larger number who, pleading poverty, say they can not meet such modest requirements. This is the ever recurrent argument in any effort to improve working conditions no matter what the industry. We cannot allow ourselves to be diverted from our main objective which must be to see a decent minimum pay established even at the cost of driving out of business those of the 19,000 establishments which can not meet what, in the mature and considered judgment of the wage board and the Industrial Commissioner, seems the lowest wage tolerable under modern conditions.

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"Every Man A Penny"

By HEYWOOD BROUN

"ANYBODY who won't work ought to be thrown off relief." Some of the many who make this remark do not really understand what they are saying. But others do only too well. The most serious threat to the so-called living standards of America comes from the harvest fields of the states which have decreed that those who do not sign up to reap and bind the grain shall be cast into outer darkness like the chaff which is destroyed.

And all this is done on the plea that here and there a labor shortage exists. Unfortunately figures seem to show that the cry of the boss farmers is largely exaggerated and that's a pity for if there is one thing this country needs desperately it is a labor shortage. In the fearful warfare of man against the machine which goes on in every land of private ownership even the most temporary sort of labor shortage is like a little armistice, a lull in the bombardment. But those who do not think sharply and those who do are proposing that the barrage must not be lifted even for a second. Of course even the harshest in council employ the phrase "physically able" but the test of ability is not likely to be rigid when the machines are calling for the reserves of man power. We will strew the fields with dead men if we say "Up and at 'em" to the broken armies of the idle. And in an even larger sense the talk of forced labor constitutes a tragic betrayal. If this system is to be followed the instant any slack comes in the labor supply it will work as a constant source of gravity to pull down all wages. The government will find itself in the position of operating a coolie employment agency.

I know what I'm talking about because I have seen this very thing work out in circumstances which were much smaller but still large enough to constitute a laboratory experiment. In the winter of 1930 I was associated with a free employment agency. With a somewhat pitiful optimism a group of us had come together to urge the creation of temporary jobs and since we campaigned through the newspapers we used a slogan. It turned out to be ironical. It was "'Give a Job Till June."

In justice to even the most naive of us, which may very well have been myself, we did not actually think that all suffering and privation would stop the instant summer came along. We did, I must confess, have some belief that the crisis in which the country found itself might prove to be temporary. Our organization got some jobs. We had on our lists of applicants some five or six thousand names. Out of these we managed to get a few days' work for approximately twelve hundred. Very rarely somebody was fitted into something of a semi-permanent nature. Our prize prodigy worked for almost five years. She was fired only a few months ago. And so although we didn't do much good it was not our intention to do any harm. Quite unwittingly we did. One branch of our service was maintained in a small office near the Little Church Around the Corner. The church had a breadline that winter and we were trying to snatch potentially useful workers out of that unlikely source. To this end we listed everybody who would come to our office and set down what his training had been and what his capacities might be. Very soon people began to help and in a fairly large way. "I'll take my whole crew from you," the owner of a lunch-room chain promised and kept his word. Men would drop around and say in a friendly way, "If you have any furniture polishers on your list, I can use ten or twelve."

I was beginning to be very excited about this seeming success of ours until one day the man in charge of the branch came around to see me. His name was Ross and he was studying economics. "I should have known it from the beginning," he told me, "but do you know precisely what you're doing with this Give a Job Till June campaign?"

"Well, whether you know it or not," Mr. Ross explained, "you're the head of a cut-rate labor agency. These people come around and say 'Have you got a furniture polisher'? But if I find them one they always offer him pay well below the scale. I don't think it's my right to refuse to tell anybody on our list when a job is offered but I must say the most courageous thing I've ever seen in my life is the action of those who refuse to join up at bargain rates. And they're not just thinking of themselves. They've said to me, 'Why if I took it at that pay I'd just be cutting the throat of everybody else on the job. I guess I'll starve a little longer.' But I don't think it's right for us to be tempting people like that."

And so we closed the office and ended the campaign. The thing was insidious. Nobody could approach abjectly unemployed people without thinking in terms of bargains. This was the basement store along the labor front. I hired a press agent for the Give a Job campaign. He got just about half of what the job rated. You see he was a newspaper man who happened to be hard up. I'm not blaming myself. I was spending other people's contributions and naturally we wanted to keep the overhead down but the whole thing was poisoned at the source by the fact that we paid our own employees less than a standard wage. And today I think relief workers ought to be adequately compensated. Once you start cutting it will go on all along the line.

Far from forcing men off relief into ill-paid temporary jobs the government ought to make it difficult to pry labor loose from its lists. It should welcome any labor shortage and sit tight until the pressure is sufficient to insure good pay before it consents to give an honorable discharge to any member of the army of the unemployed. Uncle Sam had to step in because the buying power of the masses had shrunk to panic proportions because of the wage cuts of the employers. I haven't got space to go into the old egg-and-chicken discussion. At any rate everybody agrees that without a proper widespread purchasing power our present economic set-up can't even stagger along. The government of municipality or state or nation is behaving in the most stupid way possible if it permits, much less orders, anybody to get off relief merely to walk around the block and then come home to roost again.

"Just Paddle 'em Down the Road!"

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, July 17

OREGON was one of the first states to pass an anti-injunction law. It also has statutes insuring labor the right to picket. In recent weeks these acts of the legislature have been nullified by the effective collaboration of the executive and judicial branches of the governmen. To protect themselves against police "meddling," striking lumber workers at Forest Grove and Bridal Veil leased tracts of ground near the mills on which to make their headquarters. They felt this would buttress them against the charge of trespassing. However, they reckoned without the fact that so small a matter as legal procedure is of no concern to Governor Charles H. Martin, a retired major-general and the most bristling upholder of "law and order" in the history of the state. The governor ordered the sheriffs of Multnomah and Washington counties to arrest pickets, the law permitting picketing notwithstanding. As fast as one group of pickets was seized, another caught up the fallen banners. Finally 237 men had been arrested and the jails were full. No charges were lodged and even now suits are pending for false imprisonment. The workers' unwillingness to accept his illegal acts as final drove Martin into a rage. His anger was intensified when his legal advisors informed him there were no direct charges on which the men could be booked. "No more arrests," he bellowed, "Just paddle 'em down the road!"

The Oregon state police, thus ordered by the governor to commit mayhem, hauled the workers off land which they had leased, and which was legally their own, and prodded them down the highway. Witnesses later testified that the men were lolling lazily in the shade when these brutal seizures took place, and that there was no indication of any violence whatsoever. The pickets were compelled to jog nine miles in slightly more than an hour, with the police flailing them from behind. Automobiles paced the trotting column, and the troopers jumped on the running-boards when they became tired. However, the workers—many of them middle-aged and old men—were forced to run in the midday sun until several collapsed in the dust.

Some of the men thus manhandled and abused later required hospital care; others in court submitted their flagellated and bruised backs as evidence of the "paddling" activities of the governor's constabulary. The excuses given for this wholesale denial to the workers of the legal right to picket were of the flimsiest sort: A truck had been overturned by parties unknown twenty miles from one of the mills; lumber-owners charged pickets were planning to cut a power line (this later was modified to read telephone wire). None of these contentions was proved, but Governor Martin accepted them willingly as justification for official violence.

To decide the issue once and for all the workers applied for an injunction restraining peace officers from interference with men on the picket line. The opinion handed down by Circuit Judge Crawford was a masterpiece of circumvention: "Did the sheriff exercise reasonable discretion in stopping these picketing activities? In my opinion he did . . . because of local apprehension over the display of force by numbers and fears of disorder . . . perhaps no disorder would have resulted had the sheriff failed to act; on the other hand, much violence might have occurred."

Thus by judicial decision the Oregon laws prohibiting labor injunctions and permitting picketing have virtually been repealed. On the witness stand before Judge Crawford one of the sheriff's deputies said he had not known that the land on which the strikers were stationed was their own. Asked if this would have made any difference in his conduct, he replied "No." His reply prompted K. C. Tanner, labor attorney, to suggest that peace officers in Oregon had not only nullified the laws of the state but also the common law of England and the United States Constitution.

Governor Martin's willingness not only to cheer for the employers, but also to join their team, has united labor against him in Oregon. In a bristling address at a military cantonment in Washington, Martin openly boasted of having put those "fellows" in their places. It was reported that Martin flew into a rage at Portland because employers did not move in and immediately open the mills. Martin also was highly indignant when one mill-operator, H. B. Van Duzer, submitted an agreement which would have resulted in union control of his plant.

Van Duzer's fellow-employers charged him with selling out because of having political ambitions. Van Duzer's eminently fair offer put other employers definitely on the spot and they looked to the governor for further assistance. He did not fail them. Again assuming the function of the legislature, he proclaimed that only "regular employees" would be permitted to picket lumber mills; the attorney-general of the state joined in the glorious grab for law-making power by saying that picketing would be allowed only where there is a "dispute between employers and workers." Of course, sheriffs and state troopers will decide who are "regular employees" and where "disputes" exist.

The workers' opportunities for success in the lumber strike have been greatly jeopardized in the two states by the brutalities countenanced and even urged by Governor Martin of Oregon and Governor Clarence D. Martin of Washington. Both are chiefly concerned with breaking the strike at all costs. The lumber war is of more importance than meets the eye. For nearly a generation the vicious company-union domination of the old 4-Ls (Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen) has held down revolt against low wages, long hours, and perilous working conditions. Success in the current strike would break forever the hold of the 4-Ls.

The state convention of the Washington Federation of Labor last week condemned Clarence D. Martin as not being qualified to occupy the office he now holds. Numerous public groups in Oregon have demanded the recall of Charles H. Martin. It is possible that such moves may be instituted in both states. Kelley Loe, veteran labor writer, has pointed out that the strategy of the governor's supporters in Oregon has been to gain control of the Townsend old-age pension organization, a tremendously powerful factor in the state. Loe has charged that through the lavish expenditure of money secret supporters of the governor and his policies have annexed fifty or sixty thousand old people as a buffer against any real mass movement which might spring up.

Books and Films

Spivak, Star Reporter

America Faces the Barricades. By John L. Spivak. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

JACK SPIVAK was once a star reporter for Hearst and Macfadden newspapers. He is now a star reporter for the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses.* In the past he practiced his craft to make a living. Like scores of other competent and instinctively decent journalists, he despised his employers and held his nose with one set of fingers while he typed with the other set. A good fellow and one of the ablest reporters in America, he was forced inevitably to choose between coming a prosperous, second-string Arthur Brisbane and a broke and more or less blacklisted radical free lance.

To his credit, he chose the second alternative, and the journalism produced after he turned his talents to the service of the radical cause is, of course, infinitely better than anything he ever did before. Both in quality and quantity, his contribution, from "Georgia Nigger" through much of his writing for the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses* to the present book, commands a good deal of respect and admiration.

But Spivak, who had always fought with his low-lived capitalistic bosses, didn't get on any too well with the bosses of the *Daily Worker.* In the early days, at least, he was an "individualist," even something of a prima donna. Since he was getting paid little or nothing for his work, he felt, not unreasonably, that he ought at least to have the fun of writing a straight story and seeing it in print. I am betraying no confidence when I recall that he sometimes resisted the customary mayhem perpetrated upon the correspondence of "politically undeveloped" writers, just as he had howled when Hearst or Macfadden editors tried to make a monkey out of him.

Does Spivak still resist? I wonder, because "America Faces the Barricades" is not wholly a straight story. Three-quarters of it is straight and some of it, for example the opening Letter to the President, is Spivak at his best—a Macfadden sob story in reverse English, so cleanly and skilfully executed that it becomes not a sob story at all, but good literature as well as superb propaganda. Equally good is the rich, first-hand documentation of what business men and workers say, how they think and feel, the blind, half-timorous, half-violent ways in which they act; also the sensational expose of Nazi and native pre-fascist activities.

Spivak calls his book a "survey." It isn't—no one-man reporting trip could possibly be anything of the sort. The best of it represents a skilful sampling of the witches' brew being stirred in a score of hot spots around the country. The worst of it represents a misrepresentation of the facts with respect to two major labor struggles: the strike of the Toledo Auto-lite workers and the strike of the Minneapolis truck drivers in the spring and summer of 1934.

Spivak may have typed the passages in his book dealing with those strikes, but I am confident that his boss dictated them. His boss is the Communist Party of America, and Spivak is a loyal fellow traveler. I think he should have stated his position frankly, so that his readers might be prepared to see Spivak, when he steers into the cross currents of factional revolutionary politics, stop writing like a competent reporter and begin writing like a Communist Party functionary.

Beginning on page 270 Spivak devotes about four pages to the Toledo strike, which he describes as a rank-and-file revolt led by Communists. Was Spivak in Toledo? The militant leadership of the strike was exercised both directly and indirectly by members of the Workers Party, including A. J. Muste and Louis Budenz, Sam Pollack and Ted Selander, who led the picket lines. The role of the Communists in this strike was negligible as every informed person in Toledo—including the bosses and the capitalist newspapers—knows very well. But Spivak, a trained newspaperman, ignores and misrepresents the facts as blandly as did the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses.* Writing of the Minneapolis strike, Spivak says:

> The leaders called themselves Communists. Actually, they are Trotzkyists. They were not the kind of labor leaders who would sell out to employers for a stated sum as other union leaders have done, but they had only a hazy notion of the function of a "labor" governor in a capitalist state, and consequently led their followers to a victory which was really a defeat.

He concludes his account with the following paragraph:

> The "labor" governor was faced with surrendering to labor and using the armed forces of the state to protect the workers or surrendering to capital and using the same forces to break the strike. He made the decision which today is inevitable and which marks the end of pretenses to "liberalism" in future labor wars.

The first passage quoted is obviously sectarian opinion and should have been stated as such, since Spivak is addressing a general audience. The second is historically untrue. Local 574 won a settlement substantially conforming to its demands. The wavering Farmer-Labor Governor, Olson, was under continuous pressure from the "counter-revolutionary" Trotzkyists, who had opposed from the first the bringing in of the troops. Aside from his personal sympathies, which were with the strikers rather than with the bosses, he was afraid to go beyond a certain point in using the troops for the realistic reason that he needed the Twin City labor vote in the fall election.

In questioning Spivak's facts I should warn the reader that while I am not a member of any party, or subject to any form of party discipline, my sympathies, in general, are with the Workers Party and I do not pretend to be immune to the temptations of partisanship. But I am confident that any impartial investigation would reveal the facts to be as I have stated them. Moreover, I regard it as a disservice to the radical movement to misrepresent facts and an even greater disservice to conceal the partisan point of view or party allegiance which influences a given job of reporting. That sort of writing leads not to revolution, but to endless muddle and recrimination. Whether it is done to the order of Hearst or the Communist Party, it remains hack-writing. In the army we used to sing:

> Forward march, one, two, three
> Make the world safe for democracee
> Un, deux, trois, quatre, what do you think of that?
> We tried to get away from that at home.

Well, I still don't believe Mrs. Spivak raised her son to be a hack writer.

James Rorty

Soviet Salvation

Sussman Sees It Through. A Reappraisal of the Jewish Position under the Soviets. By David Goldberg. Bloch Publishing Co. $2.

THIS is a sincere, sensitively written, and very naive attempt to show that the Jewish problem can be solved and is being solved in the U.S.S.R. The emotional background of Mr. Goldberg and his friends and informants can be easily established by saying that he is a Ukrainian. That background is forever recorded as a black page in man's history in

"The Pogroms in the Ukraine, 1917-20" published in 1927 by the *Comité des Delegations juives*. It came close to being a case like that of the Albigenses—the extermination by boundless cruelty and bestial torture of a people. Hence, as Mr. Goldberg admits, the Jewish bourgeoisie in the Ukraine was already pretty well "liquidated" and had only to undergo Marxist redemption by grasping "the stern reality of the Thesis." (The capital is Mr. Goldberg's.)

Well, they grasped it, especially the younger people. Why should they not have done so? They had been hounded and slaughtered like beasts. Now the Thesis (if they could bring themselves to accept it) offered physical freedom and security; it offered work and such bread as everyone had; it offered the older people—*if* they could gulp the Thesis and so rise out of the declassed classes—educational opportunities for their children. And what will not Jewish parents do for that? And of course, since intellectual oneness or integrity really *is* a Jewish aspiration, they sought truly to embrace the Thesis and with the blood of all the generations of Talmudists in their veins they had no trouble with a dialectical justification for accepting the goods that were offered them. How human and how inevitable and how blameless!

Then where, from a Jewish point of view (which is a symbol of a universal human one) is the hitch? The Russian situation repeats under other circumstances the process of the West-European emancipation. The ghettos were destroyed and civic rights were given to the Jews and a human status on condition that the Jews grasp "the stern reality of the Thesis" of the Prussian fatherland and the Austrian fatherland and all the other fatherlands for which in the century between they have lived and on a hundred fields of battle died. And what has it availed them? And now they are grasping the Thesis of the Russian fatherland, no, (I beg pardon) the Soviet fatherland, and they will de-Judaize themselves once more and live and die for it. And what will that in the long run avail them?

But how about the mass-settlements in the Crimea and Biro-Bidjan and the free use of the Yiddish language? I need only quote Mr. Goldberg: the U.S.S.R. "guarantees the integrity of every cultural form *provided its content remains socialistic.*" What tragic muddleheadedness! Form and substance of a culture like those of a work of art are inextricably one. The anomalous position of the Jews in exile springs precisely from their living under laws and institutions not of their folk-creation but imposed from without; on earth they *cannot* consecrate; amid moral atmosphere of which the pressure was not unconsciously calculated by their instincts. "They need only accept the socialist content of the State," says Mr. Goldberg with inimitable simplicity of heart, "and be redeemed within it."

That is precisely what the Inquisition offered. But men cannot be redeemed from without nor permanently persuaded by pressure. Under the aspect of eternity Mecca and Moscow and Berlin are at one. The terrific practical and human difference between Berlin and Moscow is this: Berlin will not permit the Jews to be coordinated (*gleichgeschaltet*) but destroys them; Moscow sincerely desires them to be coordinated. And so the Jews of Russia are coordinating themselves. But coordination in Russia (red assimilation to a state-dictated *Weltanschauung*) is in essence no different from the coordinations which have preceded it from the days of Alexandria and Philo Judaeus on.

The Jewish problem can be solved only within a sincerely pluralistic state, a state that consciously renounces even the tendency to be totalitarian, or in the land of Israel and its contiguous territories. All else is another turn of the same old tragic wheel of recurrence and disaster.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Heredity and Disease

Heredity and Disease. By Otto Mohr. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.
The Chances of Morbid Inheritance. Edited by C. P. Blacker. William Wood and Company. $5.
Nature and Nuture. By Lancelot Hogben. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.
The Influence of Heredity on Disease. By L. S. Penrose. H. K. Lewis and Company. 5s.

A PERSON interested in the heredity of disease will raise a number of questions: Which diseases are inherited? What is the individual to do who has in his family an inheritable disease? What is society to do with an individual who has an inheritable disease?

The four books here under review give a well-rounded discussion of these questions and allow the reader a fair opinion of the present status of the whole problem. The book by Mohr is an excellent introductory work with a simple, well-written account of the basic biological facts of inheritance; "The Chances of Morbid Inheritance" is a summary volume presenting in brief detail the available data on heredity in a large number of diseases; the two books by Hogben and Penrose are critical studies which indicate the means of analyzing and evaluating genetical data as applied to human beings. There are in eugenic writings so many unattested opinions and assumptions, determined by racial, social and class prejudices that the greatest need is for a sane critical attitude. For this reason the two last-named volumes, though the smallest of the lot, are the most important.

"Heredity and Disease" gives a useful description of the chromosomes and the genes, the physical determinants of heredity. It also contains a very lucid analysis of the inter-action of the genes and environmental factors, an inter-relationship which must be clearly understood in all discussions of heredity. The book is written from a broad historical point of view and the discussions of the application of genetics to human problems, though brief, are sound.

The book edited by Blacker is written by men who for the most part are prominent as physicians rather than as students of heredity. Their contributions are valuable summaries of the scientific literature on heredity in various diseases but they are presented with little, if any, critical judgment. The reader must be warned not to accept, without further investigation, the conclusions so arbitrarily stated.

The outstanding example of the need for this cautious attitude is the chapter on the inheritance of mental disorders by Aubrey Lewis, which is replete with figures whose significance is not at all demonstrated by the evidence presented. The author believes that insanity is inherited, stating, for instance, that of the children of a schizophrenic parent, 8 to 10 per cent will themselves be schizophrenic, and that, among the children of a manic-depressive parent, a third will have the same disorder. These figures, somewhat startling because of the certainty with which they are expressed, are based upon studies which the author quotes. These studies, however, are not at all convincing and there is considerable other work (not mentioned by Dr. Lewis) which leads to a contrary conclusion. The mere statistical analysis of the incidence of a disease in a family offers no proof of its hereditary nature, and in the study of insanity, especially, so little is known of the effects of immediate and remote environmental factors that a dogmatic attitude is certainly unwarranted.

As Hogben says in "Nature and Nurture," "there is a danger of concealing assumptions which have no factual basis behind an impressive facade of flawless algebra." It is to this book and to the one by Penrose that the reader turns for the critical background so essential in any discussion on this subject.

Lancelot Hogben, who is Professor of Social Biology in the University of London, looks toward environmental means rather than eugenic ones for the immediate improvement of human difficulties. He says:

> The most formidable problems of civilization do not arise from limitations in the ability of men and women to command the resources of nature. They arise from imperfect coordination of human effort. Experiment alone can decide whether human ingenuity can discover forms of organization which will guarantee the continued development of our present civilization. If with its present endowments mankind lacks the capacity to do so, the application of genetic knowledge can only offer a very remote prospect of producing a race which will.

The small book by Penrose presents a well-balanced discussion of human genetics including a historical survey of the subject. It is especially valuable for the section on Modern Methods of Study in Human Genetics which gives in detail the statistical approach toward problems in heredity. Dr. Penrose too is very cautious in his conclusions as to what may be expected of eugenic measures.

The subject matter of these four volumes is of significance to lay readers as well as to physicians, eugenists, and sociologists. The personal problem involved in a case where inheritable disease or supposedly inheritable disease exists in a family is obvious and must be met by consultation with a competent advisor. More important to us as individuals in a society capable of Hitlerism, Imperial Valley strikes, gubernatorial proclamations condoning lynchings, and Hearst newspapers, is the need to arm ourselves with knowledge to face the barrage of eugenic blather emanating from half-baked pseudo-scientists some of whom hold professorships in world-famous universities. Already sterilization laws are being enacted on the advice of these prophets. The potential dangers of this type of legislation uncontrolled by sane scientific knowledge, are beyond imagination.

David Beres

Four Rebels

Four Independents. By Daniel Sargent. Sheed and Ward. $2.

THE four long essays which make up this book fall under no patent heading. Essentially they are studies in independence, done in an unusual combination of the critical and biographical techniques. Mr. Sargent has chosen four radically different men—Charles Péguy, Paul Claudel, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and Orestes Brownson—for his consideration. To be sure, three of these men are poets, but as poets they are poles apart. What the author has written of one of them, however, is true of all four: "No matter with what group he marched, he was always out of step. He could keep in step only with himself." These men insisted on being themselves, and defied the almost overpowering tendency of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries towards standardization of the individual. They had another thing in common, their Catholicism, for all four either returned to the faith in which they had been bred or were converted to it.

Mr. Sargent's discussion of Gerard Manley Hopkins is perhaps the most valuable part of the book. Hopkins becomes much more understandable when he is seen as a "nineteeth-century English Don Quixote" with a love for difficulties. Because he liked what was difficult, he became a Catholic, which was a hard thing for a member of Benjamin Jowett's Balliol to do. Shortly he became a Jesuit, and after his entrance into the order he was a better poet than he had been before, although the Society of Jesus, as the author points out, is scarcely a training-school for poets. Hopkins, as a young man, had an instinctive interest in nature of a mystical and contemplative type. His theological and philosophical studies helped to clarify this interest. In the writings of Duns Scotus, who had been at Oxford some five hundred years before him, Hopkins found a philosopher "who of all men most sways my spirits to peace." Somehow the doctrines of Scotus and St. Bonaventura clarified in the young Jesuit's brain his intuitive recognition that "The world is charged with the grandeur of God" and ". . . what is Earth's eye, tongue, or heart else, where Else, but in dear and dogged man?" And so he wrote poems which seemed to the staid Robert Bridges, already shocked by novelty of meter and diction, to be guilty of "some perversion of human feeling" and injured by "the naked encounter of sensualism and asceticism." Mr. Sargent makes all this understandable, as it has not been made before, and Hopkins, as an individual and as a poet, takes on flesh and blood: he is no longer merely a legendary revolutionary force in English poetry.

Of the other three essays, that on Paul Claudel has the greatest interest of subject. The one-time Ambassador of the French Republic to Washington is well known as a man of letters, although he is little read. Mr. Sargent depicts him as a disciple of Rimbaud, intent upon escape from the nineteenth-century mechanistic prison. But Claudel started writing poetry at the age when Rimbaud abandoned it and disappeared into East Africa. Claudel's East Africa has been his diplomatic career in New York, Boston, China, and Washington. In China he became free, exultant in independence, a Catholic rebel deserted by the rebels because he is a Catholic and by the Catholics because he is a rebel.

Charles Péguy was perhaps the most independent of these four men. He founded the sect of Péguyism, with himself as the sole Péguyist. At various times he was a revolutionary, a socialist, a Bergsonian, and finally a Catholic. His occupations were even more numerous: student, bookseller, editor, philosopher, poet, and soldier. He wrote gigantic epics. He was accused of having only one subject, Jeanne d'Arc, and he answered that he would write twenty-four "Jeanne d'Arcs." He found truth inexpressible and nothing that he had written satisfactory: so he repeated what he had to say in another way. Sometimes he reads like Gertrude Stein, but he was more of a poet than she. He achieved momentary recognition, won a prize, and was immediately forgotten. He was killed in the second month of the war.

Orestes Augustus Brownson, the only American in the group, was a philosopher. Necessarily he had to be himself. He rebelled against the "Standing Order" of Puritanism, and repudiated his inherited Congregationalism. He became a Unitarian minister in Boston, but was soon found too independent for his congregation. Then he became associated with the Brook Farm group. Finally, in 1844, he became a Catholic and was deemed dead by his associates. Yet until 1876, when he did die, he carried on a highly vigorous one-man campaign of clarification in his review, *Brownson's Quarterly,* with a complete contempt of public opinion. He won recognition abroad in distinguished quarters, and some at home, as perhaps the only American Catholic intellectual of his time. He was a contradiction in terms: a Yankee Catholic philosopher who wrote half a century before a native audience existed for him.

Mr. Sargent's sympathetic and often brilliant studies of these four men, who asserted their individuality and independence in a world that had grown unfriendly to personal freedom, make a valuable and absorbing book.

Mason Wade

Renaming Old Directions

Redirecting Education: Vol. I, The United States. Edited by Rexford G. Tugwell and Leon H. Keyserling. Columbia University Press. $3.

IF all the world were crooks, and the ideal of crookedness were enshrined in all its institutions, would you prepare a youth for citizenship by condemning thievery or by teaching him to steal? Would you ask him to work for a better world, or to get ahead by the standards of this one? There are many scrupulous people who might choose the more Machiavellian course as regards the individual. But the coöperative virtues form an important aspect of our equipment for survival as a race. And since "goodness" is fundamentally so close to social utility, when considering youth as a group (as educational theory must) even the toughest *Realpolitik* can lead to the conclusion that the young must be taught to reject the status quo. For in the end, a considerable percentage of "civic virtue" must be embodied in a society's methods of production and distribution if that society is to be workable—and there are times when people must endanger themselves as individuals to benefit themselves as members of a group.

Hence the predicament in which the proponents of the "new" education have always found themselves. They begin by noting that the economic system under which we live comes pretty close to organized crookedness—i.e., the systematic effort of individuals to draw more from the communal pile than they put into it. Yet educators are by trade a peaceful lot—and here enters Anomaly One: That even in a world highly militant, the educator may most easily set himself at peace with his fellows by subscribing to the rapacious values in authority and training his students to accept things as they are. To be sure, he need not deny the evidences of trouble all about him. He may parade some modicum of discontent with the present. It is even advisable that he call for a better future, if only his pleas do not imply a basic attack upon current institutions which, if preserved, would make this better future impossible. "Futurism" of this sort may be in exceptionally good repute, if the several complimentary tributes to the forward-looking uttered by the authors of "Redirecting Education" are evidence.

Unfortunately, it is quite reasonable that an educator's attempts to alter the social framework in any serious respect should be resisted. A society which believes in itself and its values will insist that its schools be used to perpetuate these values. A society of crooks which firmly believed in crookedness as a "way of life" would probably insist that its children be taught how to steal. And similarly a society built around the expropriative devices of capitalism will insist that the fundamentals of expropriation be taught and hallowed. In the natural order of events, *education is a function of society.* If we imagine an ideal world, for instance, we think of a just and stable economic structure, with a system of education designed for teaching youth how to maintain this justice and stability.

But in so far as a society is in disorder, and a group arises which questions the set of values in authority, we may expect a tendency to reverse the relationship between education and society. The dissident group wants to make education an instrument of social change. Or, in Dewey's terminology as cited by Tugwell, *it wants to make society a function of education.* It would make education evangelical or reformative, rather than conservative. To educate for socialism in a capitalist country, for instance, would be a schismatic, evolutionary, or revolutionary act, designed to make society a function of education. But to educate for socialism in a socialist country would be a conformist and conservative act, designed to make education a function of society.

The five authors represented in "Redirecting Education" have, on the surface at least, aligned themselves with the society-as-a-function-of-education view. In principle, they would equip people for The Scramble, not by teaching youth to be Perfect Scramblers, but by casting doubt upon the Scrambled system of values. Tugwell is particularly vocal on this score.

As symptomatology, the book is commendable. Tugwell offers much to substantiate his formula for America as "an individualism in people's heads finding various characteristic embodiments but always being forced to compromise with a developing collectivism" (in short, the doctrine of the "cultural lag"). In his chapters on Social Objectives in the American College Leon H. Keyserling indicates the essential difference between a truly integrated social structure and the smatterings of survey and outline which are now mistaken for it. Charles Woolsey Cole discusses some major problems of the historic method—and those who feel that we have solved everything by learning to think in terms of historical development would do well to consider his chapters. Ex-comptroller Joseph McGoldrick contributes a subdued jeremiad concerning our political disorders and their effect upon the teaching of Political Science in the College.

Perhaps the most important trait of this book is best revealed in the article by Thomas C. Blaisdell, Jr., on Economics and the College. For it is precisely here, in the most radical paper of the lot, that we see how intellectuals of this stamp can get themselves shunted off from criticism of the ailing economic structure into championship of the elaborate Hoover-Roosevelt projects for preserving private business at public expense. Blaisdell decides to lay foremost emphasis upon the fact of business cycles. In the same way, Tugwell had laid foremost emphasis upon the phenomena of individualism. By these slight shifts, one can discreetly evade the central problems of private ownership. One can get to talking encouragingly of such things as collectivism or social planning, and ease past the fact that he is proposing to leave the fundamentals of the business structure intact.

In recent years, we have seen many fantastic ways of proving that Mr. A is incipiently fascist for all his obvious love of human betterment. As the simplest rule of thumb I vote for the following test: A fascist is one who would integrate politics and production through the medium of business. And conversely, an anti-fascist is one who would integrate politics and production by the abolition of business. If this test is acceptable, I hold that all commercial abolitionists are entitled to distrust this book somewhat, and to suspect that the more vital means of propaganda will originate elsewhere.

KENNETH BURKE

Merrill Moore

Six Sides to a Man. By Merrill Moore. Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER tells us that Dr. Merrill Moore, a practicing physician, has written 25,000 sonnets, sometimes dictating them to his wife between appointments with his patients or with co-workers in the Boston Psychopathic Hospital. But what of it? Does Dr. Moore represent to Mr. Untermeyer the American poet who is truly a man of action? Obviously he is more the man of action than the poet. These fourteen-line poems are not, in the first place, sonnets. Their rhymes, their inner rhythms, their pauses are not those of the true sonnet at all. They are sonnets only in that they have fourteen lines with, usually, a break in emotion somewhere around the eighth line. Nor is there in these lines any of the fusion or intensity of true poetry. They are rather a kind of rapid-fire comment on life—original, sometimes startling, sometimes quite sensitive representations of people, actions, disease, emotions. If one disregards their claim to being poetry, one finds them very interesting. They stir the intellect and emotions, not as poetry does, through a perfect re-presentation of inner conflict and its solution, but as terse, human drama. The more nearly Dr. Moore approaches the method of poetry, that is, to objectify through imagery or through the perfect use of words within rhythm, the less successful he is. When he becomes "poetic" the result is definitely bad; then triteness of imagery and phrase and faultiness of rhythm are all too evident. When he merely tells a story or presents a character, he is original and exciting. Obviously he is a man of wide experience and quick perception, possessed of an excited, energetic mind. He is at his best when he reveals this mind to us bluntly and without effort.

EDA LOU WALTON

Shorter Notices

Place of Hawks. By August Derleth. Loring and Mussey. $2.50.

To read one of the four stories in this volume is to have read them all. Mr. Derleth has one theme, which almost amounts to an obsession: the neuroticism which for some writers seems to be an inevitable by-product of life in rural communities. If we are to believe him, to get back to nature is simply to get a step closer to the region of morbidity, decadence, and positive pathology. If there is very little difference between the stories, there is even less between the characters: the sane ones, who almost approach insanity in their unquestioning acceptance of the insanity of the others, are practically interchangeable; while the others are distinguished from them only by a species of insanity which is almost invariably the same in each. In three of the stories it takes the form of fantasy: the characters live in a world of ghosts or visions more real than the living people around them. In another, the young bride's madness expresses itself in a desire to kill—save for this interesting deviation there is nothing to set her apart from the rest of the psychopaths. Mr. Derleth lacks the intense objectivity which might have transformed these people into unforgettable monsters; on the other hand, he has none of the compassion which might have made them convincing and pitiable.

The Elaghin Affair. By Ivan Bunin. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This new volume of Bunin's short stories does nothing to justify the award of the 1933 Nobel Prize. His was always a slight talent, but it has grown flimsier with the years. The present collection is practically meaningless. It shows no sense of character, no emotional force, no control of ideas. There has been, in almost every story, a ponderous attempt to create "atmosphere," to evoke the past, but even Bunin's nostalgia for the old regime has worn a little thin. It has always been alleged that Bunin is, if nothing else, a remarkable stylist. If one accepts this statement, one must blame a clumsy translator for the execrable, halting prose which fills this volume.

The King of the Great Clock Tower. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

This miscellany of Mr. Yeats's recent writings contains the one-act play from which it takes its title, six poems on Irish political topics, a group of poems of the supernatural, and prose commentaries on these pieces. In one of the latter the author, at the approach of seventy, expresses some concern that his powers may be waning. A reading of this volume makes such concern seem premature, even though nothing here is on a sufficiently ambitious scale to rank with his greatest works.

PUBLIC

The Nation

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THE CRISIS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

Beginning next week *The Nation* presents a series of three timely articles under the title "The Crisis of the Middle Class." The articles will appear in consecutive issues. The author of the series is Lewis Corey whose books "The House of Morgan" and "The Decline of American Capitalism" have attained a wide sale. Mr. Corey's next book, bearing the same title as this series, will appear in September.

I. The Middle Class Under Capitalism

In this article Mr. Corey traces the history of the middle class and defines the middle class of today. He points out two crises: first, the old crisis of property among the surviving small enterprisers; and second, the new crisis of unemployment. As the problem of unemployment never before confronted the middle class none of the ancient ideals and forms of action offers a solution. Utterly confounded, the middle class gropes toward a change. Will it choose fascism or socialism?

II. The Middle Class Under Fascism

The author not only shows the plight of the middle class in outstanding fascist countries, but also explains what is likely to happen to the middle class in America if the present forerunners of fascism continue to gain supporters.

III. The Middle Class Under Socialism

The attitude of the Soviet Union toward the middle class serve as the basis of discussion for this article. Under socialism is the middle class more or less happy than under capitalism or fascism? Could the principles of socialism formulated by the Soviets succeed in the United States of America? Or is a severely altered version required? Mr. Corey answers these perplexing questions and many others in his discussion of this interesting subject.

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Films

"She"

ALTHOUGH we have the word of no less an authority than the psychologist Jung that the late Sir Rider Haggard's once very popular "She" is a much underrated work, full of the most profound racial symbolism and worthy of being mentioned with the great masterpices of European literature, the main impression left by the picture at the Radio City Music Hall is that Hollywood is reduced to pretty lean pickings in its continued effort to leave no dust undisturbed on the remaining shelves of nineteenth-century fiction. It will be no surprise if this last refined flight of the Victorian imagination is followed by a resuscitation of the complete works of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Marie Corelli, and Hall Caine. And there is always Rudyard Kipling, who has, moreover, the advantage of being still alive enough to relay his senilities over the transatlantic cables. The real fact is that in its present desperate search for materials Hollywood does not intend to hesitate at trying to raise the dead.

This reflection is just possibly suggested by the theme of the Haggard classic, which, it will be recalled, is concerned with the attempt of a young man to bring back to England the secret of enduring life discovered by one of his ancestors five centuries ago. In the film the sinister kingdom of She-who-must-be-obeyed is for some reason transferred from the tropics to the arctic zone. Accompanied by a middle-aged scientist and a young girl whom he has rescued on the snow-covered plains of northern Muscovy, the modern Ponce de Leon penetrates into the very sanctuary of the queen who has reigned in terror over her subjects through the seven centuries of her immortal youth. As acted by Miss Helen Gahagan, with her Ethel Barrymore profile and fluttering voice, She is a cross between Lady Macbeth and a very modern lady of unassuaged passions pacing the floor of a Park Avenue apartment. For some centuries she has been awaiting the reincarnation of the young English adventurer whom she has killed out of jealousy of his young wife and now the same situation repeats itself when his descendant, spurning her inducements of eternal life, persists in his loyalty to the mortal beauty of Miss Helen Mack. The monotonous ordeal is brought to an end when Miss Gahagan takes her fire-bath of Life Everlasting only to emerge with a countenance reminiscent of rotogravure photographs of a certain New York billionaire of unconscionable antiquity. Mortality is restored to favor in the audience's mind in a closing scene in which the two lovers are to be seen warming themselves by the earthly fireside of their London home. If the main situation in the film seems to put a slight strain on the imagination, it is next to nothing in comparison with that created by the various settings. Not since "King Kong" has so much cardboard and canvas been sacrificed to the purposes of illusion with so little result as in the earlier sequences of falling glaciers and subterranean landscapes. As for the costumes and general décor of the kingdom of She, the effect is of a review-lecture in stage design from the early Egyptian to contemporary Harlem African. Miss Aline Bernstein has obviously taken great pains with her Greco-Egyptian court guards, but somehow these fail to harmonize with the half-naked savages who dance around the cauldron in the human sacrifice scene. The imagination is addled rather than stimulated by the cooperation of so many talents in the production of "She." It is to be feared that the picture will appeal to those for whom it was intended neither for its theme, which is irrecoverably lost in the setting, nor for its setting, which was lost somewhere between the pages of Rider Haggard's novel and a studio-lot in Hollywood.

WILLIAM TROY

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM FRANCIS is a magazine writer and former New York newspaperman.

CARLETON BEALS is the author of "The Crime of Cuba."

FRED WOLTMAN is a staff writer for the New York *World-Telegram*. In 1929 he was dismissed from the University of Pittsburgh in the so-called Liberal Club episode discussed in *The Nation* of July 24.

ELINORE MOREHOUSE HERRICK is New York Regional Director for the National Labor Relations Board.

RICHARD NEUBERGER, a law student at the University of Oregon, is making a special study of labor conditions in his state.

JAMES RORTY, author of "Our Master's Voice: Advertising," spent last winter in the West investigating social and economic conditions.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN is the author of "Expression in America" and "An Altar in the Fields."

DAVID BERES is a practicing physician in New York.

KENNETH BURKE, author of "Permanence and Change," is at work on a study of motivation.

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For Resort advertising see Pages ii and iii

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IN POSTPONING consideration of the Italo-Ethiopian dispute until September 4, the League Council has confessed its impotence in face of Mussolini's avowed policy of aggression. While the compromise resolution adopted on August 3 has been defended in some quarters as essential in order to prevent Italy from bolting the League, its concessions amount to virtual capitulation on every important issue. No attempt was made to halt the dispatch of Italian troops to Africa, nor was there any specific prohibition of the use of violence during the period of attempted conciliation. Arbitration is to be continued until September 1, but it was specifically ruled that the arbitrators were not to pass on the question of the ownership of the territory around Ualual—which is the basic cause of the dispute. Upon Mussolini's insistence it was decided that Ethiopia should have no part in the three-cornered discussions of the powers as to the ultimate fate of the African kingdom. Behind the scenes it is understood that Great Britain and France will not object to giving Italy definite concessions in Ethiopia, provided the whole matter can be adjusted without completely disrupting the existing machinery for collective security. After all, it is reasoned, Ethiopia is a backward country which can readily be sacrificed to preserve the peace of Europe. Whether Mussolini will be satisfied with such concessions as the powers are prepared to give, or whether he prefers to test his arms in actual struggle, remains to be seen. But if war comes, the acrimonious controversies which are now under way between the powers over the division of the spoils serve as a warning that the conflict is unlikely to be localized in Africa. If the United States is to avoid entanglement in that war, it is high time for it to face the issue realistically and decide upon a strong and consistent peace policy.

THE RAGE of the Japanese press against *Vanity Fair* for daring to suggest that their Emperor might not be a suitable recipient of the Noble Peace Prize would be entirely ludicrous if only an appreciable number of Japanese could be counted on to see the humor in the situation. But having an emperor is a serious business, and if the ruling class of a country desires to undergo the expense and worry of perpetuating this medieval institution it is obvious that it can ill-afford to have it lampooned in foreign magazines. While the *Vanity Fair* cartoon is innocuous enough compared to hundreds which have appeared dealing with Hitler, Ramsay MacDonald, and other political leaders, it carries with it a suggestion that after all an emperor is only a human being—an idea which if it were allowed to grow would spell the end of emperors. The peculiar sensitiveness of the Japanese on this subject at the moment is due to the struggle of the military-fascist clique to strengthen their position by eliminating as heretical all liberal or modern ideas regarding the origin of the Emperor's power. Following a bitter political controversy carried on for many months, the Japanese Cabinet has issued an official statement condemning the views of Dr. Tatsukichi Minobe, a noted constitutional authority who held the power of the government to be derived from the people, and asserting that "sovereignty absolutely lies with the Emperor"—the direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu-Omikami. It follows, therefore, that any Japanese who could see the humor in the *Vanity Fair* cartoon is a disloyal subject and is thereby automatically disqualified for public life.

IF WE were the managing editor of a New York newspaper we should consider the following item a piece of news: It was revealed on July 31 at a hearing of the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee under chairmanship of Senator Black that Basil O'Connor, former law partner of the President of the United States, received $25,000 from the Associated Gas and Electric Company during its fight against the Wheeler-Rayburn holding-company bill. We should consider this item of unusual news value by reason of the further fact that Basil O'Connor is the brother of John O'Connor, chairman of the House committee which is also investigating lobbies, particularly in connection with the utilities bill. Yet apparently neither the *Times* nor the *Herald Tribune* considered this story of sufficient interest to warrant its publication. The *Post,* with what seems to us a better sense of news, not only published the story but pointed out a few implications.

> John O'Connor has been under fire in connection with his attitude toward the holding-company legislation ever since it came up. First, as chairman of the Rules Committee, he defied the White House by reporting out a rule under which there could be no record vote on the controversial "death-sentence" provision of the bill. Then, on the teller vote on the death-sentence issue, he apparently ducked the chamber. . . . Representative O'Connor himself has refused to answer questions about his stand on the death sentence. And finally, he went out of his way to see that his Rules Committee, rather than a select committee, was authorized to investigate charges of coercion by both sides in the holding-company fight.

To complete the record of John O'Connor it remains to be said that on August 1 he voted against the "death sentence."

STATE-ENDOWED MUSIC on the largest scale ever attempted is about to make its debut in the United States. A work-relief project is now under way designed to give work to the more than 18,000 musicians who are unemployed. The musicians are to be classified according to the type of work they are most proficient in—dance music, orchestral music, band music, and so on. Ensembles formed in these groups will be allocated to every section of the country. Special attention will be given to the works of American composers. The latter have been cruelly neglected unless they had friends at court in the half-dozen or so major orchestras of the land. The head of the entire undertaking will be Dr. Nikolai Sokoloff, former conductor of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, a musician of excellent taste, an accomplished conductor, and a critic of exceptional discernment. In addition he is a man of integrity who will not compromise his high artistic standards no matter what the cost. His appointment may well herald a musical renaissance in the United States.

THE GROUP representing the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, which was mysteriously fired on several days ago while en route to Montgomery, Alabama, to urge Governor Bibb Graves to veto the Street anti-sedition bill, has had considerable success. Three of its members got themselves arrested in Birmingham for "possessing more than a single copy of subversive literature"—a crime under the local Downs law—but they were released by the chief of police who ruled that they had not violated the law, although sixty arrests and two convictions had previously resulted from the possession of similar or less inflammatory literature. The determination of the group to test the constitutionality of the law in the highest court of the state apparently put a wholesome fear into the hearts of the local magistrates. The group's general agitation for the preservation of civil liberties in Alabama probably influenced Governor Graves in his veto of the Street bill and his sensible statement that: "We have sufficient law to curb radicals on the statute books now. To enact further law is to reflect on our confidence in our judges to enforce existing law." We hope that Governor Talmadge of Georgia will show as much sense in considering the plea made by the group that he use his influence to repeal the abominable anti-insurrection law, enacted in 1861, under which Angelo Herndon was convicted and sentenced to eighteen to twenty years on the chain gang. Herndon is at present at liberty on $15,000 bail pending a hearing on his petition for a rehearing of his appeal in the United States Supreme Court in October.

THE SUPER-PATRIOT of San Simeon, William Randolph Hearst, is paying dearly for his recent friendliness for the race theories of Drs. Rosenberg and Goebbels. According to Media Records the Hearst press this June carried 607,496 fewer lines of advertising than it did a year ago, while "in all cities where Hearst has publications all papers gained 413,450 lines." His papers in Washington, San Francisco, Seattle, and Milwaukee, to be sure, show a gain in advertising lineage over last year, but that gain was more than wiped out by the decrease on his Chicago, New York, Boston, Albany, and Pittsburgh papers. The decrease was caused in large part, no doubt, by the withdrawal of a mass of department-store lineage. Most department stores in the United States are owned or managed by Jews, who have been offended by Hearst's thinly veiled pro-Hitler stand. Comparative circulation figures are not yet available, but a drop in advertising generally reflects a drop in the number of readers. Mr. Hearst's worries are apparently sizeable ones, as his advertisements in competing papers, defending his "Americanism" campaign, indicate.

AFTER NEARLY EIGHT MONTHS of consideration the British Parliament has passed the India bill and it has been given royal assent. Though attacked vigorously by the die-hard faction of the Conservatives as an abject surrender of the white man's burden, the bill actually represents a strengthening of British control in India. This is achieved through the inclusion of the Indian princes in the governing hierarchy, and the granting of the appearance of self-government without its substance. The strength of the Nationalist Party has been a continual menace to British rule, and the representation of that party in the national legislature—hedged in by effective safeguards—should make the task of British officialdom somewhat easier. Although the population of the Indian states is considerably less than 25 per cent of that of India as a whole, the princes are to have the right to nominate 40 per cent of the members of the Council of State and one-third of the Federal Assembly, while the caste Hindus—comprising a majority of the population—are given only 86 out of 250 seats in the Assembly, and these are to be elected indirectly by the provincial legislatures. Control of three of the most important functions of government—the issue of currency, determination of foreign policy, and considerations of national defense—are "reserved" exclusively for the British. And as if these safeguards were not sufficient to throttle Indian influence in the government of the country, the Governor-General is invested with a series of "discretionary" powers, including the right to veto all acts of the legislature and the promulgation of emergency decrees without the assent of the legislative branch of the government. Taken as a whole the bill is a crushing blow to the Indian moderates who had the temerity to believe the ruling class would voluntarily relinquish its power if the people showed themselves to be "reasonable."

THE SPECTACULAR TRIUMPH of President Cárdenas of Mexico over General Calles, long regarded as the iron man of the revolution, has been reinforced recently by a series of government victories in states where Calles's power had previously been unchallenged. In Tabasco where Calles's ally, Thomas Garrido y Canabal, together with the Standard Fruit Company, have long held undisputed sway, the old government has been forced out and a new one favorable to Cárdenas installed. While Garrido's economic hold on this remote and inaccessible state is undiminished, his bid for national power through the agency of his Red Shirts seems definitely to have been forestalled. Popular demonstrations against incumbent governors have also been staged in Tamaulipas and even in Sonora, home of Calles. Particularly significant, moreover, was the defeat of Plutarco Elias Calles, Jr. in his campaign for governor of the state of Nuevo Leon. The younger Calles had won his nomination in May by an overwheming majority and had the endorsement of the National Revolutionary Party. His defeat by Zuazua, a close friend of President Cárdenas, indicates that the popular belief that the new president will resume the revolutionary struggle has been unshaken by the reactionary make-up of the new cabinet and its semi-fascist scheme for uniting the landowning farmers in a government-controlled organization. The fact that the revolutionary spirit is still strong despite repeated betrayals from above suggests, however, that Cárdenas's day of triumph may be relatively short-lived.

IN HAMTRAMCK, a suburb of Detroit, half the butcher shops are closed as a result of a boycott by housewives who maintain that it is only the start of a "general strike against the high cost of living." Mrs. Mary Zuk, their militant spokesman, predicts that after the fight for lower meat prices has been won, they will go on to the other necessities of life. She also denies that the strike is communistic. That charge, she says, "is part of a ruse on the part of the butchers and meat packers to frighten timid people and split the ranks." The action committee has refused an offer of the butchers to sell existing stocks at reduced prices if the strikers would promise in return to pay prices "in line with wholesale meat costs," which would indicate that the action committee also knows a ruse when it sees one. Meanwhile Hamtramck is seeing plenty of action. Three women and a man were arrested in the course of an attempt by the strikers to pour kerosene on meat being unloaded at a packing plant; they were released shortly afterward when a crowd of 300 which gathered at the jail guaranteed their appearance in court; they were later convicted of disturbing the peace and put on three months probation. The Hamtramck Butchers and Grocers Association has announced that all butcher shops there will close for two weeks if the boycott continues "simply because there's no one to sell to." It is not surprising that the packers who consider the strike communistic are also convinced that the high prices which caused it are an act of God. "I suppose Providence is to blame for the drought and the government for the taxes," said Thomas W. Taliaferro, packing-company president. "There really isn't anything the packers and retailers can do about it." Knowing what we do about packers, we should like to see the books of Mr. Taliaferro and his brother packers before accepting his explanation. Apparently similar doubts are rampant in Detroit where a grand-jury investigation of meat prices is contemplated as a result of the direct methods of Mary Zuk and her fellow consumers.

WHITE-COLLAR RELIEF WORKERS in New York have organized to combat impending wage cuts. At a recent mass meeting 1,400 white-collar and professional workers elected a Provisional Committee for Project Organizations which has power to stop work on projects where wage cuts are threatened. Plans were also discussed for uniting forces with other organizations of unemployed and with the A. F. of L. in fighting against reductions which are bound to affect the employed as well as the jobless. This insistence by relief workers on maintaining their present wage scale, which is already low, as well as their demand for vacations with pay, will make work for those propagandists who stand ready at so much as a word to prove that people on relief are imposing on the public pocketbook. The truth is that thousands of trained workers in the professional fields, through projects for adult education and the vocational training of younger people, are contributing far more to the common good than they are taking out in the form of a meager living earned under a heavy cloud of uncertainty and worry for the future. They are, in other words, carrying on for a pittance socially useful functions which in a well-ordered society would earn for them generous support and recognition. The government, in the truest sense, owes them a living.

THE CASE OF CHARLES KRUMBEIN, now serving an eighteen-month sentence in the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, for using a passport issued in the name of Albert E. Stewart, should interest all friends of the labor movement. Krumbein, who is a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, pleaded guilty on January 28, 1935, to having used a fictitious name on his passport while traveling in the Orient in 1930. His sole reason for doing so was his fear that his record as a revolutionary labor leader might lay him open to persecution by the reactionary government in China. No one else used his passport, and he had no intention of committing an anti-social act, as the prosecution virtually admitted. The severity of the sentence imposed upon him by the court is in striking contrast to the suspended sentence given for a similar offense to Hearst's red-baiter, Robert Green, alias Thomas Walker, the notorious forger and violator of the Mann act. Equally shocking is the nature of the indictment against Krumbein. It charged him with violating the federal passport regulations seven times in China, though the nature of the offence was precisely the same in each case. Judge Henry W. Goddard of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York sent him to the penitentiary on one of the counts, and sentenced him to four years' probation on the others. The second sentence seems to have no justification save the desire of the government to hinder Krumbein's organizing activities in the labor movement, to which he has devoted himself for twenty-five years. He has served six months in the federal penitentiary, and is eligible for parole. His case is now before the Federal Parole Board, which, we hope, will release him.

Is This Recovery?

LEST our readers be too much diverted by the bright-colored balloons of early "recovery" now floating over the dark chasm of Wall Street, we wish to present a few figures from the August issue of *Economic Notes*, published by the Labor Research Association, an organization on the left which is so unkind as to use for its purposes statistics gathered on the right.

> *Business Outlook:* Downward movement has been in progress since March. . . . Present business level is described by *Annalist* as "below the worst levels seen up to the middle of 1931."
>
> *Construction Industry:* Moderate gains reported from extremely low previous level. Building construction as a whole is about 75 per cent of first six months of last year.
>
> *Automobile production* is now declining and lay-offs continuing. *Business Week* comments: "Motor manufacturers, intent on making 1936 a more profitable year, are bending every effort to reduce costs on new models. Minimum design changes will bring some savings. . . . Elimination of hour restrictions on labor will be another factor."
>
> *Department store sales* for first half of year have been higher than during the first six months of last year but due to higher prices actual volume of goods sold has been lower.
>
> *Employment* in May, 1935, was even lower than in May of last year. Real wages this year have been lower than in 1934.

At this point a balloon floats by.

> *Bank Profits:* "Current operating earnings of most big banks provide a fair margin over current dividend payments, yields are generous, and the price-earning ratio is low," says Poor's Investment Service, adding that the "long-term outlook" is excellent and "interest rates and consequently profits are certain to rise." It cites the Morgan-controlled Bankers Trust Company as especially well suited for investment.

But it only serves to intensify the ensuing darkness.

> "Prices of many basic agricultural products have risen to levels where consumption, as well as production, is being seriously curtailed," says *Barron's*. It adds that butter "is being replaced by the less expensive oleomargarine." Butter consumption in first four months of this year fell at least 13 per cent below corresponding period last year.
>
> *Bread consumption* for the first quarter of the year . . . was "between 5 and 10 per cent lower than for the same period of 1934 which was smaller than the consumption in the corresponding period of 1933." (*Food Industries,* June, 1935.)
>
> *Milk (and cream) consumption* in New York metropolitan area in 1932 dropped 62,320,000 quarts below 1931; in 1933 it dropped 37,360,000 quarts below 1932; in 1934 the drop was an additional 59,160,000 quarts below 1933. . . . Milk Research Council admits: "Experience indicates that so long as the buying power of the population of New York remains at a low level, there will be no appreciable increase in milk consumption."
>
> *Chain grocery-store sales:* Daily average sales in June in dollar volume were only 4 per cent higher than in June, last year. At same time retail food prices rose 11.1 per cent. So actually amount of food bought at these stores fell by over 6 per cent.
>
> *Hogs:* Further increases in retail meat prices are foreshadowed in latest report of United State Department of Agriculture, which states that hog slaughtering in next three months will be only approximately one-half of the total slaughtering in same period last year, and the smallest in more than 30 years. They expect "a very marked seasonal rise in hog prices" but add that "the relatively low level of consumer buying power" will greatly curtail consumption.

We have not the space, and scarcely the heart, to relay the bulletin's report on the plight of the farmers. A few details indicate the general trend: Gross farm income for 1934 is estimated at about $7,200,000,000, the "average" in that year having dropped to $800. Some 39 farmers out of every 1,000 in 1934 lost their farms. Farm-mortgage foreclosures in the first quarter of 1935, according to the Washington *Post,* increased 20.3 per cent over the last quarter of 1934 and 9.9 per cent over the first quarter of 1934. These are figures representing some 794 communities and covering over a fourth of the farm population. In 1934, 10 Nebraska families who kept records of their food consumption and expenditures, under the direction of the Extension Service of Department of Agriculture, lived on food worth only $207, including what they produced from the farm and what they bought in stores. Thus they subsisted on a diet below the $312 a year for food worked out by experts of the Department of Agriculture as a "restricted diet for emergency use." And these Nebraska families were admittedly above the average in living standards. Average per capita expenditures for health, dentist, and other personal expenses of 25 typical Oklahoma families carefully studied in 1934 were reduced from $11.36 in 1933 to $8.85.

We close this sad recital with a selection from the Bureau of Labor Statistics. "Retail prices of food declined one-tenth of 1 per cent during the two weeks ended July 16. . . . Food prices are, however, 10.7 per cent higher than one year ago and 16.1 per cent higher than for July 15, 1933."

The results, in human terms, of the economic contraction sketched above are revealed in such announcements as that of the New York Board of Education that 135,000 or 18 per cent of the city's school children are the victims of "serious malnutrition," of which the "full toll" with its threat of tuberculosis and other illnesses, will not be known until later. Or in such statements as that of Dr. Robert H. Bishop, director of University Hospitals in Ohio: "Children are showing the results of periods of poor nourishment in the diseases they now have. Diseases due to worry and privation which ordinarily attack later in life are occurring in middle age." Dr. Bishop further said that there is such a long list of patients waiting to be admitted that most of the hospitals could be filled overnight by those in need of free treatment.

We wish we could conclude with a few economic notes of hope, for the benefit of the 19,250,000 persons on relief (according to Administration figures). We can think of only one. The United States, in point of natural resources, potential foodstuffs, and industrial plant capacity, is one of the richest areas in the world.

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What the Tax Bill Isn't

THE minority of the House Ways and Means Committee asserted in its report that the Administration tax bill, just passed by the House of Representatives, was a "political gesture at social reform," not a revenue bill. It is just that. We differ from these indignant Republicans only in our belief that it is a gesture in the right direction. It does not promise any considerable increase in revenue; the $250,000,000-estimate of its sponsors is an insignificant sum in the present scale of government spending. Nor will it yield even this amount unless it is buttressed by an amendment ending the issuance of tax-exempt bonds. It does not redistribute wealth; if the total estimated amount to be extracted from big incomes, inheritances, gifts, and profits were actually distributed it would add about $2 to the wealth of each American. All the bill does, and this the President and his advisers must privately recognize, is to cast upon the minds of the people, politicians included, the shadow of coming events.

Income, inheritance, profits, and gift taxes can produce revenue. They can also, in some degree, redistribute wealth. England, whose budget-balancing ability so constantly excites the admiration of all right-wing opponents of the Administration, has an income-tax schedule which makes Mr. Roosevelt's proposals seem timidly reactionary. Senator La Follette recently stated that in 1934 the total revenue of Great Britain was $4,079,000,000 while its expenditures were $3,905,000,000. The United States collected in the same year $3,277,000,000 and its expenditures were $6,883,000,000. He concluded that "if we had the courage and the will to impose taxes similar to those that are now in force in Great Britain we would secure approximately $4,130,000,000 in addition to the revenue we are now collecting." The United States can and ultimately will have to raise by taxation amounts which at this stage would appear preposterous or terrifying to every businessman and to most politicians. But enough years of hardships inure people to the rigors of high taxation—even the rich who in time are driven to choose between the sacrifice of a substantial portion of their wealth and the ominous alternatives of inflation and ultimate economic collapse. This country is still in the free-and-easy stage of public finance. The government borrows, spends, and shoves its deficit into a convenient separate item for future payment. It is only beginning, with the half-hearted measure now in hand, to recognize that the future must be reckoned with and to hint which groups must expect to carry the ultimate load.

The weaknesses of the bill are under attack from left and right in the Senate. Any detailed consideration of its provisions in *The Nation* must wait upon its final form. But even at this writing it is safe to say that the efforts of Senators La Follette and Costigan and a few other intelligent critics on the left can hardly succeed in turning this feeble gesture into a strong bill for social taxation in the few remaining breathless weeks of the present session. Whatever its ultimate provisions the Administration's bill must remain litle more than a straw in the political wind—and a tribute to the demagogic potency of the Dictator of Louisiana.

Cat's Eye View

"THE great writers of Spain (like most great writers) completely neglected the sweeping historical events taking place about them." Thus Somerset Maugham in his recent book about Spain, and if the generalization is no more true than generalizations about literature usually are, it has at least its core of truth. It is not the large importance but the enduring poignancy of things which causes them to be remembered and in the writings which the world has agreed to cherish there are eternally enshrined an amazing number of pleasant trivialities:

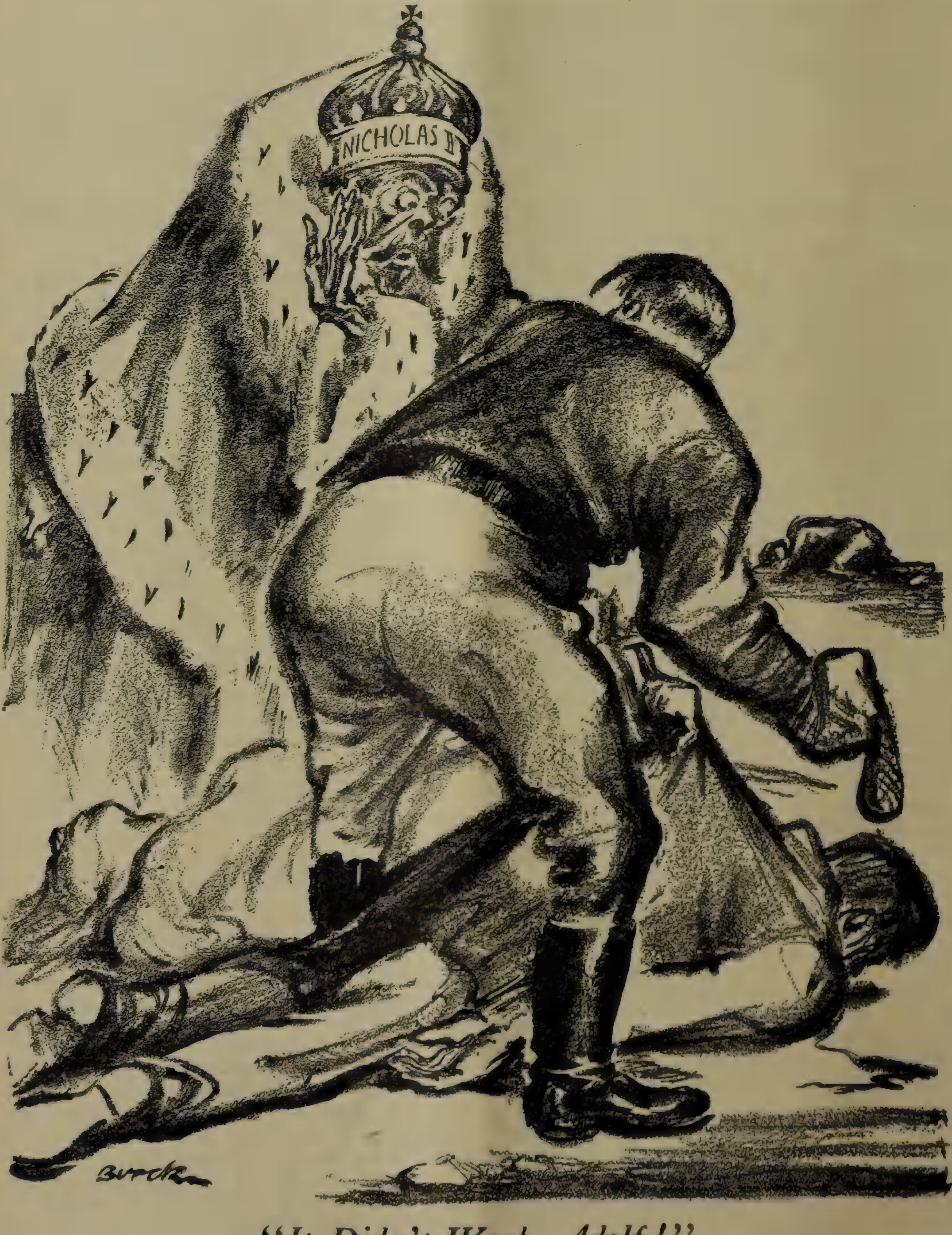
> Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
> Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
> The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil they got there.

To see things steadily and to see them whole is a surer prescription for respectable mediocrity than it is for literary immortality, and the author of an unforgetable line is as like as not to be taking instead the cat's eye view. He may go to London to see the queen, but what he really remembers is the little mouse under the chair.

One reason why the great writer has so often seemed oblivious to "the sweeping historical events" probably is that such events are recorded and analyzed in works whose interest is not primarily literary, while the poet or novelist turns naturally to those intimate experiences which may seem below the dignity of history or philosophy, but which have more to do with determining the color and flavor of life than any sweeping historical event has. Certainly the literature of the past is not valued chiefly for the light which it throws upon either historical events or philosophical systems but rather for its record of what eluded both the historian's record and the philosopher's schematization. Chaucer's monk who swept the cat off the most comfortable chair before he sat down, has outlived the "important" social protest made by the anonymous author of "Piers Plowman," and no one could determine from internal evidence that the Reverend Mr. Collins made his famous proposal to Elizabeth Bennett during the period of the Napoleonic wars.

Indeed the very fact that an observation or a record is not intimately connected with a great event or a philosophical movement may increase its chance of immortality for the simple reason that great events lose their interest and systems their validity, while simple experiences repeat themselves indefinitely. The great historians of antiquity become merely dubious sources; even Gibbon needs correction; but when Ovid, instead of writing the history of his times, advises the gallant young man to brush the dust from the dress of his neighbor at the circus and—especially—when he adds, "if no dirt be there, then brush that none away," Ovid is writing for eternity.

The moral may not be that writers should struggle to be unimportant. It certainly is, however, that critics should be very chary indeed of dismissing works solely on the ground that they are neither ambitious nor important. Only scholars know that the seventeenth century in England was an age of epics. But everybody is familiar with at least a few of the poems written by a timidly amorous clergyman who got his inspiration from milkmaids.


NICHOLAS II
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"It Didn't Work, Adolf!"

Issues and Men

Our Inefficient Navy

THE Vanguard Press has done a daring thing in publishing Dr. F. Russell Bichowsky's astounding book "Is the Navy Ready?" It is a wholesale attack upon the service, its mentality, its training, its readiness, its efficiency, its total lack of science in handling most of its problems and duties. I don't wonder that this book seems to have attracted very little attention in the press. It is a tract that every protagonist of a large navy, every believer in the doctrine of force in international affairs, must wish to have suppressed. Dr. Bichowsky is probably damned all day long, especially as an unpatriotic traitor who plays into the hands of the Japanese, the Germans, the British, and all our other potential enemies. He certainly will be read with the greatest of interest by foreign admiralties, and will undoubtedly cheer up the Japanese imperialists not a little. But in view of the fact that the American people are entitled to the truth about the navy upon which they are spending such vast sums, and because of the obvious belief in some Congressional circles that our safety depends upon the fleet, Dr. Bichowsky has warrant enough for publishing this volume.

What makes his offense additionally grave is the fact that all the way through he has reinforced his own opinions by citations from many officers—he was himself for seven years superintendent of a division of the Naval Research Laboratory, which brought him into contact with all classes of naval ships and naval equipment. It is a fact that officers like Admiral Fiske, the late Admiral Stephen Luce, and Admiral Sims, have spent their lives trying to improve some of the conditions which Dr. Bichowsky describes—with slight results. The "system" usually breaks any protestant, or the would-be reformer becomes so discouraged that after a while he accepts the inevitable. Few have the satisfaction that came to Admiral S. M. Robinson, for example, who in 1911, when a young lieutenant, advocated that alternating electric current alone should be used on navy ships—the same current almost universally in service in the United States. Not until more than twenty years later, after he had become Rear Admiral and Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy was the alternating current adopted, because he was able to order it put into use. In the main, Dr. Bichowsky gives a picture of a navy hopelessly inefficient, chiefly because it is without specialists along certain lines, because its education is faulty from Annapolis up, because social and political influence mean a great deal in an officer's career.

At Annapolis the teaching is bad because it is largely done by officers detailed to the academy without regard for their fitness as teachers. As at West Point, it is text-book teaching, and therefore just a question of memory. The cadets are not taught to think or to reason, and the service places no weight upon original intellectual effort. As for the naval Post-Graduate School, "the first half of it consists chiefly of freshman and sophomore college courses in physics, mathematics, chemistry, and engineering." Recently twenty picked officers were sent to the University of California to get the master's degree, but only five succeeded, although they were all graduates of the Post-Graduate School! Our officers, Dr. Bichowsky contends, are jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none. Especially does he dwell upon the fact that there is no gunnery school and that, while there are plenty of staff officers, they are narrow specialists and none of them are really trained to exercise high command in the sense of dealing with the major problems of strategy. He quotes Rear Admiral Greenslade as writing:

> In the matter of war plans, campaign plans, studies of logistic support of the fleet, and problems of that nature very little has ever been done by the staffs afloat. I have known but few officers who, in my opinion, steadily looked forward toward high command, made a real attempt to find out what it all meant, and moved at definite plans to improve the status of the fleet command.

Upon this Dr. Bichowsky's comment is: "Once the full import of this statement . . . is fully understood, it becomes more devastating in its implications than most things a pacifist would say. For it implies that the whole training system is a failure and that the navy is unprepared for war." That it is not prepared all along the line, is the author's contention—not in training or in ordnance or organization or mentality or in ships which he believes are far inferior to those of Japan and Germany. He declares that the vast new treaty-strength navy, for which huge contracts are now being let, will be antiquated the day it is launched. In other words he thinks the navy as it stands is a colossal humbug and a waste of the people's money without giving the slightest protection to the country. Under the sedition bill now pending in Congress and already voted by the Senate, Dr. Bichowsky and his publishers could be sent to jail for circulating literature likely to cause disaffection among the sailors. Will they not be upset when they read that the ships they serve on are under-engined, inadequately armored, and generally behind the times?

Dr. Bichowsky is equally strong in his criticism of the naval mind, its hopeless conservatism, its drift in the direction of aristocracy, its steady efforts toward aggrandisement, and its failure to take the right attitude toward the civilian world. As I have so often done, he points out the menace of the Washington naval lobby which so few Congressmen can resist. He shows that in picking civilian employees the naval officer who selects always makes sure that the man chosen is his mental inferior. Every editor and Congressman and Senator ought to be compelled to read this book. A Congressional inquiry would be the inevitable and most desirable result. But more than that it ought to strike a deadly blow at the fetich that our naval and military men are the only ones that we should listen to on matters of national defense and national policy.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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The Crisis of the Middle Class

I. The Middle Class Under Capitalism

By LEWIS COREY

BEWILDERMENT and despair torment large groups of the middle class—those persons who are not wage-workers, big capitalists, or farmers. They had dreams, woven of the pre-1929 illusions of prosperity everlasting, of moving steadily upward in the social-economic scale. What, the middle class now asks, is the black magic that turned the dreams into a nightmare? The plight of the middle class is ominous. Racked by the depression, its economic and psychological condition alarmingly approaches that of the European middle class. Fuel is gathering for the fires of fascism.

Consider a few significant facts. In the three years 1930-32, 578,000, or one out of six, independent enterprisers in industry, trade, and the professions were destroyed as businessmen; more have since been destroyed, and the survivors are threatened by smaller markets and more savage competition. Millions of salaried employees and professional workers are unemployed; those still at work get smaller pay and are pursued by the fear of losing their jobs. The property losses of the middle class are immense. According to Robert R. Doane, the liquid wealth (cash, savings deposits, insurance, stocks, and bonds) of middle-class persons with incomes below $5,000 yearly, shrank from twenty-seven billion dollars in 1929 to four billion dollars in 1932, while their relative share of the liquid wealth of the country fell from 17 per cent to 4 per cent. Millions of middle-class persons, thrown into the depths with millions of wage-workers, are on relief: they must eat the salty bread of charity and eat their pride, too.

This plight has already attracted swarms of demagogues who play on the strings of traditional prejudices and outworn ideals. They speak as if the middle class were still composed of independent property owners and small enterprisers and as if capitalism were still "essentially" middle class. Yet neither is any longer true. For both the middle class and capitalism have been transformed by fundamental structural changes, which make the plight of the middle class an inner crisis of the utmost significance to our social future.

As an independent propertied class of small enterprisers, the middle class was identified with the earlier capitalism of small-scale industry, of economic individualism. It tried to maintain those conditions by a perpetual struggle against monopoly, from the trading companies of the sixteenth century to the modern trusts. The struggle, always unsuccessful and always renewed, made the middle class the most aggressive champion of democracy against the feudal lords and the authoritarian big bourgeoisie of merchants, financiers, and landlords. But democracy had a concrete meaning to the middle-class radicals: its only sanction, they insisted, was *the liberty and equality of men owning independent means of livelihood.* That meant the widest possible diffusion of small-property ownership, an aim underlying all the middle-class struggles. The English Puritans, especially the Levellers, were against the extremes of poverty and riches. The Jacobins leaned toward economic equalitarianism; Robespierre urged that incomes should not be much higher or lower than 3,000 francs yearly. Our own Jefferson envisaged a society "of men enjoying in ease and security the fruits of their own industry." The middle class waged war on monopoly in favor of a democracy of independent property owners, of small handicraft producers, small farmers, and small traders working for one another on measurably equal terms.

This ideal was most fully realized in the America of the 1820's and 1830's, because of the absence of feudalism, the free lands of the frontier regions, and an undeveloped industrial capitalism. At least 80 per cent of the people, excluding the slave South, were independent property owners, mainly small farmers; wage-workers were scarce and salaried employees and professional workers still scarcer. "No Americans," according to one chronicler, "intended to remain laborers in the sense of living all their lives dependent on wages."

But the middle class was identified with the capitalist relations of production for profit and the market; the rights of property include the right to amass big property and freedom of enterprise includes the freedom of big enterprisers to trample upon the smaller. Out of middle-class democracy arose forces destructive of democracy. The big bourgeoisie of merchants, financiers, and speculators became increasingly wealthy, while the factory system began to replace the handicraft shops. Hence a renewal, in the 1820's, of the democratic struggle against monopoly, against corporations and banks as the promoters of large-scale enterprise and concentration of property. The struggle waned with the onsweep of the industrial revolution, for while it destroyed handicraft producers it created new opportunities for small factory producers in the middle class. But the struggle against monopoly flared up again after the Civil War. Corporate enterprise increasingly replaced personal enterprise. Industrial capitalism and the new technology inexorably enlarged the scale of production, developing constantly more collective forms of economic activity. Competition began to destroy competition. The requirements of mounting capital limited the scope of small enterprise. Industrial concentration moved on to trustification and to monopoly rooted in basic economic conditions, not in legal privilege. Independent businessmen fought desperately against their doom. Their resistance often verged on civil war, as in the struggle against the Standard Oil Company. They resorted to statism, to government intervention in economic activity, formerly condemned by the middle class; to anti-trust legislation and state action to maintain free competition! It was the hopeless resistance of economic individualism to the natural force of collectivism. The middle class, rallying to populism, progressivism, and the "new freedom" of Woodrow Wilson, was decisively defeated.

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An aspect of the defeat was the transformation of class relations. Farmers became a minority class and wage-workers the majority; the rule of active industrialists was replaced by that of the financial oligarchy in the new set-up of monopoly capitalism. Independent enterprisers became a constantly smaller proportion of the middle class; they were numerically stationary after 1910, while the number of enterprisers in manufactures, construction, and mining decreased in eighteen years by 120,000, or one out of four, accompanied by a still larger relative shrinkage in their output.

But large-scale industry, which doomed the independent enterprisers, multiplied the numbers of dependent salaried employees; these formerly unimportant elements of the middle class now became its overwhelming majority. This transformation, everywhere characteristic of highly developed capitalism, appears most clearly in the composition of the American middle class. Including all elements formerly members of the class (whatever the change in their economic status) and setting the upper income limit at $10,000 yearly, the middle class in 1930 numbered 12,500,000, or 26 per cent of all persons gainfully occupied, compared with 28,500,000 wage-workers (excluding farm laborers working on home farms), 6,200,000 farmers, and 350,000 members of the big bourgeoisie with incomes of $10,000 and up. The middle class comprised the following groups:

Independent small enterprisers in manufactures, mining, construction, and transportation, including owners of very small corporations: 600,000.

Independent small enterprisers in trade, including all types of storekeepers: 1,500,000.

Independent small enterprisers in all other fields, including 500,000 professional workers independently employed: 1,200,000.

Professional workers, including intellectuals, lawyers, physicians, nurses, welfare workers, librarians, photographers, 1,000,000 teachers, and a duplication of independently employed professional workers indicated above: 2,500,000.

Managerial and supervisory employees in industry and trade, including minor corporation officers, managers, superintendents, foremen, overseers, and inspectors and the aforementioned professional workers and technicians: 1,500,000.

Technicians, including engineers, chemists, architects, and draftsmen: 450,000.

Clerical employees, including clerks, stenographers, typists, bookkeepers, and cashiers: 4,000,000.

Public service, including duplication of teachers, other professional workers, technicians, and clerical employees: 2,500,000.

All others, including traveling salesmen, canvassers, collectors, and all types of agents: 1,000,000.

The relative scarcity of independent enterprisers is most striking—only 3,300,000 in a middle class of 12,500,000: one out of four, compared with three out of four sixty years ago. They were a still smaller proportion, only 6.7 per cent, of all persons gainfully occupied. But that was in 1930. Many enterprisers have been ruined by the depression, 395,000 of them in the two years 1931-32. Today there are probably not more than 2,700,000 independent small enterprisers—a loss of three-quarters of a million in six years—not much over 5 per cent of the gainfully occupied, compared with 15 per cent sixty years ago.[*] The middle class is a small minority of the people and enterprisers are a still smaller minority of the class. Ours is decidedly not a nation of businessmen.

The minority of small enterprisers in the middle class is economically insignificant. The largest number of these enterprisers are the storekeepers, who have been favored by the multiplication of distributive services and the lag of concentration in their field. But they, too, are increasingly threatened by large-scale activity; the chain stores did over one-fifth of the total retail business in 1929, and the proportion is now much higher, for one reason because approximately 500,000 storekeepers have been wiped out by the depression. Increasingly more professional services are being organized in corporate and government enterprises, converting the majority of professionals into dependent salaried employees; in this field, too, opportunity no longer generously beckons to the man who would be independent. Most significant, not more than 10 per cent of manufactures, construction, transportation, and mining is in the hands of small producers. Independent personal enterprise survives miserably and precariously in the nooks and crannies of the economic world.

Independent enterprisers are doomed by mounting capital requirements, more savage competition, and the dominion of large-scale industry. They are doomed by the drive toward more efficient forms of economic activity. The significance of these forms is that they are increasingly collective and represent fundamental structural changes in capitalism: the replacement of personal with impersonal corporate enterprise, of economic individualism with collectivism. Identified with individualism, independent small enterprisers are thrust downward into the depths by the collectivism of the new economic set-up.

But collectivism, destroyer of the old middle class of enterprisers, is creator of the "new" middle class of salaried employees and professional workers. As the collective forms of corporate activity wiped out the owner-managers, and separated ownership from management by the multiplication of stockholders, directive functions were delegated to hired performers; this appears clearly in the 1,500,000 managerial and supervisory employees and in the millions of clerical employees who perform routine administrative tasks. Collectivism called into being other types of salaried employees. Large-scale industry needed constantly greater numbers of technicians; the number of engineers, metallurgists, and chemists increased, in the years from 1870 to 1930, eleven times as fast as did that of other gainfully occupied persons. The higher economic levels created by the mounting productive efficiency of collective industry made possible an immense increase in the number of professional workers.

This "new" middle class is essentially a class of salaried employees, as four-fifths of the professional workers are salaried dependents. Of the 12,500,000 members of the middle class in 1930, 9,200,000 were salaried employees.

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[*] By adding the 3,500,000 farmers who in 1930 owned their farms, the total of independent enterprisers of all types becomes 6,200,000. But the farmer total is for 1930 and includes 650,000 farmers who were only part owners and many farmers who, because of heavy mortgages, were only nominal owners. Farmers were once part of the middle class, but now they are a separate problem: nearly half of them are propertyless and there is no *class* identity of interest between them and small capitalist producers, professional workers, and salaried employees.

They now number nearly 11,000,000. Add the wage-workers and up to 42,000,000 persons, or 80 per cent of the 52,000,000 gainfully occupied (including the unemployed!), are dependent on jobs for their means of livelihood: the exact opposite of the situation in the America of a century ago. Ours is decidedly a nation of dependent hired workers.

Salaried employees are mostly wholly propertyless. Probably 1,000,000 of them are stockholders, but the dividends of the majority are merely a small addition to income. Add these stockholders to the independent enterprisers: that makes only 3,700,000 persons, or 28 per cent of the middle class, who are owners of property (excluding savings deposits, insurance, and homes). It is unscrupulous demagogy to approach all groups of the middle class with a program based on the defense of property; why should the propertyless defend property?

The propertyless condition is general among the mass of the people. There are not more than 6,250,000 persons (including propertied farmers), or only 12 per cent of the gainfully occupied, whose livelihood is wholly or mainly involved with property ownership; it was 80 per cent a century ago. Apologists speak of stock ownership "broadening" the basis of capitalist property, but they forget that the relative decrease in independent enterprisers has been greater than the increase in stockholders. Property income has grown, but it concentrates in a shrinking class of capitalist magnates: 325,000 stockholders in 1929 owned 80 per cent of the stock. Middle-class democracy, whose ideal was the liberty and equality of men owning independent means of livelihood, is gone beyond recall.

Former crises of the middle class moved within the relations of property; the class fought to defend small property against large-scale enterprise. Today there are *two* crises in the middle class. One is another crisis of property among the surviving small enterprisers; they continue to fight against the inevitable. For the lower salaried employees and professionals in the "new" middle class, however, the crisis is one of employment as it is among the wage-workers. This is something new, and none of the old middle-class ideals and forms of action meets the problem.

The depression has sharpened the crises, not created them. Hence they would not be solved by a return of the old prosperity. The pre-1929 prosperity was slowly but inexorably wiping out the small enterprisers. Most of them had incomes below $3,000 yearly; the business of half the storekeepers, according to the Census of Distribution, was not enough to yield a comfortable living. The crisis of employment in the "new" middle class made its appearance. There was a significant slowing down in the increase of salaried employees. Supply outran the demand, because of the tremendous rise in high-school and college graduates and the shrinkage in employment opportunities. In addition, scientific management was rigorously applied to "white-collar" work; it is significant that, while 2 per cent of the wage-workers in manufactures were displaced from 1919 to 1929, the displacement of clerical and other lower salaried employees was nearly 10 per cent. The average yearly income among the masses of lower salaried employees was only $1,800, and a miserable $1,400 in the case of clerical employees. Most independent professional workers earned below $2,500. These conditions, even if a return to them were possible, are not much worth fighting for.

Nor can the middle class work out a common program to meet its crises. For it is not a class, but merely an aggregation of intermediate groups split by a fundamental disunity. The interests of propertied and propertyless elements are not identical. Small enterprisers and salaried employees clash economically, for they have nothing in common except the myth of belonging to the same class. The upper layer of managerial and supervisory employees must exploit the masses of lower salaried employees, precisely as they exploit the wage-workers. Nor are the professional workers united, as most of them are dependent salaried employees, often mercilessly exploited by their independent brethren. There is, moreover, an antagonism between the upper and the lower middle class. The former comprises not more than 2,000,000 members: the larger independent enterprisers, the higher managerial and supervisory employees, and the more successful independent professional workers. This antagonism cuts across functional lines. The property ownership of the middle class is concentrated in the upper middle class, which touches the lower layers of the big bourgeoisie and is wholly reactionary. Where, in this welter of discordant economic interests, is there any basis for fundamental unity of action? If the propertyless masses of lower salaried employees and professional workers are induced to act within the limits of the middle class, they are necessarily sacrificed to the interests of the dominant propertied elements.

Underlying these antagonisms is the clash of two very different economic systems in the middle class: the old class is identified with the individualism of small-scale industry, the "new" with the collectivism of large-scale industry. That makes any real unity impossible. But there is another aspect: the clash of new and old social orders, for collectivism represents the economic forms of socialism. A simple change in the relations of ownership can transform collectivism into socialism, and release the now repressed forces of production and consumption. The transformation conforms wholly to the interests of the "new" middle class of propertyless, dependent salaried employees and professionals; created by collectivism, they are liberated by its transformation.

But the dominant capitalist interests resist the transformation of collectivism, they mobilize all forces to prevent emergence of the new social order. This involves the crisis of capitalism, whose most obvious manifestation is want in the midst of plenty. Capitalism is unable to control the tremendous productive forces created by collectivism; it is unable to make plenty available to all because plenty is unprofitable. Collectivism, capable of liberating mankind, *may* become the destroyer of mankind. The results are economic decline and decay, new and more devastating wars, reaction against democracy and civilization itself.

And the middle class? Small enterprisers are destroyed more swiftly and ruthlessly. Permanent unemployment appears among salaried employees and professional workers. Tormented by aggravation of the crisis of capitalism, of which its own class crises are an expression, the middle class moves toward action. What shall the action be: fascism or the communist struggle for socialism?

[*This is the first of three articles on the Crisis of the Middle Class. The second, The Middle Class Under Fascism, will appear next week. The third, The Middle Class Under Socialism, will appear in the issue of August 28.*]

First Month of Dictator Long

By ARNOLD S. FULTON

IN JULY, 1935, United States Senator Huey Pierce Long, Jr., entered into a period of political power, buttressed by laws of his own dictation, such as no other political boss ever enjoyed in American history. On July 9, 1935, the sixth special session of the Louisiana legislature since July 14, 1934, adjourned after passing the last 25 of some 150 special-session laws, put through in less than a year, that abolished municipal self-government in Louisiana and enabled Huey Long to say with complete accuracy: "I am the state." Scores of those laws were enacted in record time without being read by a legislature of which Huey Long said publicly with a cynical guffaw: "It's the best legislature money can buy."

I hereby record the first month of Long's dictatorship.

July 8. Senator Long in a night speech over the radio from station WDSU, New Orleans, says it is practicable for the state of Louisiana to take over the city of New Orleans, and calls President Franklin Delano Roosevelt "a liar and a faker," daring the United States government to take any action against him for his attack on the President with the challenge: "Indict me for calling him a liar and a faker and I'll prove it on him."

July 9. After receiving several visits from political representatives of Senator Long in "secret conferences," two members of the New Orleans city commission council, A. Miles Pratt, finance commissioner, and Joseph P. Skelly, commissioner of public property, publicly bolt the Old Regular Democratic Party (the city political organization) which elected them and in public statements announce their alliance with Senator Long "because New Orleans needs political peace."

July 11. District Attorney Eugene Stanley of Orleans Parish (city of New Orleans), resigns rather than hold office as a figurehead. Senator Long's special-session laws had made it impossible for him to appoint an assistant district attorney, a clerk, stenographer, or telephone switchboard girl without the approval of Attorney General Gaston L. Porterie of Louisiana. Porterie is a Long man; he was expelled from the Louisiana Bar Association nearly two years ago for unethical conduct in following Senator Long's orders in political court cases. Senator Long's answer was to have a special-session law passed making the Louisiana Bar Association impotent and creating his own state bar association.

Senator Long, through Governor Oscar Kelly Allen of Louisiana, appoints a Long follower, Charles A. Byrne, New Orleans political lawyer, district attorney of New Orleans, with a full staff of Long followers. Byrne is the lawyer Long picked to defend 513 New Orleans election commissioners indicted for stuffing ballot boxes and falsifying election returns for the Long ticket of 1932 that placed John H. Overton, junior United States Senator from Louisiana, in his present seat. Stanley prosecuted the three test cases that went to trial and won convictions in all three. Long by special-session laws pulled the teeth from the law under which Stanley prosecuted. The cases were dropped.

July 12. Thirteen of seventeen New Orleans ward leaders of Old Regular Democrats hold caucus after several secret conferences with Senator Long and his political ambassadors, and publicly announce they have joined forces with Long. In heated caucus by thirteen-to-four vote they demand that Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley of New Orleans resign. He refuses in fiery speech, excoriating them for party treason. The bolting thirteen hold a conference with Senator Long at the Hotel Roosevelt, New Orleans, where by sworn testimony Senator Long enjoys use of a suite without pay. Long refers to them as "you birds." They remind him that his pre-bolt agreement was to refer to them as "gentlemen." They report Mayor Walmsley refuses to resign. Senator Long suggests they send ward workers on a New Orleans house-to-house canvas for signatures to petitions that Walmsley be ousted, and promises "when you present those petitions, I'll convene the Louisiana legislature in special session and they'll oust Mayor Walmsley in five minutes." The bolters offer a compromise suggestion for city mass meetings to get Walmsley ouster-petition signatures, saying Long's plan means too much work. He agrees to mass-meeting plan.

July 13. Dr. Frank R. Gomila, commissioner of public safety (fire, police), New Orleans city commission council, turns and runs when reporters and photographers see him entering Hotel Roosevelt for conference with Senator Long. Later Gomila announces he has joined forces with Long "because New Orleans needs political peace." This gives Senator Long a three-to-two majority on the New Orleans city commission council, or complete control of the city administration, since earlier, through special-session laws, and the political bolting of Police Superintendent George Reyer and Fire Chief John Evans, he gained control of the city police and fire departments. Only two remaining city political leaders anti-Long, but impotent in office, are Mayor Walmsley and Fred A. Earhart, commissioner of public utilities on city commission council. New Orleans populace christens the bolters "the seller-outers."

July 16. Senator Long, now in complete political command of the New Orleans city administration, tells newspaper reporters in an interview at Hotel Roosevelt: "We will not now nor hereafter assume the credit or blame for trying to run the government of New Orleans. The city authorities, handicapped as they are by Mayor Walmsley, will have that burden to carry."

The thirteen bolting Old Regular ward leaders reveal that Senator Long's ambassadors who induced them to bolt "led them to believe" Senator Long would see to it that city employees, with approximately three months' salary unpaid, would be paid to date, but they hadn't been able to get from Senator Long either any back pay or indication when they would get it. One says: "All he promised was to call us 'gentlemen' and he broke that promise the first time we got together."

Bolting ward leaders drop plans to oust Mayor Walmsley.

July 17. Louisiana state police (Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation) under Senator Long's absolute control, raid apartment at 831 St. Louis Street, New Orleans, home of Oscar R. Whilden, vice chairman of the state steering committee of the Louisiana Square Deal Association (anti-Long), and its leader in the First and Second Louisiana Congressional Districts (New Orleans and environs). They ransack the apartment, dumping the contents of drawers, taking and keeping a pistol found in a suitcase, searching for records of the Square Deal Association. The raid was made on warrant signed by Judge William J. O'Hara, criminal district court, New Orleans, Huey Long follower and son of Dr. Joseph O'Hara, president Louisiana State Board of Health and president Louisiana Democratic Association, Huey Long's political organization. Judge O'Hara admits he signed warrant for raid at request of Louisiana State Supervisor of Public Accounts, who is Alice Lee Grosjean, Huey Long's law-office stenographer who became his private secretary as governor and whom he made Secretary of State. But, said Judge O'Hara: "I do not remember to whom I gave the warrant."

July 18. PWA Administrator Harold L. Ickes in Washington publicly announces he has shut off all PWA projects in Louisiana until state legislature repeals special-sessions laws dictated by Senator Long which place every cent of PWA expenditures of federal funds under control of boards appointed by Senator Long, with penalty of fine and imprisonment for any federal representative who ignores the law. Ickes's decision bars Louisiana from receiving some $8,000,000 ear-marked for Louisiana projects.

New Orleans Sewage and Water Board bolts Old Regular organization after lengthy secret conferences with Senator Long's political ambassadors, and joins forces with Long. Creates office of personal director, salary $4,000 a year, with power to hire and fire all board employees, varying in number from 400 to 4,000 as needs develop. Elects to this office John E. Morrill, a Huey Long follower. Two more Old Regular ward leaders join Long, giving him fifteen-to-two majority in New Orleans Choctaw caucus.

July 19. Senator Long in Washington attacks President Roosevelt and his Administration in speech on Senate floor and by radio this night over National Broadcasting Company network. Excerpts from Senator Long's attacks: "The Administration of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt is the most high-handed and tyrannical system of government since Nero. . . . Louisiana will run her own state and her people will remain free. . . . We can get along financially without federal relief funds." [At that moment FERA funds were paying hitherto unpaid municipal employees.]

July 20. Senator Long by long-distance orders fires sixty-seven deputy sheriffs of the staff of Criminal Sheriff George E. Williams of Orleans Parish (city of New Orleans), many in service from fifteen to twenty-five years. Senator Long's tool for this job was Brigadier General Louis F. Guerre, Louisiana National Guard, appointed superintendent of the State Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation on Long's orders. Special-session laws require General Guerre to approve the appointment of every deputy sheriff in the state. General Guerre retains twenty-nine of Sheriff Williams's deputies who bolt to Senator Long's faction.

Sheriff Williams, his staff cut to a skeleton, announces he is unable to serve the criminal district courts of New Orleans, which courts, with crowded dockets, defer sessions because of shortage of deputy sheriffs.

July 21. Five anti-Long Louisiana members of Congress confer in St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, with other anti-Long forces in the state, planning a "united-front campaign" against Senator Long.

July 22. Political control of New Orleans Dock Board police by Huey Long when governor, in 1928, is ancient public scandal in Louisiana. President of Dock Board is Seymour Weiss, also president Hotel Roosevelt, Long's New Orleans headquarters. Weiss is under United States grand-jury indictment with other Long leaders for income-tax evasions; due to go on trial this autumn. Dock Board police are notoriously political ward-heelers with no other requirements for office. Scandal flames anew today, when Francis D. Washington, twenty-one, of Nashville, Tennessee, student in the junior class, University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, visiting New Orleans to "get color for stories he is writing," rambles on wharves along waterfront and is shot in the back twice by Dock Board Policeman Michael Cancienne, ward-heeler in Long's New Orleans machine. Cancienne says student "attacked him" but fails to explain why both bullets hit Washington in the back.

July 23. A. N. Goldberg, drainage engineer, New Orleans Sewage and Water Board, close personal and political friend of Mayor Walmsley, is notified by letter from Personnel Director Morrill that he is discharged, effective July 31, "to promote greater efficiency in the board's work as well as to establish harmony." Goldberg in statement cites his record of efficiency as engineer, but he stays fired.

July 24. New Orleans wakes to find on every doorstep and in every mail box in city a printed circular signed "Huey P. Long, United States Senator," printed the day before and distributed, as always, by Huey Long's state jobholders in state trucks with state gasoline, during the night, proclaiming that Senator Long will do nothing to obtain overdue back pay for city employees while Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley, repeatedly called "Turkeyhead" Walmsley in the circular, remains in office.

Seeking for months to force the New Orleans Sewage and Water Board (with its 400 to 4,000 jobs, according to construction plans) to surrender to him and open its payrolls to his followers, Senator Long through his state attorney general tied up the board's funds with court litigation. The board surrendered to him. This day his former confidential secretary, George M. Wallace, now one of his state assistant attorneys general, appears in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana, asking Federal Judge Wayne G. Borah to dismiss the suit attacking the constitutionality of the board and dismiss the injunction granted in January, 1935, on Wallace's petition. Judge Borah grants the motion for dismissal, and lifts the injunction. Attorneys for both sides refuse to comment. Wallace is the young lawyer who drafted all Senator Long's special-session laws.

After Senator Long declares on the floor of the Senate that Louisiana "doesn't want federal relief" because "the world is crying for Lousiana state bonds," his chairman of the Louisiana State Highway Commission, A. P. Tugwell, forwards to the United States Bureau of Public Roads for approval Long's Louisiana plan for highways, bridges, and overpasses, requesting $6,103,896 of the Administration's $4,880,000,000 federal relief appropriation.

Judge W. Carruth Jones, East Baton Rouge District Court, rules unconstitutional the December, 1934, special-session law passed by the Louisiana legislature at Senator Long's dictation, authorizing Governor O. K. Allen to appoint thirteen additional parish police jurors so that Senator Long by a voting majority on that body obtained full political control over the parish and the city of Baton Rouge.

July 25. Huey Long's well-publicized "gin-fizz episode" takes place, in which Long gives recipe for Ramos gin fizz to various New York barkeepers, being obliged to drink several himself in the process, drink described by Long as invention of his "grandpappy, John D. Long," in 1852. Ramos gin fizz well known in New Orleans, actually invented by Henry C. Ramos, bartender in Imperial Cabinet Saloon. Julius Tyson Long, attorney, Shreveport, Louisiana, elder brother of Huey, highly indignant when told of "grandpappy's" invention of gin fizz, declares: "John D. Long, our grandfather, was a farmer, a religious man who never saw or made a Ramos gin fizz. . . . If Huey has to tell untrue yarns about his relatives, why doesn't he tell something creditable, like saying they won the battle of New Orleans or the Mexican war?"

July 26. United States Treasury Department at Washington announces appointment of Colonel Amos W. Woodcock as special aide to former Governor Dan Moody of Texas, special prosecutor of federal income-tax-evasion cases in Louisiana. Prominent members of the inner circle of Senator Long's political organization are now under indictment by United States grand jury for evasions of income tax totalling several hundred thousand dollars. They include Seymour Weiss, Abraham Lazard Shushan, and State Senator Jules G. Fisher. Weiss is president of the New Orleans Dock Board, and unofficial all-cash, no-records treasurer of Senator Long's political organization, who told United States Senate committee headed by the late Senator Robert Howell of Nebraska, "None of your business," when General Samuel Tilden Ansell, committee attorney, in hearing at New Orleans, February, 1933, questioned him about his financial transactions. Weiss is head of the Hotel Roosevelt Company, New Orleans, Huey Long's New Orleans headquarters, where Weiss testified under oath Long paid no rent for expensive suite; his occupancy was "good publicity." Ten years ago, Weiss, ex-shoe-store clerk, was manager of the Hotel Roosevelt barbershop. Shushan is president of the Orleans Levee Board, head of a wholesale dry-goods and notions firm, Shushan Brothers and Company, Inc., New Orleans, which enjoyed fat contracts with state institutions while Long was governor; contracts let without competitive bidding, according to sworn testimony. State Senator Jules G. Fisher, pro-Long political czar in Jefferson Parish, abutting New Orleans, enjoying wide-open gambling-house privileges, was one of fifteen senators (out of thirty-nine) who in 1928, after the lower house of the Louisiana legislature impeached the then Governor Long, signed a "Round Robin" stating that they "believed the impeachment proceedings unconstitutional, and therefore would not vote to oust Governor Long, no matter what the evidence." State Representative Joseph Fisher, nephew of State Senator Fisher, with Dan Moody prosecuting, was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months in federal penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia, in April, 1935, first of these income-tax-evasion cases to go to trial.

July 28. Audit of official records of Louisiana state auditor reveals that as of June 30, 1935, the state of Louisiana has an overdraft of $225,738.12, instead of the "$4,000,000 surplus in the treasury" of which Senator Long boasted by radio in June. At that time he was negotiating politically with the New Orleans Old Regulars to join him. Dr. Joseph O'Hara, president of the Louisiana State Board of Health and of the Louisiana Democratic Association, Long's statewide political organization, told striking New Orleans garbage collectors: "If you or any other city employees with back pay due you will join Huey Long, he says you'll be paid within twenty-four hours. He says the state has $4,000,000 surplus in the treasury." Then fifteen of the seventeen Old Regular ward leaders threw the caucus to Senator Long, with heavy pressure behind them from city employees with three months' back pay overdue. They haven't been paid a cent of that back pay yet. Now that Senator Long controls the caucus, he has disclaimed responsibility for their back pay. They deserted their own organization for him and have nowhere to go.

July 29. State Civil Service Commission, appointed by Senator Long, starts study of lists of all city employees of New Orleans, with avowed intention of firing all who have not made political peace with Senator Long (which means promised openly to support him) and won the approval of the fifteen-to-two Long majority of ward leaders of the city caucus.

Sixteenth of the seventeen Old Regular Democratic Party (New Orleans Choctaw Club) ward leaders joined Huey Long forces, seventeenth resigns from Choctaw caucus, a successor pledged to Senator Long is elected, and now Senator Long controls the whole seventeen-man caucus, unanimously pledged to him.

July 30. Renewed pro-Long New Orleans police-department activity raiding all forms of gambling inside New Orleans city limits, leads to newspaper investigation of gambling situation in parishes of Jefferson and St. Bernard, both abutting city of New Orleans, both reached by city street cars. Jefferson Parish ruled by Sheriff Frank Clancy, pro-Long; St. Bernard Parish ruled by Dr. Louis A. Meraux, sheriff, pro-Long. Wide-open gambling in both parishes, literally on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis, with day and night shifts, found by reporters. Horse-race betting, keno, roulette, crap-tables running full blast. Patrons openly reassured by gamblers: "Don't worry about raids. We're in right. Everything's O. K."

July 31. New Orleans city-commission-council majority of three to two which bolted to Senator Long held special session this afternoon and, with Finance Commissioner A. Miles Pratt taking the lead, introduced ordinances which will become laws within a week, and which strip Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley, anti-Long, of his last vestige of official power. All Mayor Walmsley can do now is use the title and draw the pay of mayor.

Francis Whiting Washington of Nashville, Tennessee, dies today of two bullet wounds in back inflicted by Michael Cancienne, patrolman of Senator Long's waterfront police force. Before dying, Washington said he had been sleeping on wharf, and was awakened when shots hit him.

Henry Morgenthau and His Friends

By PAUL W. WARD

WASHINGTON under Roosevelt is a political dude ranch. The bevy of nice people he has brought into the federal service as his chief contribution to American government are, in the main, just so many effete vacationists luxuriating in the trappings of officialdom and playing at the bruising sport of political line-riding, while a group of calloused and professional hands go about the business of actually running the hacienda in the Old Deal tradition.

For example, take the Roosevelt Administration's performance in the twin arroyos of banking and taxation. The men who gave the New Deal rancho its eclat have had only a boon-doggler's role in that show. Roosevelt has kept booted and spurred and prominently displayed on the verandah such dainty fellows as Morgenthau, Eccles, Oliphant, Magill, and the Professors Warren and Rogers, but out behind the barn he has been doing business as usual with such saddle-galled gentry as Jesse Jones, Joe Kennedy, "Little Dandy" O'Connor, Leo Crowley, Carter Glass, and a clique of Senators who have chewed the locoweed of money magic.

There seems to be general agreement in Washington that the title of "most loyal Cabinet member" belongs to "Henry the Morgue," as Roosevelt calls his Number 2 Cabinet officer. Morgenthau, who reciprocates by calling Roosevelt the "Boss," appears to have no fixed convictions on anything beyond a resolve to keep his department honest as well as efficient and to see that his White House master's every will be done. He is painfully humble when his own abilities are touched upon and goes out of his way to make it appear that he does not understand, for example, the monetary-stabilization operations his department handles, though he was a prime mover for dollar devaluation and was largely responsible for the New Deal enlistment of Dr. George F. Warren, the Cornell farm-management professor who invented Roosevelt's gold-purchase plan. At press conferences, where he unsuccessfully tries to hide his fear of newspaper men behind a juggler's smile, Morgenthau seldom hesitates to refer any technical question to his assistants and to deprecate his own grasp of the subject involved. Similarly, under questioning by Congressional committees with respect to pending legislation, the titular chieftain of New Deal finance begs off questions on policy as Presidential matters and evades inquiries as to details by suggesting that they be addressed to experts in the Treasury's employ. He has, as a result, reduced his role in public to that of a White House errand boy.

With one or two exceptions, "Henry the Morgue" has been meticulous in selecting his subordinates. He demands of them a loyalty to himself equal to that which he, in turn, shows to the President, but his chief requirement is that they be above suspicion of using their posts to their own financial gain. The fanatical emphasis he places on the primer type of honesty has forced him to limit his selections to men who are his personal friends or friends of personal friends. Furthermore, it erased by a roundabout process what chance there was of a bona fide New Deal tax program being espoused by the Treasury Department in its own right, and it also plunged Morgenthau into one of his early embarrassments.

Its blighting effect in the tax field showed itself in Morgenthau's selection of Roswell F. Magill as his taxation expert. Magill was snatched from his law professorship at Columbia University to take the Treasury post. No Tory, he nevertheless was sufficiently conservative in his views of tax questions to have served similarly as an expert under Secretary Mellon. Chiefly a lawyer, Magill has been engaged under Morgenthau principally in building traps for tax-dodgers and inventing plugs for holes in the tax laws rather than in devising the whole new system of taxes needed to supplant the present Old Deal holdover which places at least half the burden on consumption taxes. He fills a post which would have been occupied by Harold M. Groves, a Wisconsin liberal and Brandeis protegé with aggressive ideas on social taxation, had not Morgenthau, on taking office, countermanded the Groves appointment merely to make way for a man less a stranger to him.

The embarrassment to which Morgenthau subjected himself through his predilection for trusting only his friends or friends of his friends was partly the result of his own unfamiliarity with the awful mysteries of securities flotation. He was faced as soon as he donned the robes of office with a huge refunding operation and had to get help in a hurry. Accordingly, he enlisted a friend well versed in such matters—Earle Bailie, a partner in J. W. Seligman and Company. Immediately, growls began to rumble in the chests of Senators who recalled that Bailie's firm had floated in this country a series of Peruvian loans which had gone sour on investors' hands and that in the process the firm had handed young Legúia, son of Peru's President, a *pourboire* of $450,000. They also recalled that Bailie had been active in Wall Street's fight against the securities act, and they prepared to wreck vengeance therefor on the new Secretary with the result that, on the day Morgenthau's name came up for Senate confirmation, Mr. Bailie's resignation was announced.

His place has since been taken by T. Jefferson Coolidge, an ultra-Bostonian individual who by right of family rather than conquest has sat on the boards of most of the distinctive New England financial and industrial establishments such as the First National Bank of Boston, the Old Colony Trust Company, the Boston and Maine Railroad, and the Hamilton Woolen Company, to mention only a few. As Undersecretary, he is the Treasury's fiscal expert and efficiently fills Roosevelt's need for a man in that department who knows his way around Wall Street and yet is not a denizen of that thoroughfare.

Morgenthau would sleep better were he able to prune the political appointees out of the Internal Revenue Service, but Jim Farley got there ahead of him and is standing his ground, bowing only to Morgenthau's insistence that there be no more misuse of this tax-collecting agency as a soliciting machine for campaign contributions such as came to light at its Detroit office soon after Morgenthau became Secretary. Morgenthau also has been inclined to look with suspicion upon the banker and former Democratic Congressman from Kansas, Guy Tresilian Helvering, who is Commissioner of Internal Revenue, but that is all the good it does him, and he solaces himself by watching that young-lawyer-in-search-of-a-reputation, Robert H. Jackson, slash his way past Mellon's legal bodyguard, Frank J. Hogan, in an attempt to convict Andy of tax-dodging before a Board of Tax Appeals made up largely of Mellon appointees. Jackson is the Treasury's assistant general counsel assigned to the Internal Revenue Bureau.

Its general counsel is Herman Oliphant, who had been cast adrift when the Johns Hopkins Institute of Law was closed out for lack of funds. Before enlisting in that ill-fated scholastic venture, Oliphant had been a professor of law at the University of Chicago. He is one of Morgenthau's friend-of-a-friend appointees, having been recommended to the Secretary by a lawyer friend, Edward S. Greenbaum, when Morgenthau, before joining the Treasury, was seeking a solicitor for the Farm Credit Administration, which he headed from May, 1933, until Roosevelt promoted him to the post of Undersecretary to Woodin. Morgenthau brought Oliphant with him from the FCA to the Treasury.

There is another major figure in the Treasury Department who must be mentioned, for his presence there is both an anomaly and a partial explanation of the New Deal's dilatory course in the field of banking legislation. He is James Francis Thaddeus O'Connor who, as Comptroller of the Currency, has supervision over all the national banks. Small, plump, dandified, and perfumed, though otherwise bookkeeperish in appearance, he popularly is regarded as a McAdoo protegé, though the former Secretary of the Treasury and junior Senator from California privately disclaims him. They were law partners from 1925 to 1930. The only thing that fits O'Connor for a New Deal role is his egotism. He boasts of his non-New Dealish past, including the fact that as a member of the North Dakota legislature from 1915 to 1917 he fought what he calls the "state-socialist" constitution of the Non-Partisan League. He also boasts of his legal prowess, exhibiting in proof thereof a check for a vast sum which he says he once received as a fee. After running unsuccessfully as a fusion candidate for the North Dakota governorship in 1920 and for the United States Senate two years later, he moved to California where he was unable to gain a substantial political foothold until 1932. In that campaign year, young Jimmie Roosevelt visited California and O'Connor seized the opportunity to win his way into the Roosevelt graces. He attached himself to Jimmie and in that way rode into the New Deal, bringing with him his own press agent, Kenneth Hayes, who had been financial editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*.

O'Connor has run his office strictly in the Old Deal tradition. In fact, the actual running of it is entirely in the hands of Old Guardsmen. His chief deputy is Frank G. Awalt, who was Acting Comptroller from September, 1932, when Hoover still ruled the White House, till May, 1933, when O'Connor was named Comptroller by Roosevelt. His second deputy, Gibbs Lyons, also is an Old Dealer. The Old Guard influence, however, has not been so debilitating as might be expected, for the veterans still tremble over memories of the Hoover era and the banking crisis to which it led. In consequence, with O'Connor's support, they have insisted on enforcing the national banking laws to the letter. This has led, in turn, to a running fight between O'Connor, on one side, and, on the other, Jesse H. Jones, RFC chairman, the aforementioned Crowley, and Morgenthau, all three of whom adhere to the belief that a little laxity in bank examinations would bring about a flood of loans and, perforce, something vaguely referred to as prosperity.

O'Connor has been able to stay in the saddle chiefly through the help of Farley, tendered in appreciation of the generous manner in which the Comptroller has let the Postmaster General select receivers for defunct national banks. Farley, you may be sure, has selected Democrats who are not only deserving but appreciative; receivers' fees are big and secret. The number of receivers also is big. Approximately 1,500 national banks were in receivership or in process of reorganization under federal conservators when O'Connor made his last report. One of the receiverships went to O'Connor's brother, William, at Grand Forks, North Dakota. Through Farley's good offices, he managed to place another brother, Thomas, in the Internal Revenue Department as an examiner at Jackson, Michigan.

Michigan, which has more closed banks per square foot than any other state, naturally has been a fertile field for receivership appointments. Farley has had happy pickings there, letting Horatio J. Abbott, a former Ann Harbor postmaster and small-town financier who is Democratic national committeeman for Michigan, select the list of candidates from which Farley makes the choices that O'Connor approves. Farley had Abbott made Collector of Internal Revenue at Detroit but Abbott didn't last long in the job; his staff immediately had set about shaking down manufacturers for campaign contributions, and Morgenthau forced him to resign. Abbott continues, however, to be the accredited Democratic patronage dispenser for Michigan.

Morgenthau, who is nine years younger than Roosevelt, wanted to be his Secretary of Agriculture. He was, in fact, considered for the job and rejected as too Eastern and too Judaic. Bernard M. Baruch similarly was considered and rejected. For that matter, the only reason Woodin got the Treasury secretaryship—which Frankfurter could have had and Cordell Hull nearly got—was that he happened to fit well with the world of industry and finance without being covered with its barnacles. In addition, he was virtually the only big-business man whose enthusiasm for Roosevelt was not suspect. Roosevelt and Morgenthau, son of Wilson's Ambassador to Turkey, had been friends since 1914 when "Henry the Morgue" bought a 1,400-acre farm and went into the business of raising apples in Dutchess County, fifteen miles from the Roosevelt estate at Hyde Park.

A good administrator, Morgenthau has the Treasury Department running efficiently, if unimaginatively. He is particularly interested in his tax-collecting division, fired by a determination to enforce the tax laws to the hilt and see that no violator escapes. In that connection, he has obtained a grant from the four-billion-dollar work-relief fund to finance a check of income-tax returns on incomes under $25,000; these have gone unchecked in the past. The Administration's monetary manipulations fascinate him much as would the Illusion of Sawing a Woman in Half. On the other hand, the attacks of the budget balancers terrify him and drive him into demonstrations such as his nation-wide speech in 1934 to the effect that, despite all its spending and borrowing, the government was money ahead because of the gold profit. He professes satisfaction with the results of the Warren plan, though the "Boss" has ceased to make such professions, but he sulks when pressed for an explanation of the Administration's inexplicable operations in silver.

Part of his terror in the face of the budget balancers' assaults springs from fear that his refinancing operations are menaced thereby. Cautiously, he has been refunding millions in federal securities at unprecedentedly low interest rates and his record on this point, though vitiated somewhat by the helpless position of the bankers who must deal with him, is one deserving of praise. It is, in fact, his most tangible accomplishment and to keep the way clear for improvements on it, he has done two things that must be marked down against him. He has persuaded the Congress to boost the original tax rates in the Administration's social-security program so as to make its old-age-pensions plan a device which is completely self-sustaining, which makes savings compulsory, and which is therefore anti-social. Similarly, he has argued before Congressional committees for treatment of the tax instrument as a purely fiscal and budget-balancing, rather than social, device. In the first of these two arguments he is known to have had the backing of Roosevelt. It is unlikely that Morgenthau would have advanced the second without approval from the "Boss," though it ran counter to Roosevelt's own tax message.

It was Morgenthau who invited Marriner Stoddard Eccles to Washington, although Tugwell is the Administration stalwart who actually discovered Eccles, and such is the humility of the Treasury head that he does not mind being overshadowed in increasing degree by the new Lochinvar of American finance. Eccles, who came to Washington as a special assistant to Morgenthau and in the fall of 1934 was made Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, is ranked as a radical merely because he is a banker. In truth, he is a conservative who, despite vast wealth and great vested interests, has an inquiring mind and does not regard the present system as pluperfect merely because it has given him power and riches. Like a religious scientist, his intellectual inquiries, however, are limited in scope by certain basic superstitions. His radicalism is restricted to two things: a belief that the gold standard was not written on the reverse of the tablets from Sinai and a conviction that the way to smooth out the business curve is for the government to tax low and spend freely during depression periods and, during boom times, tighten the pursestrings and tax copiously. Capitalism is not menaced by his intentions.

The press pictures Eccles as a foe of his own class, but his own class has no such ideas. "He talks loose but he banks hard," a former banking associate, a Tory, recently said of him. Similarly, a group of Maryland bankers, horrified by the press's picture of the new Federal Reserve Board Governor, were completely reassured after listening to him for a few minutes at a private dinner that Howard Bruce, the Democratic national committeeman for their state, gave in Eccles's honor soon after his ascension. The banking bill which he has sponsored has brought powerful banking interests on his neck, thereby adding to the picture of Eccles as a bankers' enemy, but in reality the controversy is a sectional one in which Wall Street's moneychangers are arrayed against the bankers of the hinterland. Though the bill's central provisions have been presented as a gallant attempt to transfer the control of the nation's credit structure from New York to Washington where it belongs, its chief effect would be to free the West from the banking domination of the East.

The limitations of Eccles's liberalism are made further manifest in this connection by two notations. He is opposed to actual governmental control of the nation's credit machinery through public ownership of the Federal Reserve banks, and he has begun to hedge on his bill in the face of Senatorial opposition by attempting to minimize the importance of Senate amendments to the measure, though those amendments tighten instead of erasing banker control of the reserve system.

Eccles caught the attention of the New Dealers by his testimony before the Senate Finance Committee in February, 1933, when this pallid young Mormon from Utah—who continued to rate himself a Republican after he entered the Treasury—advocated a depression counter-offensive in the form of liberal federal spending for public works and relief. Eccles had got his ideas from those twin exponents of the Keynes school, Dr. William Trufant Foster, of Boston, the professor of English who became director of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, and Waddill Catchings, manufacturer, financier, and joint author with Foster of some five books on money, profits, and other phenomena of our industrial economy. Eccles brought to his study of the Foster-Catchings books the open mind of a notoriously tight-fisted man and a vast empirical knowledge of the world of business and finance. Except for two years dutifully spent as a Mormon missionary in Scotland, his life until he came to Washington had been devoted to managing and enlarging the estate his father left. At the time he received the New Deal call, he was president of two banks, two lumber companies, a hotel company, a construction concern, a securities firm, and one country club. He also was vice-president and treasurer of a sugar corporation and a director of coal, lumber, insurance, canned-milk, railroad, and power companies.

These roots, these success badges that Eccles has, are a great solace and comfort to Roosevelt, who is drawn by the comparative novelty of Eccles's ideas and derives confidence from the fact that their source is adequate proof of their essential harmlessness. For Eccles, there is some disadvantage in that, as developments in connection with his banking bill have shown. Roosevelt's feeling that any of Eccles's ideas must be essentially harmless has made it easy for him, under opposition pressure, to conclude that the most controversial phases of the bill also are essentially unimportant, and Eccles, passionately devoted to his brain child, has been deprived as a result of the unswerving White House backing he had expected for the measure. The Joneses, Kennedys, Crowleys, and other exponents of the politico-economic status quo ante have outweighed him. Not that it matters much.

Love and Housing

By M. M.

ONE of the questions the first Comintern convention in seven years failed to take up is that of love and housing, which has reached alarming proportions in Moscow. I know what the excuse will be: it will be maintained that the Communist International has no connection with the Soviet government, and therefore does not know what is going on in Russia and is powerless to stop it. This is all very well in the matter of propaganda. Everybody knows that if the Soviet government admits that its Right hand so much as suspects what its Left hand is doing it will get a swift and ignominious kick from all its capitalist playmates. But love and housing in Moscow is something else again—with the easy divorce laws it is something else again and again and again—and it is an issue which the Communist International must face if it does not wish to lose the backing of every revolutionist in Greenwich Village, Montparnasse, Telegraph Hill, and the Island of Bali.

Lest anyone doubt how desperate conditions are in Moscow I quote from a letter which has just reached me. It was smuggled through the Soviet mails and out of the country by the ingenious device of concealing it in an envelope, addressing it plainly, and affixing a fifteen-kopek stamp. It reads in part as follows:

> As I told you, I'm married. It happened very much à la Moscow. We saw each other every day and had lots of fun but we knew we were sure of one thing: we didn't want to live together, particularly in one room. Then J. in moving from where he'd been staying to better quarters ran into difficulties. He couldn't get into the new place which was still occupied, and they wouldn't take him back in the old. He asked if I'd give him a flop for four days, moved in, and went to bed while I went to make a duty call. I returned at 10:30. There sat my landlady having a good old-fashioned case of Russian jitters.
>
> "He can't sleep there," she said. "Suppose there might be a robbery in the house and maybe the militia would look in here and find an unregistered man. We'd all be evicted."
>
> If you've never seen a Russian blench and quake at the thought of the local constabulary, you don't know what abject and superstitious dread is. Well, I kicked J. into his clothes and we shivered out into the night air, still thin and chill although it was June. We looked high and low for a room, but none was to be had, so we finally did what we should have done at first: went to the militia ourselves and explained. A very nice desk-sergeant said it was O.K. and even wrote a note to the landlady requesting her to allow Citizeness L. to extend to Citizen J. the privileges of her bed for four days. And it worked out so well that we decided we'd register together.

For obvious reasons the name of the writer is withheld. (For equally obvious reasons I have deleted a few tell-tale phrases.) But enough has been quoted to reveal the conditions that exist in Moscow under the very noses of the Comintern and of Harold Denny, not to mention William Bullitt, President Kalenin, and the Commissariat of Light Industry. In this case love won out over housing, at least for the moment, but a Hearst reporter may easily picture how economics in the guise of housing stifles love in the land of the Bolsheviks, who promised to abolish economics, didn't they?

Take the case of a young man who fell in love with a woman not his wife. It was simple enough to divorce his spouse, but getting rid of her was another matter. She was entitled—and it was so registered—to one-half of the apartment they occupied, and she refused to yield her half to the new wife. It was a long and bitter battle which officially ended when the husband secretly exchanged his half of the apartment for the room of an obliging friend. We can only imagine what happened when the divorced wife met the obliging friend doing whatever in Russia corresponds to taking in the morning paper; it will probably remain forever a secret of the dreaded OGPU, whose sinister role in such situations is amply indicated in the letter quoted.

I could go on to tell another story of love in Moscow which would set my readers by the ears if I could only remember it. It begins with a young woman who finally succeeded in getting a large and very desirable room. It ends much later with the transfer of the room, with best wishes, to the new wife of the husband of the young woman, who had another room in mind. What happened in the intervening years is a tale of bureaucratic intrigue and documents in triplicate which I could never hope to untangle without a good sharp piataletka. Unfortunately such is the regimentation in Soviet Russia that one is forbidden to have sharp weapons unless one is a Caucasian in national costume. And since I would rather have free speech than be a Caucasion any day, the horrible details of this story also will have to remain with the dreaded OGPU whether they want them or not.

In any case I think I have made it clear that the Communist International must face the question of love in one room; whether, in other words, love can be established in one room or must be carried on simultaneously in every room in the house. Until it has solved this problem it cannot, with conscience, keep as its slogan: Workers of the World, Unite.

Correspondence

The Gentleman from New York

To the Editors of The Nation:

On reading Mr. Villard's review of the recent life of Roscoe Conkling, in your issue of June 26, I wondered a little that he, of all men, had not managed to bring in some reference to a little incident which has caused some of us to nurse a soft spot in our hearts for the Gentleman from New York. I mean the dramatic moment when Bruce, the Negro Senator from Mississippi, was due to take the oath. Custom required, of course, that a new Senator be escorted to the President's desk by his colleague, but the white Senator from Mississippi refused this courtesy. As Mr. Bruce started down the aisle alone, Mr. Conkling jumped from his seat and accompanied him.

What this meant to Mr. Bruce can be seen by the fact that his son, and *his* son, Harvard graduates both, bear the name of Roscoe Conkling.

Petersham, Mass., July 2 Leslie W. Hopkinson

In Defense of the *Forward*

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your editorial comment on the occasion of Abraham Cahan's seventy-fifth birthday seemed to me as unfair as it was ungracious. It certainly gave no discerning estimate of a man who has stamped his character on Yiddish journalism the world over and on Jewish immigrant life in America especially.

I hope that my connection as a member of the editorial staff of the Jewish *Daily Forward* will not destroy me as a witness, but I read Mr. Cahan's paper as closely as your editorial writer, I believe. I also read the opposition with a fair degree of attention and I even manage a few English dailies, including the New York *Daily Mirror*. To say that the features of the *Forward* are of the caliber of the *Mirror* is a libel on one or the other of the papers and possibly on both, for there is no comparison. To be sure, the *Forward* publishes serial thrillers as it publishes many other features. Yet to represent these thrillers as the body of the *Forward* instead of its light relief is to demonstrate an ignorance of the paper as well as of the editorial craft.

It is difficult to present the evidence to one who does not read Yiddish, and I shall impose on your courtesy for only a very sketchy attempt. The leading lights of Jewish literature today are Sholem Ash, Abraham Reisin, Z. Shneier, and I. J. Singer. All of them are staff members of the *Forward* and their contributions form daily features of the paper. The work of some of these authors is familiar to many readers of English. Thus the novel "Three Cities" by Sholem Ash, praised so highly by *The Nation* itself, appeared first and in the original language in the *Forward*. All of this author's work is published first in the *Forward*, if that is any testimony of the paper's standards. "Yoshe Kalb," by I. J. Singer, which delighted so many gentile theater patrons, originated as a serial novel in the *Forward*. Another novel by the same author, "The Brothers Ashkenazi," has just concluded its serial publication with us, and many regard it an even greater masterpiece than "Yoshe Kalb." The short fiction that the *Forward* prints daily is incomparably the finest of its sort. What the magazine *Story* attempts in the English field the *Forward*, under Mr. Cahan, has been doing ever since its inception.

The standards set for its serious fiction are equally as high for the other reading matter of the *Forward*. Among our regular correspondents are men of recognized authority in the Jewish and Socialist world. To mention only three, there are Jacob Leschinsky, who was the first, I believe, to be jailed and deported by the Nazi regime; Karl Kautsky and R. Abramowitz, the latter a member of the Executive of the Socialist and Labor International. In addition the *Forward* publishes regular contributions from a half dozen German exiles of world renown, usually under assumed names for obvious reasons. Labor news gets complete coverage in the *Forward*, an entire page and often more being devoted to it daily.

No one runs as detailed and as essentially faithful reports of developments in Russia as does the *Forward*. *The Nation* may disagree with its point of view which is that of the Socialists, defending the principles of democracy and opposing dictatorship and tyranny under whatever label and color. But then the *Forward* deplores *The Nation's* attitude of condoning the Russian dictatorship. This is no reflection on editorial capacity, I hope, in either respect. However, the *Forward* carried complete reports of the famine in the Ukraine long before *The Nation's* correspondents found fit to mention the matter even by indirection, and this, I suppose, *is* a qualification of editorial capacity.

As for other news, one should remember that the *Forward* is a paper of national circulation and its articles and features are its main attraction rather than the news columns. Even so its news is relatively no more skimpy than that of the New York *World-Telegram*, for example. There is always a good digest of the important and significant events with a nod now and then to matters of lighter vein.

They say this of Mr. Cahan: "He is the editor of every Jewish newspaper." He does not direct them physically, of course. But many Jewish papers lift *Forward* material bodily, while its immediate competitors copy its every feature, including the serial thrillers, with flattering persistence. Perhaps one ought to abide by their judgment of Mr. Cahan's editorial qualifications rather than by that of your editorial writer.

New York City, July 15 J. C. Rich

Not Among Those Fired

To the Editors of The Nation:

Unfortunately I cannot claim the honor of being among those dropped from the University of Pittsburgh staff, as suggested by Rose Stein in her most revealing article, Academic Cossacks in Pittsburgh, in *The Nation* of July 24.

Academic freedom in that institution has, to be sure, been precarious for those holding convictions at odds with the Mellon dynasty. I had my troubles with the administration. The fact is, however, that I refused the usual annual renewal of my contract in order to accept an appointment in another institution.

Amherst, Mass., July 26 Colston E. Warne

Home News from Abroad

To the Editors of The Nation:

As a subscriber to *The Nation* I want to commend your unprejudiced and unbiased stand on the very important policies before the country today. Your article in the issue of July 17, Tacoma: Timber and Tear Gas, gives more authentic news on our local strike than the daily papers of the city.

Tacoma, Wash., July 19 W. U. Nichol

A Southern Textile Union

To the Editors of The Nation:

A southern branch of the Committee to Support Southern Textile Organization has recently been formed in North Carolina, with Professor E. E. Ericson of the University of North Carolina as chairman. The southern committee includes among its active members, such prominent persons as L. E. Austin of the Carolina *Times*, Dr. Carl Borgman, Dr. Arnold Williams, as well as many professional people, trade unionists, and textile workers. The composition of this committee indicates that the professional and white-collar class in the South—in the very heart of the textile areas—is rapidly allying itself with the working class.

The Committee to Support Southern Textile Organization supports rank-and-file organizers in the southern textile field and publicizes the living and working conditions under which the southern textile millhand lives. The committee has grown in one year from an active membership of three to an active membership of forty. Surely, there are hundreds of your readers in cities all over the country who feel it imperative to support these struggles in the South. More branches, like the recently organized southern branch of the committee, must be formed to insure the success of the fight for a rank-and-file-controlled United Textile Workers Union in the South. For information, write to 304 West Fifty-eighth Street.

New York City, July 20 JOHN BERMAN,
Executive Secretary

A Correction from Rabbi Heller

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I call attention to a serious error in an editorial paragraph appearing in the July 17 *Nation*, relating to the attitude of Christian and Jewish religious bodies toward war?

At the discussion in Chicago I did two things. I objected to the original resolution on the ground that it was poorly drawn, and that its statement that war is "a denial of all for which religion stands" is unfortunately not true historically of Judaism, which for many centuries, from the Bible onward, santioned certain kinds of war. In contrast with this I was among those who drew up a resolution which attempts to show that there is little distinction between aggressive and defensive warfare in our Western world, that the time has come to change our religious principle, and henceforth to ask all members of our faith, and to appeal to all other religious bodies to join with us, to refuse to bear arms.

You will concede that this is far different from the picture your editorial gives. This resolution is to be considered by the Central Conference of American Rabbis at its next convention.

Cincinnati, July 15 JAMES G. HELLER

The American Approach

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In the interests of accuracy, I wish to correct an erroneous impression, which is rather widespread, that I am affiliated with the Workers' Party of the United States. Such an impression has naturally arisen from my past association with the American Workers' Party, in your columns and elsewhere. For years I have stood for "the American Approach," involvboth a use of American revolutionary traditions and an appreciation of the super-mechanized background of this country, and also logically for a realistic and sympathetic attitude toward the Soviet Union. I continue to hold those views.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 9 LOUIS F. BUDENZ

Registering for Peace

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your pacifist readers may be interested in the new program of Peace Patriots, which includes registering with the County Clerk of New York, for a fee of twenty-five cents, the names of American-born citizens who wish to express their opposition as conscientious objectors to all wars.

New York City, July 10 WILLIAM FLOYD

In an Early Issue

The Elks Save America

By A. B. Magil

Tax Ground Values

—and Un-Tax Industry

WHY do you get such low interest when you put your savings into the bank?

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Labor and Industry

Camden: Shipworkers on Strike

By LAWRENCE ROGIN

EVERY week-day morning since May 13, more than 2,000 strikers at the New York Shipbuilding Company in Camden, New Jersey, have marched four abreast in a picket line that extends for at least a quarter of a mile. The men are members of the Camden local, Number 1, of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, an independent union not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. This local is one of the most promising unions that grew up in the NRA period, one that has been able to make headway in a notorious anti-union industry, closed to unionism since the war. If it wins this strike, it will have brought to terms the second largest shipyard in the country and gained a permanent foothold in the industry. This is the issue that vitalizes the strike of 4,600 men, 96 per cent of whom belong to the union. To the leaders and many of the men, keeping the union is more important than the disputes over hours and wages that are also involved. For they know that once the union is established, these things will come later.

In a seven-week strike a year ago, the union won recognition and pay increases. As a result the company also recognizes that the problem is whether or not the open shop will prevail in the industry. Union leaders feel sure that the National Council of American Shipbuilders, dominated by the anti-union Bethlehem Steel Corporation, is making a test case of the Camden strike.

For ten weeks after the start of the strike the picket line had no occasion to prove its strength. Then, on July 23, the company made an effort to start production. The 2,000 pickets usually on the line were joined by the rest of the strikers and many sympathizers, and the plant remained closed. Two days later the company gave up its effort to open the yard. A few cars were overturned and there was some booing and cat-calling, but the violence was not sufficient to justify the company's charges of intimidation. Since that time the strike has received nation-wide attention as the result of an investigation into the company's activities by a sub-committee of the Committee on Labor of the House of Representatives, acting on a motion by Representative E. A. Kenney, (Democrat, New Jersey) to investigate the labor practices of shipbuilders. Kenney and other Congressmen are urging that the United States Navy Department cancel contracts amounting to $50,000,000, which are tied up by the strike, if it is proved that the company is at fault. President Roosevelt intervened, saying that it was time for the strike to be settled. The president of the company announced that it would not make an offer on the new naval building program for which bids will be opened on August 7. This move was made to counter a demand by the union that the Navy Department refuse to make contracts with the New York Shipbuilding Company so long as the strike continues.

Most of these developments are favorable to the strikers; in addition they have received unexpected aid from American Federation of Labor sources. A check for $2,500 has been sent for the relief fund by the United Mine Workers of America, and arrangements have been made to have John P. Frey, secretary of the Metal Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, talk at a strike meeting.

The union was started somewhat less than two years ago in Camden; it now claims 10,000 members in eleven of the largest private shipyards on both the East and West coasts. While almost half of these are in the Camden yard, there are strong nuclei in the other two of the "Big Three" yards, the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, in Virginia, and the Fore River yard of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation at Quincy, Massachusetts. Leaders assert that the industrial union is the only potent force among the shipyard workers in the private yards. During the World War the American Federation of Labor succeeded in building strong unions in the yards, but these were destroyed in a series of strikes that lasted until 1923, and in recent years the A. F. of L. with its craft policies has made no headway.

Organization of the West Coast locals of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers came about in a peculiar manner. In 1934, there appeared in *Liberty* magazine an article by Matthew Woll attacking the Communists in the labor movement and mentioning the name of John Green, then president of the Camden union, as one of the leaders of a strike which the writer thought was called by the Marine Workers Industrial Union, a Communist-controlled union. While the names of the unions were confused, that did not seem to bother a group of workers in a San Francisco shipyard, who promptly wrote to John Green asking to affiliate with the union that had been successful in defeating the New York Shipbuilding Company. This same San Francisco group was instrumental in bringing into the union locals in three other shipyards on the Pacific Coast, one of these a former federal union in the A. F. of L.

Green, a short, slight Scotchman, tinsmith by trade, who is now president of the national organization and executive secretary of the Camden local, was the driving force behind the 1934 strike, and is still the most popular and most effective man in the union. He and Phillip Van Gelder, formerly an organizer for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, now national executive secretary for the shipyard workers, have carried on most of the organization work outside of Camden. Both are active Socialists. Recently Charles Purkis, a pipefitter, has been taken from the yard to become national organizer.

The present strike started on May 13 when the company categorically turned down the union's demands for a 15 per cent increase in wages, elimination of the piece-work and bonus systems, and a preferential shop. The first demand also involved a decrease in the number of wage rates from 12 to 3, in order to guarantee equal pay for similar types of work. On May 9, two days before the expiration of the old agreement, C. F. Metten, president, and C. M.

Kaltwasser, executive vice president of the company, countered with proposals which would have abolished the gains made in the strike of the year before, stipulated that the union was no longer the sole collective-bargaining agency of the men, and required that all grievances be handled individually by the men involved.

In its argument against the preferential shop, the company was fortified by the ruling of a deputy administrator of the shipbuilding code, who said that such a provision would be illegal under the NIRA. This ruling stood for only a short time before it was overthrown by the National Industrial Recovery Board, at the insistence of Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and a member of the board. The company also suggested arbitration of disputed questions by the industrial relations committee of the shipbuilding industry, which consisted of three representatives of the employers and three of American Federation of Labor unions, none of which were friendly to the independent union.

Naturally the union could not agree to any of these proposals. The negotiations committee suggested that the existing contract be renewed with a few slight modifications. This the company refused as it did the union's subsequent proposal that the existing contract be renewed and the modifications desired by the union be arbitrated by the National Labor Board or the United States Department of Labor.

Supporting its position that the company could afford the wage increase, the union pointed to the statement of Senator Gerald P. Nye that the company would make a $3,000,000 profit on the cruisers now under construction, and a profit of $10,000,000 on contracts for navy work it has recently received; to the report of former president Clinton Bardo who, on retiring nine months ago, stated that during the seven preceding years the company had made a net profit of $6,075,607.70; and to the fact that wages in the Philadelphia Navy yard, just across the river from Camden, average 25 per cent higher than those in the Camden yard. The company claims that it has lost more than $500,000 during the past year as a result of the agreement following the 1934 strike.

Faced with the alternative of striking or giving up their union 4,600 workers left their jobs and have remained out solidly to this day. Besides the mass picketing every morning, the union keeps a twenty-four-hour watch on the yard, on both the land and river gates. Mass meetings are held every morning, addressed by members of the negotiating committee and prominent labor leaders. These mass meetings are preceded by a prayer meeting led by a striker who is a lay preacher. A quartet provides music and there is mass singing of religious, popular, and labor songs.

A commissary has been set up, which turns out 1,900 meals a day at all hours of the day and night. Money and food for relief are "chiseled" from sympathetic townspeople who seem to be behind the strike. More than $600 weekly is being raised by contributions from other trade unions, the largest regular contributor being an independent union in the Radio-Victor factory. While the shipyard union is not in the good graces of the A. F. of L. unions in the shipbuilding industry, locals of twenty American Federation of Labor unions are regularly giving aid to the strike.

From the start the company has asserted that the strike was forced by a radical minority, and that the workers wanted to stay at work. Four distinct efforts were made to divide the ranks. The first was in the form of a poll taken on the backs of the last pay-checks sent out. The men were asked to vote "yes" or "no" on the proposal of going back to work on the company's terms. Countering this obvious attempt to set up a blacklist, the union, at the suggestion of its attorney, M. H. Goldstein of Philadelphia, urged all its members to vote "yes" and thus destroyed the value of the poll to the company.

Major Henry F. Holthusen of New York, a former United States assistant attorney general under Harlan Stone, who was said to have had experience settling shipyard strikes during and shortly after the war, was then called in by the company. His first move was to hire a few score college students and unemployed to conduct an "impartial" survey to find out the sentiment of the strikers. Getting wind of this, the union planted Van Gelder among the investigators and got them to come to the union hall, where they were fed and told the strikers' story before going out to investigate. Most of them gave up the job, saying that they had been misled, and the survey fizzled. "The Major," as he is known to the strikers, then tried to take a post-card poll, but with no more success.

As a final effort he convinced the county officials of the American Legion that they should take a vote. Protests by the strikers, American Legion posts, and other veterans' organizations quickly convinced the Legion officials that they had made a mistake, and they somewhat awkwardly backed down.

Full-page advertisements reprinting excerpts from alleged letters by shipyard workers have been inserted by the company in the local paper and mailed to all strikers. But none of these methods has broken down the morale of the workers. The union has replied to all the company's claims of intimidation by pointing to the size of its picket lines, and to the fact that the strike had been completely peaceful until the company tried to open the gates. Reflecting the attitude of the townspeople, the police have made little effort to interfere with the strikers' activities.

While Mayor Frederick Von Nieda has seemed friendly thus far, it was his suggestion that the strikers report for work without any agreement, and have all questions arbitrated by the National Labor Board, which led the company to open its gates. Company officials also used this suggestion as an excuse to turn down a proposal by Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins that the yard re-open under the terms of the 1934 agreement and then arbitrate the differences. In their reply to Miss Perkins, President Metten wrote, "I believe that if you study the shipbuilding industry you will see the impossibility of substituting arbitration for management in the yard. It leaves the decision of all important questions to a committee presided over by a neutral person who may not understand shipbuilding." Company officials have asserted that the company must have the same authority in the shipyard as a captain does on board ship.

The Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers is fighting a winning fight against what must have seemed at first to be insurmountable odds. If it is successful, credit should go to a young, alert leadership backed up by a militant rank and file, organized so that there are no craft lines to break up the united bargaining power of the workers.

Labor Static

By HEYWOOD BROUN

IN the field of radio, organization has made very little progress. It seems surprising to learn that there has been almost no effort made to organize station announcers. There is just as much reason for these men and women to come together as there is among reporters or actors or teachers. Of course a great many of the broadcasters are members of Actors' Equity or of the vaudeville union or the musicians' union. But I have in mind not so much the stars of the big programs as the announcers themselves. On the whole the work is underpaid and the job is one of long hours and terrific nervous strain.

The names of a few of the best-known announcers come readily to mind. Many of these men work on the side for news reels or become an integral part of some commercial broadcast or another. When they grow famous enough they may serve as stooges for the illustrious comedians of the air and draw extra compensation from the commercial sponsors. But the run-of-the-mine announcer is a man on whom very heavy demands are made. His voice must be that of a well-educated man and his enunciation above reproach. Even in the best regulated studio things do go wrong upon occasion and in that event the announcer is responsible for seeing that a stand-by orchestra or pianist swings into action or he may have to ad lib on his own account. In short he has to be the sort of person who can talk readily of Brahms for half an hour if a sudden shower extinguishes an outdoor concert.

Not only minutes but split seconds are important in the big studios. The announcer must be able to distinguish between a ten-second sign-off and one lasting a full eleven. He is ground on the rack of the stop-watch through long hours every day. Perhaps the failure of radio men to organize may be partly attributed to the very exacting nature of their work and the hours which make it extremely difficult to find a time at which all the prospective members of a guild or union could be gathered together.

In the beginning, at any rate, leadership might effectively come from some one of the very well-known performers such as Alexander Woollcott, Ed Hill, or Hans Van Kaltenborn. I suggest to any one of this trio that they are actually under an ethical obligation to help their fellow workers to better conditions. Undoubtedly the psychology which is likely to be encountered will be much like that which prevailed in newspapers at the beginning. The radio owners will raise the issue of "the freedom of the air" and the more successful announcers will broadcast the fact that they are doing very well as rugged individualists and see nothing which they could personally gain by organization. It will also be said that an announcer must have initiative and that any kind of a guild or union would lead to a regimentation of radio which would be a fatal thing. Fortunately one argument can hardly be brought up. I doubt whether any proprietor will say that time cannot possibly be made a factor in the life of an announcer.

Of course, a radio guild should not be limited to the men who work directly for the chains or individual stations. It seems to me that eligibility should be extended to any unorganized folk who talk or play or sing into the microphone. To be sure, arrangements would have to be made to handle the situation of those already unionized, like the musicians or the actors. It has seemed to me for some time that all persons engaged in the business of furnishing public opinion with its daily bread should come together in some sort of confederation. Into such a group would fall logically newspaper men and women, clergymen, authors, screen writers, teachers, and broadcasters of every kind. Such a confederation might be a powerful influence against war. After a war is over it is easy enough to point out that some very small group in control of power used the stage, the screen, the air, the magazines, and the press for its own ends. And many of the persons who served the will of the little back-room group wrote or talked their hearts out for the holy war quite unaware of the fact that they were being used. They didn't know it was loaded.

Obviously the men and women who make public opinion (whether that is their intention or not) fall into very many camps. Any sort of confederation would have to be on the widest possible front. A belief in the dissemination of the truth should be enough for a common meeting-ground. At the very least these various groups could send representatives to an annual convention and ascertain to just what extent they were proceeding under their own steam and in what ways they were being played as pawns by invisible hands. Radio, of course, would be one of the most vital cogs in any such set-up. Increasingly the radio becomes the most powerful propaganda weapon of them all. At the moment many of the chains and stations are on their good behavior and making a pretense of impartiality. It may even be so that a radical leader (not including the Communists) can find time on the air a little more readily than he can find it in the press. To some extent Norman Thomas has become radio's pet radical and whenever any charge of discrimination is made against N. B. C. the officials are fond of pointing out the opportunities they have given to America's Socialist leader. And I am not citing this in criticism of Mr. Thomas. He would be foolish not to avail himself of the air when he can get it and he is an able broadcaster.

But I do suggest that radio is less free than it pretends to be. It is just as dependent on advertising revenue as are the newspapers. Columbia has done some good work in clearing out a number of questionable accounts. Radio has made a beginning of cleaning its own house but not without resort to the time-honored practice of sweeping the dirt under the carpet. The air fought the Tugwell bill even more ferociously than did the American press.

Naturally I am not suggesting that radio announcers should organize and immediately take over the industry. But I see no reason why a well-organized group of broadcasters could not make a considerable contribution to the raising of standards and helping to preserve radio ethics. And, of course, the first step in the raising of standards should always be in shortening hours and increasing pay.

Peace Comes to the Fur Market

By DAVID SCHEYER

TEN years of civil war in New York's fur market ended on June 12 when the "left-wing" Fur Workers Industrial Union signed its own death warrant and asked its members to join the New York Joint Council of the International Fur Workers Union, the American Federation of Labor affiliate.

Not even on the dark and bloody ground of Southern Illinois where Progressive and United miners slaughter each other at the pit mouths has dual unionism so blasted the standards of labor as in the fur market. Working conditions and wages for the furriers were cut to the bone as the manufacturers and contractors took full advantage of the strife. Vicious fights on the picket lines, in the shops, and on the streets were a daily occurrence. Few weeks passed when workers, slashed with the knives of their trade or trampled by the boots of rival unionists, did not fill the emergency wards and the night courts. And, ultimately, the majority of the furriers, disgusted with the inability of either union to control the industry, intimidated by the battle and uncertain of the issues, refused to give support or loyalty to either side.

Three forces have played varying roles in the furriers' unions. First in point of time was the leadership of the International Fur Workers Union, headed, until his death, by the reactionary Kaufman with the support of the right-wing Socialists. In opposition to Kaufman and his clique were the Communists and their followers in the fur market. With Aaron Gross as the brains and Ben Gold as the voice, the Communists won control of the New York Joint Council of the A. F. of L. union. From 1925 to 1927 the Furriers' Union was an arena of armed truce, characterized by the "border incidents" that usually occur in armed truces. In 1927 at a hastily organized but carefully packed conference in Washington, Kaufman expelled all the left-wing leaders of the Joint Council.

The fur workers of New York followed their chiefs into exile. For a year they fought for the reunification of the union. Then with the adoption by the Communist International of a new policy of building independent, "red," dual unions, the Fur Department of the Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union was created, later to become the Fur Workers Industrial Union, and still later, the International Independent Fur Workers Industrial Union. Here for the sake of simplicity it is called the Industrial Union.

The third factor rose in 1929 when the Communist Party split and the followers of Jay Lovestone were expelled. Aaron Gross and many of the leaders of the Industrial Union were among those who went with Lovestone. So the Industrial Union was rent by an internal fight between the "pros" and the "antis"—between the Lovestone group who argued for reaffiliation with the A. F. of L., and the official Communists who spoke for simon-pure revolutionary unionism. Opposition leaders were removed, members suffered fines and discrimination, protests in membership meetings were stifled by main force. In 1930 Aaron Gross was finally ousted; a year later he died from lingering injuries received at the hands of the right-wing gangsters in a 1927 strike.

Through all these lean years the International Fur Workers hung on the fringes of the industry, little more than a pale ghost, its only liquid asset an American Federation of Labor charter. With an empty treasury and an uninspired leadership it lingered on with a few hundred members. But the Industrial Union was far from controlling the market. Its strength fluctuated, and though its membership statistics were never reliable, it is certain that until a month or so ago both unions combined did not represent more than 4,000 of the 10,000 furriers in New York. Under these conditions the sweat-shops throve. The number of units in the industry rose from 600 to 3,000, representing an atomization of the fur trade into fly-by-night shops with whom no agreements were possible or enforceable. The thirty-five-hour week was stretched almost limitlessly by allowances for "overtime," wage standards stood only on paper. And through this industrial desolation ran the blood of the furriers, shed in fratricidal and suicidal inter-union warfare.

The NRA meant very little in this industry. Neither of the unions received more than a partial blessing from the labor boards and code authorities. Provisions for minimum wages and maximum hours were unenforced because the two unions were far too busy slugging each other to patrol the shops. During the last two years the Communist Opposition (Lovestone group) has formed the progressive wing of the American Federation of Labor union, fighting for militancy and unity within the union. Needless to say it has been the chief target of the vituperation of the Industrial Union—and Ben Gold is a master of invective in Yiddish and in English.

Then the Communist International turned again and with it turned all the obedient little "red" unions. The Furriers Industrial Union was the only one in this country that had more than a paper membership, hence its leaders were very reluctant to liquidate it. They made insistent overtures to the A. F. of L., proposing amalgamation of the two unions, offering a fifty-fifty break on officers, demanding the acceptance of dues books from the Industrial Union by the A. F. of L., bringing at the same time a renewed reign of terror to the market. Finally this game, with the furworkers as its pawns, ended. At its Toronto convention held in May the International Fur Workers set up a unity committee to negotiate. This committee made a flat offer to the Industrial Union: "Dissolve your union. We will accept all your members—including those originally expelled. We will have elections within forty days."

It was accepted. The Fur Workers Industrial Union vanished. This was not specifically a "United Front" agreement as it has been labeled. The Industrial Union was liquidated as an organization, and its members were told to join the International. Two thousand workers joined the A. F. of L. union in three days—most of them from the Industrial Union, but many hitherto unorganized furriers emerging from their cyclone cellars now that the shooting was over. Exactly how many of them came from the "red" union can only be told when the elections are held. Ben Gold has an even chance of becoming the leader of the A. F. of L. union unless—

The "unless" is the blast directed against the merger by the A. F. of L. through Matthew Woll. Woll has seized the opportunity to call for a pogrom against Communists not only in the furriers union, but throughout the labor movement. Probably he will be ignored as Green's similar call was ignored last summer. Certainly Lucchi, the International president, and the leadership of the union have lived up to the unity committee's agreement with the Industrial Union. But Woll's outburst may not have been in vain. Quite possibly the official Communists themselves, whose orientation is toward work within the A. F. of L., will take the hint and lie low for the time being, refraining from seizing the union even if they can.

The other Jewish needle-trade unions in New York and particularly the International Ladies Garment Workers Union have long stood in the relation of big brother to the International Fur Workers. Before and during the Toronto convention amalgamation of the Fur Workers with the ILGWU was discussed as a logical step. Thus Woll tried to give teeth to his anti-red statement by making the leaders of the needle trades party to it. But the teeth were pulled when David Dubinsky, ILGWU president, said in a public statement (in the diplomatic language used by one vice-president of the A. F. of L. in speaking of another vice-president) in effect: "Mr. Woll is a so-and-so liar."

Meanwhile amalgamation of the two unions has ended the fur manufacturer's long holiday. The furriers are fighting again, but now they fight for better conditions in the industry, better pay and enforcement of hour agreements —Stalinites, Lovestoneites, and Socialists together. Scores of shops have been signed up since peace was made, thousands of furriers have received pay increases. Unity has been the furriers' answer to the voiding of the NRA. If unity endures, if blunders from the left and attacks from the right do not destroy it, they will gain more than the most ardent adherent of NRA ever imagined.

Labor Notes

Huey Long and Labor

THERE has been much talk but little documentation of Huey Long's services to labor in Louisiana. Labor throughout the country should therefore be interested in the opinion of George E. Wallace, second vice-president of the Louisiana State Federation of Labor—and in what happened to him for expressing it. In July Mr. Wallace, who has been a union man for twenty-three years, wrote an open letter to E. H. Williams, president of the federation, calling Huey Long the common enemy of organized labor in Louisiana and listing specific reasons for the charge. Under Long, wrote Wallace, "wages in the state have declined, hours have been lengthened, and the condition of the workers has grown steadily worse." He went on to point out that workers on construction jobs were paid far below the prevailing wage scale; that Long prevented passage of a state law giving labor the right to organize and bargain collectively; that his legislature defeated the eight-hour bill for women and the child-labor amendment. "During his regime," read the unmincing letter of Mr. Wallace, "not a single measure of a social character was passed." And he pointed out to his superior that the Federation "has a wonderful opportunity at the coming election in January to render a real service to the state."

Less than two weeks after his open criticism of Senator Long, Mr. Wallace was fired from his job as a barber at the Hotel Bentley in Alexandria, Louisiana, because its manager feared a boycott and other reprisals by Long's henchmen. Mr. Long, according to the Federated Press, was "enthusiastic" when he heard the news and predicted that Wallace would soon be thrown out of the barber's union and out of the state federation. He failed to state whether Wallace would still be allowed to live in Louisiana. As usual Long's answer to the charges brought against him were profane but not specific. "Labor," he said, with assorted oaths, "won't stand for a man like that." So far it is not recorded whether Mr. Williams, president of the Louisiana Federation of Labor, answered Mr. Wallace's letter, and Long claims that the A. F. of L. and the state federation have given him a "100-per-cent record." It would be an excellent time for the A. F. of L., both state and local, to make it clear that labor will not stand for a man like Long. But that may hardly be expected from the A. F. of L. bureaucracy whose political tradition, judging from its past record, might almost be described as punishing labor's friends and rewarding its enemies.

Closed Shop

THE New York *Post* has signed a closed-shop contract with the American Newspaper Guild. Besides the closed shop, the contract establishes the check-off, a five-day, forty-hour week, one week's vacation with pay each year, with two weeks after one year's service. Minimum wages are left for further arbitration. There is also a provision for dismissal notice, and for a grievance committee. The *Post* is the first metropolitan daily to sign a contract with the Guild.

Contributors to This Issue

JACOB BURCK is a radical cartoonist whose collection of drawings, "Hunger and Revolt," was published this year.

LEWIS COREY is author of "The Decline of American Capitalism" (1934). His new book, "The Crisis of the Middle Class," will appear early in September.

ARNOLD S. FULTON is the pseudonym of a Louisiana newspaperman.

LAWRENCE ROGIN is an instructor in labor journalism at Brookwood Labor College.

DAVID SCHEYER is a labor journalist in New York.

WILLIAM GRUEN is in the department of philosophy at Washington Square College, New York University.

H. B. PARKES is a member of the history department at Washington Square College.

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY has lived in Mexico for many years. He has contributed articles on Mexican affairs to *The Nation* and other magazines.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES, former professor of English and philosophy, is the author of "This Land of Liberty," and co-author of "Mary Baker Eddy—The Truth and the Tradition."

Books

Footprints in Cement

Lucy Gayheart. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

YEARS after the heroine of this novel has been found entrapped by a tree stump beneath the icy waters of a Middle Western river, her former admirer, now sole owner of the old Gayheart place at the end of town, gives instructions to one of his retainers: "Those marks there in the cement were made by Gayheart's daughter Lucy, when she was a little girl. I'll just ask you that nothing happens to those two slabs of walk—in my time, at least." Such a sentiment of the past, with its special commingling of the sacred and the commonplace, is actually all that Miss Cather's new work, despite its elaborate preparation of character and background, finally manages to communicate. The book has been only another and less memorable rendition of the theme that has occupied this novelist from the beginning. Like the heroines of "The Song of the Lark," "O Pioneers," and "A Lost Lady," Lucy Gayheart is one of those exquisite "sports" that were thrown up at the close of the period of pioneer expansion in the West. She is too lovely, too intelligent, too responsive to the call of what is rhetorically designated as life to be content with anything which that period had to offer. Unlike Marian Forrester, however, she is unable to compromise, and that is the pathos of her situation. For a few hours she has known dangerous release in the arms of an aging and unhappy baritone in a dimly lighted studio in the Fine Arts building in Chicago. After such a taste of abandonment, with all that it holds of music and continental passion and romantic sorrow, the daily bread of Harry Gordon's too well-disciplined affections loses all its savor for her. After such a revelation, as a matter of fact, there can be no future for either Lucy or the book. Miss Cather would be hard put to it to dispose of such a character as Clement Sebastian elsewhere than in the picturesque depths of Lake Como. And Lucy Gayheart has made a choice which leaves her only the life-in-death of continued existence in the Platte valley. For Harry Gordon and the reader there can be only the perennial, if somewhat unsatisfactory, consolation of the footprints in the cement.

The outline of Miss Cather's story as given is of course reducible to something that one has already seen many times and will see again in the Hollywood cinema. But to complain of its hackneyed simplicity is not to take account in this book of that other element of the novel form for which Miss Cather has been considered especially notable. The following is offered as a fair example of the style that is used to indicate or render subjective states on the part of the characters:

> She had never loved the city so much; the city which gave one the freedom to spend one's youth as one pleased, to have one's secret, to choose one's master and serve him in one's own way. Yesterday's rain had left a bitter, springlike smell in the air; the vehemence that beat against her in the street and hummed above her had something a little wistful in it tonight, like a plaintive hand-organ tune. All the lovely things in the shop windows, the furs and jewels, roses and orchids, seemed to belong to her as she passed them. Not to have wrapped up and sent home certainly; where would she put them? But they were hers to live among.

That this is not the best writing that has come to us from the author of "My Antonia" and "A Lost Lady" is as evident from the sentimentally relaxed rhythms as from the stereotyped imagery. What it reveals even more profoundly than the naively romantic pattern of her newest book is how completely this writer now permits the *élans* of her sensibility to conquer over her intelligence. Where a Flaubert, troubled by much the same conflict between imagination and conscience, was able at the end to attain to the high detachment of "L'Education Sentimentale," Miss Cather surrenders to the temptation of facile sentimentalism which has been her greatest temptation from the beginning. For those who had hoped that the archeological holiday of her last two novels might be followed by a return to the clearly envisaged experience of her earlier books about the West, this most recent novel can only be a source of grave discouragement. WILLIAM TROY

Human Accents in Science

Science and the Human Temperament. By Erwin Schrödinger. W. W. Norton. $3.50.

IT has been claimed that art, unlike science, exercises an autonomy in its subject matter. The function of art, it is said, is to create order; the function of science is to discover it. While experience furnishes the elements of both art and science, the directive principles which guide experience in these two enterprises are said to be radically different. Experience in art is seen as a vehicle of human values and in science as clues to matters of fact.

A considerable part of Schrödinger's rather desultory book is devoted to mitigating this contrast between art and science. In an essay entitled Is Science a Fashion of the Times? he elaborates the well-known fact that the development of science has been determined to a large extent by extra-scientific factors. For example, he notes that the direction of scientific research and the general character of the hypotheses advanced bear close relations to the dominant world-outlook of the age. These relations are of profound significance for the methodology of science and they suggest a similarity between art and science more trenchant than that which Schrödinger aims to disclose. Professor Schrödinger is rather preoccupied with the arbitrariness, variability, and what he would call the subjecttivity of art, and he attempts to exhibit similar traits in science. In this attempt he is largely successful, but it seems to the present reviewer that Schrödinger misses the deeper significance of his acute analogies.

This significance lies not in the view of science as a kind of play whose form varies with the "fashions" of the times, but in the fact that science as well as art is an attempt to organize experience. And just as we find profound satisfaction when we can identify the structure and meaning of the work of art—a human creation—with a non-human natural order, so in science we derive satisfaction when scientific theories—the products of human genius—can be seen to express not only the organization of fragmentary human experience but also the structure of a non-human nature. The universe both as depicted in science and as expressed in art is man-made, but in both it is made of elements of experience which, because they are human, are also natural. Thus the order of human experience when informed by adequate insight can become also an order of nature. But because experience is never exhaustive and because the natural scene of that experience changes, no view of nature either in art or in science can be final. It is in this tentative character of science and the continual need for reconstruction of scientific theory that Schrödinger sees the dependence of science on human temperament.

What he calls "human temperament," however, turns out to be the gamut of dominant concepts of any age. These are not, as Schrödinger regards them, subjective determinants of science, but objective instrumentalities which the scientist employs in his theories just as he might use the technical facilities of his age in his experiments.

Less than half of the essays and lectures collected in this volume deal with the title theme. The rest are of a more technical character and center around the conflict between the deterministic and the a-causal views of the laws of nature. Implicit in Schrödinger's treatment of this subject is the valuable suggestion that the principle of indeterminacy—which is the theoretical basis of the a-causal view of nature—is an extension of the ideal of discontinuity. All measurement is discontinuous, but until Heisenberg developed the principle of indeterminacy it was believed that the only limits of refinement in measurement were the degree of tchnological refinement of our instruments. The principle of indeterminacy may be viewed as a principle of the atomicity of measurement. Not only the process of nature, but measurements—the processes whereby we come to know nature—are limited by irreducible units. The realm which lies beyond these limits is forever closed to human knowledge not because what is to be known in that realm transcends our capacities, but because in that realm there is nothing to know.

Closer students of the book should be on guard against such typographical errors as that which appears on page 57 where wrong exponents give an utterly false conception of an important equation. WILLIAM GRUEN

The Life of Veblen

Thorstein Veblen and His America. By Joseph Dorfman. The Viking Press. $3.75.

DURING his lifetime Thorstein Veblen was little known outside a small circle of friends and disciples. Until his fiftieth year he taught at the University of Chicago on a salary which never exceeded a thousand dollars. Subsequently he spent three years at Stanford, from which he was forced to resign as the result of a matrimonial scandal, and six years in the business school of the University of Missouri. He died, almost forgotton, three months before the Wall Street crash. During the six years which have elapsed since that event his books have, for the first time, begun to win popular recognition.

Thanks to Mr. Dorfman, we can now discover what kind of man Veblen was, how his ideas developed, and what was his relation to the intellectual life of his time. Mr. Dorfman has spent several years on this biography, and he tells us everything about Veblen's life which we need to know. It is not easy reading, any more than are Veblen's own books; it is packed too tightly with analyses of Veblen's ideas and with quotations from the writings of his contemporaries, and the material has not been sufficiently digested. But it is worth the effort involved, both as a portrait of one of the most eccentric characters who has ever adorned an American college campus and as a complete survey of the work of the most penetrating and realistic of American sociologists.

Veblen approached modern society with the detachment of an anthropologist studying a tribe of cannibals. His roots, as far as he had any, were in the agrarian radicalism of Minnesota, and the society which he studied was the society dominated by the trusts and the finance capitalism of the House of Morgan. During a period when almost every economist in America did obeisance to the "captains of industry" and devoted himself to proving that the laws of capitalist economics were the laws of God, Veblen was baring the criminal absurdities of the system with an insight which only Karl Marx has ever excelled. The basis of all his thinking was his distinction between industry and business. By industry he meant the actual productive apparatus, developed by the technicians and operated by the workers. These groups had little interest in or capacity for money-making; they were dominated by the instinct for workmanship, which was closely allied with those instincts making for the preservation of the race. Business, on the other hand, was a series of wasteful and more or less fraudulent devices by which the wealth created by the "underlying population" was diverted into the pockets of the capitalist class. The "absentee owners" who lived by the exploitation of industry resembled the feudal aristocracy and the other ruling classes of earlier times. Like the feudal lords, they were aggressive, "prehensile," and useless; like the feudal lords, they made use of religion and of other methods of propaganda to convince the classes who supported them that they deserved their privileged position; and, as Veblen demonstrated in the best-known of his books, the basis of most of their aesthetic and moral evaluations was their desire to show that they were exempt from the obligation to perform any useful labor. The class system of capitalism must eventually, Veblen believed, collapse as other class systems had done. As capitalization increased, as the interest charges which industry must pay grew larger and the consuming power of the workers grew smaller, as production was artificially restricted and prices raised in order that goods might be sold at a profit, the "absentee owners" would become a burden too heavy for society to carry. Even in normal times business could avoid depression only by "sabotage," by refusing to use the productive apparatus at anything like its full capacity and by colossal waste. Either the "underlying population" must take matters into their own hands and insist that industry be run for use instead of for profit, or the human race would be carried back, through militarism and feudalism, into the dark ages.

Veblen differed from Marx chiefly in the terms in which he formulated his hope of salvation. Marx looked mainly to the self-interest of the working classes, who would be organized by large-scale industry and who would be forced to become aware of their position by their increasing misery during the period of capitalist decline. Veblen had little confidence that the working class would ever acquire sufficient intelligence; all history, he felt, proved how easily the "underlying population" could be deceived by the ruling class. The main trouble, in his opinion, was that human ideas lagged so far behind economic realities; men lived in an age of technology, but they still thought in terms of medieval animism. A sane economic order would be achieved, if at all, when the human mind had become adapted to its new environment. The class which might most reasonably be expected to become contemporary in their thinking were the engineers, who were also the one class which, in modern society, was indispensable; and it was to them that Veblen looked for salvation. After the war he drafted a "memorandum for a Practicable Soviet of Technicians," in which he suggested that this class through a unanimous strike, could revolutionize society.

Confidence in the technicians is the distinctive characteristic of Veblenism as a separate school of thought. It is to be found, for example, in the technocrats, in Stuart Chase, and in George Soule, all of whom, with varying competency, are diluted Veblen; it is to be found in some of the economists attached to the New Deal. Undoubtedly a technicians' revolution would be considerably more painless and less destructive than a proletarian revolution; but, although one cannot before the event prove it to be wholly impossible, one can at least affirm that it is very improbable. Veblen himself was an excessively detached and unemotional person, and the chief deficiency in his social analysis was that he emphasized so exclusively the stupidity of the capitalist system. A technicians' revolution would be a revolution motivated not by the material necessities of those who organized it but by their instinct for workmanship, their dislike for waste and sabotage. Unfortunately, as Veblen himself realized in his more pessimistic moments, one cannot trust human beings to be intelligent; one cannot expect the "absentee owners" to agree without a struggle that they are an anachronism, nor will a mere demonstration that capitalism is absurd be enough to overthrow it. The driving force which is needed to effect revolutionary changes must be supplied by more elemental and forceful emotions, such as are to be found not among the salaried middle class but among the workers.

Veblen without Marx is apt, therefore, to result in a rather futile liberalism. Read in conjunction with Marx, however, he remains a singularly wise and far-seeing thinker. For American readers, in fact, who are more familiar with American finance capitalism and with American modes of thought than they are with the earlier European capitalism and with the European philosophies with which Marx was concerned, Veblen's books are probably the most congenial introduction to the revolutionary attitude. H. B. PARKES

Religion in Mexico

Chaos in Mexico. By Charles S. Macfarland. Harper and Brothers. $2.

WHEN Dr. Macfarland was collecting factual material in Mexico for his book, he succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in inducing "four factory or other manual workers" to tell him what the workers—the majority of Mexicans—thought about the church and the revolution's opposition to it. "From one after the other of them, he records, "I received the same reactions, although in some instances their emphases were different."

> Workers have no confidence in a state whose officials build palaces for their mistresses while the government itself proclaims the principles of communism. . . . Multitudes of workers see all this, but at the present time they do not dare resist, because the government . . . is in absolute control. Such workers sympathize with the church, often perhaps solely because they find the church in the same fix with themselves. . . . One of them said with a good deal of earnestness: "The church did give us some freedom. The church did teach us some high principles of morality. *The church . . . was interested in us as human beings.*"
>
> When I put the direct questions to each of these men, Do you want the church put out of existence? Do you want Mexico to be an irreligious or an unreligious nation? Do you want religion entirely ruled out of teaching and education? the answers in each case were a ringing "No!"

These workmen unquestionably voiced the majority sentiment of their class, whether industrial toilers, craftsmen, or peasants. Their testimony disposes completely of the contention of government leaders that the revolution's anti-church and anti-religious crusade is demanded, hailed, and supported by the masses as a necessary means to their social and economic progress. It also indicates, in part at least, why the masses have declined to divorce themselves from the bosom of a church "which was interested in us as human beings" and to take refuge spiritually in the cold, impersonal, rationalistic, godless breast offered them by a political regime and philosophy by which, as one of the workers told Dr. Macfarland, they "have simply been enslaved." Mexican workers, like all others, respond to institutions that are more or less interested in them "as human beings," not solely as pawns upon a political chessboard.

Dr. Macfarland recently came away from Mexico with ample material of substantial and fundamental quality. This he compressed into a modest-sized book, in which there is scarcely a superfluous sentence. It is an invaluable and indispensable source document for those who require guidance amid the passionately asserted and interminable complications that beset one's path in a serious effort to arrive at a reasonably solid, correct, and practical basis for personal and independent judgment of the church question in Mexico. No one could strive to hold the scales more evenly than the author. Manifestly his Protestantism was not permitted to warp or bias his work or his writing. His industry as a fact-seeker is established by the extent of his stay and travels in Mexico and by the multitude of persons whom he interrogated.

But his judicial and temperate attitude does not prevent him from making the unequivocal statement in his conclusions that "the state is suppressing religious liberty" and that for Mexican officials to "reiterate denials is as disingenuous as it is inept." He presents evidence that the state "is anti-religious, rather than simply anti-clerical and anti-church."

Some partisans will seize upon as material for debate Dr. Macfarland's statement that "the government of Mexico, with all of its weaknesses, is undoubtedly far more earnest in its desire for social reform than its critics admit. The Roman church in Mexico, while in some ways still far from the realization of Christian ideals, has done more for the people of Mexico than the state will allow." On the whole, by drastic elimination of lengthy and confusing non-essentials the author has succeeded in supplying the necessary background for the reader's approach to the subject. ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY

Class Education

The Social Ideas of American Educators. By Merle Curti. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

"THE Social Ideas of American Educators" by Professor Curti of Smith College is a book of much wider significance than its modest title implies. In its first part, dealing with conditions prior to the Civil War, it is virtually a brief and very trenchant history of American education up to that time; in its second and longer part, though this is mainly concerned with particular educational leaders, these themselves are shown to have conformed in their ideas and practice, for the most part, to the pattern of American education established at the outset. This pattern, as it was in the beginning, is now, and apparently ever shall be so long as the present order of society endures, is summed up by the author as "class education."

In New England, and in the rest of the colonies as well, colleges and Latin schools were created under the tutelage of the clergy as the best possible defense of state, church, and accumulated wealth, it being the accepted view, in the words of one of the educators of the day, that "commerce and riches depend on virtue and liberty, which again depend on knowledge and religion." Common schools were introduced to give a rudimentary instruction to the children of the poor, but the higher branches were open only to the well-to-do and the socially privileged. When free public schools came eventually in the wake of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democracy, their chief proponents, Horace Mann and Henry Barnard, argued for them precisely on the ground that they would indoctrinate the masses with the duty of being contented in their lowlier lot, Barnard going so far as to insert a capitalist catechism such as this in his textbook, "Object Lessons":

Q. Suppose a capitalist in employing his capital makes large profits, would that harm the working man?

A. No. There would be more capital to pay wages.

Q. Are you sorry, then, that capitalists should have great profits?

A. Glad.

In the second part of his volume Professor Curti follows the method of case histories, giving brilliant biographical analyses of, among others, Booker T. Washington, whose highest ambition for the Negroes was to enable them to attain the position of white wage-slaves; the right-wing Hegelian, William T. Harris, who showed that "true individualism could be realized only by subordinating the individual to existing institutions"; the Catholic, Bishop Spalding, the gist of whose high-minded teaching was to minimize the importance of economic considerations for the workers; the "romantic individualist," G. Stanley Hall, with his extension of *laissez faire* to every field; William James, who praised habit as the preserver of class distinctions: all advocates of class interest while considering themselves "disinterested seekers after knowledge."

Professor Curti does not forget such rebels as Francis Wayland Parker, John Dewey (his chapter on Dewey is strangely unappreciative), and George S. Counts, whose efforts to change the goal of education from private profit to that of social welfare are duly recounted. One is left with the impression, however, in spite of a rather empty reconciliatory chapter in conclusion, that education will on the whole remain an agent of the ruling class. ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Shorter Notices

Asylum. By William C. Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Mr. Seabrook got so tired of drinking too much that he had himself committed to a sanitorium which somewhat unwillingly accepts alcoholics. Being a journalist with a penchant for the macabre, he naturally used his adventure as copy and the result is a remarkably lively and entertaining account both of his own case and of life in a well-known, easily recognizable institution for the treatment of mental disorders. Mr. Seabrook thinks that he took to drink because he would not face his inability to write quite as well as he wanted to and he has great respect for the methods of this particular sanitarium; but the book is interesting chiefly for its vivid picture of existence on the Magic Mountain provided for those not quite capable of facing life in the everyday world. The institution in question does not take cases recognized as incurable and restraint is reduced to the necessary minimum. Its inmates are treated less as dangerous characters than as naughty children and the general effect is that of something halfway between a country club and a very modern kindergarten. Mr. Seabrook writes with enormous gusto and just the right touch of ghastly humor.

Only the Fear. By Lenore G. Marshall. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The theme of this first novel demands a more rational, shrewder presentation than Lenore Marshall has been able to devise for it. Her heroine, Gabriele Kirk, is a sexually immature young matron, whose complacent acceptance of her husband's embraces in no way interfered with a mental, rhapsodical love affair with a childhood dream-lover whom she called Ivan. The discovery of her husband's one casual infidelity unsettles the precarious balance of her double-edged life. In an amour with a rakish young doctor, she tries to recreate the Ivan romance, and, as her emotions pour into this fantasy, reality grows dim and insanity threatens. By what can only be described as an act of God, she is saved, brought back alive into the everyday world, and the ending is happy. Such a situation as this clearly cries out for clinical treatment; Lenore Marshall douses it with romance. Where one might expect detachment, analysis, scientific knowledge, even, perhaps, wit, Mrs. Marshall's story pours forth in a geyser of unreasoning emotion. The effect is undignified, somewhat silly. Unable to evaluate her own characters, herself caught in the tangle of their problems, the author seems as juvenile as her deluded heroine. When one adds to this lack of discrimination, an atrocious ear for dialogue, which allows Connecticut intellectuals to mouth the platitudes of half-educated adolescents, one must conclude that delicate sensibilities cannot, by themselves, turn an interesting case-history into a good novel.

Hedwig. By Vance Randolph. The Vanguard Press. $2.

By the simple device of permitting his heroine to tell her own story, in her own illiterate and honest way, Mr. Randolph manages to bring her vividly before us. It is the story of a simple-minded nature at the mercy of brute trickery; almost every man she meets, from her loutish husband down, takes advantage of Hedwig whose capacity for suffering seems to be equaled only by her inability to defend herself against it. Of the few men who are moderately kind to her, one is a gentle imbecile who finally shoots himself; another leaves her to go back to his wife; while the third is obviously not of her world and unable to stay for any length of time within it: the very sensibilities which cause him to treat her with an unaccustomed amount of consideration are those which eventually send him away. To their final parting, on which the book ends, Hedwig agrees with the same show of dull, animal-like forbearance which is her natural response to every situation. Mr. Randolph has both honesty and intelligence; he knows his characters, and he presents them with a certain degree of truth. Unfortunately—for he has chosen a subject which demands the utmost in artistic treatment—he lacks any kind of artistic sense. It is possible, for a time, to believe in Hedwig; but her appeal is limited rather than universal, her sufferings never excite more than a casual sympathy—more often than not, they are downright repulsive. One closes the book with a sense of relief, which is on no account to be confused with the kind of relief that follows an effect of terror and pity.

The Letters of Theodore Dwight Weld, Angelina Grimké Weld, and Sarah Grimké, 1822-1844. Edited by Gilbert H. Barnes and Dwight L. Dumond. D. Appleton and Company. Two Volumes. $10.

The American Historical Association has published two volumes of the Letters of Theodore Dwight Weld, his wife Angelina Grimké Weld, and Sarah Grimké, during the years 1822-1844. Theodore Weld was one of the less well-known leaders of the Abolition movement whom William Lloyd Garrison once described as "The lion-hearted, invincible Weld" (November 27, 1835). But his own modesty and dislike of leadership and responsibility kept him in the background. His wife and her sister were remarkable women, daughters of a Chief Justice of South Carolina, who were so horrified by slavery as they saw it at close range that they left South Carolina to join the ranks of the anti-slavery forces in the North. These letters are a substantial contribution to the history of the anti-slavery movement. It seems rather a pity, however, that one of the editors should have revived in the introduction the old controversy as to how much the Garrisonian Abolitionists and how much others accomplished. Here William Lloyd Garrison is written down, and the editors declare that Theodore Weld, the comparatively unknown, was "the greatest individual factor" in the triumph of the Abolition movement. Thus is history being rewritten! Just as in the past the laurels have been variously awarded to Wendell Phillips, James G. Burney, Gerrit Smith, John Quincy Adams, and various others.

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THE LAST-MINUTE reversal of the Senate Finance Committee, eliminating the proposed higher surtax rates on incomes of less than $1,000,000 and striking out the amendment reducing personal income-tax exemptions, destroys all hope that the pending tax bill might be converted into a genuine social measure. Reduction of the exemption, though it was criticized as a tax on the poor, would have had the effect of increasing taxation on the moderately well-to-do, who heretofore have failed to bear their share of the burden. Since even in 1929 three families out of five in the United States had incomes below $2,000, it is evident that the tax would have fallen on a favored few. If the amendment had been retained, a family of five with an earned income of $3,500 would still have paid no tax, while a family of six with an income of $5,000 would have paid only $36. Even more commendable was the proposal to start the surtax on a net income of $3,000 instead of $4,000, thus steepening the slope of the graduated tax. The rejection of the principle of the inheritance tax in favor of an increased levy on estates, on the other hand, is definitely reactionary and implies a solicitude for future heirs of great wealth which is wholly without social justification. In view of the fundamental conflict in principle between the proposals drawn up by the two houses, it is especially regrettable that Congress is determined to rush the bill through by August 24, the date now set for adjournment. Given time and strong Administration leadership, a sound system of taxation might have been evolved in place of the halfway measure recently adopted by the House of Representatives.

AT FIRST SIGHT the report of the national income for 1934 just issued by the Department of Commerce makes encouraging reading. National income paid out—as contrasted with national income produced—showed an increase of $5,000,000 over 1933 and $1,500,000 over 1932, a rise of 11 per cent in twelve months. The percentage of income paid for labor, including salaries, was slightly higher than in 1929, and considerably above the early years of the depression. But a somewhat closer examination is in order lest the Democratic Party be tempted to use these figures as proof of the success of the New Deal. It will be found, for example, that aggregate wages and salaries in all industries increased from $29,545,000,000 in 1932 to $30,815,000,000, in 1935—an advance of 4 per cent. During this same period, however, the cost of living in the United States, according to the most conservative estimate, rose 3 per cent, leaving a net gain to the working class of 1 per cent over the last days of the Hoover Administration. If allowance were made for the 1.6 per cent growth in population in the interval, the relative position of labor would be found to be slightly worse than in 1932, and the resulting figure would be almost identical with *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare published elsewhere in this issue. If we compare the 1934 figures with those of 1929, the picture is even more distressing. Labor income has dropped 37 per cent as against a 20 per cent decline in the cost of living, while the population has increased 4 per cent. We suggest that both Democrats and Republicans look elsewhere for their campaign arguments.

IN HIS memorable speech of acceptance as Chancellor of Germany Hitler promised that unemployment in the Reich would be liquidated in four years. "Give me four years," he shouted, "and crucify me if by that time I have not lifted the nation out of its present deplorable condition." That was in 1933. January, 1937, is drawing uncomfortably close and Goebbels's propaganda factory is working overtime to prove that Hitler's words were not all wind. Thus the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times* cabled the other day that the number of registered unemployed in the Reich has been decreased from 6,013,000 in January, 1933, to 1,754,000 on July 31, 1935. The *Times* correspondent reminds his readers of Hitler's four-year promise and quotes a statement recently made by Dr. Ley, chief of the German Labor Front, that the *Führer's* prediction will be fulfilled by the end of 1935. What are the facts? In 1934 the Nazi authorities struck 900,000 workers from the unemployed registers as "unemployable," and classified them as dole receivers instead. The *Times* correspondent himself reports that another half-million is to be similarly lopped off the lists this year. Approximately 900,000 women were ousted from their jobs as the result of Nazi propaganda against women in industry; their places were taken by former unemployed. Of these women, almost 400,000 married with the help of the dowry paid by the state. About 600,000 men entered the Reichswehr and the labor camps, while some 300,000 city workers were sent to the country by the famous Arbeitsdienst, where they are exploited unmercifully for the bounteous sum of fifty pfennigs a day. The expansion of the war and munitions industries, together with seasonal changes, accounts for the rest. That is the real story of reconstruction under Hitler, told without benefit of censor or Propaganda Ministry.

THE EXPECTED RESISTANCE to Premier Laval's deflationary program almost developed into an open revolutionary movement. Strikers in the naval arsenals at Brest, Toulon, Cherbourg, and Lorient paraded under red flags singing the "Internationale." Severe fighting between the police and strikers at Brest and Toulon led to the death of at least eight persons and the wounding of several hundred. A walkout on the French Line which tied up service for more than forty-eight hours was only settled after officials of the line had agreed to provide more work in order to maintain existing wages. While peace was eventually restored in all the disturbed centers by dint of minor concessions and compromises, the widespread resentment against the government's economy measures has not been appeased. Since the cost of living in Paris is only 3 per cent less than in 1926 after four years of severe deflation, no one seriously expects Laval to be successful in reducing it 10 per cent by means of a governmental edict. The rioting is ascribed to the influence of "professional agitators, hoodlums, and Communists," but the spontaneity and severity of the protest should serve to warn Laval of the fate of the man who sought to save Germany by "emergency decrees."

IN DENMARK fascism has recently waged and lost its first important battle. Under cover of an appeal for help sent by distressed farmers to the King, the Agrarian Association, known as the L. S., a group composed mainly of landowners and junkers, made an impudent attempt to force Christian X into an unconstitutional action against the Stauning government. To this end a "farmers' march" on Copenhagen was arranged for July 29. The leaders of the L. S. arrived in more than a thousand private cars, and 30,000 farmers and small tenants were brought to Copenhagen by ship and train to provide an impressive background at Amalienborg Palace for the King's reception of a deputation from the association. The political purpose of the "march," underlying its vaguely formulated economic grievances, was to drive a wedge between the sovereign and the government. King Christian's answer to the L. S. delegates was of impressive curtness: "I do not wish to refuse this deputation admittance, though the address it carries contains statements and claims on which I feel unable to express myself. As a constitutional king, I can only consider the people's lawfully elected representatives, so that I must ask the deputation to apply to the Prime Minister. . . ." Herr Stauning was present at the reception although the deputation had tried to keep him away. The royal speech was in fact Herr Stauning's own crushing retort to the agitators. That this was understood and resented was indicated by the clamorous demonstration against him which broke loose when Knud Bach, leader of the L. S. movement, came out to announce the results of the reception through the microphone. A feature of the "march" was the conspicuous presence of a Nazi wing, headed by Count Knuth, who is the right arm of Dr. Clausen, founder and chief of the Danish National Socialist Party.

THE COMMITTEE on academic freedom of the American Civil Liberties Union presents a disturbing report on the spread of loyalty-oath laws for teachers. In 1931 only six states had such laws, but since then fourteen more have passed them. The drive for these bills is increasing in vigor largely as a result of the agitation of the Hearst papers and the "allegedly patriotic societies," such as the Daughters of the American Revolution, the American Legion, the Elks, and the chambers of commerce. The bills are part of a program to hamper the expression of all nonconformist opinion in the schools, the colleges, and the press. The "patriotic" virus has entered even the federal courts, as the Krumbein case, commented upon in *The Nation* last week, amply shows.

IN SHARP AND HAPPY CONTRAST to this new development of "Americanism" is the anti-race-discrimination bill recently signed by Governor Earle of Pennsylvania. The law states specifically that there shall be no discrimination "because of race, creed, or color" in these places: inns, taverns, roadhouses, hotels, restaurants, buffets, saloons, bar-rooms, ice-cream parlors, confectionaries, soda fountains, drugstores, dispensaries, clinics, hospitals, bathhouses, theaters, motion-picture houses, airdromes, roof gardens, music halls, race courses, skating rinks, amusement and recreation parks, fairs, bowling alleys, gymnasiums, shooting galleries, billiard and pool parlors, public libraries, kindergartens, primary and secondary schools, high schools, academies, colleges and universities, garages, and all public conveyances. The bill is plainly in line with the best traditions of our history, but it is reported that the hotel men of Pennsylvania plan to attack its constitutionality.

THE *CHURCHMAN,* liberal Episcopal weekly, was a pioneer in the movement against indecent films. Its fight has been waged with vigor and intelligence—not prudery. It has steadily opposed censorship and directed its attack at the economic roots of the movie industry in the office of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors and their czar, Will Hays. In the course of an article on the tyranny exercised by the "motion-picture trust" over exhibitors, it was stated that "Will H. Hays, Adolph Zukor, Gabriel Hess, Charles C. Pettijohn, and numbers of other individuals and film producers have been indicted in the Province of Ontario for conspiring to prevent competition in that portion of Canada." The statement, taken from *Harrison's Reports,* was inaccurate and the *Churchman* immediately published an apology and retraction. But Mr. Hess, general attorney of Mr. Hays's office, sued, and the suit has been pressed through one court after another until in June of this year the Supreme Court in New York awarded a verdict of $10,000 punitive damages and $200 compensatory damages against the *Churchman* and the Reverend Guy Emery Shipler, its editor. The refusal of the plaintiff to accept the *Churchman's* retraction reveals an unrelenting enmity on the part of the Hays office that must be gratifying to Mr. Shipler. But it is an expensive form of tribute. Unless the decision is reversed, the *Churchman* must raise $10,200—a large sum for a liberal weekly. For a time it was doubtful whether the *Churchman* could survive the verdict, but the religious press of the country rallied to the defense and has opened its columns to appeals for funds. Opinion may vary as to the responsibility of the movies for juvenile delinquency, but no such doubt should cloud anyone's belief that a journal of unquestioned integrity and courage should be saved from extinction at the hands of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors.

APPARENTLY UNAWARE of the beneficent effects of Japanese "law and order," Manchurian bandits have indulged in a series of outbreaks unprecedented for daring and savagery. The attacks are particularly significant not only as evidence of Japan's utter inability to subjugate the major portion of the countryside but as an indication of the growing severity of the region's economic crisis. In this both nature and the Japanese appear to have taken a hand. An official report of the South Manchuria Railway estimates that crops will be 40 per cent below normal this season and indicates a serious drop in the supply of livestock. Add to this increased taxes and the economic ravages of a government-sponsored drug trade, and it is scarcely surprising that thousands are being forced into brigandage. While there is doubtless an element of truth in the Japanese charge that Chinese patriotic organizations have furnished arms and ammunition to certain bands of outlaws, police records show a substantial part of the contraband to have been furnished by Japanese smugglers. The bright side of the picture is that Japan is unlikely to attack the Soviet Union as long as Manchuria remains in turmoil.

THE SECOND REPORT of Mayor LaGuardia's committee investigating the Harlem riot of March 19 deals almost entirely with the police situation. It was made by a subcommittee headed by Arthur Garfield Hays. The committee found that the outburst was not a race riot, that it was "spontaneous and unpremeditated," and that it "was the result of a highly emotional situation among the colored people of Harlem due in large part to the nervous strain of years of unemployment and insecurity." Further, the charge that the riot was instigated by Communists was found to be untrue, "though they sought to profit by it." The committee is especially severe in its comment upon the Harlem police, saying, "It is a grave state of affairs when the inhabitants of a large section of the city have come to look upon the men in police uniforms as lawless oppressors who stop at no brutality or at the taking of human life." The report lists several instances of police brutality in Harlem, stressing the case of Thomas Aiken, who was accidentally pulled out of a line waiting for relief food and so severely beaten by the police that one of his eyes had to be removed. It continues: "It is indefensibly bad police work when two armed police officers cannot arrest an unarmed man in broad daylight in a public building without beating him up and gouging out an eye." The committee recommends the prompt prosecution of the offenders in all cases of police brutality and also the formation of a committee made up of Harlem residents of both races to whom instances of such behavior might be reported.

THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY is lurching badly. Clifford Odets's play, "Waiting for Lefty," which has come to be a device for testing the degree of free speech allowed in American communities, has been denied the privileges of the Town Hall in Provincetown, Massachusetts; the selectmen of the same town had previously denied the use of the hall for an anti-war meeting because they suspected that the Communists were promoting the affair. So far 700 names have been signed to a petition protesting against these suppressions and one of the summer residents has suggested that if the selectmen are consistent they should tear down the tablet in the Town Hall commemorating the Mayflower compact which was drawn up in Provincetown harbor in 1620 by forty-one men who had fled the Old World to seek freedom in the New. Needless to say, the Board of Trade indorsed the action of the selectmen, who allowed as how Cape Cod is too conservative for "reds and agitators." (They also threatened to punish the 700 petitioners by publishing their names in the newspapers, which would indicate that Cape Cod is cut off from the realities of American life in more ways than one.) Like many another set of local authorities, the selectmen of Provincetown are determined to protect the cradle of American liberty from reds and agitators even if they have to throw out cradle, baby, and all. In the face of this tendency we are glad to hear that the Town Counsel of Plymouth, Massachusetts, has ruled that the Rock is the property of all American citizens. The issue is somewhat clouded, however, by the fact that the ruling was handed down in behalf of the owner of a tourist home who contended that he had a right to solicit customers in the vicinity of the famous relic. We shall feel more reassured when we hear of a production of "Waiting for Lefty" at Plymouth Rock.

WE AGREE in general with Lawrence Cramer, the new governor of the Virgin Islands, that you can't solve the problems of the world by taking your clothes off. But while we do not believe that you can solve all of the problems by taking all of your clothes off all of the time, we do believe that you can solve some of the problems by taking some of your clothes off some of the time. And we are glad that Magistrate Hulan Capshaw of Jefferson Market Court in New York City agrees with us. We refer to the case of David Alper, of the Bronx, who attempted to solve the problem of heat in New York by taking off his coat and got arrested for entering the Fashion Center Building in his shirtsleeves. This was not the charge brought against him; it never is. Mr. Alper was arrested for disorderly conduct, but we do not have to consult the American Civil Liberties Union or the I. L. D. to know that he was really arrested because of his opinions. He dared to disagree with the owners of the Fashion Center Building, who think men ought to wear coats. Magistrate Capshaw upheld the freedom of dress in a decision that will bear quotation—it could also stand a little punctuation and editing. "The custom in hot weather in New York City," he said, "has been so prevalent of men going around without coats that we have come to its acceptance as a common and proper method of dress."

The Tax Bill and the Tories

NO measure proposed by the Roosevelt Administration has been subjected to a more bitter attack from the right than the tax bill. The opening gun was fired on the day the Senate took up consideration of the bill by Dr. Benjamin M. Anderson, economist of the Chase National Bank, known as a diehard proponent of laissez faire. Two days later, representatives of the United States Chamber of Commerce echoed Dr. Anderson's criticisms before the Senate Finance Committee. Largely as a result of this criticism the inheritance tax provided in the House bill has been replaced in the Senate committee by an increased estate levy which does not fall so heavily on the ultra-wealthy, and the point at which the increased surtaxes on incomes are to begin has been raised from $50,000 to $1,000,000.

While a large part of the opposition to the Administration's tax program may be dismissed as a frantic effort on the part of a few wealthy individuals to escape the burden of taxation, certain of the objections presented by the orthodox economists are at least worthy of serious consideration. Boiled down to essentials the conservative's case against the House bill rests on the following four points: (1) that the principle of a graduated corporation tax based on the size of the company attacks the very foundations of industrial efficiency; (2) that the collection of the inheritance taxes will necessitate the forced liquidation of many great estates with detrimental effect on important business enterprises; (3) that increased taxation will strike a blow at initiative and enterprise, and eliminate an important source of business capital; and (4) that the proposed rates are so high as to be confiscatory.

On the first point the criticisms of economists and business men are essentially sound. There is no justification for a tax on bigness as such, and the attempt to impose such a levy is uncomfortably reminiscent of Nazi economics. Protection against profiteering and monopoly, in so far as it can be achieved through taxation, can best be provided by radically stepping up the excess-profits tax. Abandonment of this particular section of the tax bill would involve no violation of the principles of social taxation and would make very little difference as far as the amount of revenue is concerned.

In picturing the dangers of the forced liquidation of great estates, the tory interests played up the theoretical effect of the House bill on the Ford properties. Senator Vandenberg declared, for example, that the proposed inheritance tax, on top of existing estate duties, would take approximately $27,000,000 of Henry Ford's $300,000,000 interest in the Ford Motor Company. To pay this levy it would be necessary, he contends, either to turn the company over to the government (heaven forbid!) or to sell shares on the market, in which case the ownership and control would fall into the hands of Wall Street. The sudden forced liquidation of this company, it is further argued, not only would cause a huge loss to the estate but would endanger the efficient operation of one of America's largest industries. In response to this charge Robert H. Jackson, counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, pointed out that Edsel Ford, the probable recipient of the estate, already owns 41½ per cent of the stock of the Ford Motor Company, and that this share—worth approximately $250,000,000—would not be touched by the proposed legislation. Thus at most Edsel Ford would part with approximately one-half of the tremendous fortune that is his by virtue of being the son of one of the pioneers of the automobile industry; and his control over the policies of the company would probably not be endangered. Family ownership of a great industrial enterprise, moreover, is admittedly an anachronism. Henry Ford will probably go down in history as the last great entrepreneur of the type glorified by the classical economists. Even in the case of the Standard Oil Company, where family interests are unusually large, the Rockefeller holdings are greatly outweighed by those of others. The Senate bill seems to be designed primarily to aid the impoverished Fords.

Just how much the forced liquidation of a large estate would depress the real-estate and security markets depends, of course, on the general economic outlook at the time of liquidation. But under no circumstances would there be destruction of real wealth. Factories, bridges, and machinery would remain, though their ownership might change. At worst such a loss would have the effect of an additional tax falling upon those who are fully able to bear it. Tales of widows and orphans being left to face the world penniless because of the combined effect of heavy taxes and depreciated values are told with a deliberate intent to deceive. In the House bill no taxes at all are levied on the first $50,000, while the combined federal estate tax, state impost, and proposed inheritance levy on the first $200,000 is less than $37,500. Even inheritances of this size are, we believe, against the best interests of society.

In declaring that increased taxation will tend to check economic progress in the United States, conservative economists have assumed that the savings of wealthy men are automatically transformed into capital goods and thus increase the productive power of the country. Recent investigations made by the Brookings Institution have revealed, however, that under modern conditions there is very little connection between savings and investment, and that the tendency of the wealthy to oversave is responsible for the present maladjustment in our economic structure. If this conclusion be accurate, recovery and economic stability are dependent on the breaking up of great fortunes and the redistribution of wealth in such a way as to assure the maintenance of a steady flow of purchasing power to the great masses of the population. The Administration's program is at best but a feeble step in this direction.

Regarding the cry of confiscation little need be said. All taxation is in a sense confiscatory. The only choice before us, as Mr. Jackson pointed out, is which economic group shall pay the cost of the depression. With sales taxes in force in a large number of states and with the so-called nuisance taxes growing, we can be assured that the masses will continue to bear the largest share of the burden of taxation. The immediate issue is whether the wealthy groups can be compelled against their will to assume at least a part of this burden.

Boycott the Olympics!

WE can imagine no more effective method of expressing popular disapproval of Nazi *Schrecklichkeit* than a widespread boycott of the Olympic games at Berlin. Most boycotts have a way of showering their effects upon the just and unjust alike. But a boycott of the Olympics would hurt only the Nazis and their loyal followers; it would injure no Jew or Catholic or "uncoordinated" Protestant. And it would constitute a reproof which would echo throughout the world and even penetrate the sound-proofed barricade of the Nazi censorship.

It would be too much to expect the International Olympic Committee spontaneously to cancel the arrangements to hold the games in Berlin. Indeed, the various national committees will doubtless refuse, as Avery Brundage, chairman of the American committee, has already done, to withdraw their teams unless they are forced to by overwhelming pressure. But sentiment for such a move is growing as the true situation in the Third Reich becomes more widely understood. Already the *Commonweal,* leading Catholic weekly, has called upon all Catholic athletes to refuse to compete in the games if they are held at Berlin. The *Christian Century,* a liberal Protestant organ, has demanded that the games be held in some other country. Great mass-meetings in Boston and New York have unanimously adopted resolutions urging the Amateur Athletic Union to refuse to certify its athletes for participation in the Olympics. Various prominent individuals, such as Jeremiah T. Mahoney, head of the A. A. U. and member of the American Olympic Committee, have taken the same attitude. But so far Mr. Brundage stands pat, choosing to accept without scrutiny the German position that in the selection of its team neither race nor creed nor color has had any weight. Hans von Tschammer und Osten, Nazi sport dictator, is quoted in the New York *Times* of August 12 as saying: "Every athlete in Germany has an opportunity for training. Those who had the best records were selected for our team. Jewish students have a special training camp at Ettlingen where they enjoy all privileges." That is the official claim. The facts that lie behind it are different, and are detailed in a long dispatch to the *Times* by Frederick T. Birchall, printed in the column next to the statement quoted above. The German team in the Olympiad, says Mr. Birchall, will be a "political" team, entirely under Nazi control and probably wholly Nazi in complexion. Theoretically, anyone, even a Jew, might be a member. In practice this is wholly unlikely unless a Jew is included as a matter of expediency. Mr. Birchall cites the case of Greta Bergmann, one of the few first-rank Jewish athletes remaining in Germany. Miss Bergmann was excluded from a national contest held in preparation for the Olympics "not because she was Jewish but because she was not a member of the coordinated German Light Athletic Association," in charge of the meet. "Nor could she be a member because of her ancestry." As for the special Jewish training camp, a joker lurks in the bushes there, too. It was a segregated camp opened to certain limited groups of Jewish athletes—war veterans and some students—for a training period of three weeks, which period "matched the ratio borne by the number of Jews in Germany to the total German population." The further psychological factors hampering the development of Jewish athletes are too obvious to detail.

Recent repressive acts have weighed almost as heavily on the Catholics and on certain Protestant groups as on the Jews—but with an important difference. The Catholic and Protestant youth societies have either been disbanded or forced to give up their sport activities. But their members may join the Nazi sport organizations if they choose. In Bavaria, it is said, most of the young Catholic athletes have become thus "coordinated." But where the feeling runs high many thousands of boys have refused to yield and are consequently shut out of all opportunity for athletic training.

The simple truth is that, despite official protestations, sport is no more free in Germany than are speech and political activity. Interested groups of Americans should bend every effort to draw our teams out of the games. A boycott of the Olympics would touch the Nazi government in two very tender spots—its prestige and its pocket-book.

The WPA Strike

AMERICAN labor is being sold down the river again by the gentleman in the White House, who is smiling but firm as he makes it clear that skilled workers can take half their usual wage rate or go hungry. Meanwhile his head overseer, General Johnson, has told the workers, with all the gusto of a man-eating shark, that it won't hurt much, that they are misguided children, that the Communists are trying to seduce the American Federation of Labor, that he himself is one of the greatest champions of labor's rights, that their families will starve if they don't take a cut in wage rates, and that it will have no effect on wages in general. He also intimated that he had been sent to New York because the Administration anticipated the present strike situation.

There is no doubt, of course, that the government can break any strike of relief workers that is likely to develop. The Administration could be defeated only by a resistance so widespread and solid as to make it politically advisable for it to yield. The fact that the new attack on living standards is centered on the wage rates of the aristocracy of labor, the building-trades workers, means that the American Federation of Labor bureaucracy is hit literally where it lives. For that reason it might be expected to put up the fight of its life in an attempt not only to preserve the rates of its skilled members but also establish its leadership over labor as a whole, both organized and unorganized, both employed and unemployed. But William Green from his deck chair in Atlantic City promptly disowned the WPA strike. "These conditions," he said, "rest entirely in the hands of the various international unions. Each of the internationals must handle their troubles themselves. Each has full authority to deal with all matters of wages and hours where their members are affected. The executive council of the federation has no authority to take any action." He later issued a statement in which he predicted the WPA strike would spread, deplored such strikes, and recommended that to avoid them all WPA building projects be transferred to the PWA, which maintains the prevailing wage. "We told Congress," said Mr. Green when the strike began, "just what would happen if they failed to insert the clause calling for prevailing wage scales. . . . All this trouble has taken place just as we predicted it would." He might have added that the Administration proceeded with its "security" wage, safe in the knowledge that it need expect no "trouble" from the A. F. of L. leadership. On the contrary it can always count on support from such deck-chair labor leaders as Major George L. Berry of the pressmen's union, who told reporters that he regarded General Johnson's position as sound and added, "I have confidence in the building-trades workers' ability to realize the importance of maintaining at this time the greatest possible degree of tranquillity."

In New York George Meany, president of the State Federation of Labor, who has so far been the principal and most aggressive spokesman of the strikers, maintains that the strike will tie up all WPA work in the city because building-trades workers "are just not going to work for a wage scale that would break down standards we have worked fifty years to build up." Yet both he and Joseph P. Ryan, president of the Central Trades and Labor Council but much better known for his sabotage of the San Francisco strike, showed little enthusiasm for cooperation with groups who wish to join with the A. F. of L. unions in combating the "security" wage. Mr. Ryan, like General Johnson, is more afraid of the Communist influence, alleged to be strong in those groups, than of a new wage scale. Fortunately the strike committee headed by Thomas Murray is less fearful and has arrived at a working agreement with some though not all of these groups.

As we write, it is impossible to judge the extent of the strike and the direction it will take. But one thing has become clear. Mr. Roosevelt, whether he wishes it or not, has emerged as the leader in the attack on living standards—the discredited device of capitalism for getting out of a depression—and he is prepared to enforce his "security" wage even if he has to fill the place of the strikers, whom he naturally prefers to call "men who returned to their homes," with strike-breakers recruited from the relief rolls.

A Warning to Roosevelt

NO one should be deluded by the delirious Republican cheers over the Rhode Island Congressional election or by the New York *Herald Tribune's* announcement that it is "the beginning of the end." As the analysis of the election we print on another page shows, various motives entered into the result and those who were supposed to be battling for the New Deal showed only a dubious loyalty to it—if that. The Republicans who are now so jubilant had better recall the fact that they have neither a candidate nor an alternative platform; that shrieking that the Constitution is endangered and that Mr. Roosevelt has broken his campaign pledges—what President has not?—will not by itself defeat him.

Yet we would not deny that there was a profound warning to the President in the Rhode Island vote. The loss of a seat by 13,000 which was captured by 21,000 only nine months ago cannot be attributed wholly to local causes. Nor can it be denied that in the East at least there is a marked drift away from the President, especially among those who have come to believe that his policies are endangering the nation's welfare instead of aiding it. The growing labor unrest cannot but affect unfavorably the party in power. Labor is sore, and with reason. It was promised a revolutionary change in its status by the NRA, only to have the benefits denied in practice. The tide of Mr. Roosevelt's popularity has receded amazingly since his overwhelming success at the polls nine months ago, quite sufficiently to give an excuse for the often-repeated saying that "the President seems to have a rare talent for snatching defeat out of victory."

How much farther it will recede in the coming fifteen months before the election depends in largest degree upon the President himself. He should personally take to heart the warning conveyed by the Rhode Island vote. It may well be, as he assured the press, that he did not know of the election until he read the results in the newspapers. But that should not keep him from pondering long and deeply over the figures, or from asking others than his immediate, and necessarily sycophantic, entourage just how he and his Administration stand before the public. Especially should he inquire among those liberals who, however great their misgivings, endeavor to give full support to the really progressive steps taken by the New Dealers.

Were we asked to offer advice, we should beg him to eschew politics. No man ever had less excuse for playing the political game than he after his unparalleled triumph of last November. That was an unprecedented vote of confidence. Yet he went on in the same old way. The Postmaster General continued to function as national chairman of the Democratic Party and as state chairman in New York. Patronage was still withheld or awarded with a view to political pressure—we have just seen the incredible appointment as Minister to Norway of a man stamped by an American court as a faithless trustee of other people's money. We should point out to him that his whole Administration is rightly criticized and seriously endangered because of his refusal to state his real objective, to chart his course not only so that he who runs may read but so that his own subordinates may know that his direction will not be changed to suit every shifting political wind.

To put it in a few words—the details would fill pages—the President is failing because of his habitual policy of compromise. He is failing because he is true neither to the best that is in himself nor to his own program. He need not be dismayed by charges that he has gone socialist and communist, but he may well be alarmed by the frequent administrative disorganization and inefficiency in Washington, which, again, are largely to be explained by his own failure to steer a straight course. As for Congress, the President need not berate that body or charge it too strongly with disregard of his wishes. No Congress ever had more asked of it, or gave more, unless it were his first. But any Congress might well be expected to revolt when the President puts out casual feelers, like his recent tax proposals, and then suddenly makes up his mind and demands their approval overnight. These, as well as the absence of economic recovery, are some of the reasons which are leading so many voters to say: "Well, the President has had his chance and has not saved us after all."

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Issues and Men

The Railroads Begin to Progress

It is good news that the leading railroads have not been able to agree on a united opposition to the proposed reduction in Eastern passenger fares and that these changes may be forced through by the Interstate Commerce Commission in advance of any hearings on the proposal, which is in fact a plan suggested by the Baltimore and Ohio. The New York Central and the Pennsylvania have also seen the handwriting on the wall and are ready for fare reductions, but feel that they should not be as great as those suggested by Irving L. Koch, an examiner for the commission, whose report to his superiors started the ball rolling. Mr. Koch urges a three-cent rate for Pullman travel and a two-cent rate for coach transportation, with a return-trip rate, suggested by the Baltimore and Ohio of 2.5 cents a mile for Pullman passengers and 1.8 cents for coach passengers. At last! It has been perfectly obvious for a long time that there was only one way in which the railroads could hope to win back some of the business lost to the private motor and the bus, namely, by reducing fares and radically improving the service. With the aid of the federal government they have been able to build new, fast, streamlined trains with remarkable results. More than that, faced with this competition among trains, they have found they could greatly speed up old-fashioned trains to compete with the new fliers. After seventy years these representatives of American enterprise and of the efficiency of private capitalistic management have even discovered that there are ways of improving the historic day-coach, which they have continued to build in one pattern as if ingenuity in this field were utterly exhausted.

That the outlook for them is gloomy enough admits of no doubt. There have been more railroad bankruptcies during this crisis than in any other in our history. Ever since last fall earnings have begun to go down again. The reports of Class 1 railroads for June show that they suffered a net loss of $3,400,000 as against a net gain of $5,869,000 in June, 1934. Their net loss for the first half of this year will probably be no less than $60,000,000 as against a $24,853,000 loss a year ago. The only encouraging thing is that two years ago the net loss was $101,204,000. Obviously the railroads continue to be a great stumbling-block to national recovery. Employment is just one-half of what it was in 1920 and the reduction in employees since 1929 has been no less than 600,000 men, leaving the total number employed at only 1,000,000. Joseph B. Eastman, the Coordinator of Railroads, has just reported, moreover, that 150,000 railroad workers are working for a basic pay of less than 35 cents an hour while some 17,000 men, whose cases were studied, are receiving only 20 cents an hour. Mr. Eastman also reports that a substantial number of employees are working twelve hours a day seven days a week—an intolerable state of affairs. Something radical must be done; yet the railroads have hesitated to move although their chief competitors, the auto and truck manufacturers, have steadily sought to meet the depression by producing better cars at much lower prices. The railway men have usually been concerned only to take off as many trains and abandon as many branch lines as possible, to lay off as many employees as they could and then to make the welkin ring with their complaints of government competition with their business and the refusal of Congress to regulate their competitors on land and water. Here, it is true, they have a substantial grievance, for Congress has not yet passed the bill, urged both by the President and Mr. Eastman, for the regulation of trucks, buses, and river and coastwise steamships.

While it must be perfectly plain to the unbiased that eventually government ownership of all the railroads is absolutely inevitable—Senator Wheeler has introduced an excellent bill in the Senate to bring it about—the results of the new methods are well worth the most careful study. Wherever trains have been speeded up, the financial outcome has been most striking. Thus, the Alton reports an increase of 25 per cent in passenger travel as a result of the 5½ hour trains between Chicago and St. Louis with no loss in night travel. Its competitors, the Wabash, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, and the Illinois Central, all report increased traffic, the Wabash and the Eastern Illinois each winning no less than 60 per cent increase in June over May when the fast schedules were not yet in force. For the first twenty-five days in June the new streamlined Zephyr trains on the Burlington, which make four daily trips between St. Paul and Minneapolis and Chicago, carried between 310 and 325 passengers a day out of a total capacity of 352, and business between these cities as a whole showed an increase of 64 per cent in north-bound and 56 per cent in south-bound traffic. The Hiawatha of the Milwaukee road, which competes with the Zephyrs between Chicago and the Twin Cities, is an old-fashioned train, but it has had a remarkable success. Instead of using five cars it has to run seven and in June carried an average of 552 passengers on its round trip. One day it carried 500 passengers on its north-bound run and 408 on its south-bound trip. Business in the second half of the month was 23 per cent greater than in the first half. The Hiawatha is reported to run between 90 and 100 miles an hour for a good part of the trip. It is interesting to note that the roadbeds have everywhere proved adequate to the new speeds, but the swaying of the trains still needs the attention of the engineers.

There remains the question of railroad reorganization. Here everything is still in flux, and the Senate on May 20 last passed a resolution calling for a thorough investigation of the status of the railroads. That we shall get a great deal of additional knowledge and light upon the question of reorganization and regrouping of the roads admits of no doubt. But the main outlines of the problem are as clear as is the eventual solution.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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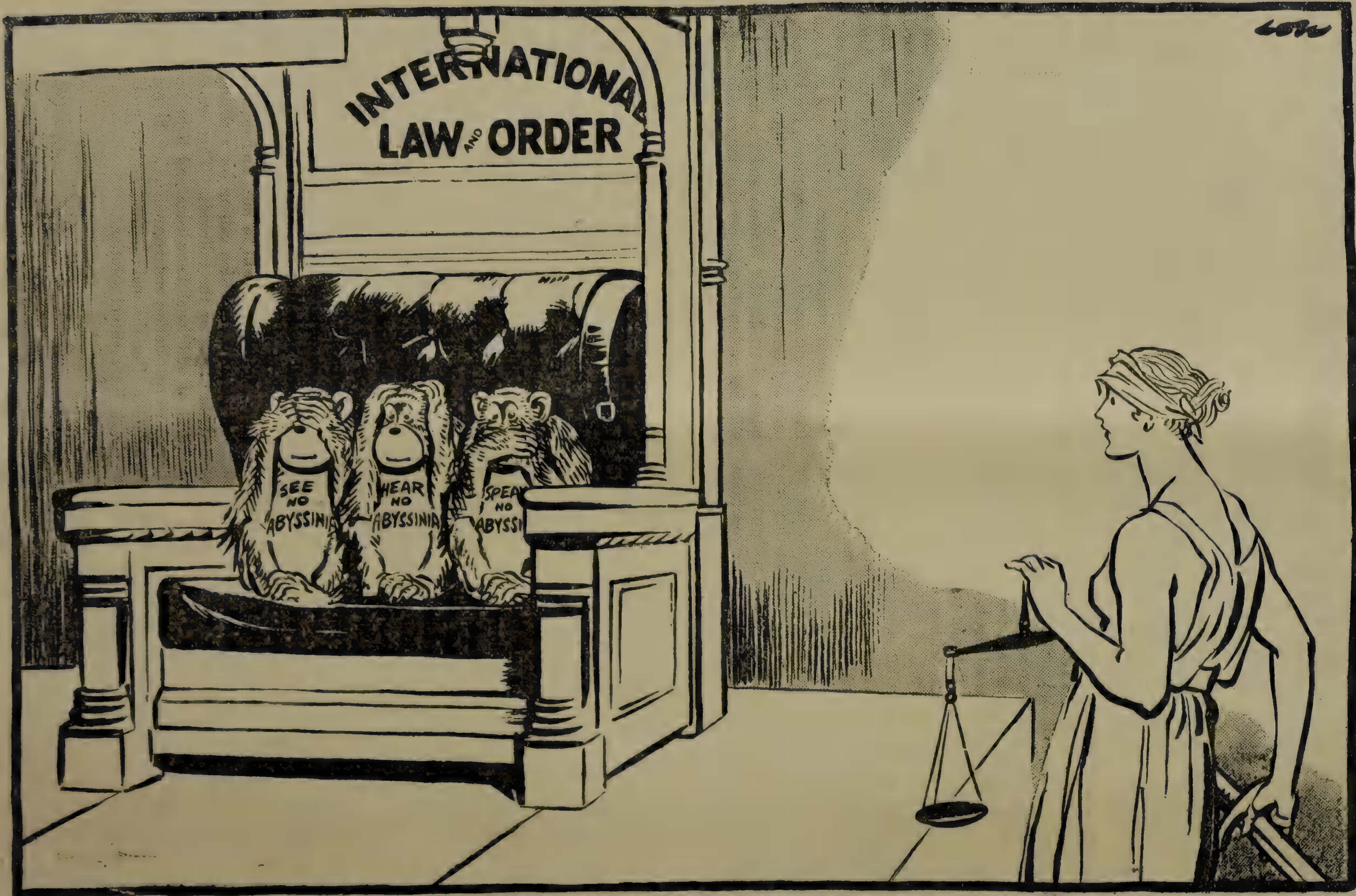
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The Elks Save America

By A. B. MAGIL

WHEN Michael F. Shannon, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, turned over the reins of office to his successor, Justice James T. Hallinan, of the New York State Supreme Court, at the organization's annual Grand Lodge convention held July 15-18 in Columbus, Ohio, he brought to a close an administration that marked the emergence of the Elks from a mere fraternal order into an active factor in the political life of the country.

It was on July 17, 1934, in his acceptance speech at the last convention in Kansas City, that Mr. Shannon launched his "Pro-America" campaign. "Scattered throughout every section of the land," he told his brother Elks, "are groups who regard themselves as members of combat forces, prepared and anxious for the ultimate of violence, a violence which they hope to bring about by mob excitation. To the harangue of the gutter Communists has been added the voices of teachers in schools and high schools and colleges—a small percentage of the whole, but great in the aggregate and constituting the most vicious influence in American life today."

Mr. Shannon cited startling facts concerning the ramifications of the red network and, as a shiver ran through his audience, announced: "We are now meeting in Communist District Number 10."

"The time has arrived in America," thundered the Grand Exalted Ruler, "when the issue is, 'Shall it be the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America, or shall it be the red flag of the Communist International?' This is no longer the time to merely talk our devotion to the flag and the institutions for which it stands—it is time to act our love of country. Will you, my brothers, join with me in a dedication of this order and its every lodge to a year of militant patriotism?"

Just what he meant by "act our love of country" Mr. Shannon indicated a few minutes later: "The police departments and sheriffs' offices of the country are the first line of physical defense. When they do their duty, let them have the encouragement that is their due. Go farther, and give them every assistance that they can use and want within the law."

To Mr. Shannon all this was no academic question. At the very moment that he spoke the reds in his home state of California had captured San Francisco through the general strike, organized, he knew, on instructions from Moscow, and were planning to set up Soviets all over California and perhaps at points east. Mr. Shannon met the challenge and issued what the *Elks' Magazine* of August, 1934, described as "a clarion call to arms against the red rabble."

The chief of the Elks lost no time in translating words into deeds. On August 11 he held a conference at the Hotel Traymore, Atlantic City, with district deputies of surrounding states, where the details of the "Pro-America" campaign were worked out. Other conferences were held. With talks before lodges where the "Pro-America" zeal showed signs of flagging, with sponsorship of anti-labor gag bills, with appearances before the Dickstein Committee on Un-American Activities, and with participation in the immortal galaxy of fifty-six outstanding Tories of 1935 who signed Mr. Hearst's new "Declaration of Independence," Michael F. Shannon cut a wide swath.

The "Pro-America" campaign, backed by the Hearst press and conducted in cooperation with the leaders of the American Legion, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and similar groups, bore fruit in the form of a variety of bills introduced in state legislatures and in Congress designed to suppress "subversive activities and propaganda," to outlaw the Communist Party, and to deport "undesirable aliens"—all the patriotic little acorns ready to begin growing into sturdy fascist oakhood.

Mr. Shannon, son of a police officer, is an ambitious Los Angeles lawyer-politician, and has been an active Elk for twenty-five years. He has served as deputy city attorney and was deputy district attorney of Los Angeles under the reactionary John Fredericks. Fredericks is the man who, as special prosecutor, sent the McNamara brothers to jail in 1910 in one of America's most famous labor trials. Shannon has represented oil interests in the Kettleman Hills oil field in California, and recently appeared for the executor of the Willard Van Brunt estate, one of the largest estates probated in that section for many months.

It would be naive to suppose that the "Pro-America" campaign was merely the result of Shannon's personal prejudices. On the contrary, there is reason to assume that his selection as national head of the Elks was dictated by his special qualifications as a red-baiter. On December 18 Shannon appeared before the Dickstein committee. He went through the whole litany of crimes of the reds and urged the use of "intelligent and lawful federal force" to forestall a Communist revolution. He concluded by presenting his eight-point "Pro-America" program. It calls for strengthening of the espionage activities of the Department of Justice, outlawing of organizations and imprisonment of individuals that "advocate" overthrow of the government by force and violence, suppression of publications alleged to advocate such doctrine, deportation of alien reds and revocation of citizenship of naturalized aliens, and more stringent immigration laws to prevent the entry of radicals.

During the next few months the Elks anti-red drive was speeded up. It centered around a campaign for signatures to petitions in support of the eight-point program. Some of the individual lodges—though by no means all—showed exemplary zeal. Thus the May, 1935, issue of the *Elks' Magazine* reports:

> Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Lodge, No. 191, was recently commended by the Bethlehem Chamber of Commerce for the stand it has taken regarding the circulation of Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon's petition for signatures looking to the arrest of any citizen or alien advocating

> the overthrow of the government. The directors were pleased that the eight-point legislative program of the Elks, as contained in the communication, was along the lines of a pamphlet sent out by the trade body to its members.

In other words, the Steel Trust approves.

In January Mr. and Mrs. John E. Waters, back from two years in the U. S. S. R., began a six months' lecture tour, speaking on Soviet Russia for the Elks. The Waters's had somehow been overlooked by William Randolph Hearst, but they had seen fully as many terrible things as Thomas Walker, Harry Lang, Andrew Smith, and Fred Beal.

On February 15 and 16 a two-day conference on the "Pro-America" campaign was held at the Hotel Commodore, New York. Supreme Court Justice James T. Hallinan, whose candidacy for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler had already been announced, was guest of honor. Speakers included Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora, who was then Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge Number 1; Lieutenant-Governor William Bray, also an Elk; Daniel E. Kerr, president of the New York State Elks; and Shannon.

Bills in the spirit of the eight-point program were sponsored in state after state. In California no less than eight of them, backed by the Elks, were introduced in the legislature. There the Masons were inspired to start a similar drive. In Michigan Frank G. Mitzel, vice-president of the state Elks, appeared at an open hearing to urge enactment of one of the most drastic of the gag measures, the Dunckel bill. Among those whom he had for company was Harry A. Jung, head of a labor-spy and anti-Semitic outfit known as the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation. In a number of states Mr. Shannon and his fellow-crusaders for fascism succeeded in enacting gag bills into law.

The high point of the "Pro-America" campaign was the formal presentation to Congress on March 26 of petitions, bearing, it is claimed, hundreds of thousands of signatures, urging the enactment of Shannon's eight-point program. This patriotic descendant of once-undesirable aliens led a band of crusaders to Washington for the presentation ceremonies, which took place on the Capitol steps in the presence of the 302 Senators and Representatives who are members or former members of the Elks. The Grand Exalted Ruler made a speech in which he invoked the names of Jefferson and Lincoln, both of whom would be thrown into jail under his eight-point program. Vice-President Garner and Speaker Byrns—both Elks—replied for the Senate and House respectively.

When Congress opened that day, Representative R. A. Green, a member of Lodge Number 990, Gainesville, Florida, of the B.P.O.E., citing the stirring ceremonies that had been concluded only a few minutes before, introduced his alien-deportation bill, couched in the spirit of the "Pro-America" campaign. The day after the presentation of the anti-red petitions, Representative Charles Kramer, who belongs to Shannon's lodge, Los Angeles Number 99 (of which Senator McAdoo is also a member), read the Grand Exalted Ruler's speech into the *Congressional Record*. Kramer is the author of two of the most sweeping anti-labor gag bills that came out of the activities of the Dickstein committee, of which he was an energetic member. These measures would not only outlaw the Communist Party and its press, but as Congressman McCormack admitted at the secret hearing on the bills, could be used to break strikes.

Elks in high office are thus doing their part in the "Pro-America" campaign. Others, who may not be participating directly, must be aware of this campaign and its implications. Surely President Roosevelt, who is a member of Lodge Number 275, of Poughkeepsie, knows what Brother Shannon is driving at. If he doesn't, he might ask Representative Hamilton Fish, who belongs to the same lodge.

It would be ridiculous, of course, to suggest that basic policies of government are determined by membership in a fraternal order; yet situations arise that may be colored thereby. I don't know how often Governor Clyde Tingley of New Mexico and Attorney General Cummings attend the meetings of the Elks' lodges to which they belong, but their refusal to act against the kidnappers of Robert Minor and David Levinson was entirely in accord with the "Pro-America" platform. And when Secretary of the Navy Swanson was beset by demands that he discipline Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., for writing an article in the Hearst press urging a Nazi-led war against the Soviet Union, did he perhaps turn for strength and comfort to the eight-point gospel of Brother Shannon, even though Mr. Swanson has allowed his membership in Lodge Number 227, Danville, Virginia, to lapse?

The most active Elk in the present administration is the patronage chief and conjurer of surpluses, Postmaster General Farley. Farley is a Past Exalted Ruler of Lodge Number 877, Haverstraw, New York, and a former president of the New York State Elks' Association. He can generally be seen at Elk conventions.

No less than thirty-four governors of states and territories are Elks, while a thirty-fifth is a former Elk. Governor Dave Sholtz of Florida served in 1933-34 as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, an office second only to that of Grand Exalted Ruler. The new Grand Esteemed Leading Knight is Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann of St. Louis, while the new Grand Exalted Ruler, Justice Hallinan, is reported to have "pledged himself to continue the policies and principles of militant Americanism advocated by his predecessor" (New York *Times*, July 17). The Senate has 54 Elks and 9 former members, while in the House the figures are 197 and 42 respectively. Huey Long is a member and so is Bilbo of Mississippi. Congressman John W. McCormack, chairman of the Committee on Un-American Activities, and Congressman Dickstein, its moving spirit, are both former Elks.

The New York State membership includes Governor Lehman, Lieutenant-Governor William Bray, Al Smith, Mayor LaGuardia, former Governor Whitman, Ogden Mills, United States Judge Murray Hulbert, who is a past Grand Exalted Ruler, nearly all the General Sessions judges and the justices of the Supreme Court, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, Dr. Frederick Robinson, president of City College, Borough President Samuel Levy, Alfred H. Schoellkopf, chairman of the State Temporary Emergency Relief Administration and president of the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, and Henry M. Brundage, retired vice-president of the Consolidated Gas Company.

One wonders how all these people feel about the "Pro-America" campaign. One wonders, too, how the more than 500,000 members of the Elks feel about it in view of the fact that they had no part either in selecting Michael F. Shannon as Grand Exalted Ruler or in launching the anti-red drive. Three leading officials of the Elks told me the response from the members had been "hearty" and "splendid." But a fourth confided that there had been very little interest in the business, that the entire campaign, as he put it, had been "handed down from the top."

The drive toward fascism grows apace. Already the Tydings-McCormack civil-disobedience bill, which the Elks supported, has been sneaked through the Senate by means of the "unanimous consent" clause and has now been favorably reported by the House Military Affairs Committee. The powerful lobby of Hearstian red-baiters and fascists of every stripe are pressing for the enactment of the Kramer bills. Whether they know it or not, the national leaders of the Elks, in the name of the defense of democracy, have taken the road that leads to fascism.

The Crisis of the Middle Class

II. The Middle Class Under Fascism

By LEWIS COREY

IN the desperate effort to save itself, declining capitalism rejects its own values and achievements: revolts against abundance and development of the productive forces, against democracy and progress. Most sinister is the revolt against the future, as capitalism can survive only if it prevents emergence of the new social order represented by the economic forms of collectivism. The reaction becomes complete in fascist repression of *all* progressive forces. Already, in Italy and Germany, fascism has erected economic and cultural decline and decay into a system. It makes a creed of the most reactionary ideals, prejudices, and passions; it inflames nationalism and imperialism and drives more ruthlessly toward new and ghastlier wars. Fascism is the new barbarism that threatens to overwhelm the world. The threat calls on our generation to act, for fascist barbarism would consume our blood and bones, hopes and ideals, in the onsweep of its destructive fury.

All classes become desperate and are set in motion by aggravation of the economic crisis created by the decline of capitalism. The middle class calls upon its old ideals and forms of action: democracy, more reforms, and more state intervention in economic activity. But as these measures fail to produce results, the middle class realizes that new forms of action are necessary. What shall they be? If the new action is determined by the acceptance of capitalism and rejection of socialism, the middle class must mobilize against labor, whose struggle for a new social order becomes more aggressive under impact of the crisis. By that decision the middle class throws itself into the consuming fires of fascism.

The decision means that the middle class resolves to solve its crisis, as in the past, within the relations of capitalist property and against labor. But it forgets that this crisis is different from former crises, and that economically the fate of large groups in the middle class is now inseparably interlocked with that of labor.*

Former crises of the middle class were an aspect of the *upswing* of capitalism, and were "eased" by the upward movement of economic activity. Independent small enterprisers were increasingly limited, but it was still possible to become one, while the rapidly multiplying salaried employees and professional workers were assured employment and some hope of higher incomes. But the new, and final, crisis of the middle class is an aspect of the *decline* of capitalism, of a crisis of the system, and it is made hopeless by the downward movement of economic activity. Both business opportunity and the middle class must shrink as economic expansion shrinks, and the social forces of production and consumption are strangled to save capitalist profit from the threat of abundance. Independent small enterprise is not only limited more severely, it must move toward final destruction. Masses of lower-salaried employees and professional workers are imprisoned in the degradation and misery of permanent unemployment and depressed standards of living. They may move against labor, but capitalism throws them into the depths with the wage workers.

Whose interests are expressed in mobilizing the middle class against labor and resisting the transformation of collectivism into socialism? Only the interests of surviving small enterprisers and the higher managerial and supervisory employees who are identified with monopoly capitalism. But while their interests agree on saving capitalism, they clash otherwise. For small enterprise must limit monopoly to survive, and monopoly must more intensely exploit small enterprise as economic activity moves downward. Moreover, the propertyless masses of lower-salaried employees and professional workers are ignored, for their interests are wholly with collectivism and its socialist transformation as the only means of solving the "new" middle-class crisis of employment by releasing the productive forces. Under these conditions of inner class disunity, only an artificial unity is possible and an evasive program which is all things to all groups. A split personality, the middle class has no independent class interests. Hence the "unity" of negation: against labor, against democracy, against socialism and communism. Hence the "unity" of reactionary ideals: for the authoritarian state, for nationalism, for war.

The elements of this reaction are not altogether new. As small enterprisers realized that the struggle against monopoly was doomed, they began to hope for mere survival and "security" within the set-up of monopoly capitalism. This meant an increasing abandonment of the democratic ideals identified with freedom of enterprise and resort to the coercive measures of state capitalism. Another reaction against democracy appeared among the higher managerial and supervisory employees, who are entangled in the authoritarian, hierarchical relations of monopoly capitalism. It was symptomatic that American pre-war progressivism, especially in the person of Theodore Roosevelt, considered that middle-class needs meant acceptance of "regulated" monopoly, a state capitalism dependent on bureaucracy and caste, and an aggressive nationalism and imperialism. The reaction becomes worse as the middle class struggles for "security" in a declining capitalism: all progressive forces must be crushed for capitalism to survive. Out of the middle class leaps the monster of fascism: the class that formerly waged revolutionary war on authoritarianism now provides the mass support for a new authoritarianism determined to crush the ideals of liberty, equality, and democracy.

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*This subject is discussed more fully in the third article of the series, The Middle Class Under Socialism, to appear next week.

The "independent" struggle of the middle class becomes fascism when its reaction merges with the reaction of the big bourgeoisie. Monopoly capitalism and imperialism represent a reaction against democracy and progress and an assimilation of authoritarian ideas: the urge toward an all-inclusive economic and political dictatorship. This reaction is invigorated by the decline of capitalism. Economic breakdown, falling profits, the burden of social services, and the growing revolt against capitalism drive the big bourgeoisie to action: it must more completely merge industry and government, use state power more vigorously to "reconcile" class-economic contradictions and mercilessly crush all opposition. But this cannot be done arbitrarily or by the old methods, for the discontent of the people is real and dangerous. *Fascism, using radical phrases and middle-class support, provides the ideological justification, the "popular" sanction, and the mass support to suppress forcibly all progressive forces and prevent the transformation of collectivism into socialism.* To call anything else fascism is to misunderstand its nature and bedevil the struggle against it.

From the beginning the more far-seeing big capitalists supported fascist movements: Mussolini was financed by the Union of Industrialists, Hitler by Krupps and the bankers. But fascism is not a conspiracy of big capital, which seizes on forces in the middle class already moving toward fascism. An "independent" revolt of the middle class, determined to save property and crush labor and socialism, must become reactionary and accept the relations of the dominant monopoly capitalism. Small enterprisers cannot hope to destroy the great corporate combinations and this would be resisted by managerial and supervisory employees, members of the middle class who are identified with monopoly capitalism and who would be the driving force of an American fascism. The propertyless masses of lower-salaried employees and professional workers are rallied by promises of "security" and "privileges," and by inflaming their passions and prejudices, as a minor caste in the new fascist set-up. Again, as in the past, the middle class becomes the support of dominant capitalist interests.

Fascism comes into power with the consent of the capitalist state, which surrenders, as it did to Mussolini and Hitler, to avert a civil war that might aid the revolutionary struggle. Now fascism combines with all the openly reactionary forces. It proceeds to destroy communism, socialism, and trade unionism: Mussolini destroyed them one after another, Hitler all together in one annihilating swoop. But liberalism must also be crushed and all middle-class organizations. Most dramatic was the suppression by the Nazis, shortly after coming to power, of the militant League of the Middle Class, composed mainly of small shopkeepers. When the fascist party becomes the state it purges itself of all "radical" elements, those who took seriously the old anti-capitalist demagogy and might now incite the middle class to defend its interests against the new regime. Fascism deprives the middle class of all independence: it must, like the workers, submit silently to the new authoritarianism of the totalitarian state, for freedom of action becomes a monopoly of the state and its big-capitalist masters.

The crises of the middle class—of property and of employment—are aggravated by fascism. It neither solves the crisis of capitalism nor prevents the inner class changes which increasingly convert the middle class into propertyless masses of salaried dependents. Nothing is changed except for the worse. Fascism is not a new social order; imprisoned within the forces of declining capitalism, fascism is the old capitalist order become putrid, organizing economic disintegration, mass misery, and reaction into a system.

What is new in fascism is the technique of creating "popular" sanctions for the ruthless suppression of all opposition and all progressive forces. Economically, fascism offers nothing new: its policy is merely the old state capitalism, only more of it. But state capitalism neither prevented depression nor revived prosperity in non-fascist nations; its planning is nothing more than piecemeal aid to capitalist enterprise to prevent complete breakdown and save profit. While fascism bluffs about "controlled capitalism" and the "corporate state," these offer no control over fundamental economic forces because they represent the repressive merger of monopoly capitalism and the state, and accept the vested interests of capitalist property; in fact, more economic disorganization is created. In fascist Italy the levels of pre-depression prosperity were lower than in other nations and the depression much more severe. Fascism in Germany did not end the depression but prepared an economic catastrophe. The crisis of capitalism is the crisis of an abundance that now threatens capitalist profit. Fascism strangles the forces of production and consumption; but as they are strangled, economic activity must move downward. Using collectivist measures to prevent the transformation of collectivism into socialism, fascism is a negative, destructive expression of the onward thrust of the new social order. Neither the old capitalist individualism nor the new socialist collectivism, that "system" must imprison the productive forces and bring about economic disaster and increasing misery.

And as the misery of the people becomes worse, fascism answers by making misery itself an ideal. Hitler talks of "heroic poverty." Mussolini asserts: "I know you are not looking for a comfortable life. Therefore I announce to you the approach of a hard period." They are reverting to medieval glorification of the poor.

The heaviest burdens of the new misery are thrust upon the wage workers. But the middle class, too, is engulfed in the economic disaster: it may try, but it cannot separate itself from the misery of labor. It must shrink in numbers as economic expansion contracts and monopoly capital secures a larger share of smaller markets. In Italy and Germany, under fascism, the middle class has decreased probably from 25 to 35 per cent as a proportion of all persons gainfully occupied. And its burdens have multiplied.* Fascism profits only the small minority in the upper middle class, which becomes a dominant class within monopoly capitalism.

The middle class rallies to fascism to defend the "natural right" to property, and is then increasingly deprived of the right. Concentration of property ownership under the fascist regimes of Italy and Germany has moved upward by from 30 to 40 per cent. Big property mercilessly expropriates the smaller. Fascism means a multiplication of the propertyless.

Independent small enterprisers rally to fascism for "security," but it makes them still more insecure. As economic activity moves downward, small enterprisers must increasingly be thrown out of business to protect the profits of the big corporations. In Italy, after Mussolini came to power, small enterprisers in industry and banking disappeared by the scores of thousands, more rapidly and more of them than in other nations. The state pursues a policy of encouraging industrial concentration and trustification, often by force, but usually by means of lower taxes, loans, subsidies, and government assumption of losses. An Italian fascist journal, ***Economia,*** says: "One must eliminate less perfect enterprises which produce at higher prices." Hitler's Germany made promises to help small producers, but actually cartel combinations were favored, even enforced, in the interest of big industry. In both fascist nations, moreover, taxation presses most brutally on the smaller enterprises. One reason for these developments is the greater control of the state by monopoly capitalism; another is the desire to strengthen big industry for purposes of militarism and war. Fascism massacres the independent small producers.

Small storekeepers, too, are massacred. They rallied to fascism to destroy socialist cooperatives and big department stores; the cooperatives were destroyed, in Italy and Germany, but not the big stores, which absorbed most of the business of the old cooperatives. Moreover, survival becomes more difficult as standards of living are lowered. Wages in Italy were severely cut after fascism came to power, as much as 40 per cent during the depression; they were cut nearly 50 per cent in the two Hitler years, 1933-34. The compensation of lower-salaried employees was cut almost as much. Declining mass consumption means fewer sales for the small storekeepers. The Nazis made them lavish promises, including "dividing up" the department stores, but not one of the promises was kept. (One reason was that breaking up the department stores meant throwing salaried employees out of work—an expression of the antagonism between the old and "new" middle class.) Now mass discontent at high prices is directed against the small storekeepers. A recent dispatch to the New York *Times* says:

> Numerous butcher and food-shop proprietors have been arrested. One Nazi leader has advised the police to "use harsher means than protective custody for those trying to plunder the people." The middle-class shopkeepers have been among the most enthusiastic supporters of the National Socialist movement. . . . The measures and denunciations now leveled at them, therefore, taste all the bitterer because they come from men they helped to put in power. As a matter of fact they are more the victims of Nazi economy than profiteers, for wholesale prices have gone up even more rapidly than retail prices. . . . But it is part of the National Socialist plans that the hapless middle-class traders are supposed to absorb the larger share of price increases.

Fascism sharply aggravates the crisis of property in the old middle class of small enterprisers. What of the crisis of employment in the "new" middle class? It, too, is sharply aggravated. Lower levels of economic activity mean the displacement of large numbers of technicians and the greater degradation of their craft function as more of them are forced to plan the limitation of production: to create want in the midst of plenty. A German professor of engineering in 1930, after pointing out that only 20 per cent of technical graduates got jobs for which they were trained and another 20 per cent any kind of job, asked: Is it not time to put a stop to this mass striving for higher learning?" Fascism, as in Italy, made the situation worse: Hitler's Germany cut yearly admissions to the universities from 40,000 to 16,000. This fascist limitation of education throws many teachers into permanent unemployment. Other professional workers are affected by the decline in living standards: the degradation of craft function is tragic, as the need for professional services mounts while their performers are unemployed. According to one student of German fascism: "The professional classes are poorer now than before." Millions of lower-salaried employees are permanently unemployed, while salaries of the employed are cut from 25 per cent up. As in the case of the wage workers, unemployment among employees is "reduced" by cutting salaries and instituting forced labor. The crisis of employment in the "new" middle class can be solved only by releasing the forces of production and consumption which fascism strangles.

Taxation multiplies the burdens of the middle class. The costs of state financial aid to big industry, of the all-devouring bureaucracy, of make-work schemes and greater armaments must be met by taxation. Wages are taxed, but there is a limit, and blood cannot be drawn from a stone. Great corporations and the rich evade taxes. So the middle class pays, and pays. Italy's national debt is immense, increased by fascism to nearly one-half the national wealth. Hitler in two years added twenty billion marks to the national debt, and in desperation has virtually stolen the savings deposits and insurance of the middle class to meet the state's financial needs. Taxation becomes expropriation.

What happens to the middle class under fascism is a continuation of what happens to it in democratic nations under the conditions of capitalist decline: consider the plight of the class in our own country. But fascism makes things worse, as the crisis of capitalism becomes worse. And as they become worse, fascism must strengthen its repressive measures and reactionary ideals. It urges war as an ideal and a way of life. It limits education and degrades it to the level of black magic: for fascism wages war on enlightenment and progress. The irrational is exalted, the appeal to "brawn, instinct, tribal customs, and blood." Il Duce, der Führer: they become god-emperors, as did the Caesars of old Rome. For fascism is the modern Caesarism: the organization of disintegration and decline and the stifling of progress. Fascism means the death of civilization. It calls for a rally of the forces of life to struggle against an approaching death.

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*This is almost as true of the peasantry, whose propertied layers are rallied to fascism against the propertyless majority. Fascism in Italy and Germany encourages agriculture to promote national economic self-sufficiency (primarily for war purposes) and to consolidate the peasantry as a reactionary force. But that is done by means of higher prices, which lower standards of living among the wage workers and middle class and lead to economic disaster. The Italian peasantry has been burdened with debt by land-improvement schemes out of which speculators reaped great profits, while the small minority of proprietors are favored against the majority of tenants and farm laborers. In Germany the financial aid of the state and greater incomes from higher prices have been used mainly to pay debts; the great landed estates are favored and unemployed workers are forced to work on them at practically no pay: a new form of serf labor. Fascism has multiplied the burdens of taxation. In Europe, where production is low, fascism may encourage agriculture. But not in the United States, where the agrarian crisis is largely one of overproduction. What can fascism offer the 3,000,000 American farmers who, the experts agree, are unnecessary in an efficient agriculture? In the United States, even more than elsewhere, the agrarian problem can be solved only by releasing the forces of production and consumption.

Britain Tightens Control in India

By T. A. BISSON

NEARLY eight years after the appointment of the Simon Commission the British Parliament has finally passed the Government of India bill, embodying a new constitution for India. Our American newspapers, following the British lead, speak of this constitution as a "reform," as an advance toward "self-government." Reading these dispatches, one might be pardoned for believing that the British were about to retire from India with their self-imposed task of "tutelage" well and faithfully accomplished. But the headlines are more than usually deceptive. In this mid-depression and pre-war era colonies are not so lightly turned adrift, especially when they are strategically and economically as important as India.

The process of constitution-making began in 1927 with the "all-white" Simon Commission, which was boycotted from end to end of India. With the advent of a Labor government in England, an improvement in the atmosphere was sought through the round-table conference method. In July, 1930, Governor General Irwin went so far as to declare that the conference was regarded "not as a mere meeting for discussion, but as a joint assembly of representatives of both countries on whose agreement precise proposals to Parliament may be founded." This statement took no account of the fact that the Indian delegates to the conference were hand-picked by the Governor General. Nor did it envisage the Conservative capture of the government in 1931. Three successive sessions of the conference met in 1930, 1931, and 1932, but the draft proposals of the White Paper issued by the British government in March, 1933, somehow omitted the majority of the hopeful reforms discussed in the conference. These proposals were then turned over to a Joint Select Committee of Parliament, dominated by Conservatives, for eighteen months of critical examination. Their report in November, 1934, was prefaced by this statement: "No scheme for the future government of India is, of course, at present in existence which can be said to have been agreed on even unofficially between representatives of the two countries." On this basis the committee proceeded to insert a series of drastically conservative amendments into the White Paper proposals. The result, with the addition of certain reactionary changes by the House of Commons, was the Government of India Act of 1935.

The bedrock of this new Indian constitution—a stroke of imperialist genius—is the provision for a federation of the provinces (better, countries) of British India and the Indian states. Growing nationalist forces in British India had rendered increasingly untenable the existing set-up of an irresponsible central government and partially responsible provincial government. On the other hand, the continued maintenance of the autocratic authority wielded in their states by the Indian princes, in the face of the national-democratic unrest in British India, could be guaranteed solely by the British connection. What could be more logical than an alliance of the imperialist overlords and the native autocrats for the joint protection of their equally menaced positions? The new constitution cements this union in the carefully turned phrases of a legal document. No attempt is made to reconcile the basic clash between the autocracy of the Indian states and the quasi-democracy of the British-Indian provinces. The Indian princes will be represented at Delhi by their personal nominees in both houses of the federal legislature. The powers transferred to the federal government by the princes will be much more limited in scope than those transferred by the provinces. In addition, the Governor General will retain "paramountcy" over the powers not transferred to the federation by the states, and will thus be able to exert considerable leverage on the states which are members of the federation. A solid anti-nationalist and anti-democratic body, specially linked to the Governor General, is thus introduced into the federal government as a counterpoise to the nationalist movement.

This *mésalliance* is worked out to the last detail in the provisions for the Council of State and the Federal Assembly—the two houses of the federal legislature. The population of the Indian states is considerably less than one-fourth that of India as a whole. Yet in the Council of State the princes will nominate 104 out of 260 members, or 40 per cent of the total; while in the Federal Assembly the princes will nominate 125, or one-third, of the total 375 members. In the Council of State the princely bloc will require only twenty-seven additional votes from the British-Indian side for an absolute majority; in the Federal Assembly it will need only sixty-three additional votes for a majority.

The composition of the British-Indian side of the federal legislature is even more ingeniously devised. Each of the numerous British-Indian racial and religious communities and special interests is allotted a fixed number of seats in the two houses of the legislature. With approximately one-fourth the population of British India, the Moslems—traditional bulwark of British rule—are allotted one-third of the British-Indian seats in both houses. The caste Hindus, on the other hand, who constitute a clear majority of the population and supply the largest number of militant Indian nationalists, are given only 86 of the 250 British-Indian seats in the Federal Assembly. A handful of British residents—fewer than 100,000, if the British troops are excluded—is given seven seats in the Council of State and fourteen in the Assembly. Special seats are reserved to commerce and industry and to the landholders, constituting in effect a plural representation since their position will enable them to obtain

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their full share of seats from the regular constituencies. Inequalities exist even in the allotment of these special seats. In the Assembly eleven seats are given to commerce and industry, but only ten to labor; the landowners are given seven seats, but the agricultural laborers—numbering scores of millions—are given none. Lest nationalism sift through even these defenses, election to the British-Indian seats in the federal legislature is made indirect: by the upper houses of the provincial legislatures for the Council of State, and by the lower houses of the provincial legislatures for the Assembly. The retrograde nature of this provision may be gauged by the fact that members of the present Legislative Assembly of British India have been directly elected from territorial constituencies since the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms of 1918.

From a British-Indian side of the legislature so composed and chosen the princely bloc will readily find sufficient allies to enable it to dominate legislative proceedings. Sir Samuel Hoare's words in Parliament are significant: "I would ask honorable members to look very carefully at the proposals . . . for the constitution of the federal legislature . . . and if they analyze these proposals I think they will agree with me that it will be almost impossible, short of a landslide, for the extremists to get control of the federal center." It will be virtually impossible, in other words, to secure a majority in the federal legislature for a nationalist measure, much less a proposal designed to mitigate the extreme inequalities of wealth in India.

The executive branch of the federation constitutes the second line of defense against Indian nationalism. Three departments of the federal government, including the army and foreign affairs, are reserved for exclusive control by the Governor General. The other departments, including finance, are nominally controlled by Indian ministers responsible to the legislature. In this transferred sphere, however, the Governor General may intervene for a number of purposes, such as to prevent grave menace to the peace of India, to safeguard the credit of the federation, to prevent commercial discrimination (that is, against British concerns), to safeguard the interests of minorities, and to prevent the enactment of discriminatory or penal tariffs against British goods. To make this right of intervention effective, the Governor General is vested with a series of "discretionary" powers. These include the veto, which cannot be overridden by vote of the legislature; the passing of "Governor General's acts" without the consent of the legislature; the promulgation of emergency ordinances having the effect of law; and, in the event of a breakdown of the constitutional machinery, the assumption by proclamation of all powers vested in any federal authority. In addition, special safeguards are effective in the sphere of finance. Non-votable expenditures amount to some 80 per cent of the federal budget. Over the remaining 20 per cent the Governor General may restore amounts reduced or rejected by legislative vote. Currency and exchange is intrusted to a Reserve Bank, and railways to a specially constituted Railway Board, in both of which British influence is decisive.

In the provinces of British India the franchise has been extended to include roughly one-fourth of the adult population. It is still based, in the main, on property qualifications. Seats in the provincial legislatures are portioned out to the various communities and special interests, including Sikhs, Moslems, Anglo-Indians, Britishers, landholders, commerce and industry, labor, and women. Separate electorates for these groups have been perpetuated and extended, despite the fact that communal voting has been condemned by all observers of its effects, including the Simon Commission. Hindu-Moslem and other inter-communal antagonisms will thereby be strengthened, and the achievement of unity along nationalist lines correspondingly weakened. Upper legislative houses are provided in six of the eleven provinces, although heretofore the provincial legislatures have always been unicameral. The conservative elements are also buttressed by the property basis of the franchise and the plural representation accorded the bourgeois interests.

Executive authority in the provinces will be vested in a British Governor, advised by a Council of Ministers responsible to the legislature over the whole field of provincial administration. Effective ministerial responsibility, however, is limited by a series of "discretionary" powers intrusted to the Governor, closely parallel to those held by the Governor General. The Ministry of Justice, a key post in combating terrorism and civil disobedience, is subordinated to the Governor by special provisions. Strict financial and economic safeguards, similar to those in force at the center, are also effective in the provinces.

Hardly less important than the positive features of this general constitutional structure is the lack of any provision affecting the present status of the army and the civil services. At one time the round-table conferences had toyed with the idea of transferring the recruitment and control of Indian civil and police officials from the Secretary of State for India to the federal government—a measure which might have hastened the Indianization of these services, now predominantly British in personnel. No such provision, however, was included in the act, and the "steel frame" of an imperial civil service and an imperial police force will be maintained.

The problem of the so-called Indian army is even more fundamental. More than one-third of its troops are British—some 60,000. Early this year, out of a total of 5,773 commissioned officers, 5,578 were British and 195 were Indian. It was hoped that under the new constitution decisive steps might be taken toward Indianizing the officer ranks of the army. But the Joint Select Committee declared: "It is in our judgment impossible to include in the Constitution Act or in any other statute a provision for the complete Indianization of the army within a specified period of time." The consequences of this decision are momentous. It rules out the possibility of effective self-rule for India for an indefinite period. It necessitates the continued reservation of the Defense Department to the exclusive control of the Governor General. It places a non-votable army charge on the federal budget which has averaged at least 50 per cent of British India's central expenditures since the war. (A British soldier costs 850 rupees per year; an Indian soldier 285. Indian officers could probably be obtained at an even greater proportionate saving. Funds thus saved could be used for education and public health.)

It is not unnatural that this constitution has been opposed by virtually all shades of political opinion in British India. The eclipse of Gandhi's non-cooperation movement, crushed by Governor General Willingdon's repressive ordinances, has had the effect of demonstrating India's rejection of the act even more emphatically than would otherwise have been possible. Last November, for the first time in a decade, the Congress party entered the general elections to the Legislative Assembly of British India. It swept the elective seats in the Hindu constituencies and gained sufficient Moslem allies to dominate the Assembly, despite the strength of the government-appointed bloc. In the ensuing legislative session the government was defeated on vote after vote and forced to invoke its overriding powers. The Assembly rejected the federal aspect of the new constitution by seventy-four votes to fifty-eight as "fundamentally bad and totally unacceptable," and recommended that the Government of India "advise His Majesty's Government not to proceed with any legislation based on this scheme." The section of the army-appropriation bill submitted to the Assembly was cut to one rupee by a vote of seventy-nine to forty-eight, but the cut was restored by the Governor General. Amendments to the finance bill, including one reducing the salt tax, were similarly overruled by the Governor General.

Though politically ineffective, this opposition afforded a dramatic demonstration of the irresponsibility of the present Government of India. No such tour de force will be possible in the new Federal Assembly, where the nationalist elements will be definitely subordinated. Since the Congress party presumably intends to enter the elections for the new legislature, the constitution will receive a thoroughgoing trial at the very outset. It can hardly be doubted that its inability to satisfy the aims of the nationalist majority of India will be demonstrated in short order. Under these circumstances, the extreme rigidity of the new act—a few princes can block amendment of nearly all important sections—will encourage renewed resort to direct action. What form this will take is still uncertain. It is clear, however, that the Congress party's ineffectiveness has subjected it to increasing pressure from the left, both inside its ranks and out. The notable strikes carried through by the Indian workers during the past two years have served to strengthen this pressure. Before the struggle for India's national independence can be fought to an uncompromising conclusion, the present supremacy of its middle-class leadership may have to be overthrown by the Indian worker and *ryot*.

Moscow Frowns on Abortions

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, July 15

DURING the last month the Soviet press has been full of what every girl should know. Of course, all girls here know what they should know. There is only one bit of new information: abortions are harmful and dangerous and undesirable. It is much better to beget babies.

The Moscow cinemas have been demonstrating a picture called "The Private Life of Peter Vinogradov" which would be popular in the more conservative communities of certain conservative foreign countries. Peter is handsome and interesting, a good student, an inventor, and a Communist. The young ladies fall for him. First the girl friend of one comrade succumbs to his lure. Then the girl friend of another comrade. But Peter's intentions are not "serious." He is only "playing around." Both girls, accordingly, leave him, go back to their former friends, and get married, while Peter is reduced to the misery of single life.

"Go to Zags, Young Man," is the latest Soviet slogan. "Zags" is the marriage-registration bureau. It also has a divorce division. A. Soltz, the outstanding Bolshevik puritan, wants the men to go there too when the need arises. Writing in the *Pravda,* Soltz advises against the present practice of granting divorces in the absence of the father. It is not enough that the man pay alimony. He must be concerned with the upbringing of his children. But suppose he does not care? It is his social duty to care, comes the Bolshevik reply. And frightened by the recent propaganda campaign, many Communists who have not cared for years have suddenly begun to make telephone calls to their ex-wives inquiring how little Katya is getting on or whether Ivan has been promoted.

"In the land of Soviets," says the *Pravda,* "the family is a big and serious matter." Brilliant editorial writers abroad will say, "I told you so," and declare that they always knew the Bolsheviks would ultimately cease their attacks on the family. But the fact is that the Bolsheviks never attacked the family. The stress of the revolution inevitably broke up many families, for it broadened and exacerbated the conflict between fathers and sons which all countries and all ages have experienced. This was a by-product of the epochal Russian social upheaval. It was never a goal. Communists know that at certain periods in mankind's history no family existed. They admit, theoretically, the possibility of the family's demise. But they have no substitute institution for the family and, far from undermining it, they have fortified it.

In the past, the struggle within families was part of the class struggle. When a parent was counter-revolutionary, when the father was a petty merchant or capitalistic peasant, he could not live in peace with his children who leaned toward the Komsomol League of Communist Youth. The family was torn between political factions. Today, however, the class war is on the wane, and many people who grew up under the revolution have children of their own. The regime, accordingly, has no dread of the undesirable political influence and only welcomes the necessary moral and cultural influence of parents upon their offspring. The authorities are now stressing the wisdom of "honor thy father and mother." Aged parents should be helped by their children; boys and girls must be brought away from the street and drawn into warm, loving home life. Soviet society is concentrating unusual attention on these matters because its leaders realize how much harm came to the family during the stormy years of revolutionary turmoil.

"A bad family man cannot be a good Soviet citizen," a *Pravda* editorial announces. This is the spirit of 1935. It was inconceivable in 1923 when students boycotted their Nepman fathers or in 1930 when children interfered with the activities of their anti-collectivist parents. But the Soviet family is a different kind of family, the Bolsheviks insist. The woman can always find work. She is in all respects the equal of her husband. And "in the Soviet Union," according to the *Pravda,* "only real, big, unsullied and proud love can and should be the stimulus to marriage." The marriage act, in other words, must not cover a temporary relationship which can be ended in a few months by easy divorce. For a child may be born after the husband has deserted his wife. Such "frivolous conduct," *Pravda* explains, is "anti-social." It is rooted in the bourgeois conception that woman is a slave, a chattel, "a commodity that can be used and then discarded." It is a product of the property habit. Those who maintain that it is petty bourgeois to be interested in a family are themselves the lowest kind of petty bourgeois. "They defend the rights of women in public and at home they behave like pigs toward their wives and children."

Woman is still the weaker sex, *Pravda* admits, and the state must shield her. The offenders are almost always the men. "In our country, no one is compelled to remain married against his will. We have no despicable divorce trials. But the right to divorce which the Soviet code grants is not the right to license."

Then this official Communist publication makes a striking statement: "A family without children loses its raison d'être." It is rumored, therefore, that a childless woman will not be allowed to have an abortion unless there are convincing considerations of health. She cannot argue that she is poor. The government will help her, and so must the father. A prohibition against "killing the first child" would probably eliminate much philandering and promiscuity and encourage a more serious attitude toward marriage—although it must be said that Russians marry very young, and sometimes the dominant impression in university dormitories is the babble and crying of babies.

Propaganda against abortions is nothing new in the Soviet Union. I remember seeing in 1926 an educational film on the dangers of such an operation. The decree of December, 1920, which legalized abortions, also expressed the hope that they would ultimately disappear as a result of the strengthening of the socialist state. Physicians and nurses to whom women come for abortions invariably try to dissuade them. Special commissions carefully investigate every applicant for an abortion and many requests have been refused (hence, probably, a certain number of illegal operations). After the second month of pregnancy it is practically impossible to obtain permission for an abortion. One of the permanent mottoes of the central Moscow Institute for the Care of Mother and Child is: "Use Contraceptives to Avoid Abortions." But Soviet authorities likewise pointed out that since the operations here were performed in the best clinics by expert physicians, few deaths (one per 23,000) resulted from abortions and even very few serious cases of blood poisoning. They proudly contrasted this with the dreadful toll of "underground" surgery in bourgeois countries. In the last month, however, the papers have been full of articles by professors of medicine, directors of clinics, gynecologists, and the like, on the harm caused by abortions, performed under any conditions. Such agitation might be a desirable antidote to the earlier light-hearted approach to interrupted pregnancy. But when the press hammers away at abortions literally every day, and when this propaganda is accompanied by a glorification of festive marriage ceremonies, by emphasis on the holiness of marital obligations, by the announcement of prizes to mothers who have delivered triplets and quadruplets, by prominently displayed articles from women who have never subjected themselves to abortions, and by public praise to a low-salaried village school teacher who, mother of four children, nevertheless did not reject a fifth "although it is difficult to feed them all"—then one thinks of Mussolini.

The annual excess of births over deaths in the U.S.S.R. is more than three million, more than that of all the rest of Europe. With mortality, especially infant mortality, dropping, and general health conditions rapidly improving, the figure is sure to grow. Even at the present birth-rate, the Soviet Union will have a population of 200,000,000 nine years from now. This is an important political as well as social fact.

"Yes," a Communist said to me the other day, "the fascists also encourage more births. But their children are condemned to a bleak life in a jobless world of crisis and medieval reaction, whereas socialism guarantees a bright, happy future. Look at our new generation in the parks, summer camps, and streets." Nevertheless the crowded housing conditions of Soviet cities should deter the breeding of larger families. The apartment shortage itself would make any strict anti-abortion regulations a distinct hardship, particularly since illegal abortions could scarcely flourish under socialized medicine and strict Soviet control. The economic situation, however, has improved in the last two years, and many families are housed in new apartments. There is security. It is felt, consequently, that the more violent form of birth limitation ought to be checked, especially because men frequently take advantage of it to live a life free from the responsibilities of marriage.

In attempting to fathom the new intensive agitation against abortions, some commentators have hit on the clever idea that it is actuated by military considerations. Now the science of war has of course undergone very radical change in recent years but we have not yet heard that babies of six will man the trenches or operate airplanes. Less birth limitation in 1935 could only produce more soldiers eighteen years from now and by that time the world, and war also, will be different, and I cannot imagine Moscow is thinking of such distant days. Nor is there warrant for the assumption that the father of several children will fight with greater enthusiasm for his socialist fatherland. On the contrary, he may claim exemption. Do not unmarried young men often make the best fighters?

The simple fact is that the commissions which pass on abortions have hitherto been too lax in approving applications. The general spirit created by the present campaign will militate against easy "summer-time" relationships. Girls will no longer be "conservative" or even "counter-revolutionary" for refusing to yield to masculine importunity. More consideration will be given to the demands of family life, and fathers and mothers will be excused if their political and social activities suffer because they must spend time with one another and their children. These changes, and economic improvement, social stability, and the universal atmosphere of relaxation and normality are sure soon to heal the wounds inflicted on the family in the revolution's past.

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Rhode Island Proves Nothing

By VERNON C. NORTON

Pawtucket, August 7

THE tremendous campaign of the textile interests in Rhode Island against the AAA processing tax undoubtedly helped to defeat Antonio Prince, the Democratic candidate for Congressman, in the recent election. But apart from this factor, the sweeping victory of the Republican judge, Charles F. Risk, in the First Congressional District cannot be interpreted as a repudiation of the New Deal. The collapse of the Democratic Party in an industrial district which nine months ago gave Francis B. Condon a 21,000 plurality must be charged to a deep-seated division within the party organization and to an intense racial feeling which gave impetus to an effective whispering campaign against the Democratic nominee. The vote was also a gesture of resentment against the recent operations of the Democratic machine.

Governor Theodore Francis Green, elected in 1932 on the crest of the Roosevelt wave and on a liberal platform, has ruthlessly abandoned his pre-election promises and built up the party machine as an organ of the same corporate interests which for so many years worked through the Republican Party when it was in power. The Democratic Party has now fallen into the control of two multimillionaires, Governor Green and United States Senator Peter G. Gerry, and from the day when it came into complete control of the state government it has made a rapid retreat from the principles it espoused while it was in the legislative minority.

The party split, in the campaign just concluded, developed openly over the utilities issue. The Democratic organization in the city of Pawtucket, the largest municipality in the First District, sponsored a program for public ownership of its electric-utility system—in accordance with recommendations made by Governor Green in his inaugural message but not in accordance with the actions of Green and his supporters since he took office. Lawyers associated with the Green-Gerry machine had been acting as lobbyists for the utilities in the Assembly, fighting against the enabling acts which would empower Pawtucket to set up its own distributing system and to issue up to $5,000,000 in bonds to finance the system. Thomas P. McCoy, Democratic boss of Pawtucket, then state budget director by appointment of Governor Green, controlled a powerful block of votes in the house and fought the administration's effort to put outright appointive power in the hands of the Chief Executive without definite tenure of office for any appointee. He also strongly supported the municipal-ownership program previously adopted by the party. When the utility lobbyists, most of them Democratic lawyers who for years had been committed to the party's program of competing municipal plants and more stringent state regulation, succeeded in killing the enabling acts, McCoy revolted. He was summarily removed from his position as budget director.

In the Congressional campaign McCoy led a militant minority to the convention and over the protest of Cornelius C. Moore of Newport, recognized as Senator Gerry's agent, he successfully sponsored a plank committing Antonio Prince, the Democratic nominee, to support of the "death-sentence" clause in the federal holding-company bill. Moore, serving as floor manager for the machine, was the registered counsel for the utilities during the legislative sessions when the Pawtucket municipal program was sabotaged in committee.

McCoy himself sponsored Felix A. Toupin for Mayor of Woonsocket, second-largest city in the First District, as his Congressional preference, but the Green-Gerry machine was in supreme control to nominate Prince at the convention. There is no primary law in Rhode Island. Toupin achieved fame in 1923-24 when, as lieutenant-governor, he presided over and dominated the state senate during a filibuster which eventually forced reform amendments into the state constitution. Mayor Toupin had been one of the principal targets of the Green machine. Prince is a French Canadian. Toupin is of French descent. Both live in Woonsocket and each claims control over the French voters who comprise about 25 per cent of the vote in the First District. Prince became involved some eight years ago in a politically embarrassing situation when a strong group of French Catholics challenged the authority of the Irish bishop, William A. Hickey. Prince is still associated in the public mind with the church revolt, and a rebellion among the Irish voters, especially the women, helped to defeat him and to break down the Democratic machine. Hundreds of devout French Catholics joined the Irish in resenting the Prince candidacy.

Several other causes had a cumulative effect on the outcome of the election. Prince refused to utter a word in support of the death-sentence clause, which led sincere Roosevelt supporters to suspect that he had been silenced by Senator Gerry and Congressman John M. O'Connell, elected from the Second District. Both Gerry and O'Connell had opposed the President's efforts to break the holding companies' control. Sentiment for Roosevelt was strong in the First District but many individuals deserted the Democratic candidate merely in order to join in a united attack on the Green-Gerry machine. Judge Risk, contrary to the general impression, did not concentrate his attack on the New Deal. He was disturbed when the anti-Administration press headlined his speeches in such a way as to make them appear outright denunciations of all Roosevelt policies.

The vote also expressed a widespread rebellion against Governor Green's political methods. He has tolerated a system of dual office-holding by Senators and Representatives in the Rhode Island General Assembly, as a result of which he controls Democratic caucuses in each house by keeping a majority of the party legislators on the state payroll. He ousted twenty-five District Court judges and clerks before their terms expired because the politicians wanted the positions. He traded Superior Court judgeships in order to get a partisan measure through an otherwise hostile Assembly. He condoned the action of a District Court judge, as chairman of a Democratic Party town committee, in bringing

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about the reduction of a World War veteran's relief allotment because the man intended to vote for Judge Risk, himself a veteran. By these and other tactics Green has been building a personal machine to support his ambition for a seat in the United States Senate. The defeat of Prince was in large measure a defeat of Green. And in so far as the issue of public utilities entered into the election, its outcome must be construed not as a repudiation of Roosevelt but as a defense of his more advanced policies.

Correspondence

The System

To the Editors of The Nation:

It seems to me that liberals never touch fundamentals. Frederick C. Lendrum's review of Hugh Cabot's book "The Doctor's Bill" is an instance. Could Mr. Lendrum not see, and could he not point out, that what is mainly wrong with our medical service is not so much the service itself as the economic system of which it is a by-product, namely, a system which makes people sick and drives them crazy?

A system which exploits the people cannot heal them. State medicine therefore could do no good. You cannot "socialize" medicine unless the things basic to life, fundamental to health, and essential to happiness are first socialized. The first step must be socialization of the means of wealth production, thereby permitting a more equitable distribution of the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life. Rest is the most effective cure for illness, but how can a man rest who has to work for a living? Absence from worry is the best mental relief, but who can relax under a system of dog-eat-dog? Competition kills; cooperation cures. Capitalism opposes cooperation; socialism promotes it. Under socialism alone we can have socialist medicine.

Cleveland Heights, Ohio, August 1 Joseph Manlet

A New Scottsboro Case

To the Editors of The Nation:

The attention of your readers is called to the case of John Montjoy, Negro youth of Covington, Kentucky, who has been sentenced to be hanged on an alleged charge of rape, and whose hope lies in widespread petition on the part of all who are concerned in securing justice and equal rights for Negroes.

An investigation conducted by a committee of representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union, the International Labor Defense, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People reveals the following facts in the case:

(1) Negroes are and have been excluded from the jury panel.

(2) The alleged confession of the accused was obtained seven days after arrest at 3:30 in the morning, under circumstances strongly indicating that the defendant's charge of duress and coercion is true.

(3) Although the police had the opportunity for submitting the woman to an immediate medical examination after the alleged act, no such examination was made.

(4) The court-appointed defense counsel presented no evidence of any kind in defense, not even putting the defendant on the stand.

On the above facts the committee bases its appeal for support in a campaign to secure reversal of the conviction and a new trial, which is now before the Court of Appeals. Prompt action in the form of petition, letters, and telegrams is earnestly requested. All such communications should be sent to Judge Rogers Clay, Kentucky Court of Appeals, Frankfort, Kentucky.

Mary D. Brite, Secretary, Cincinnati Branch,
American Civil Liberties Union
Edward Leavitt, Acting Secretary, Cincinnati Branch,
International Labor Defense
James T. Whitney, Secretary, Cincinnati Branch,
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
George A. Hedger, Chairman, Cincinnati Branch,
American Civil Liberties Union

Cincinnati, Ohio, July 10

Business Is Better

To the Editors of The Nation:

I notice that the Walgreen Company has just declared a dividend of 35 cents a share on the common stock, which is 5 cents a share more than the last quarter dividend. A friend of mine is employed as a cashier by this company, whose president is C. R. Walgreen, arch-American and red-baiter extraordinary. The Walgreen-instigated probe into communistic propaganda at the University of Chicago ended recently when it proved to be too ridiculous even for the Illinois legislature.

A few days ago my friend received notice that effective July 7 her hours would be increased from forty-eight to fifty-four per week at no increase in salary. The hours are so distributed that she works seven days a week. Every other Sunday she has a half day off. The intervening Sunday she works from 1:30 p.m. to 12 midnight. As it usually takes her a half-hour to check up after working hours, she has an eleven-hour shift on that day and also on every Wednesday. It is her understanding that this increase in hours is general throughout the organization and will result in the discharge of several hundred employees.

Chicago, July 10 James Brown

RANDOM HOUSE announces an unusual story by MISS GALE WILHELM
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Labor and Industry

The Nation Index of Labor Welfare

DESPITE a sharp decline in factory employment and payrolls during June, *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare indicates that working-class living standards rose slightly from the previous month. This somewhat paradoxical development may be explained by the fact that the losses suffered in the manufacturing industries were largely offset by a 30 per cent increase in the earnings of anthracite and bituminous coal miners, together with smaller gains in retail trade and other non-manufacturing industries. Since employment fell more sharply than wages, average weekly earnings were somewhat higher in the face of a 0.2 per cent decline in the cost of living. This brought real wages to 99.3 per cent of the 1932 average—the highest since March. Although the number of unemployed rose approximately 100,000 during the month, its effect on the index was counterbalanced by the exceptionally large drop in the number of persons in rural districts receiving relief. In 140 of the largest cities relief rolls showed a seasonal decline of approximately 3 per cent, but for the country as a whole the drop was nearly 7 per cent.

The fractional gains obtained by the working class during June lose much of their significance, however, when it is realized that after more than two years of general business recovery living standards remain materially below the lowest point of the depression in 1932. Weekly wages have risen 5 per cent above the 1932 level, but the cost of living —according to the latest government estimate—has increased approximately 6 per cent. Compared with 1929, wages have dropped 30 per cent, while the cost of living has gone down only 18 per cent. In terms of real purchasing power, the average industrial worker was receiving almost exactly the same wage in June, 1935, as he received in the same month of 1934, but unemployment had risen by at least 600,000 during this period and over a million more persons were on relief, leaving *The Nation* Index 2 per cent lower than a year ago. The preliminary indices for June are compared with the revised figures of the previous month and with June, 1934, in the following table:

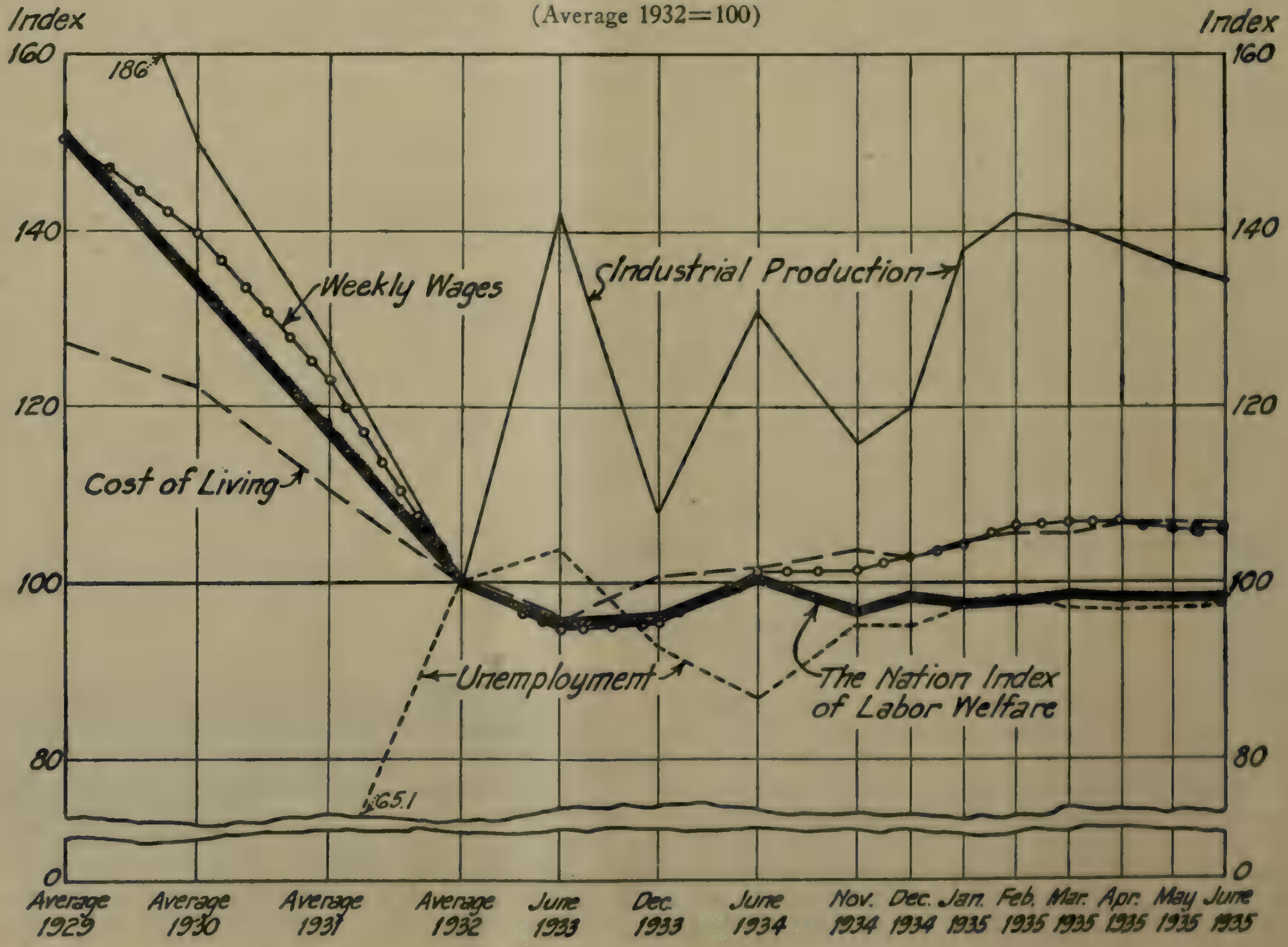
(1932=100)

	June 1935	*May 1935*	*June 1934*
Industrial Production	134*	136	131
Average Weekly Wages	105.3*	105.1†	101
Cost of Living	106.0*	106.2†	102
Real Wages	99.3*	99.0	99.3
Unemployment	96*	95	88
Index of Labor Welfare	98.2*	97.9†	100.2

* Preliminary. † Revised.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE

(Average 1932=100)



The Pullman Porters Win

By EDWARD BERMAN

WORKING-CLASS Negroes won a decisive victory on July 1 when the National Mediation Board certified the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters as the duly authorized representative of the porters and maids employed by the Pullman Company. This certification and the election which preceded it were the climax in a courageous struggle for labor organization and collective bargaining which has been carried on for more than a decade against great odds.

Aggressive attempts to organize the Pullman porters in an independent union attracted public attention about 1920. Toward the end of that year the Pullman Company countered with the usual device of company unionism. From that time on the efforts of the porters to make the employee-representation scheme function effectively in the workers' interest or to organize an independent union were met by the whole barrage of opposition which employers developed so effectively in the decade of the twenties. In February, 1921, the company established its Pullman Porters' Benefit Association to provide sickness, incapacity, and death benefits. As early as 1914 it had put into effect a pension plan for aged employees. In February, 1926, it introduced an employee stock-ownership plan. It also put into operation an extensive scheme of welfare work, with a newspaper for employees, as well as workers' choruses, bands and orchestras.

The porters and their leaders at first attempted to use these devices for the purpose of improving the lot of the workers. The company countered by employing spies and discharging porters who were too active in the interest of their fellows. The leaders finally realized that the condition of the workers could be improved only by organizing an absolutely independent union not subject to the influence of the Pullman Company, and on August 25, 1925, steps were taken to establish the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Its officers, with one exception, were porters of long standing in the company's service. They gave up their jobs to become leaders of the union or were soon discharged for their activities. The one exception was A. Philip Randolph, a prominent publicist and leader among Negroes. Since 1925 all the officers have stayed with the organization, generally without salaries of any kind, eking out an often precarious living for themselves and their families by engaging in various small business enterprises.

The organization of the independent union led to increased opposition by the Pullman Company. Spying became more intense and effective, and discharges of active unionists became common. Porters many years in the service found themselves let out for reasons which were mere subterfuges. It came to be worth a man's job to show an active interest in the new union. Yet hundreds of porters continued to pay dues and to attend meetings.

In 1926 the union tried unsuccessfully to get consideration from the Interstate Commerce Commission on the question of wages. From 1930 to the beginning of 1934 it attempted with equal lack of success to get an injunction against the company under the terms of the Railway Labor Act of 1926. Meanwhile in 1933 the Railway Emergency Act had been passed. Among its provisions was one which had the effect of outlawing the company unions. Unfortunately, however, whether by oversight or otherwise, the act made no reference to the Pullman Company or to the express companies. In the autumn of 1933 the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters began a campaign of publicity to have the Pullman Company brought within the scope of the act. With the aid of Coordinator Eastman, who included proposals to this effect in his recommendations to Congress, an act was passed in June, 1934, correcting the defects in the previous legislation. The porters could now appeal to the National Mediation Board for the right to be recognized as the official agency of the porters for the purposes of collective bargaining. In preparation for the test it knew was coming, the Pullman Company, in October, 1934, reorganized its company union. The grosser forms of company influence were not so apparent in the new constitution. Presumably the organization was to be financed exclusively by the employees themselves, but it was specified that its officers should be employees of the company.

The fight between the new company union and the Brotherhood to secure official recognition from the National Mediation Board began late in 1934. At the direction of the board an election to enable the porters and maids to express their preference was conducted from May 27 to June 27. It resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Brotherhood. Of a total of 8,316 eligible votes, the Brotherhood captured 5,931 and the company union only 1,422. In only three cities, Louisville, Memphis, and Atlanta, did the company union receive a majority of the eligible votes. The Brotherhood won majorities in 25 cities; it also received the overwhelming majority of votes cast by mail. The Brotherhood has already taken steps to initiate negotiations with the Pullman Company. The real fruits of victory will not be realized until a collective agreement is secured, but the chances for such an agreement are excellent.

The reason for the porters' long and determined fight for an independent union is to be found of course in wages that are unbelievably low and conditions of work that most unskilled white workers would consider intolerable. The Pullman porter is regarded as an aristocrat by the workers of his race. The Pullman Company itself not only depends upon him to furnish courteous and efficient service to its patrons, but frankly acknowledges that the opinion which the traveling public has of the Pullman service largely depends upon him. It imposes upon him an enormous variety of tasks, skilled and unskilled; and the traveling public knows how well he performs those tasks.

It is one of the ironies of the status of the Negro in American life, however, that the Pullman porter is one of the worst-exploited workers in the country. A survey covering the year from March, 1934, to February, 1935, shows that the annual income of all porters covered by the sample investigation was $880. Porters on regular assignment received in that year $1,056, while those on extra service received $624. (Since extra porters must constantly hold themselves in readiness for duty, they have no opportunity to earn additional income.) This income was received only in part from the company. The average wage received by all porters directly from the company was $879; the sum of $237 was received in tips, but $236 was spent for occupational expenses. The weekly income of all porters covered in the survey was only $16.92, that of porters on regular assignment $20.30, and that of extra porters only $12. Obviously the common impression that porters get large sums in tips is erroneous. Some do, but on the average the amount is about offset by the sum which goes for occupational expenses. The status of the porter is well indicated by the nature and extent of these expenses. He is compelled to furnish his own brushes and shoe-polishing materials. He must pay for his uniforms until he has been in service for ten years. He must eat his meals from the dining car, paying half price for what he gets—and the middle-class American of small income knows that even half-price on a Pullman diner is too much. Moreover, he must sleep at night in the smoking compartment of his car unless a certain upper berth near that compartment happens to be vacant. He does not retire until the occupants of the smoking compartment go to bed. He is subject to call at every moment of the day or night while on service.

As against an average weekly income for the porters of $16.02, the average wage of all workers in manufacturing industries in the United States in 1934 was $19.12, in New York State $23.19, in Illinois $20.50, and in Wisconsin $18.29. Against the porters' annual average income of $880 may be set the "minimum comfort budget" calculated by Professor Ogburn for the War Labor Board for a family of five, which would have cost $1,516 in 1934. Against it may also be set the "minimum American standard budget" for a family of four established by an employers' organization, the National Industrial Conference Board. In a small city such as Marion, Ohio, this would have cost $1,129 in 1934. In New York City (and it should be remembered that most porters live in large cities) it would have cost $1,299.

But this is not the whole story. Hours of service are barbarously long. The porters are paid on a mileage basis, the basic wage being earned when they have traveled 11,000 miles per month. But they work before and after the trains get into motion, and for this "preparatory" and "terminal" time, as it is called, they get no pay. A survey made at the beginning of the present year indicates that on regular runs the porters put in an average of 9.2 per cent of their working time in getting cars ready for occupancy and receiving passengers, and 3.5 per cent in arranging cars after the train has arrived at its terminal. These hours of service are required by the company. Not infrequently, more than the stated time is required after a car has reached the terminal. The variations among individual porters are great. Some put in more than 50 per cent of all their service in the form of preparatory and terminal time. For example, there was the case of a porter required to put in 14 hours and 52 minutes of preparatory time and 3 hours and 5 minutes of terminal time out of a total service period per round trip of 26 hours and 30 minutes. Such cases are not uncommon. The important point is that an average of 12.7 per cent of all the time the porters spend in service is not paid for.

Investigation shows that in 1934 porters on regular runs worked an average of 317 hours per month, or over 73 hours per week. Contrast this figure with the fact that in the year 1934 workers in all manufacturing industries in the United States averaged just under 35 hours per week. The average net income for porters on regular assignment for the year from March, 1934, to February, 1935, was 27.8 cents an hour. In 1934 workers in all manufacturing industries received an average of 54.8 cents; and workers on federal public works projects, 57.8 cents per hour.

Here then is a group of skilled workers receiving an average annual income of $880, an average weekly income of $16.92, and an average hourly income, if they work regularly, of 27.8 cents. While many hundreds of thousands of their fellow-workers remain partly or wholly unemployed, they work 317 hours per month under conditions which are little short of disgraceful. They work, moreover, for a company which has consistently made large profits.

After many years of struggle and persistent devotion, the porters have succeeded in obtaining recognition of their union. It marks a most important step in their fight for decent working conditions. Their victory should give courage to the Negro working class.

Not the Type

By HEYWOOD BROUN

IT is really a pity that Franklin Delano Roosevelt is so obviously not the type around whom an independent labor party could be built up. If only one-third of the things his reactionary opponents say against him were true, Mr. Roosevelt could split the Democratic and Republican parties as soon as 1936 and make the first step toward bringing about a united front of liberals and the left.

Indeed, here and there men are beginning to suggest that the third-party movement indorse Roosevelt in the next Presidential campaign. Any such notion is preposterous. To use the favorite football analogy of the White House, Franklin Roosevelt has no aptitude for picking his holes. He is a runnning back who always seems just on the point of cutting loose for a long gain only to dart right into a nest of tacklers. Indeed, on several occasions he has emulated the unfortunate young player in California who, with a clear field ahead of him, grew muddled and ran in the wrong direction.

Still, I think that much must go down on the credit side to Mr. Roosevelt on account of some of the enemies which he has made and the manner of attack which has been unleashed against him. I find, for instance, that in certain sections of the country the whispering campaign was by no means whispered. A reader has sent me a copy of *Crow's Pacific Coast Lumber Digest*. This organ of the industry is published in Portland, Oregon, and in it I find an editorial by C. C. Crow entitled As We Totter on the Brink of Communism. It reads in part as follows:

> Picture this combination:
>
> A President of the United States who is either demented or, if sane, ambitious to overthrow our present form of government and set up one like Russia.

> A short-order Congress composed largely of demagogues who jump at the crack of the madman's whip. . . .
>
> An academic-parlor-pink-organized-labor-communist group thoroughly intrenched in governmental offices. . . .
>
> Vicious and radical men elevated to positions of authority and supported with the taxpayers' money, under the guise of relief, so that they may starve the business of the country into submission to their wicked schemes.
>
> In other words, picture the better people in all walks of life in the United States as with fear and trembling on bended knees they pray to God for deliverance from a diabolical set-up which menaces the peace and progress of the entire world.

And, strange as it may seem, this outburst comes from a representative of "the better people" who are insisting that we must have some form of sedition law because the radicals are seeking to create disrespect for our government.

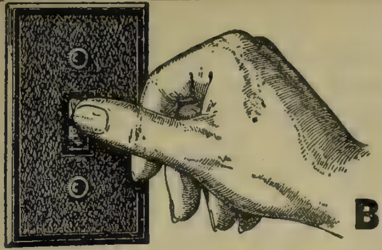
I turn with interest, also, to an editorial in the New York *Times* which appeared a little before the investigation of the utilities propaganda began. The *Times,* of course, was not so vitriolic in its criticism, but in the light of later events its position on the "800,000 telegrams" is not without significance. In speaking of the so-called "death sentence," which by the way was a punishing phrase manufactured by the newspapers themselves, the leading editorial said:

> It is stated that more than 800,000 letters and telegrams of protest and appeal reached members of the House within the past two weeks. They were not "form" letters. They came from small investors all over the country who had already lost on other savings and objected violently to having their utilities stocks and bonds made the subject of political attack. Mr. Roosevelt was imprudent enough to describe this sort of evidence of popular feeling in the matter as "falsified."

Well, by now there has been spread upon the records a wealth of proof that this "evidence of popular feeling" was not only falsified but falsified in the clumsiest way imaginable. It was not the President but the New York *Times* which was "imprudent" in going off the deep end after a school of fabricated Associated Gas and Electric telegrams. But has the New York *Times* printed a second editorial to say, "Excuse it please"? The *Times* has done nothing of the kind.

It may be that the election in Rhode Island is actually evidence of a reactionary tide rising in America. The result should not be minimized and it cannot quite be argued away. But I am loath to believe that the voters really want to go back to Hoover.

The tide against utter reaction is coming due for its flood. The newspapers of America have played the tory game with too much unanimity. To be sure they have not all gone to the lengths of Hearst, but many so-called liberal organs have been extremely cold to the more liberal portions of the Administration's program and many papers have abandoned all pretense of keeping their news columns and their editorial columns separate. The guardians of a "free press" calmly permit such headline phrases as "Soak-the-Thrifty Taxes" and act as if they were living up to the highest standards of newspaper ethics. It may be that an over-patient and long-suffering public will not rebel against newspaper leadership. But I believe it will. The most promising sign which I see for a new America is the growing skepticism of the newspaper reader.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Books

Young Gloom

Winter Orchard and Other Stories. By Josephine Johnson. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

A WEAK, crepuscular melancholy pervades this volume of short stories by Josephine Johnson. Of the twenty-two stories only three strike a half-heartedly cheerful note. Five deal with unhappy love affairs, one with blindness, seven with death, and six with general frustration. This excessive preoccupation with would-be tragic situations, this sad determination to break through the bounds of personal experience, to seek in sensational events the very marrow of life and there to suck it out, is charming enough in a college student; one does not expect to find it in a Pulitzer Prize novelist. Undeniably, the twenty-five-year-old Miss Johnson has talent, a talent which is, at the moment, ingrowing, personal, static, purely descriptive. Her attempt to make herself into a philosopher or an ironist is valiant but premature. Her *Weltschmerz* is still the pleasant literary pain of late adolescence; her tragedies, seen from afar, foggily understood, overdramatized, become unreal little melodramas; and, in consequence, most of her pale repetitious stories have only hearsay value.

In general, Miss Johnson is at her best when she is dealing with simple sensory experience, when she lets her eyes, ears, nose, tongue, and fingers write for her, and forgets about her mind and emotions. A pie, a sunset, a jar of plum jelly, a frost, a young shoat, a million weeds and wild flowers, a field mouse, a quail, can impinge on her reader with more intense reality than the very best of her characters. Out of the changing of the seasons she can build a story like Winter Orchard, which needs no human drama to carry it. Mathilda, the history of a domineering old maid's eight lonely days in the woods, might have been a pleasant, quite plotless anecdote, had Miss Johnson not dug up the cheap old trick of the overheard, unkind conversation to give it an ironic-pathetic ending. The most successful story in the collection, Arcadia Recalled, gets all its nostalgic bite from its sharply observed, journal-like account of the daily phenomena of a child's vacation on a farm.

The rest of the stories in the volume, stories which concern themselves with people rather than with things, range, with one exception, from the barely competent to the ludicrous. Ludicrous to the point of burlesque is her single venture into the macabre, Return, a ghoulish tale intended, apparently, to be read with a French accent. Ludicrous in its frail toughness is her eyewitness's account of a condemned man's last hopeful moments, Sure, That's All. . . . Overwritten, humorless, touched with melodrama, perfumed with self-pity, I Was Sixteen, the study of a young girl's unrequited love, is yet honest and detailed enough to come close to being a good story. Safe is an acceptable, conventionally patterned narrative of the frustration of a young woman's love affair by her unconsciously jealous, consciously well-meaning spinster sister. In only one case does Miss Johnson's introverted sensibility really escape from itself; only once does a character show its own outlines, stand clear of the shadow of the author's young gloom. This is in Dark, where, in six fearful pages, Miss Johnson presents a blind man who has regained his sight only to lose it again in the fields at sundown.

Save for this piece, in her manipulation of human affairs Miss Johnson falls back on coincidence, on irony, misunderstanding, the intervention of outside forces—the writer's whole scrapbag of stunts—to give her stories the poignancy she feels in them but is unable to communicate by legitimate means. Out of the conjurer's bag, too, comes her cadenced prose. Too obviously rhythmical, somniferous, it goes far to debilitate her occasionally vigorous phraseology. It is amazing that a writer primarily concerned with nature could produce such a languid, hothouse collection as "Winter Orchard."

MARY MCCARTHY

Life of a Zero

James Lane Allen and the Genteel Tradition. By Grant C. Knight. The University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

JAMES LANE ALLEN is little more than a name today, but time was, and not so long ago, when he was compared with Hawthorne, and his publishers, an old and conservative New York house, called him "the aristocrat of American letters, . . . perhaps the greatest of living novelists in America." That was in 1900. His popularity and reputation diminished rapidly thereafter, but even when he died in 1925 he was paid a glowing tribute in the New York *Times* by no less a person than Dr. John H. Finley, the late Adolph Ochs's official gladhander and tear-squeezer. Allen is still mentioned in the more refined backwoods of Boston, Louisville, Kentucky, and Pelham Manor, New York, especially among people who recall weeping over "The Choir Invisible," which was a best-seller for years after its publication in 1897. But the reading public as a whole, as well as the critics, has forgotten him, and rightly so.

A lonely and melancholy man, he wrote two dozen novels and several score of short stories, nearly all of which might just as well have been written in the Revolutionary Era for all the relation they had to their times. The Spanish-American War, the thieveries of the robber barons, Theodore Roosevelt's imperialism, the World War—these made no impression on him. His sole interest was "the inner world where beckon undying memories." He found "the unreal outer world of every day" mainly unattractive. He wrote a great deal about women, but always with a vast lack of understanding. There is no real evidence that he was ever in love or that he had one solitary affair. When he was sixty years old he wrote a "daring" novel, "The Bride of the Mistletoe," in which he referred with complete irrelevance to the middle-aged wife's "warm, foam-white thigh." In his middle thirties he wrote for the *Critic* a denunciation of Henry James, in the course of which he presented the following as his credo of good literature:

> Life as a whole is neither agnostic nor pessimistic; shall the novel that represents it be both agnostic and pessimistic? Life as a whole is spiritual and religious; shall the novel of life be devoid of spirituality and religiousness? Life as a whole presents a scene of happiness and success; shall the novel of life present a spectacle of wretchedness and failure?

Allen changed his credo during the succeeding forty years of his life, but only in minor detail. He remained the apostle of the Genteel Tradition to his dying day, and he was rewarded for this magnificent display of "character" by being relegated to oblivion.

A final word about his style. Its ornateness and sentimentality were so fulsome that even his staunchest admirer, Hamilton Wright Mabie, felt called upon to defend them. I quote a few typical lines culled from several of his works:

> The utter silence and heart-oppressing repose of primeval nature was around us. The stark white and gray trunks of the immemorial forest dead linked us to an inviolable past.
>
> [A description of a blind man:] a stranger smitten with eyes of perpetual night.

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> [A mother's soliloquy at the bedside of her sleeping child:] My heavenly guest! My guest from the singing stars of God!

Dr. Knight's discussion of Allen has value as a pioneer study, but otherwise it leaves much to be desired. It is deficient as writing and as criticism. His prose is reminiscent of Allen's. A few examples:

> [As a child Allen was] a docile little fellow contented with his few toys and learning to turn more and more to the mother, who set in front of him a blue mug full of fresh milk—that mug which was in those days the rightful inheritance of every free-born American child. . . . From her he learned to read and thus to add a world of experience to the narrow area of his goings and comings. He learned from her also things not found in books: it was her finger that beckoned him to the windows early on a winter morning to see a design etched by Jack Frost; it was she who called his attention to the rose just opened; it was she who asked him to admire the first snowfall and to watch and listen to the redbird sitting in one of the cedars that marched at right angles to the wide porch.

Dr. Knight admits that Allen is far from first-rate and that he largely deserves the oblivion that has overtaken him, but he insists on being "fair" with his subject, which is to say timid and stupid. Allen, he says, was sentimental, but the reading public of his time demanded sentimental stories and anyway, "If he wrote sentimentally it was because he was sentimental—what healthy, normal person is not?—and not because he pretended to be." As to the charge that Allen wrote exclusively about drawing-room people, Dr. Knight remarks: "Literature is a boundless realm. . . . The genteel writers were . . . within their prerogatives when they moved in a polite and distinguished society. There are drawing-rooms and garden houses in the world as well as mill towns, speakeasies, and tumble-down cabins. . . . One function of literature is undoubtedly to present men and women as they are, but another one is to present them as in their more aspiring moments they would like to be."

Dr. Knight is associate professor of English at the University of Kentucky. I am sorry for his students.

CHARLES ANGOFF

A Gentleman and His Personality

Don Fernando, or Variations on Some Spanish Themes. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM likes to feel that the secret of accomplishment is "personality." He likes to think of himself as the owner of an urbane, distinctive personality, and he likes to believe that what made Spain of the "Golden Age" golden was a crop of highly developed personalities. His meditations and reflections on the arts and Spaniards of that heroic century, and his thoughts about himself, art, literature, and the drama are strung so consistently on that theme that to be accurate he should have called his book "Personality: My Own and Some Unlike Mine."

It is a romantic story of how its author set out to write a novel about Spain of the Golden Age, around a kind of Sabatini hero: bold, lusty, handsome, reckless, and at the same time refined, witty, cultured, with a spiritual side. But the portrait of an English monk seen in Cadiz—a cold, ascetic, aloof, and somewhat snobbish character also imagined by Maugham—obtrudes with such insistence on Hero Number One that the novel simply cannot get written. Both these characters transmit, synthetically, what Maugham looks backward to find in Spain's Golden Age. They are also a clue to the conventional charm and triteness that characterize most of his life-art-Spain interpretations.

Carrying no great burden of thought, the book ripples along pleasantly to conform with Maugham's definition of good writing "like the conversation of a well-bred man." It is full of entertainment, completely free of anything jarring or exciting; very, very cultured and lucid and superficial. Subtly, below the mellow obviousness of his meditations, Maugham carries on a kind of implicit argument with himself, a gentlemanly debate as to the relative merits of the life of art versus the life of action. Golden Age Spain—and Hero Number One—seems to symbolize the life of action; Maugham himself and the monk who blots out the cavalier signify the life of thought. Variations on this theme bring the author to the conclusion that the Spaniards never amounted to much as writers because they were "amateurs"—being chiefly engaged in non-intellectual activities; whereas fine writing springs from professional soil (with exceptions) and is the result of cultivation and personality.

But there is no room for argument in Maugham's philosophic approach to life, art, Spain, and action, since each has its merits because of a common denominator: personality. And with that illuminating contribution one can go a long way toward asserting that greatness is greatness because it is greatness.

ANITA BRENNER

Hermaphrodite

We Too Are Drifting. By Gale Wilhelm. Random House. $2.

THIS novelette is concerned solely with passionate experience. Miss Wilhelm sings a composed, dark-browed woman of thirty with a boy's slim body and small firm breasts whom we find coldly disentangling herself from Madeline, of whom she has tired, and ardently devising plans for meeting again a fresh young girl of twenty whose pretty face and figure, approaching her through a crowded restaurant, immediately captivate her heart.

One might point out the narcissistic worship with which the author regards her heroine. Jan Morale, famous for her wood-cuts, is as definitely romanticized as were Rowena, Rebecca, or Amelia Sedley. Jan smokes, drinks, whores, and curses; but she is a romantic figure, besought and admired by all. Kletkin, the great sculptor, only consents to marry another when he realizes there is no hope for him with Jan, reassures her continually that she is a "wonderful feller," and uses her as a model for his finest work, the bronze figure of a hermaphrodite. Beautiful, wealthy, married Madeline clings to her beseechingly. Beautiful, unmarried Victoria would leave family, home, and fiancé for her at a nod. Jan doesn't nod. She is always right, always noble, always melancholy, and a great artist.

One might point out also that the passionate dilemmas, the curses, the drinks, and noble melancholy of this stripling lover provide an amusing commentary, almost a *reductio ad absurdum,* of the Hemingway method of depicting passion. Further, these youngsters, struggling to be great and different, regard themselves as very wonderful fellers indeed, with their attic studios, their bohemian regalia, and their defiant independence. But in every great city today one may see just such dark-browed, passionate faces as Jan Morale's. They suggest the turbulent faces of the middle Renaissance. They belong to the breakers of molds, the destroyers, who sometimes also create and are sometimes sterile and sinister.

This is a first book. There is little really felicitous writing in it. Yet in spite of its defects it seems to be much more worthy of attention than, let us say, Miss Cather's smooth, accomplished tale of various fictitious and not too consistent characters through whose lives she points a moral and adorns a tale called "Lucy Gayheart." Miss Cather writes competently turned sentences, and Miss Wilhelm writes a sloppy, would-be modernistic melange in which, quite unconsciously I suspect, she imitates Hemingway on one page and Virginia Woolf on another, and seeks originality by the tried and true device of avoiding quotation marks and being very bold and stripped and most confusingly simple. Miss Cather constructs her tale competently and Miss Wilhelm hurls hers at the reader. Jan refuses to illustrate a successful writer's book because, she explains, "I read one of his books once. It was a big, fat circus horse galloping round and round a ring and never getting anywhere and all those trappings and everything." The book in which she stars is as stripped and lean as herself. It is written without sensationalism and without shame. It hews straight to its purpose and flings its passion at us. Out of such passion and sincerity literature may one day come.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Professor Read's Thesis

Art and Industry. By Herbert Read. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

THIS lavishly illustrated book by England's warmest defender of the contemporary avant-gardists, made its appearance simultaneously with the exhibition of machine arts at London's Royal Academy. It seems to have been designed to serve as a comprehensive primer for befuddled laymen and doubting Thomases who are inclined to question the potential aesthetic validity of machine production. But I doubt whether the author's arguments will help either to enlighten the perplexed or convert the diehards. Nor can they be of very much use to the specialist, who has already been introduced to most of the issues which Professor Read raises, by the original exponents of functionalism in Austria, Germany, Holland, and elsewhere. When Read's indebtedness to such functionalist pioneers as Walter Gropius and Moholy-Nagy is subtracted from his total contribution, what remains is a keen and rather unusual talent for formal analysis. In the structural footnotes to the included illustrations are to be found, consequently, the book's most significant value.

There is certainly no ignominy attached to interpreting or expanding borrowed doctrines. Unfortunately, Professor Read seems not to have thoroughly understood the functionalist point of view or he never would have made the central problem of his book one which is of comparatively small importance—namely, the extent to which "the objects of machine production can produce the essential qualities of art." Instead of going directly to the root cause of popular misunderstanding by dispelling the bogy that a person who paints is necessarily more of an artist than one who, let us say, designs machine-loomed textiles, and explaining why art can be produced by any means provided an artist (a rare bird in any age) is the producer, Professor Read attacks his problem in the manner of a nineteenth-century German aesthetician and devotes a considerable portion of his book to spinning an ingenious but faulty web of dialectical proof.

Stripped to its barest essentials it runs something like this: There are two distinctive types of art—the *humanistic arts*, which are individualistic, intuitive, and "concerned with the expression in plastic form of human ideals or emotions," and the *abstract arts*, which are rational, objective, non-figurative, and have "no concern beyond making objects whose plastic form appeals to the aesthetic sensibility." The utilitarian or industrial arts belong exclusively, according to Professor Read's line of reasoning, in the second category, and he contends that the machine, "which works to adjustment and measure, can produce such works with unfailing and unrivaled precision."

An attractive simplification, certainly, and neatly argued, but glaringly fallacious. Professor Read's classifications have little basis in fact and completely pervert the true nature of the arts, which are neither wholly "humanistic" nor wholly "abstract," but a variable union of both. Creative intuition is based on the same organic and formal laws as creative rationalism, and where you find a divorcement between them you usually find, not art, but chaos or artifice. Our author's use of the term "aesthetic sensibility"—that is to say, the sensory appeal of a work having no organic or human reference—indicates a blindness on his part both to the real character of artistic creativeness and of creative appreciation. If the utilitarian arts are "abstract," it is because they embody a limited range of aesthetic relationships. The machine, it is true, is now best fitted to produce this type of art, but that does not mean it will always be so, or that the art of our age "is essentially an abstract art, quite distinct from the humanistic art of the Renaissance." Abstraction, in the sense that Professor Read uses the expression, is, I contend, a transitional stage rather than a permanent camping-ground.

What Professor Read has done is to make a thesis of a wish-fulfilment. It seems idle to conjecture whether the machine can produce art, or what type of art it will be, when what is needed is the kind of society in which the creative energies of man can find their richest expression and widest communal outlet. What is needed is sound craftsmen and the requisite technological and social training that will make them so. If the industrial forms which they create are fully dictated by their function, that is as much as we can hope for. If art is the result, so much the better.

E. M. BENSON

Prince Mirsky's Observations

The Intelligentsia of Great Britain. By Dmitri Mirsky. Translated by Alec Brown. Covici, Friede. $2.50.

THE literary criticism of Prince Mirsky displayed wide learning, remarkable industry, and a lack of any philosophical or aesthetic insight; this book, written by Comrade Mirsky, has the same virtues and the same deficiencies. It is a study of intellectual currents in Great Britain during the epoch of imperialism, beginning in the eighteen-nineties and extending down to the present, and is written from the viewpoint of the most dogmatic Stalinism. Different chapters deal with the Fabians, the Bloomsbury group, recent developments in science, philosophy, and religion, and finally with the intellectuals who have recently turned to socialism or communism.

The volume was apparently written before the change in the policy of the Comintern, since any socialist who does not support the Communist Party is described as a "social fascist." Mirsky displays great contempt for nearly everybody whom he mentions, and his invective is often amusing. He avoids the usual mistake of identifying aesthetic value with political direction, admitting occasionally that a bourgeois writer may have aesthetic merit; on the other hand he seems to have little interest in aesthetics, restricting himself mainly to the study of ideas. He makes great play with the word "dialectical," all the philosophers whom he mentions being denounced for their lack of dialectics. Mirsky himself, however, never

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uses dialectical interpretations, his theory of causation being mechanistic. One's class position is responsible for one's ideology, and the factor of interaction, which according to Marx and Engels was the essence of dialectics, is ignored. Thus, for example, the novels of Virginia Woolf are explained by the fact that she lives on dividends from investments, and her statement that good artistic creation requires "a room of one's own" is an example of leisure-class ideology. This book will presumably please those already converted; but since it never suggests any reason why communism should be considered desirable, it is unlikely to make new converts; in fact, it will more probably alienate any who still have prejudices against intellectual fanaticism. H. B. Parkes

Shorter Notices

Feliciana. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

If this volume of very slight sketches has anything at all to prove, it is that Stark Young is a Southern gentleman of the old school. He treats his Negro servants with that cheery condescension which is generally accorded to faithful household pets; he is full of ancestor worship and an almost clannish loyalty to the existing members of his family; he has a nostalgic love for the plantations known to his boyhood, and a quite definite contempt for anything that is Yankee and *nouveau* and untouched by the traditions of the Deep South. Apparently, however, Mr. Young wishes to prove something more universal than his individual debt to these traditions: "Life," he says somewhere, "if it is to last, must have a social scheme." By "a social scheme" Mr. Young undoubtedly means one capable of maintaining the manners and customs—even the atmosphere—of that part of the world which he so deeply admires. But the emptiness of his observations on life and human society in general, the reverence which even the most frivolous and questionable local institutions seem to inspire in him, and the labored quality of his style go a long way toward exposing the vitiating effects of this retrogressive and sectarian ideal.

Paul Elmer More and American Criticism. By Robert Shafer. Yale University Press. $4.

No better service could be rendered to the cause of liberal and radical thought than that an antagonistic philosophy should arise to force it to reexamine its premises and stiffen its defenses. Humanism was taken to be such an antagonist, but after its public flurry of a few years ago it has become again a private and (to use the phrase Dr. Shafer so much admires) "teeny-weeny" affair, sterile and ill-tempered, making extravagant and irresponsible statements in a void. Dr. Shafer's exposition of Mr. More's thought contains all that one needs to know to understand why (short of ascendancy on a wave of political reaction) humanism can be important only to the cloister. Dr. Shafer's concluding words on the man whom he calls the most remarkable in American letters will, in their significant meaninglessness, serve to give the emotional tone of the philosophy: Mr. More, he says, is a man "whose concern is with the highest subjects and whose style is that of a Christian gentleman." For the rest, the point of view is a mere juggling with unexamined symbols to the end that Mr. More's soul shall have comfort from the fear of death and eternity. Mr. More's one jolt was received when scientific materialism jarred his Midwest Christian pietism. He took up a sickly Platonism of the literary, quasi-sexual, O Beauty kind. He passed to Manicheanism, solving the problem of evil by declaring its necessity. Buddhism and Hellenism were next levied on, and now—apparently a little puzzled (he alone!)—the scourge of God upon liberalism and radicalism stands just outside the door of Christianity. Dr. Shafer is a little disturbed that Mr. More seems to be indicating the wicket of Anglo-Catholicism; he is also disturbed that in the field of immediate practical morality Mr. More has tended "to remain seemingly content with the practical rules which were good enough in the last century for Howells and Longfellow and Lowell and Holmes."

Contributors to This Issue

A. B. Magil is a labor journalist, author of a pamphlet "The Truth About Father Coughlin."

Lewis Corey is the author of "The Decline of American Capitalism" (1934). The articles now appearing in *The Nation* are chapters from his new book, "The Crisis of the Middle Class," which will be published in September by Covici, Friede.

T. A. Bisson is a member of the research staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Louis Fischer, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, has recently published a new book on Russia, "Soviet Journey."

Edward Berman, consulting economist of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, is a member of the Department of Economics at the University of Illinois.

Mary McCarthy frequently contributes reviews of fiction to *The Nation*.

Anita Brenner, a student of Spanish affairs, contributes reviews and articles to various magazines.

Alice Beal Parsons is the author of "John Merrill's Pleasant Life."

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THAT INTREPID EXPLORER, Senator Black, after cutting his way through an undergrowth of propaganda and the repeated attacks of hostile representatives of the power trust, has finally gained access to the fabulous kingdom of H. C. Hopson and his fellow utility magnates. Its furthest recesses remain to be explored, but enough has already been disclosed to show that the empire of the rolypoly potentate extends into the secretarial offices of the White House itself, that the watchdog at its gates is none other than John O'Connor, a member of the House of Representatives, and that its loyal army of defenders, for large fees, is already well known to the American public in the guise of prominent and respectable lawyers ranging from Patrick J. Hurley, former Secretary of War, to Basil O'Connor, the brother of John and former law partner of the President he now opposes. In the face of exposure some of the lesser figures in this hitherto invisible empire, such as Philip Gadsden of the Committee of Public Utility Executives, are running to cover, denouncing Hopson as they run. Hopson, to be sure, is a super-exploiter who feeds not only on the consumer but on other exploiters in the field. It is true, also, that the holding company is as often as not hated by the smaller companies from which it draws tribute. But Mr. Gadsden's self-righteous disavowal of Hopson and his methods should not be allowed to obscure the issue. The power trust has stopped and will stop at nothing to maintain its hold over one of the key resources of our industrial set-up. On the basis of the revelations so far published (by a not too willing press) Mr. Roosevelt is provided with the one issue most likely to clear his path to a second term.

WILL ROGERS AND WILEY POST were both small-town Americans who made good, each in his own very American way. Post was the poor boy with a single-minded passion for mechanics who by hard work and amazing persistence became one of the world's great aviators. Will Rogers was the genial Yankee, confused and humorous, who was claimed as friend by more men than any contemporary figure perhaps because of his very lack of strong or clear convictions or any single-minded purpose. His wit was a solvent and not a weapon; it offended none of its victims—except perhaps that other Yankee Calvin Coolidge, who was as indigenous and as limited as Rogers himself. His comments on public affairs were almost always amusing; they became increasingly reactionary and chauvinistic; they remained always the unpredictable and irresponsible "cracks" of a professional amateur. To call him a philosopher, as thousands have done since his death, is to credit him with order and vision, the two qualities which he most conspicuously lacked and most often spurned—his favorite boast that all he knew was what he read in the newspapers was not merely a quip. A writer in the *Times* remarks that "voting for Will Rogers became a habit with people; it was one of the best ways to file a protest without going Socialist." Laughing with Will Rogers served the same purpose. It is not surprising that he made a large fortune letting off steam for the American people, or that Wiley Post, though he learned how to circle the world in eight days, accumulated little of its goods.

DOES FRANCES PERKINS accept the responsibility which is legally hers for the policy of deportation now actively prosecuted in this country? Does she willingly stand for the use of the weapon of exile against militant union members and political radicals? At this moment there lies before us a long list of threatened deportations of men against whom nothing which justifies such action is even charged. We do not for a second suppose that Frances Perkins instigated these particular proceedings. Perhaps she does not know about them. But all of them must have been instituted in pursuance of a policy, and for that policy, whether she likes it or not, the Secretary of Labor is directly responsible. For her information, then, as well as for that of the public, we cite a few of these cases and demand that Secretary Perkins look into them immediately and act to remedy the human and legal wrongs she will discover when she looks. There is the case of John Ujich, a resident of the United States for thirty years, who has been ordered to surrender to Ellis Island on August 23 for deportation to Italy the next day. A bitter opponent of Mussolini and a Yugoslav by birth, Ujich's deportation will be equivalent to a sentence of death. He was arrested in Tacoma, Washington, for activities in behalf of the unemployed. Dan Agalos, a railroad worker who has lived in this country for twenty-five years, is an active union member and was arrested as an "agitator" and held for deportation following a speech which he made to railroad workers. Gust Saderquist is another union man from Portland, Maine. He was charged with advocating the violent overthrow of the government, but no evidence was brought forward at his trial to prove the charge. If he is deported it will be because he is a militant supporter of the rights of the unemployed and a Communist. These three cases are typical of many more. Is our immigration law to be used as a sly device for keeping out or throwing out radical political opinion? Is this the policy of the Administration as interpreted by the Department of Labor? Prompt action in the pending cases will be the most convincing denial that Secretary Perkins can offer.

THE SILVER BLOC is indignant over the recent decline in the price of silver. Despite the fact that the Treasury recently purchased more silver in a single day than was produced in the United States in the whole of last year, the Administration is charged with sabotaging the silver-purchase act by failing to run the price to $1.29 an ounce. In listing the dire effects of neglecting to push the silver program more actively, Senator Elmer Thomas, leader of the Senate inflationists, pointed out that a decline in value of silver at the present time will cause the United States to lose the huge sums expended in buying the metal at higher prices. This sudden solicitude for the government exchequer is indeed touching in the do-something-for-silver group. After having forced the government to throw away hundreds of millions of the taxpayers' money in the interest of a handful of speculators and stockholders, the silver bloc is complaining because the United States has not spent enough to rig the market. It is true that if the entire resources of the government were utilized to purchase surplus supplies of peanuts, rubber heels, typewriters, or silver, the price of those commodities might be run up indefinitely, to the profit of the producers of them. But there is no conceivable reason why silver should continue to receive the lion's share of governmental favor. Why not try buying up surplus stocks of labor at better than market wages? The producers of labor power also have votes.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S HOLD on China appears to be materially weaker as a result of Wang Ching-wei's resignation as president of the Executive Yuan. Officially Wang's retirement as the active head of the government was ascribed to failing health, but illness is frequently an attribute of statesmanship in China. It is significant that two other Cabinet officers closely associated with Wang's left wing of the Nationalist Party—Ku Meng-yu, Minister of Railways, and Chen Kung-po, Minister of Industry, resigned with him. That dissatisfaction with Chiang Kai-shek's open pro-Japanese policies has been growing in China can no longer be concealed. The withdrawal of the left wing from active responsibility in the government is probably an intimation that they, at least, foresee the doom of the present regime. Another straw which indicates the direction of the wind is the recently announced decision of the Chinese Communists to cooperate with any group which will actively oppose Japanese domination. If the Cantonese and the former Nineteenth Route Army group join the Communists and the Wang faction in open opposition to Chiang, there will be no outstanding political figure, outside of Chiang's immediate family, whom he can draw in to give "face" to the government. As a result he will either have to resign or—as is more likely—try to establish a personal dictatorship based on Japanese arms. In either event the end of Chiang's long reign is probably in sight.

JAPAN also is faced with far-reaching political changes as the result of the murder of General Tetsuzan Nagata, Director of Military Affairs and chief aide of War Minister Hayashi. General Nagata incurred the enmity of an influential section of the military clique because of the assistance he gave to Hayashi in eliminating certain extremists from high posts in the army. In planning his assassination Colonel Aizawa, one of the leaders of the fascist element, doubtless recalled the wave of anti-government feeling which followed the attacks on unpopular government officials several years ago. But if he expected a similar response to his crime he seriously misjudged Japanese psychology, for Nagata's murder brought an immediate reaction against the jingoist groups and in favor of the more moderate policies of Hayashi. The reaction may be temporary, but there is reason to hope that it marks the beginning of the decline of fascism in Japan. The military faction appears to have been seriously weakened by lack of leadership and internal dissension, while the civilian elements, discreetly silent as long as the nation was gripped by a patriotic frenzy, are beginning to reassert themselves. Barring a new adventure in Mongolia or Siberia, Japan may yet return to its senses.

WITH STREICHER arousing 100,000 "Aryans" in Berlin to a frenzy against the Jews, and Schacht denouncing irresponsible anti-Semitism in Königsberg, the German political scene in the third year of the ***Führer*** presents all of the confusion that is popularly supposed to exist only in a democracy. Ostensibly all opposition agencies have been either liquidated or "coordinated"—the recent steps against the Steel Helmets and Freemasons eliminating the last of the old non-Nazi organizations. Actually, however, organized opposition has never been more open and widespread. As we go to press, Catholic leaders are assembling in Berlin to "define" their attitude toward the Third Reich; farmers have balked at paying increased taxes; open Communist activity is reported in many industrial centers. The growing political unrest is but a reflection of heightened economic uncertainties threatening, according to Schacht, national bankruptcy. Prices continue to rise, while wages tend downward. Streicher's new drive against the Jews and Freemasons may serve to divert existing popular dissatisfaction, but it cannot give the Reich needed raw materials and credits; nor can Schacht with his more orthodox program as long as he is checkmated on every side by extreme measures of the Nazi fanatics. A dictatorship is of little value when the dictator cannot decide on basic matters of policy.

THE DUFFY COPYRIGHT BILL, which has passed the Senate after having been fought over for two years, contains many provisions which will please authors and reputable publishers, though some of the amendments which have been incorporated are in violation of the best principles of copyright legislation. The bill would extend the present copyright run of twenty-eight years (plus an optional twenty-eight-year renewal) to fifty-six years, it would prevent the copyrighting of photographs without the consent of the individuals, and it would give greater flexibility in the matter of damages where a copyright has been violated. All of these features are obviously good, but they are counterbalanced by Senator Trammell's amendment striking out the provision which would permit foreign authors to copyright their works in this country without having them printed here. The requirement of an American imprint has done grave injustice to European writers, especially those whose works sell in small quantities. Reputable American publishers, when they buy foreign sheets, ignore the printing requirement of the present law and arrange for royalties to foreign authors, but less scrupulous houses take advantage of the law to pirate foreign books. We hope that when the Duffy bill reaches the House this defect will be remedied.

WE REPRODUCE here a telegram, guaranteed to be genuine, which reveals the high mental plane on which a great publisher operates. It will interest the growing body of non-readers of the Hearst press. It should also prove enlightening to the rugged individuals in San Diego and Kalamazoo, to whom the typical Hearst red-baiting editorial is addressed, to learn that their daily journalistic bread is baked, sliced, and poisoned in a central office in New York.

> US31 NEW YORK, AUG. 7, 1935
> TO UNIVERSAL SERVICE BUREAUS
> AND ALL HEARST EDITORS:
> THE CHIEF INSTRUCTS THAT THE PHRASE SOAK THE SUCCESSFUL BE USED IN ALL REFERENCES TO THE ADMINISTRATION'S TAX PROGRAM INSTEAD OF THE PHRASE SOAK THE THRIFTY HITHERTO USED STOP ALSO HE WANTS THE WORDS RAW DEAL USED INSTEAD OF NEW DEAL.
> E. D. COBLENTZ

THE POLICE "CLEAN-UP" of the New York City parks has elicited considerable commendation from various sources, but it seems to us that a clean-up of the police themselves would be more in order. In line with what seems to be the traditional policy of the police everywhere, the New York constabulary appear to think that their uniforms entitle them to beat up citizens on the slightest provocation. Their indiscriminate slugging came in for considerable and wholly justified censure in the second report of Mayor LaGuardia's committee investigating the Harlem riot early this year. And only the other day they again showed their high-handedness by severely beating up a reporter of the New York *Post* for the "crime" of driving in the wrong direction on a one-way street in Brooklyn. The *Post* naturally played up the story, but there must be scores of such cases every week that do not get into the papers. A police force that acts like a bunch of gangsters is in need of a first-class purge of the kind that the first Roosevelt administered when he was police commissioner of New York City. Commissioner Valentine proposes to make the force more efficient by retiring all men over sixty. It would be more to the point if he took steps to instil some respect for the law in the minds of police officers, old and young, charged with enforcing it.

Rome Defies the Powers

FACED with complete intransigence on the part of Italy, old-fashioned diplomacy has proved no more successful than the League in finding a solution for the Italo-Ethiopian controversy. The Paris conference merely revealed what has been suspected for many months: as far as Mussolini is concerned, Italy is determined to fight. Baron Aloisi's inadvertent reference to the "front" was an accurate reflection of Il Duce's state of mind. Ethiopia, though not represented at the discussions, let it be known that it was prepared to grant substantial mineral and commercial concessions to Italy in the hope of averting war. It even intimated that it would be willing to extend extraterritorial rights to European colonists engaged in developing backward sections of the country, and to permit Italy to undertake railway and highway construction under most favorable terms. But Mussolini is not interested in concessions of this type. Ethiopia is fairly rich in undeveloped resources, but Italy is in no position to take advantage of the opportunities offered. A poor country, it would find difficulty in raising sufficient capital for the exploitation of Ethiopia's resources even if it were permitted to do so, while few Italians could be induced to take up residence under the African sun for the sake of dubious rewards that could come only after years of intensive labor. The failure of Italy to colonize and develop the resources of its present possessions is adequate proof of its lack of interest in mere economic opportunities.

In demanding annexation of the Ethiopian lowlands and a protectorate over the higher sections, Mussolini has made it clear that Italy is motivated primarily not by the prospect of great wealth but by considerations of national prestige. There is abundant evidence that the economic and political situation in Italy is far from satisfactory, and it is doubtless felt that a successful war is the one way out. This explains not only why Rome has shown so little interest in the Paris conference but also why war preparations have been stepped up in the face of Ethiopia's conciliatory attitude. It does not mean, however, that war is necessarily inevitable. Despite the fiasco at Paris three possibilities of averting hostilities remain. First and most likely, though highly unsatisfactory from the standpoint of international equity, is the possibility that Ethiopia may make territorial concessions of a sufficiently drastic character to satisfy the demands of Italian prestige. Or, to put it a bit more realistically, the powers may decide to sacrifice Ethiopian independence in order to prevent a most embarrassing war. Second, it is not inconceivable that strong diplomatic pressure exerted by Great Britain and France might yet force Mussolini to scale down his demands. Despite his apparently unyielding stand, Mussolini has shown that he is not wholly impervious to external pressure. Throughout the years his foreign policy has been characterized by bluster, but he has been extremely circumspect in action. A sudden shift in European alignments would almost certainly postpone or avert war.

Finally, there is the possibility that the international peace machinery may be brought into operation against Italy. Although the chance that the League of Nations will take vigorous action appears remote, hostilities could be prevented even at this late date if the moral and economic sanctions of that agency could be brought into play. Much depends on the attitude of Great Britain. Should England—after formal action by the League—take steps to close the Suez Canal to Italian troops and supplies, no war would be possible. Next to France and Great Britain, the United States is perhaps in the most strategic position to exercise pressure through established international agencies. As in the Manchurian controversy, the League is unlikely to act unless it is assured of our whole-hearted support. As sponsor of the Kellogg pact, to which both Italy and Ethiopia are signatories, we have a responsibility which cannot be dodged without rendering that document a scrap of paper. For if the world stands idly by and allows Mussolini a free hand in Africa, no power on earth can stop Hitler from following his example in Europe a few years hence. On the other hand, if the League by an eleventh-hour action, with or without the active aid of the United States, could stop a conflict for which preparations have been under way for more than a year, the danger of a war in Europe would be reduced almost to the vanishing-point.

Must We Fight in the Next War?

BARRING a sudden burst of energy in Washington, the outbreak of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict is likely to find the United States as unprepared as in 1914 to resist the forces drawing it into the inferno. The recent publication of Secretary Lansing's letter revealing one of the steps by which we became unwittingly entangled in the World War merely reinforces the fear that a new chain of events is in the process of being forged from which there will be no escape. No one in this country desired war in 1914. Yet once hostilities started, the temptation to enrichment by the sale of munitions and needed raw materials was irresistible. This necessitated credits, and when credits no longer sufficed, it became essential to advance loans or face the consequences of a severe industrial crisis. Finally, in 1917, as Ambassador Page's cablegram to Wilson so clearly shows, there came the choice between entering the war and losing the billions that the Allies owed American banking firms—a loss which would have led almost certainly to complete economic prostration. Given a society based on profit-making, war was the inevitable choice. From a political standpoint the attempt to maintain neutrality proved equally hopeless. Germany insisted that by shipping to the Allies and not to the Central Powers we were violating the spirit of our neutrality; yet to have cut off all shipments to the Allies would likewise have been construed as a hostile act. The result was that both sides constantly violated our "rights," leaving war against both as the sole means of preserving a strict neutrality between them.

Spurred by the threat of a new conflict in Europe, discussions have been under way in Washington for some months in an effort to find a means of averting a repetition of this insane chain of events. As early as last December President Roosevelt intimated that a fundamental change in the traditional concept of neutrality was under consideration. Nothing further developed, however, until April, when Senators Clark and Nye of the Munitions Investigating Committee introduced a series of resolutions in Congress providing for a mandatory embargo on arms, loans, and credits during war time. Similar bills were submitted in the House by Representatives Maverick and Kloeb. Early in July two of the Clark-Nye resolutions were favorably reported by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, only to be hastily withdrawn at the urgent request of the State Department. After some haggling a subcommittee was appointed to confer with Secretary Hull's department with a view to drawing up a program which would meet its objections. Meanwhile the House Foreign Affairs Committee has introduced a bill embodying the somewhat milder proposals of the State Department.

Although differing in detail, the Maverick and the Clark-Nye resolutions are practically identical in principle. In the belief that the prevailing policy of drift can only lead to war, they propose mandatory legislation, to be adopted immediately, which would abridge our traditional neutral rights by (1) prohibiting the shipment of arms and ammunition to all belligerents in time of war; (2) outlawing all loans and credits; (3) restricting trade in goods and raw materials which may be declared contraband; and (4) limiting travel by American citizens in war zones. The Clark-Nye bill would go a step farther and permit the President to declare embargoes on munitions and loans in case war threatened to break out in any part of the world which might involve "the United States in international complications." The McReynolds bill, following the recommendations of the State Department, says nothing about credits and would make the application of the other restrictions optional with the President.

All these resolutions bear the earmarks of a close study of the factors which led us into the World War, but the earlier ones exhibit a certain naivete in assuming that neutrality and isolationism are synonymous. More frequently than not an embargo applied against both parties tends to be a violation of true neutrality. In the Bolivian-Paraguayan conflict, for example, the arms embargo proved chiefly embarrassing to Bolivia, and thus virtually gave aid to Paraguay, the aggressor. Similarly, the refusal of many European countries to ship arms to Italy and Ethiopia has played directly into Mussolini's hands. An arms embargo by itself may be of little value, moreover, as long as raw materials and other supplies continue to be shipped. And it is highly doubtful whether any measure which so seriously curtails profits can be enforced under the capitalist system. Even under more primitive conditions the combined opposition of Southern planters and New England merchants forced President Jefferson to abandon the Embargo Act of 1807, similar in principle to the present proposals. An effective embargo against a number of major powers would not only endanger potential profits but cause us to lose a substantial share of our present trade with those countries.

It is thus an open question whether the abandonment of our insistence on traditional neutral rights would keep us out of war or produce a reaction which would force us into the conflict. A fully realistic view of the forces which dominate present-day society compels us to admit that the hope of remaining out of a major war once it has started is comparatively slight. In the interdependent world today our greatest hope lies in averting war, not in avoiding participation. This implies a willingness, hitherto absent, to accept our responsibility in creating and maintaining a world system of collective security. Acceptance of our responsibility under this system implies in turn a readiness to enforce economic and financial sanctions against aggressors.

This does not mean, however, that a fundamental revision in the traditional conception of neutrality is not imperative. If the mechanism of collective security breaks down, as seems almost certain in the Italo-Ethiopian controversy, it is still essential that we make an effort to keep out of the conflict. If we are to achieve this, there is no way open save something closely approaching the Clark-Nye formula. Most of the objections which have been offered to this proposal would be eliminated if the President were given discretion to impose the foregoing restrictions on one or both of the belligerents, as is provided in the McReynolds bill. But whatever action is taken must be taken speedily. Delay until the next session of Congress will in all probability be fatal. Once war is under way, and the opportunity for profits is apparent over the horizon, talk of peace will be largely idle chatter.

"They Won't Work"

LOOSE talk about the refusal of persons on relief to take jobs in private industry is growing rather than diminishing in volume. "They'd rather live on relief" has become a theme song among reactionaries, who find in it an argument perfectly suited to their purposes. A correspondent in California writes to tell us of an anonymous feature story which appeared in the Los Angeles *Times* of August 4 entitled I Found Independence on the Dole. It purports to be a true story written by a woman who with her husband has been living on relief for several years. The author of the article boasts of numerous pleasure trips and other luxuries. "You see, during the past three or four years I've averaged $12 a week on my sewing and that's all for extras. I do not keep the cash in the house but send it by post-office money order to a friend back East who banks it for us." Once in a while, she says, she feels rather sorry for the woman who holds the mortgage on their property. "I try to be fair with her though. Last winter when she was ill and without funds I gave her $5." The *Times* calls the article to the attention of the "small home-owner who is struggling to keep off the charity rolls," a category which probably includes a majority of the *Times* readers. "The *Times,*" concludes our correspondent, "unlike the Hearst papers, is well edited and usually ably written. It dominates the breakfast tables in Southern California. Is it any wonder that the lunatic fringe in Los Angeles is probably a little wider than anywhere else in the United States?"

The viciousness of such propaganda is apparent. This particular story bears all the earmarks of having been manufactured. Yet the person of small means is in no mood to disbelieve it. It provides him with a scapegoat—the unemployed—on whom to blame his increasing misery. And it is easier to attack the poor devil clinging to the next lower rung of the ladder than to understand and combat the forces which are pushing both of them slowly downward.

Two weeks ago we adduced evidence to show the falseness of the charge that "they would rather live on relief." Since then Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Emergency Relief Administrator, has made public a study of alleged job refusals among relief clients in Washington which shows that out of 220 cases studied only 4 were found that could with justice be attributed to unwillingness to work. We have also received a copy of a bulletin issued in June by the FERA which contains the results of a similar investigation in Baltimore, Maryland, of 195 cases of alleged refusals. Here, too, the number of actual refusals was 4, while in a study made in Memphis, Tennessee, in 39 cases only one genuine refusal was found. Since the newspaper publicity given to these government findings has been conspicuous for its absence, we print below in much-abbreviated form the results of the investigation in Baltimore. They are more or less duplicated in the other two studies.

> 1. The many broad generalizations about "job refusals" have been based upon a few sporadic incidents and much loose talk.
> 2. Of the 195 cases against which the accusation of "job refusal" was leveled in March and April, only 4 were clear cases of unjustified refusal.
> 3. Of the total cases, 31 involved domestic servants among whom "unemployability" by reason of family composition was found to be acute. This group was also peculiarly subject to wage scales below the minimum-subsistence levels established by the relief administration.
> 4. Of the 164 cases involving other occupations, 65 were found to be persons who had never been on the relief rolls; 65 were either at work or were permanently or temporarily unemployable; 15 did not receive the call or did not get the job; 10 refused for extenuatory reasons; and in 5 cases the records were confused but pointed toward the guiltlessness of the client.
> 5. On the whole, the notion that "forcible measures should be introduced into the relief program to get able-bodied persons to work" is a gross extravagance.

What were the "extenuatory reasons" in the ten cases cited in Finding number 4?

> A mother with four small children failed to accept a job because there was a contagious disease in the employer's home. Two persons failed to accept temporary jobs because of serious illness in their own homes. A daughter, thirty years of age, could not leave her seventy-five-year-old blind mother in order to accept work. One mother refused to accept a job and leave her two children nine and ten years of age. (In this case, further relief was withheld because she had a sister, not on relief, who might have been able to care for the children.) One worker said he had asked for and was refused transportation for an out-of-town job. (His case was "closed" and further relief denied while the case was investigated.) Having had all his tools stolen, a carpenter was obliged to remain on a work-relief job, although he had been offered private employment. Another worker failed to leave a work-relief job and accept private employment because he did not understand that his work-relief job was "relief." (Relief was cut off in this case.) In one case a job was refused because a strike was on in the plant. One worker, whose trade wage was $1.10 per hour, refused to work for 65 cents an hour at the trade. (His relief has been cut off while the case is investigated.)

The bulletin devotes a special section to the situation of the 31 domestic servants included in the survey. Their reasons for refusing jobs were:

Unable to provide transportation for out-of-town jobs	2
Failed to secure jobs for which they reported	2
Unable to leave home for out-of-town job	1
Needed at home to care for sickness	3
Unable to accept "live-in" jobs on account of family responsibility	5
Unable to leave small children (three were unmarried mothers)	8
Accepted job, leaving after first day because not as represented	1
Had part-time job paying more than the job offered	1
Refused jobs primarily because of low wages	8

It will be noted that 8 of the 31 refused jobs primarily because of low wages. Since this is the unforgivable sin for those who earn their living by exposing the unemployed let us examine some of these cases. A two-day odd job at $1.20 a day was refused because it was overloaded with washing. (The usual wage for such work is $1.50 to $2 a day.) A widow with a ten-year-old daughter refused a job the net wage of which would have been $2.60 a week; a seventeen-year-old girl who recently had an operation for appendicitis, who has a serious hernia, and who is an incipient tubercular, refused a job requiring that she do the housework, the washing and ironing, and care for two children at $5 a week; the mother of three small children refused a part-time night job (estimated to require thirty-five hours) paying $2.50 a week; an unmarried mother refused a full-time job netting $4.60 a week because it would be insufficient to support her and her four-year-old son; a widow, the mother of three small children, refused a job paying $5.60 a week, on the ground that this wage would not permit her to provide for care for her children during working hours; a recently deserted mother of four small children would not accept a temporary job at $1 a day.

We cannot better the conclusion of the government bulletin itself: "Until reasonable and just standards are established and maintained, merely to affirm that 'some of them find more security in relief than in work' is to beg the main question."

Helmut von Gerlach

WHEN Helmut von Gerlach, writer, statesman, and refugee from Nazi Germany, died suddenly in Paris on August 2, the world lost one of the most interesting personalities in pre-Hitler public life. The Gerlachs were of ancient Brandenburg nobility, close to the Hohenzollern court. From time immemorial they had been ministers, generals, statesmen, and clergymen. His milieu predestined Helmut von Gerlach for a successful political career. But early in life he threw family and tradition to the winds, unable to reconcile the ideals of a Prussian aristocrat with his own political conscience. As a young state official he was located in the remote country district in which lay the estates of the Bismarck family. His nature rebelled against the suppression of a peasantry still living under semi-feudal laws. These early years awakened in him the deep sense of social responsibility which gave direction to his whole later life.

At that time—in the early eighties—Europe was struggling under the weight of a severe economic and political crisis. In France the adventurer General Boulanger was making his historic attempt to establish a military dictatorship. In Germany Hofprediger Stöcker, a gifted demagogue, had founded the Christian Social movement. Offering a mixture of pietism, reaction, anti-Semitism, and a sort of charity-socialism, Stöker collected a petty-bourgeois, feudal following. Its ostensible purpose was the erection of barriers to the growing power of the new capitalist bourgeoisie. In practice it became the chief opponent of the Social Democracy. In retrospect Stöcker's doctrine presents itself to the student of German history as a forerunner of National Socialism. The young Gerlach was caught up in a movement which seemed to him an expression of rebellion against existing evils. How could he know that half a century later he would have to flee from Germany to escape the vengeance of the fully matured successor of this anti-Semitic "socialism"? In 1896 he followed the famous Pfarrer Naumann out of Stöcker's party into the National Social Party, which stood for an imperial state combining progressive social ideas with an intense imperialism in foreign affairs, and for a highly developed capitalism with better conditions for labor. Soon after his election to the Reichstag in 1903 as the only representative of this paradoxical movement, Gerlach came to realize that imperialism is the father of political and social reaction. The Morocco crisis and the narrow escape from war with France turned him against the imperial house. Gerlach became a pacifist.

It was as a leader of the pacifist movement that von Gerlach earned the admiration and respect of the present generation. He was one of the few in the Reich who stuck to their pacifist convictions when Germany went to war in 1914. After the German revolution he belonged to the very small group of bourgeois democrats who remained true to their cause. He was severely critical of the complaisance of the Social Democracy toward the increasing militarism of the new regime and the growth of the fascist movement. He was one of the few who favored friendship with France. Only the weak and compromising policy of the Social Democracy prevented him from joining the Socialist movement. The Communist philosophy offended his ingrained faith in democracy and his highly developed individualism.

German reactionaries hated men like Gerlach and Ossietsky the more because they regarded them as traitors to the class from which they had sprung and for that reason more dangerous than the average radical. As editor of the *Welt am Montag* before and during the war, Gerlach was feared and respected by the ruling groups. As regular contributor and, after Carl von Ossietsky's arrest by the Gestapo, as editor of the *Weltbühne* in Berlin, he was a powerful influence against war and fascism and for international understanding. Shortly after the advent of Hitler he was warned that he must leave Germany at once or share the fate of his unfortunate colleague.

We may or may not agree with Gerlach's point of view. But in times of great crisis the example of one true and courageous fighter holds out hope to millions who would otherwise despair.

Issues and Men

Russia Aids the Jews

NO nation has done more to aid the Jew in this crisis of the race's history than the wicked and godless Soviets. France, it is true, has been marvelous in its friendship and hospitality and has received from Germany about 25,000 émigrés, both Jews and Gentiles. England, too, has lived up to its historic reputation of according asylum to the victims of political and racial persecution. According to the official figures of James G. MacDonald, League of Nations High Commissioner for German Refugees, Palestine has so far absorbed 27,000, the United States 6,000, and South America 3,000 victims of Hitlerism. It has remained for Russia, however, to set aside an entire area of not less than 18,000,000 acres, Biro-Bidjan, as a "Jewish autonomous region," with the promise that as soon as the number of Jews there reaches 25,000, Biro-Bidjan will be proclaimed a Jewish republic and admitted to the Soviet Union.

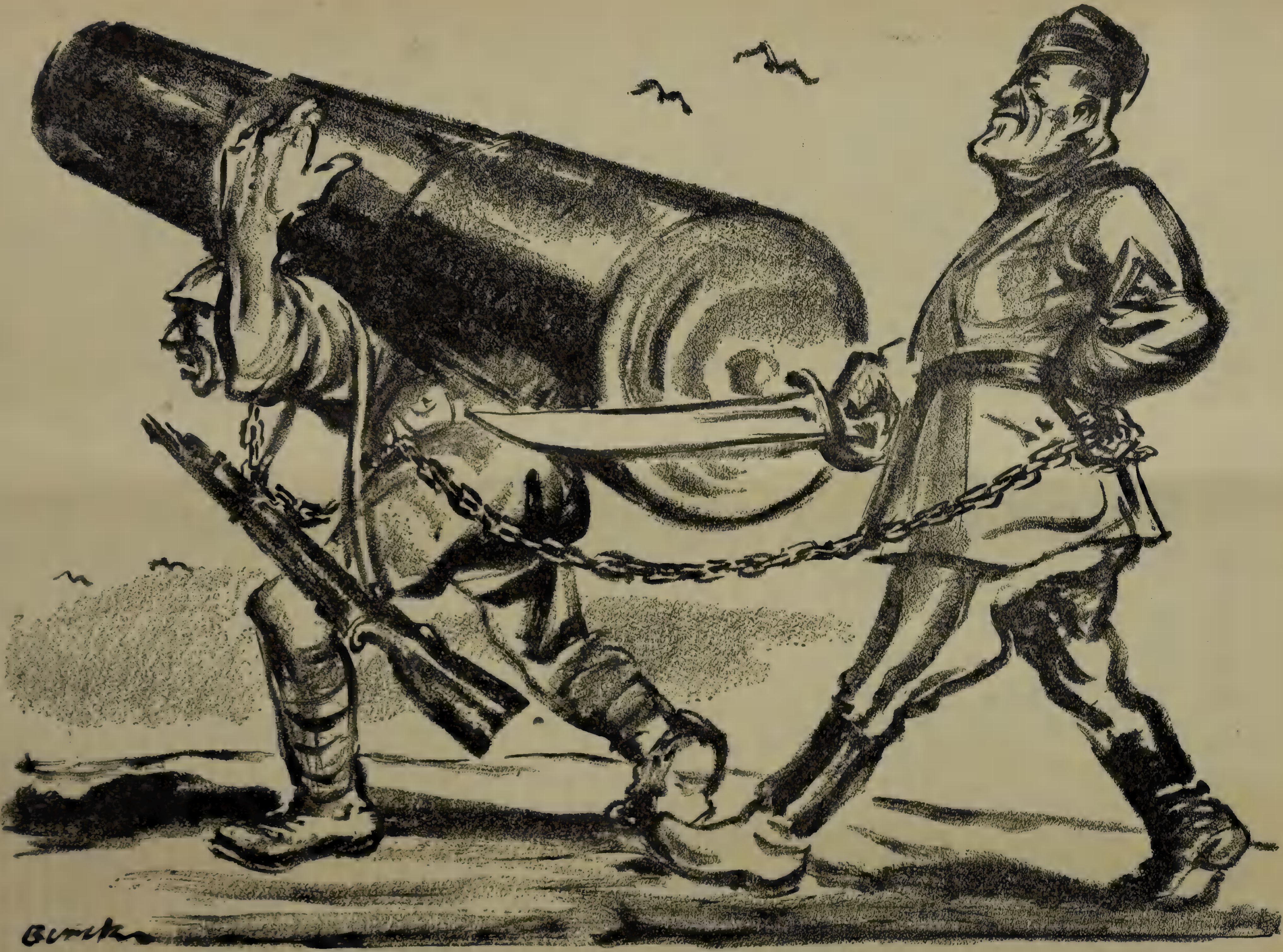
I am well aware that this most generous and high-minded—truly Christian!—action will be seized upon by Hitler and other reactionaries as further proof of their false charge that the Soviet government was founded by Jews and is still ruled by them. Others will say that this gesture is not pure humanitarianism but a clever device to strengthen the Soviets by building another bulwark against the Japanese—Biro-Bidjan is now part of the "Far East Territory" of Russia on the Manchurian border—and generally to serve the cause of communism by adding to the wealth and strength of the Soviet Union. It is quite possible that these motives may have influenced the Soviet government, but when one recalls the historic anti-Jewish attitude of the Russians, the rising tide of anti-Semitism in Poland, Rumania, and Hungary today, and the denunciation of Soviet Russia as a Jewish-run state, one must surely give credit to the leaders of the Soviets for having offered hospitality on such a large scale. Their action is all the more remarkable because there are four other places in Russia where "Jewish regions" have been set aside, with a total Jewish population now of some 83,000 persons. The least that can be said of all this is that the Soviet government is living up to its policy of complete respect for its national minorities.

The significance of this promise of a future Jewish republic can best be understood if one realizes the limitations of Palestine and faces the renewed German attacks upon the Jews. There is obviously a most determined effort to drive the German Jews out, or to shut them up like lepers as too unclean to participate in any communal activity, to enter a hotel, a cafe, a theater, a concert, or a health resort, or to enjoy a bathing beach. This is a challenge to the whole world, for Hitler and his vicious aides care not one whit what happens to the victims of their cruelty. They are willing that the remaining Jews or half Jews in Germany, who total between 800,000 and 900,000 (there were only 562,000 pure-blooded Jews in Germany in 1932), shall flee over the border, after being robbed of their property and money, and become a burden upon the rest of the world. They have not the slightest regard for the vast task thus put upon other nations, no realization that this gives foreign nations the right to take a very active part in Germany's internal affairs, despite the German Ambassador's latest statement to the contrary. According to Mr. MacDonald it has been a desperate struggle to place the 80,000 refugees, of whom from 15 to 20 per cent are non-Jews who have left Germany for reasons of conscience or political beliefs. He reports a grave situation among the thousands of refugees in Paris, Prague, Amsterdam, and elsewhere. The Christian church bodies, with the exception of the ever-generous, ever-noble-spirited Quakers, have failed to contribute to the relief of this desperate human need. What will happen if the 80,000 refugees are swollen to 400,000?

While the Soviets have not fixed the maximum number of Jews they will take in Biro-Bidjan, it is understood that they are ready to accept immediately more than 4,000, provided that those chosen are suitable persons for their new environment and that they are equipped with the tools of their trades—when they have trades. The government will give to a settler his passage to his new home and bestow upon him land and a house, but insists that the immigrant must have health, strength, training, and equipment. To supply these things is one of the pressing problems of the hour, and is the reason why sustaining committees have been formed in this country and England under the honorary chairmanship of Lord Dudley Marley. The Soviet government does not ask that the new settlers be avowed Communists. It does expect that they will abide by Russian laws and institutions whether they approve of the abolition of private property or not. The Soviets simply offer a man the right to live a new life and to build a new home under conditions which promise his safety from persecution because of race or religion. Unquestionably settlers will not have liberty as we understand it, or freedom of utterance. But they are offered a chance to live, to exist, and that is all the Jew can hope for in many places under the sun today.

One word more as to Biro-Bidjan. The region now has a population of only 50,000, of whom 30,000 are Russians, 12,000 Jews, 4,500 Koreans, who have preferred to move there rather than to live under Japanese rule in the land of their ancestors, 3,000 Ukrainians, and 1,000 Chinese. Lord Marley, who has recently visited Biro-Bidjan, declares that it has sunshine the whole year except during the rainy season of six or eight weeks in the middle of summer. The climate is like southern Canada, with plenty of snow for three or four months. Setting this tract aside for the ill-treated Jews of the world is a magnificent deed, and history will so proclaim it.

Oswald Garrison Villard



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Shenanigans of the Power Lobby

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, August 17

HARDENED though it is to manifestations of putrescence in the legislative process, Washington stands aghast at the sordidness of the fight in Congress over the Wheeler-Rayburn public-utility holding-companies bill. The capital has been especially jolted by the in-fighting methods—the parliamentary and extra-parliamentary scrouging and biting—resorted to by the Honorable John J. O'Connor, Member of Congress from New York's Sixteenth District, and by the discovery of a member of the President's official family—Assistant Secretary Marvin McIntyre—consorting with the enemy. Both men have betrayed the President—one through guile, the other through stupidity—in a fight revolving around the one major issue before Congress in which the sincerity of Roosevelt's position was beyond question, and the capital's revulsion accordingly has been accentuated.

It was apparent from the beginning that the Wheeler-Rayburn bill—an attempt to curb the plundering of operating companies, investors, and consumers by the brigands of high finance—had Roosevelt's heartfelt support. Questioned frequently about it at press conferences, he never attempted to evade, even when the legislative situation was delicate. Furthermore, in his replies he displayed an uncharacteristic familiarity with the measure's details.

The issue was so plainly a personal one with Roosevelt that the recent disclosure that his former law partner, Basil O'Connor, was in the power trust's pay would have caused amazement even had not Basil's elder brother, John, been busily engaged fighting on the utilities' side in the House. Basil, a member of the Committee on Fitness and Character, First Judicial Department, New York, had been not only Roosevelt's law partner from 1924 until he entered the White House but also, for many more years than that, his close friend; he was a house guest of the Roosevelts soon after the inaugural and until recently has been a frequent White House visitor. Furthermore, the younger O'Connor—Basil is forty-three and John fifty—owed to Roosevelt whatever prominence he had attained in political and legal circles which he did not owe to his brother John. He had been an obscure lawyer, practicing solely as an individual, until Roosevelt took him into partnership in 1925.

When Roosevelt came to Washington, Basil O'Connor returned to his lone-hand practice; his influence in New York and Washington thereafter was limited to what he could reflect from Roosevelt and Big Brother John. It was this latter fact that lent particular piquancy to the revelation by spokesmen of the Associated Gas and Electric that the company had paid Basil a $25,000 retainer for his assistance and counsel in certain matters concerning them in New York. It lent something more than piquancy to Brother John's machinations with the Wheeler-Rayburn bill. John, too, had obligations to Roosevelt—if not personal ones, at least party ones. And he was in position to meet them, for as chairman of the House Committee on Rules he was, next to the majority leader, in power in the House. He had assisted in electing Representative Bankhead (Democrat, Alabama) to the floor leadership in order to remove Bankhead from the Rules Committee and thus make himself automatically the senior majority member and, as such, chairman. Since only by extraordinary procedure—impossible in the case of a close-fought issue—can any piece of major legislation reach a vote in the House without the consent of the Rules Committee, its chairman has close to life-and-death power over important bills.

Until the Wheeler-Rayburn bill reached his committee, O'Connor had used his power quite unmistakably in accordance with Roosevelt's wishes. To be sure, he had delayed the Wagner labor-disputes bill, and Representative Connery (Democrat, Massachusetts), chairman of the Committee on Labor, once complained before a meeting of A. F. of L. leaders that his committee "reports out all kinds of labor legislation but we never can get a vote because we can't get a rule"; but there is no reason to believe that O'Connor's behavior in these respects was contrary to White House will. If anything, it was condoned there; John was serving both Roosevelt and Tammany at once. He unquestionably was also serving Tammany in his handling of the Wheeler-Rayburn bill; nearly all members of the Tammany delegation in the House, including Tom Cullen, the delegation's leader, voted against the measure. O'Connor, moreover, has reason to serve Tammany; its sachems control his district and he had a hard primary fight in 1934 which he would like to avoid having to face again in 1936.

His first move against the Wheeler-Rayburn bill was taken in the face of Administration efforts to obtain a showdown vote on its most controversial provision—the section which the power trust with poisonous skill has dubbed the "death sentence." O'Connor, who prides himself on his cunning mastery of parliamentary tricks, had his committee report out a rule under which a record vote could not be obtained. In all fairness it should be noted that the course he followed was strictly in line with House procedure and that to have reported a rule calling for a record vote with the House sitting as a committee of the whole would have been extraordinary procedure. O'Connor took refuge in the technicality and waxed bitter when the press, watching members of the House slink between the tellers and try to hide from the galleries how they were voting on the "death sentence," treated his action as a piece of pro-power trust perfidy. Vigorously he denied that, but he, too, voted against the Administration—and the public—on the "death sentence," and when, days later, proponents maneuvered the bill into a position where a record vote was possible, he sought by resort to a technicality to block that showdown.

He was unsuccessful in his effort, but the proponents of the "death sentence" failed to bring about its adoption by compelling their colleagues to rise and be counted for or against it in sight of their constituents. The vote came on a motion to instruct House conferees on the bill to accept the Senate version of the "death sentence"; it was defeated 210 to 155. The opposition professed to be against the "drastic" treatment which the Senate version would accord holding companies, an obscenely hypocritical profession, for the House version prescribed for the holding companies precisely the same life or death that the Senate version prescribed. The only difference was that, whereas in the Senate version an effort had been made to surround the regulatory powers delegated to the SEC with safeguards which would protect them from invalidation by the courts, the House version contained no safeguards. The power trust's lobbyists had seen to it that in the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce the "death sentence" provision was plucked and stripped until it was certain to succumb to the first court assault upon it.

The bitterness of the debate in the House over the bill —and especially the charge of Representative Brewster (Republican, Maine) that through Tom Corcoran of the RFC the Administration had threatened to cancel the Passamaquoddy power project in his state if he did not support the measure—precipitated what was supposed to be an investigation by the House of lobbying in connection with the measure. Still unembarrassed by his brother's connection with the power trust—and Basil was in the pay of a section of the utilities industry regarded as a pariah by all the rest—O'Connor leaped once more into the breach. This time he was able to prescribe extraordinary action by the House. He brought out a rule, a resolution, under which his own committee would conduct the investigation, instead of a special committee appointed for that purpose. And having accomplished his object there, he proceeded to bend all efforts toward turning attention away from the power trust's army of lobbyists, bivouacked on whole floors of the town's swankiest hotels. The investigation focused instead on the efforts of Administration officials to push the Wheeler-Rayburn bill through Congress in the Senate version.

The proceeding was so noxious that the Senate promptly moved to smother it by starting a lobby investigation of its own in charge of a special committee headed by Senator Black (Democrat, Alabama). Black's committee soon had made a laughing stock of O'Connor's investigation. Taking O'Connor by surprise, Black organized his committee, mapped a program, and had a witness on the stand within ten minutes. The witness was Philip H. Gadsden, a United Gas Improvement vice-president who headed the power trust's chief lobby, the Committee of Public Utility Executives, which in recent weeks has been occupied chiefly with issuing statements denouncing Basil O'Connor's clients, Associated Gas and Electric, and emphasizing that it considered them so contemptible that it would not open Mr. Gadsden's "committee" to membership for them.

Black not only had Gadsden on the witness stand with breath-taking speed but he also stole a march on O'Connor by having the records of Gadsden's "committee" seized before O'Connor could impound them. Then, after scoring that point and eliciting from Gadsden the information that his committee had spent some $300,000 to defeat the "death sentence," Black recessed his committee and sent out questionnaires to all utility companies to form the basis of a bona fide and comprehensive lobby investigation. From then on it was nip and tuck between the House and Senate investigating groups, with Black's committee constantly in the lead. Unlike O'Connor's committee, Black's plainly was concerned with digging up the dirt against the power trust. With equal plainness, it was bent on counteracting O'Connor's efforts to whitewash the power trust and besmirch the Administration. Black's committee would meet suddenly and briefly, snatch the headlines away from O'Connor's blundering investigators by breaking out a new bit of scandal right under O'Connor's nose, and then recess again. O'Connor whined, blustered, protested, but obdurately kept on.

Then came *l'affaire* Hopson. Black's committee with the aid of House members—who appeared not too strangely to lack faith in the bona fides of the House's investigation under O'Connor—had dredged up evidence that Associated Gas and Electric alone had spent some $800,000 fighting the "death sentence" and that in doing so it not only had caused thousands of protest telegrams to be sent at its expense to Congressmen without the knowledge of those whose names were signed to the messages (including some men long dead and others missing), but also had sought to destroy the evidence of this duplicity. From Associated Gas and Electric representatives who were called, it was learned not only that Basil O'Connor was on the utility's payroll but that so also were Patrick J. Hurley, former Secretary of War, and Joseph P. Tumulty, Wilson's former secretary, who now practices law and lobbying in Washington. A subpoena was issued for H. C. Hopson, master of the Associated Gas and Electric monstrosity. It was issued the last week in July but to no avail, for Hopson, who two years ago had evaded a Senate Banking Committee subpoena for six weeks, had taken it on the lam.

The Senate's search grew hot and bitter, and as it progressed, O'Connor's committee began to catch up. Finally it, too, issued a subpoena for Hopson. Then apparently a deal was made by Hopson, and it was not with Black but with the brother of Hopson's retainer, John O'Connor. Certainly, if it was not a deal, appearances never were more deceiving, for Hopson surrendered, preferentially, to the House committee. The arrangements for his surrender were made without the knowledge of any member of that committee except O'Connor, and after the surrender was effected O'Connor fought valiantly to protect Hopson from being captured by the Senate committee. An attempt was made to give Hopson's surrender the appearance of an actual capture by O'Connor's committee, but that broke down when Hopson, testifying under oath, was compelled to say he had given himself up by arrangement. He professed, however, not to know with whom or by whom the arrangement was made.

O'Connor had Hopson secreted away from the Senate committee's process-servers the night of his arrival and brought him before the House committee the following morning, August 13. When an investigator for the Black committee attempted to serve Hopson with a subpoena that noon as he left the House hearing, he was pushed aside by a bodyguard O'Connor had provided for the utilities magnate. Haled before the Black committee, the guards testified they were acting under instructions from O'Connor. The latter hid Hopson away the rest of that day and night, and the following day found himself in trouble with members of his committee who objected to this smelly procedure, with the result that one of Black's investigators was permitted to serve Hopson with a subpoena as he left the House hearing a little before noon. The subpoena ordered Hopson to appear at once before the Black committee, but he ignored it. Black had his committee wait for Hopson until 1:30 p. m. Then he reconvened it at 3 and it waited for Hopson until 4 p. m. Hopson having failed to put in an appearance at that hour, Black's committee presented to the Senate a resolution citing Hopson and his attorney, William A. Hill, for contempt.

O'Connor promptly put on another amazing demonstration. The head of the committee that was supposed to be probing lobbying for the House immediately appeared on the Senate floor, lobbying frantically to save Hopson from being cited for contempt. He had told Hopson to ignore the Senate's subpoena and argue that he could not respond to it while under subpoena from the House. To afford Hopson a technical basis for that argument, O'Connor had Hopson at that very moment tucked away in a cubbyhole where William Collins, investigator for O'Connor's committee, was going through the motions of questioning him to preserve the aspect of custody. O'Connor's lobbying in the Senate apparently had some weight with Senator Robinson, the majority leader, for Robinson tried to have the contempt citation held up, but he was unsuccessful and it was passed without debate or a dissenting vote.

Then the Senate's hunt for Hopson began anew. This time the searcher carried not a subpoena but a warrant for his arrest. It was never served. Hopson was too well hidden. And in the morning the dauntless O'Connor made one more bid to save his brother's client. He strove to put through his committee and the House a resolution which would have directed the House's sergeant-at-arms to arrest Hopson and hold him in sole custody until O'Connor's committee had completed its farcical questioning of the financier. The resolution would have perfected Hopson's defense against the Senate's contempt citation. But O'Connor's plans went awry. His committee revolted and refused to report the resolution in the form presented. It insisted, and so did the House, that Hopson be made available to the Black committee whenever his presence before the House committee was not required. O'Connor, striving valiantly to fulfil his mission and stave off Hopson's appearance before the Black committee until Congress had completed action on the "death sentence," then shot his last bolt. He had Hopson questioned in chambers by Collins until after five o'clock that afternoon, then offered him to the Black committee with the understanding that O'Connor should have him back in the morning. Black's committee, however, was not to be so easily gulled; instead of saying it was too late in that extraordinarily hot day for the committee to sit in interrogation of Hopson, it fairly boosted O'Connor's fat and grotesque little protege on to the witness stand and kept him sweating there for two hours. In those two hours it elicited more information from him than O'Connor had even attempted to produce in two days.

We have skipped over *l'affaire* McIntyre in this chronological narration of O'Connor's shenanigans (the libel laws forbid a more precise descriptive) the better to keep their multiplicity clear. *L'affaire* McIntyre occurred on the night the Senate's sergeant-at-arms, Chesley Jurney, with an arrest warrant in his hand and trailed by a pack of reporters, was searching for Hopson. The search had led by ten o'clock to the Shoreham Hotel and the door of a suite there occupied by B. B. Robinson, who had directed the Associated Gas and Electric lobby and in the process, as he told O'Connor's committee, had had "oh, a wonderful time" entertaining Members of Congress. What Jurney and his trailing pack of reporters found in the suite of Robinson, chief foe of the bill which more than any other had Roosevelt's heartfelt support, was not Hopson but Robinson himself, a squad of blondes, Amon G. Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram,* and two Administration officials—L. W. (Chip) Robert, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Marvin H. McIntyre, the man who determines who shall and who shall not see the President.

Both McIntyre and Robert are famous seekers after the flowing bowl and merry company, and McIntyre, at least, finds the capital's lobbyists the best of guides to both. Finding him, then, in company with a lobbyist would have been no surprise under ordinary circumstances. But finding him making merry with Hopson's tool, Robinson, shocked Washington into a realization of the incredibility of McIntyre's habits and of that greater incredibility—that Roosevelt keeps him in the White House.

There is another and corollary incident that demands mention, and that is the disgraceful performance of the Associated Press in connection with *l'affaire* McIntyre. (He, incidentally, is reported dauntlessly to have had dinner the following day with Robinson.) Publisher Carter, on noting the pack of reporters at Jurney's heels, proclaimed the fact that his paper was a customer of all three press services represented there and warned the representatives that if they put the story of their encounter on the wires he would get their jobs. Then he hustled them into the hotel's bar and left a blank check behind to pay for drinks. To the Hearst press service's everlasting credit it promptly dispatched the tale. The United Press also put it on the wire, albeit not until long after midnight when it could not catch many papers. The Associated Press, however, suppressed the story, and not until late the following day did it release the yarn. Even then it acted only under badgering from editors in various parts of the country, and, although one of its own men had witnessed the incident, the Associated Press avoided responsibility and had the story sent out of New York in a form which represented it as an exclusive yarn dispatched to the New York *Post* by its Washington correspondent. Carter, it appears, is a power in the Associated Press. He is newsworthy in his own right. He boasts large influence with the Roosevelt Administration and can point at least to the fact that his protege, Silliman Evans, was made an Assistant Postmaster General at the New Deal's outset. Evans now heads the Maryland Casualty Company by the good grace of Jesse Jones and the RFC. Carter also is remembered as the man who struck terror in the hearts of Rice Hotel guests during the Democratic national convention at Houston in 1928 by some fancy open work with a bullet-spitting six-shooter in moments of excessive hilarity. His and McIntyre's companion on the night of August 14, "Chip" Robert, was a protege of the late Jack Cohen, Atlanta publisher and Democratic national committeeman from Georgia. Cohen wanted to be Secretary of the Navy, and failing in that was solaced by having his bosom friend "Chip," an Atlanta construction engineer, made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of public works. Morgenthau has since stripped him of virtually all authority, and he now has charge of "engraving and printing and mint service."

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Britain's Boom in War Planes

By FRANK C. HANIGHEN

London, August 5

THE recent rearming of Great Britain is the cause of the greatest boom in the armament business since the World War. The cause of the rearming, however, does not seem to be entirely the widely publicized menace across the Rhine. The desire of the armament makers to boom their own business apparently has had much to do with it. Certainly the press and the friends of the armament makers in the government have employed all the devices for manipulating public opinion, including exploitation of the monarchy, to build up an atmosphere of alarm and war excitement. In the aeroplane they have found the most spectacular and appealing of the weapons of war. A picture of the King inspecting a Handley-Page bomber—common in British newspapers in the past few months—has become the symbol of Britain's new war boom.

The Jubilee and preparations for the Jubilee were coincident with the introduction of the new defense estimates, which increased the war budget by £10,539,000, and brought a sharp rise in Vickers shares. The air force, in the midst of the hanging of Jubilee festoons, was the principal recipient of favors. On May 3 Ramsay MacDonald announced: "The government is already taking steps for the further and accelerated extension of the Royal Air Force." In June the tempo increased. Then the Hendon Air Show was held before 100,000 spectators. The show is held every year, but this year two of its items at least received fresh publicity. One was a "robot" or pilotless, radio-directed plane displayed in a special exhibit on the ground. The other was an exhibition of bombing practice which cogently pointed a moral, namely, the need of increased appropriations to modernize the air force. A squadron of ancient biplanes was sent aloft to belly awkwardly over a field of targets and to drop bombs with rather marked inaccuracy—in front of the press box. A few days later pride in the Royal Air Force was revived by another air show held at Mildenhall—unlike Hendon, a new event this year. There one of the features was a large squadron of Handley-Page bombers which flew past the King and his "four soldier sons."

The pace accelerated. The government announced a new anti-aircraft defense program for civilians, including organization of first-aid squads, education of civilians in gas-defense measures, provision for gas-masks for the personnel directing the campaign, and other measures. But no appropriations for equipping the people with gas-masks accompanied the announcement, and the whole arrangement quite noticeably placed the expense and duties of the plan on the shoulders of local and non-official organizations. However, the announcement was well-timed and sensationally phrased, and made the first page of all the dailies.

Then came the review of the fleet at Spithead, the first since 1914, with seaplanes occupying a prominent place in the activities, and the King, in navy blue, on the deck of the reviewing yacht. Finally, a week later, London was "attacked" by an "enemy" air fleet in maneuvers lasting four days. The same maneuvers last year took two days. The King, according to the papers, expressed great interest in the Northland (defending) force and "asked many questions." After that, royalty and aviators prepared to relax their duties during the month of August.

But the Stock Exchange is far from relaxed and not likely to become so. For the predictable boom in aircraft business has accompanied these gala events of the spring and summer. As a matter of fact, the boom got under way in 1934, when Handley-Page showed a profit of £44,950 as against £20,441 in the previous year. Hawker in 1934 made £146,836, De Haviland £106,620, and Armstrong-Siddeley £152,494. The announcement of these earnings has increased excitement among the traders on the Exchange. Thus De Haviland shares, from an issue price of £1 rose in June, 1935, to £3/2/6. Fairey Aviation, Ltd., increased more than two and one-half times, Handley-Page more than three times, Hawker almost six, and Rolls-Royce eight times. With these big firms leading the way, a number of small fry have entered the field. The number of new aircraft issues has been considerable. Phillips and Powis shares, issued in March, 1935, at 6/1, rose in June to 9/3; Parnell Aircraft (on a select list of contractors approved by the R. A. F.), issued at 5/, rose to 5/7½ in June; British Aircraft, Ltd., issued in April at 5/, rose to 7/6 in June.

The financial section of the *Daily Herald* on June 19 reported that "great activity in the issuing of shares in aircraft companies is now, as was to be expected, taking place as a result of the government's air-force policy. Today's particulars are published of an issue at par of 700,000 ordinary shares of 5/ each in Aero Engines, Ltd." Aero Engines, Ltd., it seems, are confident of profits, for they possess the license for the latest and most formidable weapon, the Hispano-Suiza motor cannon, which fires an explosive shell forward through the center of the propeller shaft. The *Herald* virtuously remarked: "Investors must decide for themselves whether this is the sort of development out of which they would like to make profits." Many, it appears, so decided, for later it was announced that the issue was oversubscribed.

A number of foreign firms have appeared on the scene to participate in this harvest. Fokker is now engaged in building an aeroplane factory in the north, and the Bellanca Company from the United States has purchased ground on which to build a plant. It is reported that Douglas Motors executives are in England to survey the situation.

With this competition to fear, the larger firms have formed the inevitable mergers to safeguard their preferred position. The Hawker Company, which raised its dividend from 15 to 20 per cent on June 18, seems to have gobbled up the Armstrong-Siddeley Development Company, Ltd. The new firm will be called the Hawker-Siddeley Aircraft Company, Ltd. With Armstrong-Siddeley come its subsidiaries: Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd., Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft, Ltd., A. V. Roe Company, Ltd., and Air Service Training, Ltd.—the latter having a contract to train pilots for the R. A. F. Hawker earned 40 per cent last year, while Armstrong-Siddeley earned 31.2 per cent. The *Herald* says: "The new holding company will thus be in an excellent position to obtain full advantage from war preparations which have already proved so profitable to some sections of the City."

War preparations include about a hundred new aerodromes scattered strategically over the country. Thus a new feature has been introduced into the land speculation which has accompanied the famous building boom here. In the windows of real-estate offices in London may be seen signs advertising property as "suitable for aerodrome sites."

With this keen gambling in land and aircraft shares there have naturally been some murmurs from Members of Parliament. Questions have been put to Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lester, Minister for Air, about the conduct of the government and the aircraft companies. But Sir Philip has never been very informative, limiting himself to a statement that a committee appointed by the ministry will see that no discreditable transactions occur. Sir Philip, so far as it can be ascertained, at the present time owns no aircraft shares. But in the past he has had munitions shares, and until very recently he was heavily interested in tin. He was formerly at the head of the Tin Producers' Association formed to assist the tin pool which last winter furnished the major financial scandal of the year. Tin, according to the *News-Chronicle* of July 20, is widely used in munitions, and "the cause of the rise [referring to the record high prices of this product] is a recent rapid increase in demand, partly from European armament interests."

The press, with but few exceptions, has given its enthusiastic support to this armament program, but, at least in one instance, not altogether gratuitously. The royal arms inquiry brought out that the *Daily Mirror,* which had been conducting a loud campaign for increase of the air force, held 4,000 shares in the Fairey Aviation Company, Ltd. During this boom period the shares of the six principal aviation companies, including Fairey, have increased in value 70 per cent on the average.

One of the most substantial results of the armament boom has been the creation, within the past few years, of the busy munitions town of Corby, in Northamptonshire. The press has taken no notice of the phenomenal growth or the nature of this mushroom city; newspapermen have considerable respect for the Official Secrets Act. The works at Corby, which produce mainly aeroplane parts and shells, are surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements. It is said that this new arsenal is designed to replace the Woolwich arsenal in case the latter is destroyed by an air raid; certain portions of the Corby works can be changed within a few hours to duplicate operations performed at Woolwich.

All this frenzied activity in finance and manufacturing, which "must," as the Handley-Page officials said of their own company, "primarily depend on orders from the government," is apparently, then, the result of the government's defense program. And the government's defense program, according to the government's statements, is the natural result of its discovery of the startling rearmament of Hitler in defiance of the Versailles treaty. Britain must arm against the German menace, and the arms manufacturer must patriotically supply the weapons. Yet there is reason to think that Hitler's announcement of his aircraft policy was not the motivating cause of British rearmament in the air. Examination of the facts in chronological order reveals what looks suspiciously like a regulation arms scare.

The opening of the great Parliamentary campaign this spring for increased aircraft appropriations began on April 1. On that date the perfect pretense was provided by Hitler's famous statement that the German air force equaled the British. From then on newspapers agitated and M. P.'s obliged with estimates. As a matter of fact, the lathes in Leeds and Corby had been turning long before April 1. On February 20, 1935, the magazine *Aeroplane* said: "Every aircraft factory in this country at present is either already turning out masses of aeroplanes for the new squadrons and for the increased reserve . . . or else the factories are tooling up for production—which means that new machine tools and special apparatus are being installed—or else negotiations are going on between the manufacturers and the Contract Department in the Air Ministry." Thus more than a month before Europe openly entered the military aircraft race the organ of the English aircraft manufacturers announced their preparations.

Statements and counter-statements from the various European chancelleries followed in quick succession. After Hitler's announcement on April 1 General Denain, Air Minister of France, said that in France "air reequipment was being expanded and accelerated." England then spoke in the person of Sir Philip Sassoon: "The Royal Air Force has still a margin of superiority over the German air force. Nevertheless, the rate of Germany's air development is such as to cause His Majesty's Government grave concern." On April 17 the British Home Office set up a department for preparation against air raids. On May 3, after MacDonald's statement that the British government was expanding the R. A. F., Göring retorted: "We have expanded the technical and industrial capacity to its extreme limit, to create the air arm at a single blow." And so on.

With this great show proceeding so profitably for aircraft share-owners and so gloriously for R. A. F. officers, the heavy-armament industry and the admirals and generals seemed rather neglected. But their reward was not withheld long. At Aldershot the Royal Commander-in-Chief reviewed the mechanized squadrons of the army and announced that the transport of the British first and second divisions would be fully mechanized within a year. The navy had its inning on July 16 at Spithead, where the "Sailor King," as the press called him, watched the maneuvers and parade of the fleet. One of the features of the navy show was a realistic anti-aircraft battle. A robot plane, pilotless and controlled by radio, was sent up as a target for naval anti-aircraft guns. "Attacking" at the rate of fifty miles an hour, the robot remained unscathed after a very large number of rounds had been fired at it, but was finally winged and brought to the surface of the water. Some experts later stated privately that the aim of the batteries was so bad that the plane—maneuvered, of course, by naval radio operators—had to be guided into the trajectory of the shells. The navy was jubilant over having proved that aircraft were not so invincible as the recent publicity had suggested. It reaped further advantages on the morrow of the review when the Beaverbrook papers announced that the fleet was so obviously outdated that it was doomed to defeat in another war. The *Daily Express* immediately started a campaign to rehabilitate the fleet at an estimated cost of £250,000,000.

Thus under the popular sponsorship of the monarchy the arms boom has got well under way—the aircraft program leading, the naval program following. It is not certain that the aircraft boom, either in Parliament or on the Exchange, will decline hereafter, but it is certain that traders will be a little more catholic in buying their armament shares. Witness the following. Immediately after the campaign for a new navy was launched, the firm of Vickers announced that it had completed steps to acquire all of the share capital of Vickers-Armstrong, amounting to £17,464,251. This firm, according to the financial editor of the *News-Chronicle*, has "assets of great potential value, including control of the English Steel Corporation, in addition to ordnance and armament works." The editor concludes: "Although Vickers 6/8 shares have risen to nearly 15/, I would not sell."

The Crisis of the Middle Class

III. The Middle Class Under Socialism

By LEWIS COREY

A TRAGIC contrast torments the world. It is the contrast between capitalist decline and decay, with its menace of fascist barbarism, and the economic and cultural promise of a liberated collectivism which provides all the elements of socialism.

One element of socialism is the capacity of industry to produce abundance. It is wholly possible, on the basis of existing American economic resources, not only to abolish poverty but to make plenty available to all. There are efficient means of production, all the necessary labor and raw materials, including the increasing creation of synthetic materials, and constantly larger masses of scientific knowledge capable of technological application. By freely and fully using all our economic resources and by limiting incomes to $10,000 (a limitation that would affect only 350,000 persons out of 52,000,000 gainfully occupied), every family can be assured the minimum income of $4,000 yearly. Yet, in the most prosperous year 1929 the majority of wage workers had incomes below $2,000; while 80 per cent of the members of the middle class, which, in the futile hope of saving itself under capitalism, may rally to the program of strangling the productive forces, had incomes below $3,000. Socialism, moreover, by utilizing the more efficient techniques already offered by science, can again increase the output of goods and services even while it multiplies creative leisure, and remake the world.

Another element of socialism is found in the collective forms of economic activity with whose efficiency the capacity to produce abundance is inseparably identified. Economic activity is now institutional, not personal; collective, not individual. Ownership in the dominant corporate industry is separated from management. Stockholders perform no function except that of ownership, and the passive nature of this ownership strips it of all social value. Initiative and management are impersonal, cooperative, and collective, the functions of hired men. There is no economic individualism: wage workers and salaried employees must conform to the rhythm of the machine and the discipline of its organizational relations. But the old relations of individual ownership and appropriation still prevail and fetter the productive forces; hence the clash of new and old social orders. For collectivism, which increasingly includes the performance of professional and cultural services, represents a vast socialization of economic activity—the objective basis of socialism.

Only a simple change in the capitalist relations of collectivism is needed to transform it into socialism. Ownership is vested in a decreasingly small class and stripped of all constructive functions: why not social ownership? The majority of the people—80 per cent of them—are employees dependent on the oligarchy of monopoly capitalism: why can they not work for the self-governing community of labor? Industry is collective but appropriation is still individual: why not collective appropriation of the fruits of collective labor? These changes would instantly release the forces of production and consumption; the capitalist-fascist alternative is to strangle them.

The third element of socialism is conversion of the mass of the people—88 per cent of them, including more than two-thirds of the middle class—into propertyless dependents on social property owned by a small capitalist minority. Wholly typical and dominant is the proletariat of wage workers. But the working class includes in the larger sense the masses of lower-salaried employees and professional workers. For they are not a "new" middle class in any economic sense. They developed within the orbit of the middle class and may still accept its ideals, but they are thrown out of the class by their propertyless and dependent condition. The term "new middle class" has definite meaning and application only to the higher managerial and supervisory employees, who are essentially "institutional" capitalists. The masses of lower-salaried employees and professional workers are economically and functionally a "new" proletariat, separated from ownership of the means of production and dependent on the sale of their labor for a livelihood. Their immediate and final interests are one with labor and the struggle for socialism.

Proletariat and salaried employees, including professional workers, are the product of the same forces which transformed economic individualism into collectivism. The first step of capitalist production was to convert independent artisans and craftsmen into wage workers. Salaried employees, as a distinctive and important group, developed much later. They developed when collective large-scale industry began to transfer the tasks of administration, management, and supervision to salaried employees, who, for a time, grew more rapidly than wage workers. Collective forms of economic activity transformed increasingly larger numbers of independent enterprisers into wage workers or salaried employees, performing dependent, routine tasks. Hence, in economic origin and function, wage workers and salaried employees are identified with the collectivism which is the basis of socialism.

This identity of interest is strengthened by increasing proletarianization. The scarcity value, economic security, social standing, and incomes of salaried employees made them clearly members of the middle class in the earlier stages of capitalism. But collectivism proletarianized their functions while multiplying their numbers. Most salaried employees were converted economically into wage workers and most professional independents into salaried employees. They may still cling to middle-class ideals, but defense of capitalism, except in the case of salaried employees, is wholly opposed to their economic interests.

Salaried labor is increasingly mechanized and becomes, even in the case of professional workers, the mere performance of routine tasks. Scarcity value is destroyed, economic security and social standing are undermined, and incomes are relatively lowered. This appears most clearly among the millions of clerical employees. The clerk was formerly a confidential employee who might aspire to become a firm member or to marry his employer's daughter; now he performs the most routine tasks and in 1929 earned an average of $1,400, not much more than the wage worker's $1,200. The average of all lower-salaried employees and professional workers was $1,800: the average of millions of organized skilled workers was much higher. Proletarianization was sharply revealed and accelerated by the depression: millions were thrown out of work or had their salaries slashed, their security and privileges destroyed, although in former depressions they had been measurably protected against the cyclical storm.

The fate of lower-salaried employees and professional workers, moreover, is inseparably interlocked with labor by the increasing misery of capitalist decline. The increasing misery of the earlier stages of the Industrial Revolution, which was accompanied by economic progress and multiplication of the productive forces, affected only wage workers and peasants; salaried employees multiplied more rapidly, the new technological basis of industry needed the services of more technicians, and professional independents thrived on rising standards of living in the middle and upper classes. Now, however, increasing misery is accompanied by economic retrogression and strangling of the productive forces; millions of salaried employees are thrown into permanent unemployment, along with still more millions of wage workers, while the performance of professional services, now largely dependent on the masses, must be severely limited by lower mass standards of living.

United by their origin in collectivism and by their propertyless, dependent condition, the identity of interests of wage workers and salaried and professional workers becomes final in socialism, which arises out of the transformation of collectivism. Socialism is the creative unity and meaning of the class-economic changes wrought by collectivism, including the increasing disintegration of the old middle class and the upsurge of the "new," all of whose useful functional groups are necessary under socialism.

The struggle for socialism proceeds outside the orbit of the middle class. For that class is no longer the carrier of a new social order; it is split by discordant interests and the clash of new and old social orders among its antagonistic groups. As surviving small enterprisers try to solve their crisis of property within the relations of capitalist production and the higher-salaried employees cling to monopoly capitalism, they drive the middle class toward fascism. Hence the struggle for socialism proceeds within the orbit of the working class, which includes the masses of lower-salaried and professional workers—9,000,000 of them out of a middle class of 13,000,000.

As the crisis of employment drives the salaried and professional workers toward socialist liberation of the productive forces, they must discard their inherited class allegiances, an ideological break which is the whole problem of rallying the "new" proletariat. They must discard their inherited antagonism to labor; the antagonism is against their own interests, it profits only the independent enterprisers and higher managerial employees, and it is inflamed by fascism for its own barbaric purposes. They must grow an economic backbone by the organization of unions and, through the unions, work actively in a labor party based on *all* unions. These are all means of struggle for the improvement of conditions and against the menace of fascism. But as the crisis of capitalism becomes worse, it appears clearly that defensive action is not enough. For under conditions of economic decline and decay mere reformism drives the two groups of the working class apart and replaces united struggle with a dog-and-cat fight for "salvation" against one another. That creates the opportunity for fascism, which offers to make salaried and professional workers an important caste in the new reactionary set-up, and destroys all chance of rallying to socialism the poorer small enterprisers, especially the storekeepers. It becomes clear that the only answer to the increasing misery of capitalist decline and the menace of fascism is the communist struggle for the overthrow of capitalism and the transformation of collectivism into socialism.

The planned economy of socialism, unfettered by the vested interests of capitalist profit, imposes an unbreakable control over economic activity and liberates the forces of production and consumption. That the control works is amply proved by the Soviet Union. During five years of the depression the United States suffered a loss of 260 billion dollars in goods and services which might have been produced if prosperity had not broken down in 1929: the total losses of the capitalist world are probably 700 billion dollars. The only nation which escaped the depression is the Soviet Union; its planned economy, by preventing a cyclical breakdown, produced around 75 billion dollars' worth of goods and services which would not have been otherwise produced. That is one aspect of creative socialist control.

What becomes of the middle class under socialism? The class has already gone through two transformations. By the sixteenth century it had become a petty bourgeoisie and begun its unsuccessful war in defense of small property against the big bourgeoisie. After the Industrial Revolution, with the onsweep of collectivism, the middle class became decreasingly a class of propertied independent enterprisers and increasingly a "class" of propertyless, dependent salaried employees and professional workers. The third and final transformation appears under socialism: the old middle class of independent enterprisers completely disappears, their functions absorbed in the fuller collectivization and socialization of industry, while the useful functional groups in the "new" middle class—the "new" proletariat—are absorbed in the community of labor. Socialism completes the process, already almost completed under capitalism, of converting independent owner-managers into employees, while employees are liberated from their dependence on monopoly capitalism.* They are liberated by the right to work and to an income, by the protection of all-inclusive social insurance, and by the increase of leisure and independence.

The upward movement of economic activity under socialism would mean a constantly greater need for the functions now performed by salaried employees. Socialism means a greater demand for clerical and managerial and supervisory workers. For as economic activity more fully realizes the promise of technology, completely automatic production, it becomes more and more an activity of organization, management, and supervision. But when managerial and supervisory functions are stripped of their exploiting capitalist relations, their performance becomes wholly a form of productive social labor.

The number of technicians must grow as automatic production grows and more of the work is performed by technicians. Their craft function is liberated, while manual workers are increasingly converted into technicians. This is of the utmost cultural significance, for it breaks down the distinction between manual and mental labor, a tendency already apparent in the most modern existing plants. Thus technology itself confirms one of the most derided "utopian" ideas of Karl Marx, who fifty years ago wrote of the "higher phase of communist society, after the enslaving subordination of individuals to the division of labor and with it also the antagonism between mental and manual labor have disappeared, after labor has become not merely a means to live but is itself the first necessity of living." Obliteration of the division of labor, which means that it increasingly becomes a function of the mechanical equipment, depends for its fulfilment upon socialism, with its unlimited technological application of science and its mass participation in higher learning. That means a cultural revolution whose creative value is incalculable.

As the economic surplus and standards of living rise under socialism, there is a constantly greater demand for professional services. Unlike the tragic situation now prevailing—millions of people denied professional services while the performers of these services are degraded by unemployment—socialism liberates the professional workers by providing conditions for the free and unlimited performance of their craft functions. The tendency is already clearly apparent in the Soviet Union. Two non-Communists, A. Newsholme and J. A. Kingsbury, report that socialization of medicine in the Union, which they consider a "great achievement" and a "challenge," has "removed the doctor almost completely from the field of monetary competition and has thus abolished a chief source of inadequate medical care." The socialization of professional services offers their performers more leisure, more satisfactory compensation, and more opportunity for creative labor.

Socialism opens up immense possibilities for educational workers: the mere introduction of smaller classes would be an achievement and multiply the number of teachers, easing burdens and making the work more productive. Complete realization of socialism and the transition to communism, moreover, are inconceivable without an increasing mass participation in higher learning, for cultural and not merely occupational purposes. In the Soviet Union the Five-Year Plan for 1932-37 calls for universal, compulsory high-school education—the first time a nation has set itself that objective. This, according to Valerian V. Ossinsky, is a "decisive step toward the abolition of all distinction betwen the manual and the mental worker." The final objective is universal college education. For socialism can accomplish its great purpose—the creation of a new man, master of himself and of his world—only by a cultural upsurge which involves the transformation of education.

Thus socialism offers the useful groups in the middle class the liberation of their craft function and multiplication of the opportunity for its performance, whereas a declining capitalism and fascism offer the direct opposite. That socialism moves in that direction is amply proved by the tendency in the Soviet Union. An American socialism, moreover, would realize its aims much more easily and rapidly, as the objective economic basis of socialism—collectivism and the capacity to produce abundance—is most highly developed in the United States. The tasks of socialist construction were enormously complicated in the Soviet Union by its low economic and cultural heritage; the Bolsheviks were forced to devote the major part of their great work to industrialization, a task already accomplished by capitalism in our country, where 75 per cent of the problems, difficulties, and mistakes of the Bolsheviks would simply not arise. Our task would be the comparatively simple one of introducing the relations of a socialism whose economic forms are almost fully in existence.

Unlike fascism, which makes an ideal of dictatorship and authoritarianism, socialism includes liberty, equality, and democracy in new and higher forms. Communist dictatorship is wholly functional and temporary: it is destroyed as socialism abolishes classes, multiplies abundance and leisure, and makes higher learning available to all. The old middle-class ideal of the liberty and equality of men owning their means of livelihood becomes the liberty of labor and the equal right to share freely and fully in social property: the always limited and now dying democracy of small owners of property becomes the democracy of the self-governing community of free workers. Economic individualism is replaced by the freedom of human and cultural individuality. That means the rebirth of democratic ideals, not their fascist death.

In this crisis of civilization, of which their own class crisis is an aspect, the members of the middle class may recall the great expression of the bourgeois struggle for power, the Enlightenment, that magnificent rejection of the traditional and defiance of old ideals, passions, and prejudices. The spirit of the Enlightenment, according to Immanuel Kant, was "liberation of man from his state of minority, the incapacity to use one's understanding." Its motto was, "Dare to understand!" It meant, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, the foremost American exponent of the Enlightenment, "to go forward instead of backward, to disbelieve that nothing can be devised more perfect than was established by our forefathers." We, too, must reject the traditional and defy old ideals, passions, and prejudices: we must dare to understand. The answer to the new barbarism must be a new Enlightenment, whose elements are provided by Marxism: the perceiver of a new world and its creator. Dare to understand: forward, not backward! Upon that depends the future of the world, *our* future.

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* Independent enterprises which do not employ labor are not immediately socialized; this is particularly true of small storekeepers, who are formed into cooperatives (they now form "voluntary" chains) as a step toward final socialization. Socialization of larger enterprises is immediate, and it means this: their salaried managers work for the community instead of for a handful of parasitic stockholders. Nor is it necessary in the United States to proceed rapidly with the collectivization of agriculture. That was necessary in the Soviet Union because of the preponderance of an individualistic peasantry and the backward state of agriculture. The larger American farms—roughly 40 per cent of the total with 80 per cent of the output—would be socialized and the smaller farms formed into cooperatives (already used by the farmers). Experience would prove the necessity of socialization, as only that could solve the problem of farmers being displaced by more efficient agriculture, for whose products there is a limit. In the last analysis, however, socialization of agriculture would become complete most rapidly in the United States, because of the greater mechanization. That involves the planned unity of industry and agriculture, including decentralization of the former.

[*This is the last article in Mr. Corey's series on the crisis of the middle class.*]

The Menace of Tax-exempt Bonds

By WILLIAM WITHERS

THE President's recent tax proposals threw new light for a few days on one of the greatest flaws in our tax system—the existence of large numbers of securities which are wholly tax exempt. The Treasury's loss of revenue caused by this convenient form of tax avoidance offered to the wealthy was demonstrated to Congress by Secretaries Glass, Houston, and Mellon. Yet on two occasions Congress has refused to pass the needed legislation, and when the issue was again raised recently, it was quickly buried beneath the usual Washington dust storm. Until this year the Roosevelt Administration has shown little interest in the problem of social taxation. But the "left-wing" tax bloc, headed by Senators La Follette, Norris, and Couzens, has pressed for higher inheritance and income taxes and for a constitutional amendment to eliminate tax-exempt bonds, recognizing the futility of raising rates on taxable income while the federal and local governments were issuing a large number of non-taxable securities. This bloc would probably have had little success if Huey Long had not stirred up such strong sentiment for his Share-the-Wealth program that the President could no longer ignore the problem of taxation. He then lent his support to a half-hearted tax measure intended to "balance" the tax structure by increasing the taxes paid by the rich. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Roosevelt chose to pull his punches and omitted the tax-exemption amendment from the list of reforms to be achieved during this session.

Under the real-property tax persons holding intangible wealth such as securities tend to escape their full share of taxation. After the passage of state and federal income-tax laws the exemption of government securities rightfully became a leading issue, since the income tax had been urged as a means of tapping the income drawn from securities. But holders of government bonds have continued to dodge taxation. As a result of court decisions based upon the doctrine that government agencies could be destroyed by taxation, the federal and local governments are prohibited from taxing each other's securities, and a tax-exempt class has been preserved. The situation can only be altered by a constitutional amendment so far as the outstanding debt is concerned.

The exemption of federal issues from taxation is objectionable on both social and fiscal grounds. It makes impossible a balanced and equitable tax system, well adapted to a social state. The federal tax system was not sufficiently progressive before the depression, and in the past five years its weakness in this respect has been accentuated. Not only have investors been offered huge short-term Treasury issues which escape both normal taxes and surtaxes, but by far the largest amount of federal revenue now comes not from the income tax but from excise taxes. Income as a source of tax revenue has become both absolutely and relatively less important. Our large exemptions, particularly in connection with the large federal issues of the past few years, make many of the comparisons between British and American income-tax rates meaningless. Tax exemption, together with the relatively minor role played by the income tax in this country, makes for a tax system which *in toto* is unduly burdensome on the poor. A recent Senate amendment to the tax bill eliminates the exemption privilege on future federal issues. Assuming that this provision is spared when the bill finally emerges from conference, it still does not reach the tax-free local bonds or federal bonds already issued. The former could be taken off the tax-exempt list only by local action, the latter by a constitutional amendment. Under these circumstances the application of higher inheritance and corporation taxes and surtaxes which can be avoided merely adds to the grotesqueness of our tax system.

An outstanding example of the ramifications of the exemption feature in our tax network is found in the social-security bill. Implicit in this bill is the tendency of Congress to avoid progressive tax legislation. Provision is made for payroll taxes, levied on employers and workers, with which to build up reserve funds. These funds are to be invested in federal securities. In other words, Congress proposes to support and pay off the federal debt, not, as it should, by graduated income taxes, but with revenues obtained from a regressive payroll tax. In the face of such legislation it becomes even more important to abolish tax exemption on government issues, so as to compensate at least in part for the coming system of taxing the poor to support the poor. It is true, of course, that the reserve funds of the security bill provide a means of eliminating tax exemption indirectly, since they will reduce the opportunities for private investors to buy government bonds. As payroll contributions increase, the demand of the security funds for government issues will grow, but it is obvious that it will take years to withdraw all federal securities from the hands of the public in this manner.

Apart from the social consequences of the preservation of a large tax-free class, the loss of revenue from tax exemption has long presented a serious problem to the Treasury. Recently published figures for 1933 placed the amount of securities completely exempt from the federal income tax at $31,000,000,000 and from the normal tax at more than $13,000,000,000. Since then the amount of both local and federal debt has increased greatly. Assuming a combined federal and local tax-exempt debt of fifty billions, the interest on this debt at a rate of 3 per cent would be one and a half billions. Most of this interest would be taxable at high rates, since the securities are held by banks and wealthy individuals. No satisfactory statistics of the amount and distribution of these holdings are yet available; until they are, the amount of lost taxes cannot be exactly determined, though it is probably somewhere between three and five hundred millions a year. Some authorities have claimed that the income tax now collected could be doubled, which amounts to placing the tax loss at around one billion dollars. At the very least it is evident that the revenues lost to the Treasury through tax exemption are far greater than those it will gain through the proposed new taxes.

As surtaxes are increased, the wealthier taxpayers find investment in tax-exempt securities increasingly to their advantage. Although the attempt to avoid taxes in this way may so increase the demand that the government can find a cheap market for its bonds, the Treasury's loss in potential taxes more than balances its savings in interest payments. As long as tax-exempt securities exist as a recourse for investors, a rise in tax rates may actually decrease revenue.

Although the strongest argument for tax-exemption is its supposed tendency to encourage the sale of government bonds, the last six months of Treasury operations have indicated that the credit of the federal government does not need the stimulation of such devices as tax exemption. The strength of the federal credit and the easy state of the money market make this a propitious moment for the removal of the exemption feature. Almost all the Liberty bonds issued to pay for the World War have been refunded, and the average annual interest rate on the federal debt has been reduced to the lowest point since 1916. Since January the Treasury has successfully completed some of the largest refunding operations in our history. One factor in this success, which should not be minimized, is the great increase in tax collections after 1934. If a genuine revenue-producing bill were passed, tax exemption would be unnecessary as a means of supporting the nation's credit.

Tax exemption has also promoted to a considerable extent the unduly large bank holdings of the federal debt. Federal securities held by banks now amount to well over 50 per cent of the total issued. Securities held by banks are taxed under the corporation income tax, which has been defined as a normal tax. Since United States securities are exempt from normal taxation, they are, of course, completely free of taxation when held by banks or other corporations. A slight increase in the corporation-tax rate, such as is proposed in the pending tax bill, will fail to reach corporation income from government securities. The increase in bank holdings of government securities is objectionable in many ways. First, if banks are obtaining a steady and safe income from federal securities, they may be unwilling to loan sufficient amounts to private industry during periods of credit uncertainty. Second, government bonds can be used as collateral for bank loans, which may lead to inflation, since the credit extended on these bonds as assets is a net addition to purchasing power, analogous to paper money. Third, since the government is at present so dependent for revenue upon the sale of its bonds, banks can easily become the most influential factor in the government bond market and thus exercise a coercive influence on government policies.

Taken together, tax exemption and the proposed payroll tax largely offset the progressive taxes on high incomes contained in the present tax bill. Emphasis on the latter will, however, undoubtedly be a main feature of the coming political struggle in the West, and the real nature of our tax system as a whole will continue to remain obscured. It will be claimed that we have taken the British road of high and progressive taxation to the longed-for goal of a balanced budget, although we shall have done nothing of the kind. It will also be said that the government has dealt large corporations a serious blow by a graduated corporation tax, but the extent to which this blow is weakened by tax exemption will not be evident. Tax exemption will continue to effect changes in business organization and investment practices by which taxes may be avoided. The absurd inconsistencies in the proposed revisions of the tax structure deserve intelligent and persevering criticism.

Inconsistency in the tax structure arises from confusion in underlying tax and economic theories. It is true that we cannot balance the budget without increasing taxes, but equally important is the fact that we cannot spread purchasing power without increasing the progression of taxation. We cannot successfully spend for recovery if the funds are obtained from taxes levied on the poor. At present the Administration favors spending for recovery and at the same time deliberately seeks to impede its own efforts in this direction by making use of payroll and excise taxes and by increasing the degree of tax exemption. The removal of tax exemption through a constitutional amendment as well as through the proposed tax bill would help to bring about more progressive taxation and eliminate some of these inconsistencies. It is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will see his way to hasten action on this much-needed reform, which would reflect a genuine effort to reduce tax evasion and modernize the American tax system.

Correspondence

The Farm Mortgage Moratorium Act

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A great deal of misunderstanding exists as to the precise nature of the Frazier-Lemke Farm Mortgage Moratorium Act, of which William Lemke, Member of Congress from North Dakota, is the author, and which was decided to be unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States on May 27, 1935. At the outset it should be remembered that this decision is not yet final. A petition for rehearing has been filed which cannot be disposed of before the first Monday in October. If that petition is sustained and the hearing is granted, the whole subject will be again open for consideration by the court.

In the case in which the court passed on the act, known as the Radford case, the debtor owned a farm now appraised at $4,450. The mortgage on the farm amounts to approximately $9,000. Under the national bankruptcy act, as it existed prior to the Frazier-Lemke act, the debtor might have filed a petition in bankruptcy, lost his farm, and all his other property except $400 of personalty exempt to him as the head of a family, and have been discharged from the payment of all his debts. Such action on the part of the debtor would not have been of any benefit to the creditor, would not have increased the value of the farm, and the rental value thereof would have remained the same. Radford on the other hand would have gone on relief.

Instead of filing a petition under the national bankruptcy act Radford endeavored to obtain the benefit of the Frazier-Lemke Farm Mortgage Moratorium Act. But the Supreme Court of the United States decided that the holder of the mortgage had a constitutional right either to get the farm or be paid his debt in full, and that the Frazier-Lemke act which gave the debtor the right to retain his farm as a tenant for five years, in the meantime paying a rental fixed by the District Court, and which also gave the debtor the right to get back his farm by paying in cash the reasonable present value thereof, without regard to the amount of the mortgage debt and without the consent of the holder of the mortgage, was so unreasonable in its terms and so arbitrary in its provisions that it constituted in effect a deprivation of the property of the creditor without due process of law, in violation of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Radford contends in the petition for rehearing that, inasmuch as the court decided in the gold cases that individuals owing debts payable in gold could discharge such debts with paper dollars worth 60 cents, no sound reason exists why Congress, in the exercise of its constitutional power to enact uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcy, does not have the right to allow Radford to regain his farm by paying the reasonable value thereof, although such value is less than the mortgage debt and a sole creditor objects thereto.

Radford's note, the payment of which was secured by a mortgage on his farm, was owned by a single creditor. This creditor was demanding one hundred cents on the dollar or the farm, in payment of the debt. The Supreme Court, as already explained, decided that the holder of the mortgage had a constitutional right to make such a demand. The court also ruled that the creditor could not be deprived of such right by an act of Congress. But at the same time, the court recognized that under established principles of the national bankruptcy law, if Radford's note, secured by a mortgage on his farm, had been owned by three or more creditors, that situation would have produced a different legal result. In that event, a majority in number and amount, with the cooperation of the debtor and the approval of the court, might have compelled a minority to accept less than one hundred cents on the dollar. Radford claims that no sound reason exists for such a distinction between a debt owned by a sole creditor and a debt owned by three or more creditors. Accordingly, in order to protect the rights of corporations to adjust or scale down their debts, Radford asks that the farmers of the country be accorded a like right.

If the Supreme Court does not agree with Radford and grant him a rehearing, a serious situation may arise. An objecting minority of a group of creditors in a corporation reorganization proceeding might claim:

1. Under the logic of the Radford case, that the constitutional power to block a settlement was vested in a sole creditor.

2. Hence, that the sections of the national bankruptcy law enabling a majority in number and amount of the creditors of a corporation, with the cooperation of the debtor and the approval of the court, to compel a dissenting minority creditor to scale his debt is likewise unconstitutional.

Such a result would invalidate a horde of corporate reorganizations. These reorganizations affect property of a value in excess of billions of dollars.

The Frazier-Lemke Farm Mortgage Moratorium Act should not be confused with the act bearing the name of the same authors and relating to the refinancing of farm mortgages. This latter act, not yet passed, contemplates lending three billion dollars to farmers to aid in refinancing their mortgages. The Moratorium Act has for its purpose the reducing of the amount of the debt secured by such mortgages.

Washington, D. C., July 20 EDWIN A. KRAUTHOFF

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

The Case of Romero

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

At the end of May Manuel Romero, World War veteran, who has been for over thirteen years an employee of the Columbia University dining-rooms, was told that, inasmuch as the Horace Mann dining-room was closing, he would not be needed until the opening of the summer session. In former years he had been transferred directly from Horace Mann to the Teachers' College Cafeteria, which remains open all the year round. On July 5 Mr. Romero applied at the Teachers' College Cafeteria for the promised employment. He was told by Miss Reed, the manager, that he would be the first man called. One week later he returned, only to find that two new workers, non-students, had been hired and that he, obviously, was not going to be rehired. Miss Reed stated: "You are a Communist because you have joined the union. You are my enemy." Mr. Romero is the father of five children and the husband of a sick wife. Thus, by this arbitrary act, seven persons are deprived of their only means of livelihood.

A group of students representing nine student and professional organizations went to Acting Dean Del Manzo to inquire the reason for this abrupt dismissal after so many years of service to the university. Dean Del Manzo said that he accepted Miss Reed's explanation, namely, that Romero was "unsatisfactory." When asked if Romero had been inefficient, he said that no such accusation was made. When it was pointed out to him that Romero's "unsatisfactoriness" seemed to resolve itself into his being a union man, he averred that Miss Reed had the "right to hire and fire anyone she liked and that it was none of the students' business anyway." However, he referred us to Miss Reed.

Miss Reed immediately threatened the delegation with "ejection by an officer." She shouted that on no condition would she rehire Romero.

After calling mass-meetings which in their turn sent protest resolutions and delegations to the Dean and Miss Reed, the students instituted a boycott of the cafeteria, which to date is 33 per cent effective. Mr. Romero, always accompanied by one of his children, is picketing Teachers' College at meal times. The subject is under discussion all over the campus. The problem of "the teacher and the social order" has emerged from the syllabus of the course of study into reality. Following hard upon the Medical Center cases and the revelations concerning the Casa Italiana made in *The Nation,* this case is but one more step on the road to fascism at Columbia University. All those who wish to stop this advance should send protests to Acting Dean Del Manzo and Miss Elizabeth Reed, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City.

COMMITTEE FOR THE REINSTATEMENT OF ROMERO

New York, August 10

Negroes at C. C. N. Y.

To the Editors of The Nation:

Last spring Welford Wilson, star track man of the City College team, underwent a harrowing experience of Negro discrimination at the Penn relays. Open hearings revealed the glaring prevalence of discrimination at the college.

For many years the "Jim Crow" policy of the administration has gone unchallenged. Negroes have never worked in the recorder's office, in the bursar's office, or on the curator's staff. Negro athletes have been discriminated against in competing for varsity berths and in representing the college in certain extramural athletic contests. There is not one course offered which gives the history of the Negro and colonial peoples. Never has the administration permitted a Negro to join the staff or faculty of the college.

This term a broad movement has developed among the Negro and white students, supported by outside organizations, to win jobs for Negro students and teachers. The Provisional Committee has already secured the indorsement of the National Students' League, the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the St. James Church, the Mother Zion Church, the New York Branch of the Urban League, and other organizations. We are urging qualified Negro instructors and professors to apply for positions at the City College. The Provisional Committee is anxious to secure carbon copies of applications and all correspondence with the college authorities in reference to these jobs. All interested are asked to get in touch immediately with the committee.

New York, August 7 Jerry Johnson,
for the Provisional Committee

The Bremen Incident

To the Editors of The Nation:

I was quite sure that you would editorially be worked up about the demonstration on the Bremen. My regret is only—and I do not speak as a Communist, for I am not one—that the demonstration was not more effective and that the flag was not torn into shreds before being tossed into the sea.

And you are quite mistaken in assuming that such incidents injure the anti-Nazi cause. Quite the contrary. Such things penetrate even into Germany, give the people some idea of how foreign nations feel about their government, cheer the rebellious spirits, and give them more courage to resist the gangster government.

New York, August 1 William J. Robinson, M.D.

Japanese Land Control

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mr. George West seems to have misunderstood my recent article on the Japanese in California. I did not deny "the truth" of any statements made by Mr. West, but I did deny the correctness of his conclusion that the Alien Land Act has "effectually stopped Japanese land ownership." The Alien Land Act has, so far as record ownership is concerned, effectually stopped ownership of land by alien Japanese; but surely Mr. West does not think that it has thereby prevented alien Japanese from controlling and, by various indirections, actually owning land in California. If he thinks so, I can only repeat that he is mistaken. Mr. K. Mukaeda, president of the local Japanese Association, recently testified in a public hearing in Los Angeles that the Japanese control 70 per cent of the vegetable and 90 per cent of the berry-production acreage in Southern California. The fact of Japanese ownership and control of farm land in Southern California is apparent to anyone who has eyes and drives an automobile.

As to the other points: (1) I mentioned Mr. West's article for the reason that I wanted to show the persistency of Japanese prejudice, which flamed into existence shortly after an excellent California journalist had pronounced it to be dead; (2) I omitted mention of the defeat of the anti-Japanese legislative program because these measures had not been defeated when the article was written.

Few informed Californians have ever questioned Mr. West's "reputation for accuracy." I am sure that I never have. A fact is one thing, a conclusion another.

Los Angeles, August 8 Carey McWilliams

Fight for All or None

To the Editors of The Nation:

In your issue of July 17 you condemned me editorially for holding "it the duty of religion to support war to repel an enemy." I was disappointed to learn that you would pass judgment on any question or individual without first learning the facts. If you had taken the trouble to secure information by writing to the person involved you would have found that I objected to a proposed reservation to the peace resolution, the reservation being "except in case of invasion of continental United States."

My contention was that we could not morally justify an exception of a selfish nature. The ethics of religion demand that we pursue an aggressive policy of justice for our fellowmen as well as for ourselves. If military force be accepted as an adequate and appropriate means of repelling an invader of our land, then it should be used also in defense of a neighbor nation against a similarly wicked attack. It might also be used to forestall an invasion of our land. If, on the other hand, brute force should properly be eliminated as a means of solving difficulties between civilized nations, there should be no need, and there could be no logical or moral justification, for resorting to it in accordance with the reservation.

Milwaukee, August 7 Joseph L. Baron

State-Endowed Music

To the Editors of The Nation:

It is to be hoped that the state-endowed music referred to in your current issue will ultimately attain permanency. As at present constituted, all music projects partake of the temporary nature of the entire work-relief program, which means that musicians will again be unemployed when funds for professional workers are exhausted.

The choice of Dr. Sokoloff as head of the national undertaking is an assurance of the highest standards and its consequent success. With his background of knowledge and experience he may be able to convince the authorities that it is just as important to have state-endowed music as it is to have a national theater and municipally supported art galleries.

If Dr. Sokoloff keeps hammering away at the idea of subsidized music, it may eventually be looked upon as something more than a mere war-time measure to keep up the morale of the nation.

Philadelphia, August 12 David Dubinsky

Labor and Industry

Sponsorship

By HEYWOOD BROUN

GEORGE JOABY drank Napoleon brandy from a fragile glass and remained disconsolate. The deal had been a bad one any way you looked at it. If he had only stuck it out another twenty-four hours this dreadful bargain would not be hanging over his head. With a shudder he noted the smell of something burning, but it was only his cigarette which had fallen upon the thick carpet.

Only a day after he signed the ridiculous bond Consolidated Truffles had come along with its offer of sponsorship. And really he didn't believe the man had anything to do with that. It was just a coincidence. Lots of people had said he had a good radio voice long before he got into the big money. What possible proof was there that he hadn't done it on his own?

That was certainly true of the opportunity which came to him to do those indorsements of that motor truck. He got that job through meeting the advertising magnate down at Great Neck one week-end. The magnate said that anybody who could tell such funny stories certainly ought to be able to write advertising copy. And it was himself, George Joaby, man of letters, who posed the picture and wrote the caption. After they got done with the newspapers and the magazines they even used it on the billboards—there he was at the wheel of the truck with the snappy slogan "I'se sitting pretty."

And nobody could deny that. Publishers said the sale of the little book was phenomenal. It was marvelous, they said, for a book of "that type" to do so well. George was getting a little impatient with the recurrence of the phrase "that type." He had never pretended that the thing was profound, but it had wit and a brilliant style, and a good many of his radio listeners had written in to say that the piece about the cat made them cry. After all, there was his radio public, and perhaps it was true that to just a slight extent he had pushed the book over the air. But only in a joshing way. Why shouldn't it be a best-seller? Certainly that triumph was not based on the fearful bargain he had made only a year ago.

The chance to do the biography of that banker was certainly not the result of any black magic. That commission was one he could honestly say he got on his own. The same could be said for the part he took in the film. They were trying to make it a sophisticated picture and they needed his name. He didn't think his charge had been excessive. And now the money was rolling in from every direction. The cigarette company merely wanted him to pose blowing smoke rings in the face of a pretty girl. And that would be easy money, too. But what should it profit a man if he gained the whole world only to lose—and George Joaby writhed in anticipative agony. He was alone in his library but he spoke the words aloud, "Whatever possessed me to sell my soul to the Devil?"

"That's what I want to know," said a well-remembered voice. Joaby looked across the room. The Devil in a dinner coat was sitting in the big leather chair.

"I gather," continued the visitor, "that you resent the little bargain we made a year ago, eh what?"

"I maintain," George said a little stiffly, "that I was cheated. You gave me nothing but a promise of success to come, but as I look back at my triumphs of the year they were all honorable and achieved without your lifting a little finger. I suppose you don't pretend to be a radio agent, or are you going to tell me that it was your fine hand which got me the contract with Consolidated Truffles?"

"I hear you perfectly," said the Devil, cupping one hand after the manner of a man in an ad of an ear trumpet which George Joaby had never indorsed. "We are, I trust, gentlemen, discussing without rancor a little matter which concerns us both. I have no intention of asserting that I gave you your broadcasting ability. You were born with that. It came, if you like, from God. I have listened myself with very great pleasure. If you're not sick of compliments, may an old fellow tell you that he sincerely admires your smoothness. Your voice has a silken quality. Did you ever know a fellow called Faust? No, of course you wouldn't. How time flies! But there was a decided vocal resemblance. Good fellow, Dr. Faust, but there was, as I remember, some scrape with a girl."

"I trust," said George Joaby, "that you didn't come here tonight to sneer at me. I'm not in the mood and in just an hour and a half I'm on a national network."

"One of your little ghost stories?" the Devil inquired. "You really have quite a flair for the horrible."

"Did you come here to talk business or not?" interrupted George. "Frankly I want to be quit of our contract."

"Now that is a coincidence," said the Devil, "because as a matter of fact so do I. You must appreciate that it is a little irregular. If you had come to my office you would have observed the very large sign which reads, 'No mistakes rectified after leaving the window.' But this case is different. Please don't take it amiss but I don't want your soul."

"And why not?" asked George Joaby, flabbergasted.

"Because," said the Devil, "I have always made it a principle to deal in exclusive rights. I have never been content merely to hold an interest. In good faith I bought your soul, but the very next day you sold it all over again to Consolidated Truffles, and the next week to the Mammoth Motor Truck Company, and now I foresee that you are about to dispose of it to a cigarette company. I could sue but I prefer to buy my way out of the bargain." And with that the Devil laid upon the table thirty small white coins.

"That old thirty-pieces-of-silver gag?" asked George Joaby in a mixture of relief and irritation.

"No," said the Devil, "not exactly. I'm following a form and also pointing a moral. In the morning you will find that those coins are familiar coppers. I'm sorry to say that at the moment they are white hot since they've come through my fingers. Restrain, then, your eagerness and don't snatch even though it is money."

Our Shrinking Cotton Trade

By FRED C. KELLY

IN the course of a recent jaunt over the country, I stopped in Dallas, Texas, and went to call on an exporter in the Cotton Exchange Building.

"He's gone to Brazil," a clerk told me.

I went to the floor below in search of another acquaintance who might be able to tell me what was going on in cotton. He too was in Brazil. I made two or three more calls, only to find that all the important key men had journeyed to Brazil.

"Why all this exodus to South America?" I inquired.

Oh, I was told, one must live. These men have always made their living by selling cotton to foreign countries. It is the only business they know. If they can no longer sell American cotton, then they must find other cotton to sell. Because American cotton, pegged by government action at 12 cents a pound, is too high for foreign buyers Texas lost one-half of its export cotton business within the last year. Much of this trade has gone to Brazil, which has increased its cotton production from 300,000 bales three years ago to more than one million bales this year. The growers there have been plowing up coffee lands and planting cotton, but still they cannot supply the demand. They are handicapped by lack of ginning facilities. When American cotton dealers went from Texas to Brazil in quest of a share of this new business, the Brazilians said: "We can't give you all the cotton you want until we have more gins. Now if you would care to invest in gins, or lend us money——" The Americans took the hint. And so it happens that American capital is today helping to make Brazil a formidable competitor of America in the world cotton trade.

But Brazil is not the only country. When the United States government arranged to reduce cotton acreage by one-third and paid money to farmers for the cotton they did not plant, many farmers reasoned this way: "I have always wanted to go to Mexico, where labor is cheap, and raise cotton. But I never had enough money to go there and finance myself. Now I can take this government money and start growing cotton in Mexico. I can't sell American cotton abroad at 12 cents a pound, but maybe I can make a little money selling Mexican cotton at the world price." Again American money is creating more foreign competition for American cotton.

Texas is beginning to feel sharply the effects of this declining trade. Ninety per cent of the cotton grown in Texas has been for export because the cotton in other states is nearer American markets. Now half of this trade is gone. This loss affects not only tenant farmers and laborers, who are no longer needed, but employees in ginning establishments and clerks in exporters' offices. It reaches into numerous allied industries. Even the telephone business feels it. In one office, I was told, toll charges which used to amount to $10,000 a year will be less than $2,000 this year.

A few figures obtained from one of the former big exporters in Dallas tells in part the story of the decline of American cotton in world markets. For ten years, from 1919 to 1929, average annual consumption of American cotton throughout the world was 13,161,000 bales, and of foreign-grown cotton, 8,842,000 bales, or 60 per cent American and 40 per cent foreign. After the entrance of the Federal Farm Board into the cotton situation in 1929-30, the percentage of American cotton dropped to 52, and a year later it was below 50—the first time since Civil War days that the consumption of foreign-grown cotton exceeded that of American cotton. Estimates for the season of 1934-35 indicate that American cotton will constitute only about 48 per cent of world consumption. On this basis American cotton used both at home and abroad would amount to only about 11,640,000 bales. If we were still furnishing 60 per cent of all cotton used, our share of the world cotton trade would be 14,550,000 bales. In other words, we have lost to foreign competitors about 3,000,000 bales. In England alone the consumption of American cotton during the last six weeks of 1934 dropped 68,000 bales below the figures for the previous season; yet the total consumption of all kinds of cotton in British mills remained almost the same.

This decline in cotton exports is not to be accounted for by the increased use of cotton at home. In 1933 about 6,122,767 bales of cotton were used in the United States; in 1934 consumption dropped to 5,320,334 bales, though domestic consumption of most other commodities was increasing. This decrease was probably due to the processing tax on cotton, which encouraged greater use of other, tax-free, fabrics, such as rayon. In other words, at a time when we were unable to sell our former share of cotton to foreigners, and when more families were in need of cotton goods than ever before, the consumption of cotton dropped as a result of our recovery program.

The decline in cotton exports cannot be explained, either, by citing the difficulties of foreign exchange. If foreigners had quit buying because they could not obtain dollars to make payments, then surely other exports would have shown similar decline; the truth is that the export of most commodities showed a considerable increase in 1934 over 1932 and 1933.

Foreign trade in American cotton formerly provided employment for 2,000,000 Southern families as farmers and laborers—in ginning, compressing, storing, the milling of cottonseed oil, transportation, and merchandising. The loss of much of this trade, perhaps forever, helps to explain why a shockingly high percentage of people in the South are on relief. Add to this the fact that a new mechanical cotton-picker is now available capable of doing the work of from 75 to 100 men and the plight of the Southern worker becomes apparent. The situation is becoming so serious that many people in different parts of the South, especially members of college faculties, are talking of collectivization of farm lands as perhaps the only solution. The state or national government, they say, will have to take over the land and produce cotton for domestic use at prices low enough to permit its consumption on a grand scale. Just how this could be done without interfering with competing industries is not explained.

When I left the Texas cotton region and entered the cattle country, I discovered that cattle men didn't like the cotton program any better than the cotton dealers did. With less cotton planted, cotton-seed has advanced in price. It would have advanced anyhow because of another phase of the government agricultural program. With bonuses to encourage the raising of fewer hogs, there is less animal fat available and this has forced a greater demand for cotton-seed oil. This in turn means higher prices for cotton-seed cakes, an important item of food for cattle. As far away as Wyoming, D. L. Whitaker, the president of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, told me he is facing a deficit for the first time in forty-three years of ranching because of the high prices of feed. As a result of the artificially high cost of feed in this country, he added, a vast amount of canned beef is being shipped to the United States from the Argentine, and cattle on the hoof are coming in from Canada and Mexico. Cattle men, so long as feed is too high-priced to allow a profit on their cattle, cannot afford to pay more than $1.50 a day for labor, and they complain that men now on relief work, at relatively decent wages, are reluctant to forsake relief and accept this unalluring private employment.

Reduction of cotton acreage is not giving people more cotton fabrics any more than higher prices for food are giving people more to eat. Neither is it giving people in the South more employment. Evidently the planners at Washington did not fully foresee the results of their cotton program. Maybe they did not see farther than getting farmers a better price for cotton. The results appear to have been of even greater benefit to Brazil. People in the South with mobile capital who could move to Brazil have been able to adjust themselves to the new situation. But what of the tenant farmers and laborers, the cattle men, and all the other workers and industries directly or indirectly affected? The whole program seems to have had a string of consequences not always favorable to the forgotten man. It almost looks as if there might be something just a wee bit awry.

Labor Notes

From 4,600 Strikers

THE following appeal comes from the 4,600 shipworkers of Camden who have been on strike for fourteen weeks. The issues involved in the union's controversy with the New York Shipbuilding Company, with which the Navy Department has contracts amounting to $50,000,000, were fully discussed in *The Nation* of August 14. Conferences are now in progress in Washington looking to a settlement; its terms are of special importance to organized labor because the company is determined to break the union, the government is an interested party in position to enforce its labor policy, and union recognition is a primary issue.

> The Camden strike is not merely a dispute between one company and its workers concerning wages and hours. The Shipbuilders' Council, backed by the most powerful open-shop organization in the United States, the Iron and Steel Institute, is fighting us with their millions to break unionism not merely at Camden and the shipbuilding industry, but in all basic industries. If we can win this strike, we shall have defeated the strongest organization of capital in this country. If labor can sink its differences and present a united front, it will have taken a great step in building up a defense against the otherwise unbeatable forces of these great corporations. Newspapers all over the country keep reporting that the strike is almost over. This is not true. Telegrams from Camden keep warning, "Disregard news reports. Strike still on." These newspaper reports are a part of the propaganda spread by the shipbuilding corporation. Our chief need is financial assistance. In most families fourteen weeks on strike means the end of all resources. Our commissary is supplying more than 1,900 meals a day. Now is the time that the New York Shipbuilding Corporation expects to be able to break the strike. Will you help us by sending your contribution immediately to the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, 572 Fairview Street, Camden, New Jersey?

Bulletin from Terre Haute

THREE HUNDRED patriotic merchants, realtors, and professional men in Terre Haute have formed a "law and order" group to prevent the recurrence of a general strike. They have proposed the formation of vigilance committees, the passage of an anti-picketing ordinance, and the employment of war veterans at a dollar a day to prevent violence caused by "outside agitators." The president of the local gas company told members of the new organization that they must be prepared to sacrifice their lives if necessary. Since the war veterans are to be hired, it may be assumed that the dying is to be done by proxy. The outlook for industrial peace in Terre Haute is gloomy indeed. If the strike at the Columbian Enameling and Stamping Company is settled by federal or state conciliators, there will remain the "law and order" men, who intend to perpetuate the open shop by keeping labor so intimidated and inarticulate that government conciliators will never hear of Terre Haute again. If the remaining companies of national guardsmen are removed, civil liberties still face the merchant fascisti, who will apparently have very nearly full sway. The city administration will not interfere. In fact, the mayor was one of the most vociferous orators at the first "law and order" meeting. The chief of police has already declared war on all soap-box orators.

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN collaborated with H. C. Engelbrecht in writing "Merchants of Death."

LEWIS COREY is the author of "The Decline of American Capitalism." The articles appearing in this and the two preceding issues of *The Nation* are chapters from his new book, "The Crisis of the Middle Class," which Covici-Friede will publish in September.

WILLIAM WITHERS is a member of the Department of Economics at Columbia University and the author of "Retirement of National Debts."

FRED C. KELLY was the first syndicated Washington columnist—twenty-five years ago. He contributes regularly to magazines and has written numerous books.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR is professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary and the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

ELISEO VIVAS is a member of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

BERYL HAROLD LEVY is studying law at Columbia, where he received his Ph.D. in philosophy.

Books

Allegory for Our Time

Land Under England. By Joseph O'Neill. Simon and Schuster. $2.

ALLEGORY is a form that has become so obsolete in our time that when we suddenly reencounter it, as in this astonishing work by an Irish philologist and educator, we are at a loss to explain the nature of our response. This is undoubtedly the explanation of the very confused expression of approval with which Mr. O'Neill's book was received in England. Because it is so unlike the general run of sentimental and realistic fiction of the last few decades it was referred to as if nothing quite like it had ever before appeared on the literary horizon. Yet Mr. O'Neill himself, who as a Catholic probable knows his Dante, and as an Irishman his Swift, shows no such unawareness of the literary tradition. His book is an allegory of the most conventional type. (It should for this reason be distinguished from the "scientific romances" of Butler and the early Wells, which take us from the symbolical to the merely descriptive realm.) Like most of the best-known allegories of the past, it is capable of being read on three distinct levels of interpretation—the literal, the political, and the philosophical. The only questions for criticism would be whether it can be read on each of these levels with equal interest and whether all three are successfully fused in the whole.

To begin with the most superficial of them, the narrative records a journey underground to a land of strange and horribly dehumanized beings, whose dress, customs, and political temperament suggest a race descended from the legions of imperial Rome in Britain. In the opening chapters one of the last representatives of the Julians, a Yorkshire family with a tradition of Roman origin, returns from the war, which has had a sterilizing effect on his personality, and engages in a long search for the secret entrance to the legendary land that lies under England. He disappears; and his son, a technician unmotivated by any dreams of returning to ancestral securities, goes in search of him. Descending through a hole in the Roman Wall, he passes through a Dantesque region of sunless cliffs and caverns, peopled by enormous toads and spiders, until he comes finally to a Roman trireme manned by the ghostlike inhabitants of the place. He is then permitted to visit their houseless cities, their schools, and the sanctuary of the great Master of Will and Knowledge, whose function it is to see that everyone finds his proper place in this vast soulless commonwealth of phosphorescent darkness. Human speech is unknown because the will of the one is perfectly identified with the will of the many; all communication is by a kind of instantaneous telepathy. Education consists in "mind-murder," an eradication of all will and desire from the minds of the young so that they will offer no resistance to the role that is assigned them by the state. The society is hierarchic but all classes are united in a common subordination to the social will. Technology is at the stage at which it was left by the Romans. The people eat, work, and sleep in great roofless "compounds." Beyond this Mr. O'Neill does not go in filling in his picture; no mention is made, for example, of the relations between the sexes, although one cannot but wonder how such automatons manage to propagate themselves. The concrete imagination is more lively in the description of the miasmal swamps through which the hero makes his escape, away from the father whom he has found even more incurably "absorbed" than the others, and back to the confused sunlight of modern England.

It is not necessary to puzzle over what all this may or may not mean on the political plane. With an explicitness into which Swift would never have lapsed, Mr. O'Neill uses the words fascist and Nazi in one of the closing passages of the book. It is clear that as Dante put the Neri in an appropriate section of hell this Irish Free State official is properly disposing of the varicolored O'Ryans and Mosleys. His subterranean breed of voiceless robots is the product of a rigorous fancy which would reduce the fascist ideology to its most logical consequences in terms of human will and personality. Yet it is too striking not to be recorded that what is most curious in all of Mr. O'Neill's account of life under England is its basic similarity to so much of the life over England. And by England one means all of that modern bourgeois democratic society which Mr. O'Neill seems to accept as an alternative. Between the mass mind of the submerged Romans and the mind of England in this year of the Jubilee, between the schools for mesmerizing the young and the Hearst newspapers, there is not really much choice. The English critics have forgotten that the late D. H. Lawrence spent most of his life writing about that "warm and sunlit" England in exactly the same way that Mr. O'Neill writes about the dark lands underground. The conclusion to which one is forced is that all states, in so far as they represent something external, tend to extinguish the individual personality. It may be only inveterate romanticism which makes Anthony Julian believe that the air into which he escapes is altogether free and pure.

This is to say that it is as an allegory in the most abstract sense, that is, on the philosophical plane, that Mr. O'Neill's book can be read with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. It proposes again the ultimately insoluble problem of the relationship between the individual and the world. More exciting than the physical adventures of its hero, more convincing than its demonstration of a particular kind of social organization, is its restatement of the paradox by which the highest assertion of individuality is always accompanied by the deepest sense of social isolation. The most moving section in the whole book is that in which Anthony Julian, unexpectedly released by his captors, wanders through a swamp in such loneliness that for want of some animate company he throws his arms around a tree trunk. This is the real meaning of the book—the old conflict between isolation and absorption that has occupied thinkers and artists since the beginning of time. As for its political solution, the alternatives are probably never so drastic as they are here made, never a choice between the hypnosis of fascism and the day-dream of democracy. The individual needs some background against which to see the outline of his shadow: the real alternative would be a society which would give him a chance to measure that shadow.

William Troy

Tall Timber

Honey in the Horn. By H. L. Davis. Harpers and Brothers. $2.50.

AT the time when the *American Mercury,* with Mencken at the helm, was going in for local color, for rough-hewn, native American pieces, H. L. Davis and James Stevens were the lone, literary ambassadors from the tall timber of the Pacific Northwest. With the passing of this initial, somewhat forced growth of "indigenous" writing, the prose of Mr. Stevens and the poetry of Mr. Davis suffered an eclipse. Now, however, Mr. Davis has received the 1935 Harper Prize award for "Honey in the Horn," a novel so reminiscent of the Paul Bunyan stories as to bring nostalgic tears to the eyes of an old reader of the changeling *Mercury.*

"Honey in the Horn" is not a fantasy; its boy-girl plot is unrolled in straight, realistic fashion; yet in its use of hyperbole, its full-blown, homely metaphors, its poker-faced humor, it bears a plain family resemblance to the tall tales Mr. Stevens used to tell. As a novel it is a flat failure; its virtues are those of a folk tale; its value is anthropological.

The period of Mr. Davis's novel is the early nineteen hundreds; the setting is the state of Oregon, from the homestead farm lands in the east, through valley hop fields and mountainous grazing land, to the Indian fishing villages on the coast. As comprehensive as an encyclopedia article is Mr. Davis's study of the customs, characters, and occupations of the Oregon settlers. Imbedded in each chapter are chunks of historical information. There are dissertations on agriculture, on hunting and fishing, on Indian tribal customs; and a million varied human specimens are on display, earmarked, well catalogued, like livestock at a county fair. Storekeepers, sheriffs, harvest hands, strike-breakers, Indian bucks and squaws and whores, wagon trains of migratory settlers, gamblers, horse traders, gun-toting desperadoes elbow each other for space in these hard-packed pages. It is from these myriad thumbnail characterizations, in which each individual, though briefly glimpsed, is so highly colored that he seems like the hero of a minor saga, from the literal descriptions of flora and fauna, from the occasional bright nuggets of rustic philosophy, that the novel gets its modicum of life. Unfortunately, this blend of folklore and history is presented not for its own sake but simply as a backdrop for a faltering, mystery-romance story involving a pair of lovers. The heroine is a beautiful, savage, straight-shooting adolescent; the hero, a morose, untutored boy of seventeen, whose character is so amorphous that it persists, at odd moments, in merging with that of the author. These personalities, thinly imagined, indistinct, are too weak to support the mass of detail with which the book is stocked, and what might have been an entertaining non-fiction portrait of early Oregon becomes a tiresome, maladroit novel. The unflagging, chest-thumping virility of Mr. Davis's style does nothing to give his book either distinction or interest although his prose transcription of the Western drawl is occasionally amusing.

MARY McCARTHY

A Catholic Liberal

Thomas More. By R. W. Chambers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

PROFESSOR CHAMBERS, a specialist in sixteenth-century English history, has performed an invaluable service in this timely biography of Thomas More. The study of More's life is timely because it marks the four-hundredth anniversary of his death at the hands of Henry VIII and his recent canonization by the Pope. The biography justifies the canonization of More as a Catholic saint and also explains the tardiness of the church in recognizing him as a saint. For More was a humanist, a Renaissance scholar, and an internationalist. He was in fact a Catholic liberal; and his liberalism seems to have retarded his ultimate recognition even as his martyrdom for the Catholic faith seems to have made it inevitable. Tardy or not, the Catholic church chose an opportune time to raise him to the company of saints. More died protesting that he was "the King's good servant but God's first." Those words have a unique relevance to the modern European situation, where, particularly in Germany, Catholicism has again become a bulwark of the individual conscience against the claims of the totalitarian state.

Professor Chambers's book, which combines a meticulous scholarship in details with profound insights into the meaning of the dominant historical forces of More's era, is chiefly designed to prove that More was not the paradoxical figure and the creature of antithetical moods delineated by most of his biographers. It is true he was both a Renaissance scholar and an English lawyer; both an intimate friend of the internationalist, Erasmus, and the courtier of Henry VII, the author and instrument of a rising nationalism; both a semi-ascetic who wore a hairshirt to his dying day, and the Lord Chancellor of England; both a preacher of tolerance and a judge of heretics; an advocate of divorce in his "Utopia," who lost his head because he would not sanction Henry's divorce of Catherine.

While Professor Chambers does not resolve all these contradictions he does make the thesis very plausible that they are derived from a perfectly unified world view, the view of the Catholic liberalism, known as humanism, of which Thomas More was, next to Erasmus, the most brilliant exponent. If, in his Utopia, men are guided purely by the light of reason, that does not mean, according to the biographer, that More wanted to dispense with the Catholic faith. It meant only that he followed the theory of medieval schoolmen that men are guided by the natural law of reason and that the insights of the Christian faith are added to this natural law. The thesis of More's Utopia was: The Christian nations are condemned by the fact that the light of reason alone ought to guarantee a greater justice than they have achieved. He did not draw the conclusion from this argument which the eighteenth century would have drawn and did draw. He did not desire the elimination of faith. The equalitarian tendencies of his Utopia are ample proof that his ideal commonwealth was not modeled after Plato. Plato and Aristotle taught that inequalities were natural and inevitable. Catholic theologians followed the Stoics in a rationalistic equalitarianism, which they relegated, however, to a Golden Age.

The fact that More opposed Henry's papal tendencies in the first part of his reign and lost his head later because he would not accept Henry's usurpation of the spiritual headship of the church—that too is not an inconsistency. "The essential thing is that More warned Henry against committing himself too much to the Italian ruler who is 'a prince as you are'; and then also gave his life for the spiritual primacy. In this, as in almost everything else, Henry is the exact antithesis of More; Henry devoted the first half of his reign to promoting the interests of the 'small Italian princedom' and the second to destroying the spiritual primacy." Professor Chambers's contention that some of the misunderstanding of More is caused by the judgments of later "liberals" whose liberalism was informed by the new nationalistic and foreigner's influences, whereas More's liberalism thoroughly conformed to medieval presuppositions, not only is convincing but gives valuable clues for the understanding of subsequent history.

However great the difference between More's type of medieval liberalism and that of the eighteenth and nineteenth century, the two are similar in the pathos of their disappointed hopes. Upon the accession of Henry VIII to the throne one of the followers of Erasmus in England wrote: "Heaven laughs and the earth rejoices; everything is full of milk and honey and nectar. Avarice has fled the country. Our king is not after gold or gems or precious metal but virtue, glory, and immortality." The sorry realities of Henry's reign stand in the same relation to this naive estimate of his virtue as does the present state of the world to the high hopes of the eighteenth century.

Professor Chambers has not only given us a convincing picture of a great character but he has thrown light upon the whole sixteenth century and in addition he has made its issues relevant to our own.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

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Analysis of Renoir's Art

The Art of Renoir. By Albert C. Barnes and Violette De Mazia. Minton, Balch and Company. $5.

ALTHOUGH Renoir is acknowledged to be one of the two greatest modern painters, there was no study of him available in English until the publication of this book, which undertakes a sustained analysis of his development and of his relations to the traditions in which he was so deeply rooted. One who is acquainted with the authors' previous studies and with their educational work at the Barnes Foundation can think of no one better qualified for the task. The result of their research is a serious technical job, addressed to the task of objective analysis and exhaustively documented.

The first part of the book is given up to a statement of the method which guided the authors in their work. Much of this will be familiar to the student of aesthetics and to those acquainted with the introductions which the authors have written for their two previous volumes or with the more extended statement of his principles which Mr. Barnes made in "The Art in Painting." The second part of the book consists of a minute study of Renoir's development from 1860 to 1918. The "apotheosis" of this growth is found to have taken place in a Bathing Group, of 1916, and the analysis of this picture (pages 144-150) is only one illustration of the fact—evident throughout the whole study—that the authors react more sensitively, more fully, and in a better-integrated manner to aesthetic values in painting than any other contemporary writer with whom the reviewer is acquainted. This second part is supplemented by an Appendix, containing some eighty single analyses of important canvases of the master, and by 158 illustrations. A study of Renoir's relations to two great traditions of European painting—the Venetian and the eighteenth-century French—follows the inquiry into the development of Renoir's form. Here the authors seek to demonstrate that in the integration of the plastic values of his canvases through color, in his imaginative handling of light, which infuses bright and dark colors alike and thus replaces the Venetian soberness and density, in the spontaneity of his drawing and in the rhythmic interdependence of the whole composition, through which Renoir achieves a dynamic organization of solid volumes in space—in short, in every important respect, Renoir carried the traditions from which he stemmed to "expressive and decorative heights never before attained in the history of painting." What made such success possible was Renoir's endowment of unsurpassed technical resourcefulness, plastic imagination, and a perennially fresh interest in the world.

But even if one should disagree with the high estimate of Renoir at which the authors arrive, the central value of the book would remain unimpaired. For its value does not depend upon ex cathedra dicta regarding the order of rank of Western painting. Its value lies chiefly in the manner in which the method is applied to compel the reader to carry on a personal inspection of Renoir and of the artists to whom he is related. What they point to in concrete terms one may find in the canvas, if one knows how to look at pictures; but the value one may put upon it will certainly vary within a wide range.

And yet the work has a much wider implication, and other important practical uses besides. For in their conception of growth and of perception, which the authors have borrowed from Dewey and which they have adapted to the aesthetics of painting, they furnish us, it seems to me, with the only basis upon which the vital art practice of any period can be adequately defended against the protean attacks of the philistines. The old philistinism attacked modern painting because it refused to use only those forms which were approved by officially consecrated mediocrity. The new philistinism is too sophisticated to phrase its objections in the old terms. But at bottom its attacks amount to the same thing. Contemporary painters are being told that it is time to quit experimenting and to begin to consolidate the technical gains of the last seventy-five years. But what they are really asked to do of course is to give up their integrity as artists. Experiment is of the very essence of art. Artists who have no need to experiment have ceased to grow, and are, for all artistic purposes, dead. Analysis such as is found in this book is the most effective answer to the truculence of the new philistinism. For this analysis demonstrates objectively and by concrete citation what aesthetics can only state in very general terms, namely, that the so-called regionalist, the political, and such other contemporary movements in painting, in so far as they emphasize literary content at the expense of plastic values, lead in the end to artistic suicide. And as a corollary this book also serves to demonstrate in a concrete and objective fashion that while the painter expresses not only the purely visual aspects of his world but also whatever human values may inhere in the visual, he can express the latter only through his plastic means, nor can the manner of expression and the values expressed ever be thought of by the painter as distinct. There is nothing new about all this. But in the light of the current popular fallacies which infest criticism and seem even to affect the practice of the artists, it is today very much in need of reiterated demonstration.

ELISEO VIVAS

Mr. Justice Cardozo

Mr. Justice Cardozo: A Liberal Mind in Action. By Joseph P. Pollard. The Yorktown Press. $3.

THE liberal judge resembles the liberal in politics chiefly in a genuine open-mindedness toward both sides of an issue. He is able to see that a rule which applies to an employer should also apply to his workmen, even though it favors them. But in such impartiality, which is rare enough, the resemblance ends. The judge cannot be militant to right an uneven balance. His law-making power, now no longer covert, is still interstitial within a private-property profit system, and generated only in the occasional case. Usually he must defer to the legislature or refer a large wrong to its remedial wisdom. But in interpreting statutes already passed, his liberalism typically consists of an unliteral fidelity to their widest social effectiveness.

Cardozo has been preeminent in implanting his own insistence "that the judge is under a duty, within the limits of his power of innovation, to maintain a relation between law and morals, between the precepts of jurisprudence and those of reason and good conscience." He has been admirably unpharisaical, but neither as forward-pressing as the pragmatic bent of his thought would seem to vouchsafe nor as willing to subordinate law to ethics as his revolt against insulated legalism, and the non-pragmatic recognition of a distinction between intelligence and goodness, would augur. Still one would wish to see revised editions of his trilogy of jurisprudential writings, since none of the lawmen have been so willing as he to go beyond a previous cast of thought or expose to scrutiny the judicial technics.

Mr. Pollard's book is no philosophic presentation of Cardozo's thought but consists almost entirely of a quilting of his decisions in various areas—personal injury, family strife, crime, labor troubles, business and government, et cetera—with just enough dilution to admit lay intelligibility. This critical arrangement reveals peculiarly the tenor of Cardozo's mind and his influence on New York law. It also reinforces

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by MARGARET MARSHALL

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Social Security Under the New Deal
by ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

sharply the need for acquaintance with the mind of the dominating judge if one is to know the law in the realistic sense in which Holmes defined it—as prediction of what the courts will do in fact. A political scientist reading Cardozo's decisions in the chapter on the Workmen's Compensation Act found no principle of order. A good lawyer, familiar with the bent of Cardozo's mind but not with this branch of law, found it possible to guess his decisions in all but one doubtful case.

Cardozo was the sole dissenter in the oil case, but his liberal reading of constitutional provisions since his appointment to the Supreme Court still cannot go beyond a certain point in respect to basic issues of national regulation of interstate commerce, delegation of legislative authority, and due process. Drawn up short in the third Negro disfranchisement case from Texas, which finally succeeded in its perverse objective, and forced to concur in the Schechter case, he shows clearly in these decisions, made since the publication of Mr. Pollard's book, what constitutional limitations are, even to the most benevolent and discerning interpreter. They serve to point clearly the lesson either of patient respect for forms of government or drastic change in our federal system. A law restricting the power of the court to declare acts unconstitutional would not be enough.

Not only as one of the small company of outstanding American judges listed by Pound in his Foreword but also as avowed philosophic jurist, Cardozo takes his place as successor to Holmes. His thought is more eclectic, less strictly philosophic, and less strikingly individual. But his liberalism is more sympathetic to reform, more like that of Brandeis though less economically informed, rather than simply the wide Holmesian tolerance of experiment. His style, still to be hailed by literary anthologists, is more sinuous and baroque, less incisive but equally eloquent, and marks as memorably the imprint of a man upon the law which he has helped to create.

The book is still to be written which would yield a psychograph of the man together with a critical analysis of his philosophy as found in his addresses and juristic writings as well as in his decisions. The connection between his Jewish heritage, his respect for the dignity of man, and his sympathy for the oppressed, between his bachelordom and his concern for family solidarity, his gentleness of nature and his judicial strength, his philosophic outlook and his specific decisions, awaits illumination at the hands of the biographer who should rise to such competence. BERYL HAROLD LEVY

Shorter Notices

Fuel. By Wilfrid Gibson. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Wilfrid Gibson, in 1915, was a fairly important minor Georgian. Following the lead of Masefield and Kipling, he was one of those who helped banish from poetry the *fin de siècle* machinery of troubadours and lilies and sighing damsels. Today, after twenty years, Gibson is unchanged. There is still in his poems the conscious effort to impregnate the common raw materials of life with poetic significance; and there is still the passionate romantic thrust, the preoccupation with the immediate emotion, that characterized all the Georgians. On the whole, "Fuel" has all the virtues and all the faults of the better grade of Georgian verse. Mr. Gibson has managed to temper a little the faintly adolescent enthusiasms that marred the poetry of the younger Georgians; but if he gains thereby in balance and moderation, he suffers a proportionate loss in brute poetic drive. We are not much impressed today by the admittance of skyscrapers and coal mines into poetry—both have become poetic staples—and it is unfortunately just this marriage of poetry to the tangibles of modern life that is Mr. Gibson's chief stock-in-trade. These poems may be fully as good as his earlier volumes, as I think they are. But it is impossible that they should have upon the mind of 1935 the same startling impact the earlier poems had upon the mind of 1915. Written by a younger man, these poems would be simply anachronistic. Coming from Wilfrid Gibson, they are still somewhat irrelevant to our own day; but they form an honorable and not unimportant addition to the corpus of pre-war verse.

Spangled Banner. The Story of Francis Scott Key. By Victor Weybright. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Mr. Weybright appears to have told everything that is worth knowing about the author of our national anthem except how Key's name should be pronounced. Thanks to his industrious researches, Key appears as a man of considerably more importance than has generally been thought. He was born (prematurely and out of doors, according to local tradition) into the best planter society of Maryland, won distinction as a lawyer, helped to organize the American Colonization Society and was one of its vice-presidents, enjoyed the intimate friendship of Roger B. Taney and John Randolph, served for some years as district attorney for the District of Columbia, and successfully adjusted the controversy between the United States and Alabama over the lands of the Creek Indians. All this, however, has been forgotten, and he is remembered only as the prisoner of war who composed "The Star-Spangled Banner" while the British fleet was bombarding Fort McHenry in the War of 1812. Mr. Weybright gives a lively account of the episode and assembles a good deal of information about the history of the song. It was "perhaps unfortunate," he thinks, that the words and music were made by law the national anthem, in 1931, since they were "already practically recognized as such" by that time and "scarcely needed Congressional sanction." The New York *World,* after remarking that the tune is "quite unsingable, except by professionals, and probably there is nothing to do about it," saw "virtue" in the fact "that it does require a wide compass, so that school children cannot sing it, and that it is in three-four time, so that parades cannot march to it." The poem, of course, is not bad as such productions go, but it would be interesting to know how many patriots could recite any but its first and last stanzas.

On Economic Planning. Edited by Mary L. Fledderus and Mary van Kleeck. Covici-Friede. $3.

This is distinctly not just another book on planning. The conference of the International Industrial Relations Institute at which the papers contained in this book were presented had as its objective planning which "can end unemployment, establish security, and raise standards of living." By definition this excluded the great bulk of the so-called planning that has been in evidence during the depression—restrictive, piecemeal controls which have been established for the sole purpose of restoring profits. The importance of this distinction is amplified in the introductory chapter by Dr. Alfons Goldschmidt, director of the newly formed Social Economic Laboratory, who argues that fascist or Nazi "planning" is a contradiction of all of the principles of social economic planning and is in reality but an ill-concealed attack on working-class living standards. Valerian V. Ossinsky, vice-chairman of the Soviet State Planning Commission, contributes a detailed and comprehensive study of the principles and results of Soviet planning; these are admittedly far more in harmony with those which the conference was seeking for the United States. Miss van Kleeck closes with a concrete, realistic discussion of the objectives and problems of economic planning in the United States. The book is not a blueprint of a new social order, but it presents a challenge to thoughtful men to begin preparations for such a chart.

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Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

WITH HUEY LONG filibustering until the last minute, the Seventy-fourth Congress managed to adjourn on its second attempt. The indescribable chaos which marked its last hours, following the revolt of Southern Senators against the cut in the AAA cotton loan, was merely the climax of a riotous session. Yet despite differences between the Administration and Congress on many major issues and constant friction between the two houses, an impressive amount of significant legislation was enacted. The social-security bill, though grossly inadequate and defective, must nevertheless rank among the most far-reaching pieces of legislation ever adopted by an American Congress. Add to this the banking bill, the utilities act, the gigantic appropriation for public works, the Wagner labor bill, the recent neutrality legislation, the Guffey bill, and the increased income and estate taxation, and one has a record of legislative achievement exceeded only, perhaps, by the Seventy-third Congress. Looked at from the standpoint of the needs of the American people in the sixth year of the depression, however, the record is by no means satisfactory. The great majority of the eleven million unemployed are still wholly unprovided for, and the demise of the NRA left the millions of employed without protection in the matter of hours and wages. The great accumulations of wealth are practically untouched by Roosevelt's widely heralded tax measures, and our antiquated and outworn tariff and commercial policies—which lie at the root of the depression—remain fundamentally the same as in the heyday of post-war insanity.

THE HAMILTON FISH MENTALITY of certain State Department officials doubtless explains the otherwise inexplicable protest filed by the United States against the recent conference of the Third International in Moscow. Surely the existence of the Comintern is scarcely news, even to the State Department. Nor has the affiliation of the American Communist Party with the Third International ever been kept secret. The Communist Party is a legal organization which has for its purpose the socializing of our economic order—an aim shared, according to the Republicans, by all the members of the New Deal. These facts were all known in November, 1933, and there has been no change in the situation since that date. That Soviet representatives in this country have scrupulously refrained from the least connection with American political activities is incontrovertible. No one has even accused them of interfering in our affairs. The protest was based solely on the participation of American Communists in a conference held on Soviet soil and on remarks made by them which were said to indicate Comintern influence in the American political scene. In asking the Soviet government to prevent Americans from participating in the Comintern, we are in effect asking the Soviets to do our own dirty work for us. We do not and legally cannot object to Communist activity in this country. But we do object, apparently, to our Communists making speeches about the American political situation in foreign countries. Just what the State Department expects the Soviet government to do is not clear. Surely it is not so unrealistic as to expect it to ban the Third International altogether. We suspect that what it really wishes to prevent is the further use of the Comintern as a sounding board for mass discontent and disaffection in this country.

IT HAPPENED ONCE BEFORE in the brief history of the Third Reich that a minister stated his case in the forum of public opinion and defied the Propaganda Ministry by distributing his speech to the German people. Vice-Chancellor von Papen, after his famous Marburg address, by a mere accident escaped death in Hitler's blood purge of June 30, 1934. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht is in no such danger. After Schacht's recent speech in opposition to Nazi Jew-baiting, Julius Streicher and his rowdies of the S. A. and the Hitler Youth arranged a number of noisy street demonstrations demanding Schacht's removal, but farther than that the matter will not go. Dr. Schacht has announced his financial plans for the immediate future. On September 1 he will convert public treasury (short-term) notes amounting to one billion marks into ten-year bonds, the third refunding operation since the beginning of 1935. The savings banks will be forced to take half of this new issue, although they have already advanced the state a billion marks. But since these institutions have estimated aggregate deposits of close to twelve billion marks, the German government should find it a simple matter to extract another four or five billions from the same source in the next three or four years. The other five hundred millions the government will take from the reserves of the business banks. With this financial reserve the Nazi dictatorship will be in a position to pay for its armaments and its job-producing enterprises for some time to come. Under present conditions it would be hopeless to try to float a bond issue for anything approaching that amount in the open market. The future of the Third Reich is too uncertain. The public, especially the moneyed interests, have no exalted faith in its ability to meet its obligations one, or two, or ten years hence. By using the savings of the masses to convert short-term notes into long-term bonds, Schacht leaves the Reichsbank free of government paper to accumulate funds for a possible emergency. Insurance companies, business banks, savings banks, mortgage banks, and the gold-discount bank must invest hard cash in these exceedingly doubtful government bonds. The Reichsbank holds its fists in its pockets that it may the better come to the assistance of the Nazi regime should a crisis arise. The Reichsbank is Hitler's last hope. Its president can challenge even Streicher and Goebbels with impunity.

SOME YEARS AGO General Erich von Ludendorff propounded the theory that the Jews, Catholics, and Masons started the World War for their own separate and collective good. Since then he has specialized in the international crimes of the Jews, and now, according to the Associated Press, he has developed the remarkable thesis that "Jews are deliberately fomenting extreme nationalism in Japan in order to imbue the Japanese with the idea of a world mission and then to bolshevize the nation." From this the Jews "expect to make vast gains." The theory is a beautiful one, but unfortunately it conceals a boomerang. There are about 1,000 Jews in Japan, while the total population of the country is some 65,000,000. Thus, one Jew must be more effective spiritually and intellectually than 65,000 Japanese. But the Japanese, according to Nazi philosophy, are almost as good as the Aryan Germans. Hence every Jew in Japan becomes as effective as, let us say, 50,000 German Aryans. But this conflicts with another tenet of the general's philosophy, to wit, that no Jew can conceivably be as good as even one German in any branch of human endeavor. The general, great thinker that he is, no doubt has a solution for this disturbing equation.

SOCIAL CREDIT scored its first important political victory on the North American continent when it captured fifty-six out of sixty-three seats in the recent Alberta provincial elections. This triumph was obtained by an astute application of much the same kind of tactics as those employed by the Townsend movement in this country. Instead of promising $200 a month to persons over sixty years of age, the social-credit adherents guarantee that everybody will receive at least $25 a month when their plan is perfected. While William Aberhart, leader of the Alberta movement, is somewhat vague about how this sum is to be raised, he insists that it entails no "gigantic scheme for taxation." Proponents of the social-credit theory believe that the amount of money available for the purchase of consumers' goods is always considerably less than the aggregate cost of the goods. They would eliminate the resulting gap between production and effective consumer demand by issuing credit to be used solely for the purchase of consumers' goods. This "basic dividend" would supposedly be sufficient to cover the necessities of food, clothing, and shelter. The inflationary effects of pumping a vast amount of new purchasing power into the system would be avoided, according to Mr. Aberhart, by establishing a "just price" for all commodities, and by regulating the price spread. The catch in the scheme, of course, is that it is unadulterated inflation, and no law on earth can keep prices down if the relative amount of the purchasing medium is increased. But inflationary projects have always made a strong appeal to a debt-ridden population, and it is possible that the results of the Alberta election may put new life into the moribund Douglas movement in this country.

WHEN HARRY HOPKINS was director of relief in New York State, he characterized the scheme of work-for-relief then in vogue in New Jersey as an "illegal system of forced labor." Such procedure, he said, fostered the very unwholesome attitude that relief clients should be grateful for the aid they received, whereas, if eligible for relief, they were entitled to such assistance "by virtue of being citizens." The Works Progress Administration in New York City has announced that persons on home relief who refuse to take WPA jobs at the "security wage" will be cut off relief and then arrested for non-support of their families. Mr. Hopkins's principles, like the American standard of living, are deteriorating. The head of a family of four on home relief, according to the New York *Times,* receives about $53 and is often able to pick up a few days' work, although this is forbidden, to increase his income. At the "security wage" he will get $55 a month, but will have practically no chance of earning extra income; he must also spend money for carfare and lunches. In a word, he and his family will have even less than they have been getting, and if anyone imagines that even two dollars more or less are not an important consideration he has never lived on a budget of $55 a month for four people. It will be a pretty spectacle when the Domestic Relations Court convicts its first victim for refusing to reduce his family's already deficient diet. We hope Mr. Hopkins and General Johnson will be present.

MEANWHILE white-collar workers have even less use for the "security wage" than bricklayers. When a thousand to fifteen hundred of them picketed General Johnson's office, they received assurances that no one would be fired for taking part in the protest, and a worker thus discriminated against was restored to her job. But two days later Dr. Harold G. Campbell, Superintendent of Schools, announced that he had discharged fifty-nine play-school teachers provided for the Board of Education by the Works Progress Administration. The charge against them, he said, was that they had abandoned their classes to join in the demonstration. The number has risen to 107 and Dr. Campbell refuses even to discuss the question. General Johnson, while assuring them they would not be taken off the payrolls and would be transferred to other jobs immediately, has passed the responsibility to the Board of Education by stating that it is the final judge of the qualifications of teachers assigned to it. The teachers, many of whom hold licenses, have brought forth strong evidence to show that the charge of abandoning their classes is false. By careful prearrangement, in order to prevent any such charge, the children were left under adequate supervision. Mr. Campbell's accusation is leveled against trained and experienced teachers, some of whom have worked steadily winter and summer for two years without vacation or sick leave. By being transferred to other jobs they must take up work for which they are not trained; what worries the teachers even more is the possibility that they will be barred from winter education projects to which in former years they have been assigned at the close of play-school work. The real reason for their discharge is their participation in the stoppage for which General Johnson has promised there shall be no dismissals. Mr. Campbell and the Board of Education should be forced to meet the issue, and General Johnson is in a position to make them do so.

LOBBYING is rapidly developing into one of our major industries. From a swift survey of one recent week's newspapers the average citizen must wonder if there is a prominent man alive who has not drunk a cocktail with B. B. Robinson to save widows and orphans from the death sentence, dined with a shipping magnate to save the American merchant marine, and made whoopee with a blonde for the general good of the country—there must, by the way, be more blondes in Washington than in any single Scandinavian country. As Congress closes, its various committees have fifteen major inquiries planned or in process. The only one on the list in which we dare to make a presumption of innocence is the inquiry into all matters pertaining to replacement and conservation of wild life. The others include the two investigations of the power lobby and an inquiry into an alleged super-lobby maintained by the chain-store interests, an examination of bankruptcy and receivership proceedings in the federal courts, and an inquiry into international banking during the World War. Even with Congress adjourned, the newspapers are assured of a brilliant fall season, with bigger and better scandals involving our best people.

LILY-WHITE schools and colleges may be heading for legal extinction along with lily-white jury panels in the South. The precedent set in the Scottsboro case has encouraged a series of assaults on other forms of racial discrimination conducted through the office of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In Maryland a graduate of Amherst, Donald Gaines Murray, was excluded from the state university law school on the ground that he was a Negro. Mr. Murray sued the president of the university and the state Board of Regents and obtained a court order directing the university to admit him. The university has entered an appeal, stating that since the court order was obtained "several other applications by members of the colored race for admission to the Law School of the University of Maryland have been received. . . . That one application by a colored student has been received for admission to the Pharmacist School. . . . That also there have been received and are on file applications by colored students for admission to the College of the University of Maryland." The appeal rather plaintively points out that these applications must be ruled on one way or the other before the opening of the college in September. The university claims that scholarships are provided for colored students in professional schools outside the state and that this constitutes the "equal educational facilities" required by law. In Virginia a Negro girl, a former student in a Northern college, has applied for admission to the state university as a graduate student. Similar applications are pending in Missouri. Each case will be fought through, if necessary to the Supreme Court, in order that definite precedents may be established.

NEGOTIATIONS have been completed between Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles and representatives of the government of Panama for a treaty which promises to rectify many of the abuses cited in Carleton Beals's recent article in *The Nation* and discussed on another page of this issue in letters from Mr. Beals and the executive secretary of the Canal. The new treaty bans armed intervention by our forces. It will permit Panama to build a trans-Isthmian highway and to construct radio broadcasting and receiving stations, a right hitherto reserved to the Canal Zone and the United Fruit Company. Obviously the new treaty is generous compared with those which previous Administrations sought to force down Panama's throat. The question is, To what extent will its enlightened purposes be carried out in practice? According to present regulations Panamanians are not to be discriminated against in the hiring of outside workers for the Canal Zone, but in practice this rule has been largely ignored. During the last trouble in Panama the United States carefully abstained from armed intervention, but it nevertheless violated the treaty of 1903 by refusing to permit the constituted authorities to transport troops over the canal and the railroad. Panama thereby got a much better government—the best, in fact, that it has ever had—but who will deny that this was intervention? Unless the United States learns to make its practice conform more closely to its treaty obligations, the latest revisions will have little more than academic value.

WE NOTE with no surprise that the recent war maneuvers of the army and the National Guard have revealed "serious and startling deficiencies in equipment and in officer and 'non-com' personnel." Only five of our tanks, it is said, are "serviceable," the rest being inefficient, costly to operate, and out of date. The whole army seems to be enmeshed in a maze of red tape, and to lag far behind foreign forces. Offhand we cannot remember any army maneuvers, either in this country or abroad, which did not reveal similar weaknesses. The recent British air maneuvers, for example, appear to have been organized for the sole purpose of frightening the British public into contributing more money for aviation. That we can understand, for there can be no doubt that Great Britain is highly vulnerable to an attack from the air. But our War Department has no such excuse. If the present army authorities cannot provide the United States with an army sufficiently strong to cope with Mexico, Canada, or any force likely to invade the country on an annual appropriation of more than $400,000,000—to say nothing of the PWA grants—the remedy is not to increase appropriations but to abolish the army as a useless luxury.

Sanctions or War?

THE speed with which temporary neutrality legislation was rushed through Congress dramatizes the American people's passionate abhorrence of war. Seldom in our history has a spontaneous demonstration of the popular will been translated more quickly into action. The fact that the bill as finally adopted was satisfactory neither to the Senate isolationists, such as Nye and Clark, nor to the State Department does not rob it of its value. Even in its emasculated form it serves notice on our financial and industrial interests that another war to save profits would encounter far more determined opposition than the last one.

To assume, however, that the passage of the Pittman resolution removes all danger of our being involved in the war now looming in Africa would be fantastic. Wars are not stopped by expressions of peaceful intent. Wilson's reelection in 1916 on a "he kept us out of war" platform was fully as emphatic a declaration for peace as the present neutrality laws. Yet while the votes were being counted, powerful forces were drawing us irresistibly into the conflict. These same forces are in existence today, only slightly modified by the new neutrality legislation. It is true that from now on it will be illegal to export "arms, ammunition, or implements of war" for use by belligerent states, for American citizens to ride on ships belonging to a nation engaged in war, or for American ships to carry munitions destined for warring countries. These are steps in the right direction. But had they been in effect in 1914, there is no assurance that they would have prevented our entry into the war.

Quite apart from the tremendous influence of British propaganda and the other non-economic factors which predisposed us to enter on the side of the Allies, it is evident that the greed of armament manufacturers was but one of many forces driving us into the struggle. Only a part of our inflated exports to Europe in 1914-18 consisted of articles specifically forbidden under the Pittman resolution. Yet many of the others—including côtton, wheat, copper, chemicals, petroleum, and steel—are as indispensable to the conduct of a war as ammunition and firearms. Had neutrals not furnished Germany with fats in 1914-18 it never would have been able to hold out for four years. And from a business standpoint it makes little difference whether we sell the belligerents potatoes or cannon. An increase in the sale of any article would give some group a vested interest in the war. Credits would be necessary to finance the transaction, and after a certain period there would be a demand for loans to replace credits. The fact that loans would ostensibly be extended to finance the sale of non-military supplies would only make it more difficult for the government to bar their flotation.

On the high seas the problem of neutrality remains practically unchanged. As in the past we may expect that the superior sea power will attempt to enforce a blockade to prevent supplies from reaching the enemy. The inferior power will retaliate by resorting to submarines or aircraft to check the trade of the other. The mere fact that American ships will not be carrying munitions will scarcely protect them against interference from one or both of the warring countries. It is even possible that the weakening of our traditional neutral policy will cause belligerents to have even less hesitancy than in 1917 in challenging America's "rights." Should this lead to the sinking of American ships or the loss of American lives, vociferous elements both in and out of Congress would not hesitate to call for war on the ground that our "national honor" had been violated. No neutrality laws can curb a Hearst or a Chicago *Tribune*.

The truth is that once a major war has started, the chances of remaining out of it are extremely slim. As in combating an epidemic, the best strategy is to prevent the virus from gaining a foothold. And it is at this point that the Pittman resolution with its mandatory embargo provisions raises the most serious problem. If the conquest of Ethiopia is to be prevented, it can only be through a rigorous application of sanctions. Arbitration and conciliation have been tried and have failed. Attempts of the League to exercise moral suasion have proved futile. Old-fashioned diplomacy, with its compromises and concessions, has been no more successful. Mussolini has let it be known that he is committed to a war of aggression and has virtually dared anyone to stop him. Sanctions may also fail, but they present the sole alternative to war. Surely no country was ever more vulnerable to commercial and financial pressure than Mussolini's impoverished domain. With little capital, an unstable currency, an insufficient supply of foodstuffs, and a notoriously backward industry, Italy would be unable to maintain hostilities for six weeks without active foreign aid. If in addition to other sanctions the League would order England and France to close the Suez Canal to troops and supplies from Italy, Mussolini's designs would be completely checkmated.

Obviously it would be futile for the League to invoke economic measures unless it were assured of the full support of the world's greatest commercial nation—the United States. It was particularly unfortunate that the President was forced to accept the mandatory provisions of the Pittman bill on the very day when the British Cabinet was meeting to consider the possibility of applying sanctions. Although the rumor was never confirmed that Great Britain had specifically asked for American cooperation in bringing financial and economic pressure to bear upon Italy, the chances are overwhelming that at least an unofficial inquiry was made. The action taken at Geneva on September 4 will depend very largely on the nature of Washington's reply.

At first sight it would seem that the new neutrality legislation precludes any action on our part in support of the League against an aggressor. The law specifically requires that the arms embargo be imposed on both powers, and since Italy manufactures its own munitions the burden will fall, as is usually the case, on the weaker country. The President has no power to impose a boycott or to declare an embargo on contraband destined for an aggressor. Nor does he have authority under this legislation to forbid American citizens to extend loans and credits to the Italian gov-

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ernment. Fortunately, this does not mean that the Administration's hands would be completely tied should it desire to cooperate in sanctions against Italy. The embargo on "implements of war," which would be automatically applied against both belligerents, could be stretched—by Presidential definition—to cover almost any article which the League might decide to withhold from Italy. The fact that we should be unable to ship these articles to Ethiopia would be of little consequence as long as Ethiopia was able to obtain supplies from other countries. And by a fortuitous chance we already have on our statute books a law which, if enforced, would prohibit the extension of loans or credits to the Italian government while applying no such restriction to Ethiopia—the Johnson act forbidding loans to countries which are in default on their war debts to the United States.

Thus the machinery for at least a limited cooperation with the League is in existence. It remains to be seen whether the Administration has the courage and the imagination to use it. As the wealthiest and strongest of the great nations, the United States has a responsibility for leadership which cannot be shirked without disastrous consequences. Our first duty, clearly, is to caution Italy openly against violation of the Pact of Paris. Should the warning not be heeded, as is likely, the least we can do is to assure the League of our willingness to cooperate as far as our laws will permit in such non-military measures as may be decided upon. Contrary to the general impression, the risk involved in joint action of this type is negligible. Mussolini may shake his fist threateningly at Great Britain when the latter talks of sanctions, but if the United States and the League powers take a common stand he will have little choice except to seek a face-saving compromise. Such a stand is the one guaranty against a war that may destroy all that is left of Western civilization.

Showdown at Geneva

UNTIL the League Council convenes on September 4, things will remain as they are on the Ethiopian front. Italy will send no fliers to Addis Ababa and England will not close the Suez Canal. Everyone connected with the controversy will be occupied with maneuvering for position. It seems incredible that one of the most hard-headed arbiters of international politics should have overlooked the fact that imperialist tensions in Africa are too great to permit any one nation to start trouble without immediate and menacing repercussions.

At present it is obvious that Italy has at least temporarily gained the upper hand. Mussolini met England's talk about closing the Suez Canal with the bold declaration that "sanctions are war," and the subject was quietly dropped. A hastily called Cabinet meeting, it was reported, would make important decisions, but the outcome was the very unsensational announcement that Britain would do nothing before the convocation of the League Council. The transference of the fleet at Malta and the sending of naval reinforcements to the canal are elementary precautions to safeguard British interests against any eventuality.

Everything now depends on Geneva. Though no one knows what will happen there, one can make a fairly confident guess. England will probably come to the Council with new proposals more favorable to Italy than those previously rejected. Reports from Addis Ababa give the impression that the Ethiopian emperor is eager to arbitrate. Unless Mussolini insists on his pound of flesh, it should be possible for the two contestants to come to terms. But if, as seems likely at present, the Duce refuses to budge from his position, England may try to localize the conflict. Sanctions will undoubtedly be a last resort, and will be applied only if assurance of American support is obtained. The danger is that nothing will be done and that Ethiopia will be consigned to the same fate that overtook Manchuria.

Given a choice, the imperialist powers of Europe would have preferred to checkmate this flagrant Fascist attack on an inoffensive nation. But all are slaves to the prevailing insecurity on the Continent. No one knows what the next day will bring. An announcement like that which appeared in the always well-informed *Informazione* in Rome, confirming a previous report from Paris that Mussolini had offered Hitler a military alliance, a ten-year non-aggression pact between Rome and Berlin, and a common offensive against the "democratic" nations of Europe in the event of an "overt act" by the League powers, overshadows all merely humanitarian considerations. Of all the nations of Europe interested in this situation, Austria once more plays the most pathetic role. As officially recognized ward of the Duce it must register enthusiasm for his Ethiopian campaign, though it knows that the price may be its national independence.

France is in the most unpleasant position. It has linked its fate with Italy's in order to defend Austria's independence. But it must have the friendship of Great Britain or fall into the maw of the Fascist Charybdis. If, for instance, Great Britain should move for sanctions against Italy in the coming session of the League Council, France could hardly vote against them knowing as it does that the nations of the Little Entente are too intensely concerned with their own national problems to be reliable allies and that the pro-German tendencies of Bulgaria, Greece, and Hungary may, in a crisis, seriously cripple the position of the French in the Balkans. Without Great Britain, France is in danger of isolation. If the German-Italian alliance becomes a fact, the understanding with Italy will be flimsy protection indeed. In its search for allies France is negotiating for the realization of its old dream, a Danubian federation under French influence.

With the kaleidoscopic suddenness with which issues and nations emerge and disappear in the European picture, England and Italy have suddenly taken on a menacing importance in the affairs of Europe. There is a story current in political Paris which shows that England's role in the conflict has long ceased to be that of the benevolent outsider. Mussolini, it is said, quite bluntly declared to Captain Eden when the latter visited Rome a few weeks ago that he would rather come to a showdown with Great Britain there and then than be subjected to constant and irritating friction. Captain Eden, whose recent diplomatic adventures have shown him to be a very forthright young statesman, retaliated with the admission that the so-called Italo-Ethiopian conflict seemed to have developed into an open contest for supremacy between Italy and Great Britain, in which the former's firm intention to rule the Mediterranean had become disquietingly apparent. There are times, it seems, when the shrewdest of diplomats tire of using their words to conceal their thoughts.

At no time since its inception has Geneva been a more important factor in world affairs. Not that the League has taken or is likely to take an aggressive stand. But with both England and France vitally concerned in its continued existence it has certain obligations toward Ethiopia which cannot be ignored. General Smuts, the South African Premier, explained this a few days ago. If the League fails in its duty in the Abyssinian question, he said, the world will return to the system of individual alliances which existed before the World War. Such a development would seriously disturb the security of the British Empire. Britain must keep the League alive. The stand it takes in Geneva on September 4 will be determined by this paramount consideration.

Farce in Albany

THE New York State Federation of Labor, representing the largest section of the organization, at its recent convention at Albany rejected a proposal for the formation of a labor party and turned down a resolution favoring industrial as against craft unions, threw out a Communist, and proclaimed its whole-hearted support of the Democratic Administration, both national and local. The Albany proceedings were conducted throughout by the high moguls of the A. F. of L. bureaucracy. It was Joseph P. Ryan who led the opposition to the labor-party proposal. "We all know," he said, "such a party would be the desire of Communists, who would attempt to control." It was Mr. Ryan also, as head of the credentials committee, who announced the expulsion of Angelo Savarino, delegate from the Bricklayers' Union in New York City. "The American labor movement has no use for Communists," said Mr. Ryan, who is a one-reason man, "and we will not permit any Communist to sit in this convention." It was William Green who revealed what may come as a surprise to many workers—that Governor Lehman is labor's man of the hour. To be sure, the president of the American Federation of Labor was not very specific. "It is wonderful, indeed," he said, "that a man who, like the Governor, is the product of an entirely different environment from that in which the average worker lives should be able to understand and appreciate so fully the great human needs of the hour." Finally there were only a few dissenting votes when the resolutions committee submitted the indorsement of President Roosevelt for having "demonstrated by word and deed his vital interest in the welfare of the working people" and in particular for his program for "social and economic security of the masses of the people" which "has been enacted into law."

All this is not exactly news, but it serves to emphasize once more the gulf which separates the present leadership of the federation from the American labor it pretends to represent. Even on the basis of the traditional policy of rewarding labor's friends and punishing its enemies, the indorsement of the present Administration does not make sense. According to the Monthly Survey of Business issued by the A. F. of L. itself, the condition of labor in terms of buying power and employment continues to grow worse. "Even before the death of the NRA [i. e., Mr. Roosevelt's policies]" reads the bulletin for June-July, "workers' buying power was gradually losing ground. . . ." As for the color of the President's labor policy, the rank and file remembers, if the bureaucracy does not, such outstanding betrayals as his attempt to persuade labor to accept the notorious no-strike "truce" offered by the steel trust—it was turned down by William Green; his extension of the automobile code, including the Wolman labor board—this controversy led to an open break between the White House and Mr. Green; his overruling, through Mr. Richberg, of the findings of the National Labor Relations Board in the Newspaper Guild and Colt Firearms Company cases; and his insistence on the "security wage," which even the Albany convention denounced—almost in the same breath with its indorsement of the Administration! Finally there is the peripatetic example of Hugh Johnson, who in spite of his strike-breaking sprees from coast to coast continues to enjoy high favor from the White House.

A few weeks ago in Connecticut representatives of 150 locals of the A. F. of L. unanimously voted for the formation of a Connecticut labor party "anti-capitalist in nature," to be based on A. F. of L. unions, independent unions, and other mass organizations, irrespective of present political affiliations. High A. F. of L. officials were conspicuous for their absence, and Miss Perkins was not one of the honored guests and speakers. Instead, its key speaker declared that the movement for a labor party had grown in part out of the bitter experience of the workers in the Colt Fire Arms strike, in which the Richberg-Roosevelt technique in defeating the provisions of Section 7-a was so well illustrated.

In Oregon the annual convention of the State Federation of Labor likewise moved far to the left. It favored the formation of a new party representing "the interests of the producers" and denounced the profit system. "We declare," runs the vigorous resolution, "that the retention of profits by any commercial or financial institution is immoral so long as there is any citizen willing and able to work who is not employed." The convention also rapped the Roosevelt "security wage," and demanded repeal of the criminal-syndicalism law in Oregon; it commended the principles of the Townsend old-age pension plan but stipulated that it be financed by steeply graduated income levies. In Oregon the rank and file has had the recent and bitter experience of seeing a militant strike of some 40,000 lumber workers sabotaged and defeated not so much by any outside agency—though the usual contingent of national guardsmen, state police, and a strike-breaking governor was on hand—as by one of that tribe of labor vice-presidents who support the House of Green and who would rather deal with an employer any time than with a worker who wants to fight for better conditions. The story of how the lumber strike was broken is told on another page of this issue.

American labor, as represented by the Connecticut and Oregon meetings, and the bureaucratic parasites which feed upon it will test their relative strength once more at the A. F. of L. convention in October. The rank-and-file protest will undoubtedly be stronger this year than it was last. Eventually it must make impossible such farcical proceedings as those which passed for a labor convention in Albany.

Issues and Men

Senators Wagner, Nye, and Others

IT was right and proper that Senator Wagner should stand next to the President when the social-security measure was signed, for he more than anyone else had been responsible for getting the bill through Congress and for licking it into the shape in which it was finally passed. He achieved this because he believed heart and soul in this reform and for seven years had been demanding it and creating public sentiment in its behalf. It took endless time and patience, study and hard work to get this legislation through—legislation which will long stand as a landmark and will remain in the front rank of Mr. Roosevelt's achievements. I am well aware that the law is far from what it ought to be, that it is but a beginning, and that it is probably far from satisfying Robert Wagner himself. Still it is a tremendous step forward. I do not intend, however, to discuss the law. I wish only to dwell upon the great service rendered by Mr. Wagner. We do not usually think of him as a Progressive Senator in the sense of his belonging to the little Senatorial group that goes by that name, probably because he, a product of Tammany Hall, is still a pretty good party man. But that is just another reason why we should be grateful for the highly enlightened and intelligent service he has rendered.

I wish particularly to call attention to it by way of additional protest against popular criticism of Congress as either a do-nothing body or one that does too much, and as retarding, therefore, our recovery. If you take your job in Washington seriously, the time you must give to it is overwhelming. You have to deny yourself adequate sleep and rest, many pleasures, and all social life which is not absolutely necessary. Even then one wonders how Congressmen can possibly study and digest half the legislation upon which they are supposed to hold intelligent opinions. Most people think that all a Senator has to do is to sit in his seat from noon on and listen to long and totally unnecessary speeches. They have no idea of the hours Senators must devote to the all-important committee work, the hearings, the drafting, the redrafting, revising, and amending of bills. This is often tremendously exhausting and laborious work. Then there is the mail. How a Senator ever gets through the important letters that come to him is beyond me—even if he has two or three able secretaries.

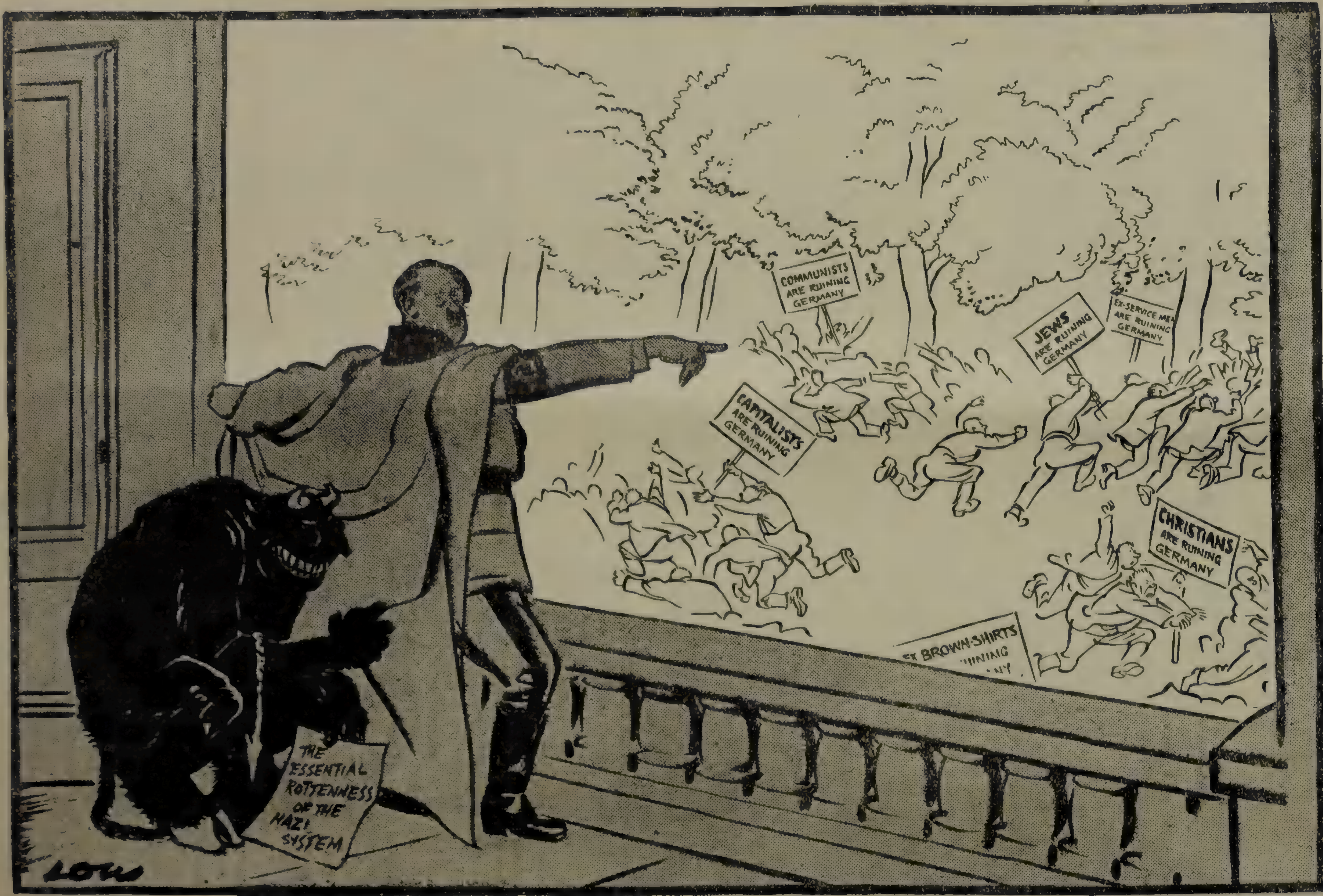
"But," friends say to me, "the trouble is that there are so few men of the kind you describe. They are a mere handful compared to the drones and mossbacks or the demagogues of the Huey Long type." To which my reply is that the group is much larger than liberals realize, because there are hard-working and conscientious men in the other camp who not only do their share in working the machinery of Congress but often make contributions of great value. Take Senator Couzens of Michigan, for example. His experience with big business concerns has often been most useful. Borah, who no longer belongs in the Progressive camp, is one of the hardest-working men in Washington. There are others less conspicuous who bear their share of the brunt of the legislative battle. When it comes to the list of the Progressives and those with progressive sympathies, the number is encouragingly large. Norris, Nye, Frazier, Bone, Schwellenbach, La Follette, Shipstead, Costigan, Wheeler, Clark (in some matters) are not all; Long of Louisiana, Walsh of Massachusetts, Neeley of West Virginia, and a number of others vote progressively on occasion. The emergence of a group of first-term Congressmen enthusiastically progressive, headed by Maverick of Texas and Marcantonio of New York, has been the happiest event of the present Congress. What both groups lack in numbers they make up in earnestness, studiousness, and being constantly on the job; only once was the Senatorial group caught asleep and that was when the infamous Tydings-MacCormack sedition bill was slipped through without a record vote or any fight against it.

The kind of service the group renders has just been admirably illustrated by Senator Nye's jumping in and demanding the passage of the neutrality bill under threat of a filibuster. It was the more creditable because the White House was obviously opposed and the State Department, it has been reported, asked that there be no legislation at this session. But Nye and Bone saw their opportunity and made the most of it, and public opinion rose to them promptly. Here again the thanks of the country are due to Senator Nye. This was not a haphazard happening. Nye has worked up to it by months of engrossing labor on the munitions inquiry, interspersed with much speaking throughout the country to arouse public opinion, a task that makes great additional demands upon his time and strength—I am told that he accepts no fees for these talks. But meanwhile he is supposed to be in his seat with adequate regularity, keep himself informed on pending legislation, serve on other committees, and answer mail, which since the beginning of his munitions work has poured in from all over the world. No, I shall never join in any wholesale denunciation of Congress. Look at the amount of legislation of great importance that has been passed this year. By no means all of it will last, and beyond doubt much of it was hasty. But no one who reads the list of what has been put through can charge Congress with being all talk without accomplishment.

Undoubtedly regrettable compromises have been arrived at in conference committees. That has always been the case, notably in our tariff legislation, and it does not mean that Congress is unworkable or ineffective. It does call for a study of how the procedure of Congress can be speeded up. Meanwhile, I hope the liberals of the country will join me in giving unqualified praise to Senators Wagner and Nye for their recent services.

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


COMMUNISTS ARE RUINING GERMANY
CAPITALISTS ARE RUINING GERMANY
JEWS ARE RUINING GERMANY
EX-SERVICE MEN ARE RUINING GERMANY
CHRISTIANS ARE RUINING GERMANY
EX BROWN-SHIRTS
THE ESSENTIAL ROTTENNESS OF THE NAZI SYSTEM
LOW

"SOON, ADOLF, THERE WILL BE NO ONE LEFT TO BLAME BUT ME AND YOU."

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"Social Security" Under the New Deal

By ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

THE social-security bill was signed by the President on August 14 with a succession of pens and under flood lights—as if to make up for the previous lack of publicity accorded it. Never before in the history of this or any other country has a bill of such great scope and import been passed with public opinion in such a daze about the issues. Unfortunately the present law seems doomed from the start by its complex, slovenly, and mangled character. The subject of social insurance, in which economics, politics, statistics, social policy, trade unionism, wages, and industrial production are intertwined, was barely discussed in the United States prior to the President's message to Congress in June, 1934, when he promised to undertake "the great task of furthering the security of the citizen and his family through social insurance." For more than half a century social-insurance programs have been keen political issues throughout Europe, but here there has not been even academic interest; our newspapers gave the subject no notice until a year ago and have given it very little since. Everywhere abroad social-insurance measures have been championed chiefly by organized labor. Our labor movement has either opposed them or given half-hearted and uninformed support.

No wonder, therefore, that the President's speech of June 8, 1934, fell like a bombshell on the country. The most ardent advocates of social insurance in America were bewildered by its boldness and political audacity. Even more deluding was the almost universal approval which greeted the speech. Everybody jumped on the social-security bandwagon. Governors made it their campaign issues. Congressmen spoke for it. Candidates for state legislatures made it a plank in their platforms. Even candidates for city councils and sheriff's offices felt compelled to declare themselves in favor of social security. And when, on November 6, 1934, the American electorate gave the President the most Democratic Congress in two generations, hopes were raised sky-high.

Like all nine days' wonders, it was too good to be true. The President spoke of "social security," and who could be against that? True, he did mention "social insurance," but why bother to discover the meaning of so strange a term? Of several hundred articles and newspaper stories on social security appearing during the past year, less than a score attempted an analysis of social insurance. Social security was identified with old-age pensions, for an ardent twenty-year campaign for old-age security had brought about a tremendous popular demand for old-age protection. More than half the states had actually adopted pension laws. This movement had gained such popularity that it attracted a galaxy of nondescript promoters ranging from the Fraternal Order of Eagles to the messianic Dr. Townsend. The country was thus clamoring for old-age pensions. But the Administration, symbolized by Madame Secretary Perkins, seemed for a while almost totally unaware of this uproar. Miss Perkins had been principally concerned with the problem of unemployment insurance. As late as November 14, 1934, there was an attempt to confine the federal program to unemployment insurance. At that time the President, in a speech admittedly prepared under Miss Perkins's supervision, said, "I do not know whether this is the time for any federal legislation on old-age security."

This conflict in basic objectives marked only the beginning of the confusion. Difficulties were inherent in the very make-up of the President's Committee on Economic Security. For in creating a committee to study this subject and prepare legislation, the President, instead of setting up an expert commission, intrusted the subject to five of his busiest Cabinet members, already driven to distraction by the many tasks of the New Deal program. The responsibility for formulating the concise and comprehensive legislation fell naturally upon the chairman of the committee, Miss Perkins. For one reason or another Miss Perkins ignored the recognized American students of the problem. A one-day circus was staged in Washington on November 14 with over 300 "experts" in attendance and with the formal speeches so arranged as to frustrate one another. A staff composed largely of complete novices in social insurance or of persons connected with some fringes of the problem was recruited to advise the Cabinet committee. There were also a Technical Advisory Committee of various government office-holders, some fourteen other committees, and an Advisory Council of prominent representatives of the public, employers, and workers.

The direction of the committee's staff came exclusively from the chairman of the Cabinet committee. Since Miss Perkins had no particular panacea for old-age dependency, the staff was comparatively free to work out this phase of the program. Had their recommendations been followed, we might have had a constructive method of meeting the problem of old-age dependency. But Miss Perkins had a palliative for unemployment. Early in 1934 she sponsored the Wagner-Lewis bill providing for the encouragement of unemployment insurance through the tax-offset method. This involved a federal tax on employers' payrolls throughout the nation, to be remitted to employers who paid a duplicating tax under state unemployment-insurance systems.

When, after the nation's reaction to the President's speech of November 14, it became clear that action on old-age security could not be postponed, old-age pensions were added to the security program. Since the old opponents of labor legislation were busy fighting the NRA and other New Deal activities, their opposition to the measure was palsied. They were also convinced that it was useless to fight the swelling tide of enthusiasm for old-age pensions, and they were not much worried about the cumbersome tax-offset method proposed, since they felt this would either be held unconstitutional or prove so complicated and irksome as to nullify itself. There remained only the question of health insurance. Here the reactionary American Medical Association got busy at once and succeeded in suppressing any suggestion for health insurance made by the Cabinet committee, as well as the committee's staff report on health insurance, promised for March 15, 1935.

The Administration had probably never dreamed that it would have to do more for old-age security than establish a system of federal subsidies to states enacting standardized pension laws. Such bills had been before Congress for many years, and committees in two successive Congresses had reported them favorably. This legislation would have passed the Seventy-third Congress had not the President promised a more comprehensive program for 1935. But when the Cabinet committee learned of the future expense involved—considerably exaggerated by the staff because of unfamiliarity with the problem—it indorsed the logical plan of instituting simultaneously a system of contributory compulsory old-age insurance. Although handicapped by a total lack of information on a subject requiring years of study, the staff did draft a reasonable plan, which was approved by the Cabinet committee and incorporated in the original bill.

This plan provided for payroll contributions from employers and employees to reach 2½ per cent each within the next twenty years. Pensions to all insured were to begin in 1942 out of money borrowed from the accumulated fund. After thirty or thirty-five years the federal government was to reimburse the loan. But when the President learned that the federal government would owe the fund more than a billion dollars by 1970 he ordered his Secretary of the Treasury—a member of the Cabinet committee, who apparently had approved this scheme before it was introduced—to insist that under no circumstances would the federal government assume any financial responsibility. The plan must be made self-sustaining.

Under White House pressure the House committee stepped up the contributions to a total of 6 per cent within twelve years. This transfers the entire burden of old-age dependency after 1942 to the backs of the young workers and their employers, to the exclusion of the well-to-do, who have shared in the maintenance of the aged poor since the establishment of the Elizabethan poor-law system three centuries ago. Since industry will make every effort to pass on its levy to the consumers, it means that the young employees—in their dual role of workers and consumers—will bear the major cost of the accumulated problem of old-age dependency. No other nation has ever put into operation a plan of this nature without government contributions derived from the higher-income groups.

The old-age contributory insurance plan is fraught with many other dangers. Enormous reserves, estimated at more than $10,000,000,000 by 1948 and at more than $40,000,000,000 in 1980, are contemplated. These will create a stupendous problem of investment. Experience everywhere indicates that politicians will hardly be able to keep their hands off such easy money. The cold-storaging of so much sorely needed purchasing power not only frustrates the expressed aims of the New Deal but may definitely hamper recovery. The constitutionality of the entire scheme is also extremely doubtful.

In the matter of unemployment insurance the staff's task was even more onerous. Despite violent criticism no other plan except the tax-offset method was countenanced. When the staff's expert on unemployment insurance opposed this plan as ineffective, he was promptly dismissed. His report was never published. Every effort was artfully made to have the Advisory Council indorse the tax-offset method. This body also was ignored and dismissed as of no further use when, after careful deliberation, all the representatives of the employers and of organized labor and some of the outstanding members of the public decided by majority vote against this plan. Only the clumsy, duplicating tax-offset method permitting individual company reserves and making possible a miscellany of forty-eight contradictory state laws with grave constitutional difficulties was permitted to emerge.

The work of the Cabinet committee was shrouded in mystery until the day the bill was introduced. It was prepared in great haste by an inexperienced young Harvard graduate without consultation either with students of the problem or the experienced Congressional draftsmen. It is even doubtful whether all the members of the Cabinet committee examined it. So incompetently and loosely drawn was the bill that its introduction caused a sensation. Although it was completely unintelligible, Administration impatience rushed Congressional hearings at which official spokesmen attempted to explain away the meaninglessness of the drafted bill. Administration spokesmen consumed more than 1,000 of the nearly 2,500 pages of testimony in both houses. Only after these spokesmen were through were others who persisted in their attempts allowed to speak. The House Ways and Means Committee attempted to limit all outside witnesses to five minutes and on one occasion forcibly ejected a Communist spokesman when he overstepped the time limit—a procedure unknown in Congress in many years.

The House committee could not proceed with the bill as presented and ordered its draftsmen to make it intelligible. The latter, unable properly and constitutionally to retain the unemployment-insurance provisions permitting all kinds of individual schemes, limited all state plans to the pooled fund. Angered by the slipshod job presented to it, the committee took the Social Security Administration Board out of the Department of Labor and made it independent. Outside of the contributory old-age insurance plan insisted upon by the White House and the questionable tax-offset scheme the House bill was sound in its federal grants to states for the aged, dependent mothers, and child welfare.

The proponents of social insurance were encouraged by the improvements made in the House. They looked forward to the removal of other faulty features in the Senate. But this was not to be. The Administration was insistent, and few members in either house had time to master the lengthy and complicated bill covering ten different subjects. Convinced that the Administration's choice was "all or nothing," they made up their mind to vote for all. Thus during five full days of Senate discussion not even half a column of the *Congressional Record* was devoted to the prodigious and unprecedented scheme of unemployment insurance, outside of explanatory remarks by the committee chairman and Senator Wagner, the sponsor of the bill. The economically unwise and socially menacing contributory old-age insurance plan was given less than a column in the hundreds of pages of Congressional debate, and that only toward the very end. Only its constitutionality was thoroughly discussed. Senator after Senator declared that this part of the bill is unconstitutional but no one made an effort to amend it to avoid nullification. During the debate on the Clark amendment to exempt private pension schemes from contributory insurance a number of Senators pointed out that this would further complicate the constitutional difficulties. To this Senator Clark replied in typical vein: "The constitutionality of the proposed act is already so doubtful that it would seem to me to be a work of supererogation to bring up the question of constitutionality in regard to the pending amendment."

The Senate bill not only differed much from the original proposal but destroyed every improvement made in the House. The Clark amendment further ruined the old-age contributory plan. The House improvements on unemployment insurance were wiped out by restoring most of the original questionable provisions. Even the simple subsidy plans were undermined by the Russell amendment granting federal pensions in states which have no pensions as yet, thereby pitching the entire subject into the political arena and halting state action for old-age security. At the insistence of the House conferees the Clark amendment was eliminated and the Social Security Board, which the Senate had reinstated in the Department of Labor, was again made independent.

The United States thus possesses a new Social Security Act, just as a short while ago it also possessed a National Industrial Recovery Act and a Railroad Retirement Act. Its fate now lies with the courts. The federal grants for pensions in old age, to dependent mothers, to the blind, and to varied child-welfare and public-health activities are sound and constitutional. They mark truly advanced steps and genuine progress. The unemployment-insurance and old-age contributory insurance plans, however, are administratively and socially unwise.

The effect this bill may have on the American social-insurance movement is of vital importance. Social insurance is recognized today as offering the only practicable instrument for meeting the problem of insecurity arising from modern industrial development. It is used in communist as well as capitalist and fascist countries. Its chief asset lies in its power to distribute the cost over all groups in society—the rich as well as the poor. But in placing the entire burden of insecurity upon the workers and industry, to the exclusion of the well-to-do in the nation, the present social-security bill violates the most essential modern principles of social insurance. There is also grave danger that the administrative perplexities inherent in the bill, to say nothing of possible court nullification, may deal a death blow to the entire movement in the United States.

Germany Codifies Lynch Law

By EMIL LENGYEL

Berlin, August 15

GERMAN criminal law has been one of the pet objects of Nazi vociferations. The Nazi journals have pointed out the anomaly of living under a "heroic" Teutonic regime while at the same time having to apply a system of laws conceived by such French sob-sisters as the Encyclopedists and Rousseau. Even impartial observers saw the inconsistency of protecting the defendants in criminal trials with constitutional safeguards while exposing the rest of Germany to unmitigated tyranny. This anomaly is now at an end, and if it should occur to some Nazi leaders to stage another Reichstag fire, they could be sure that the defendants would be condemned whatever the evidence.

The change was effected through the Penal Code Amendment Law, which was promulgated on July 5 and will go into effect on September 1. It has been described by Dr. Hans Frank, President of the Academy for German Law and Reichsminister Without Portfolio, as revolutionary. The law codifies Nazi lynch justice, divorces jurisprudence from impartiality, and makes the National Socialist *Weltanschauung* the guiding star of criminal trials. This revolution in German law is accomplished, first, by making the judges entirely subservient to Nazi ideology and, second, by freeing them from the trammels of objective application of the law. Article I of the amendment provides: "Punishment will be meted out to anyone who commits a deed made punishable by law or deserving punishment in accordance with the basic principles of the criminal code or sound public sentiment. If no definite criminal law applies to the deed, it must be punished in accordance with the law the basic ideas of which best fit it." As official and semi-official commentators of the amendment have pointed out, the law and its accessory stipulations make it incumbent upon the German judge to accept fully the party line of National Socialism. If he should fail to see the light according to Nazi wishes, he may be promptly called to order by the State Attorney, who is given the right to appeal against judicial decisions that do not stretch the law in such a way as to convict a defendant.

It was a red-letter day in the history of mankind when the legal axiom, "No punishment without law" (*nulla poena sine lege*), became the keystone of the judicial structure. Under systems based on it the citizen knows what actions the state considers offenses against the community. The principle which the Nazi law announces is expressed in the axiom, "No crime without law" (*nullum crimen sine poena*). Under the old system the defendant was supposed to be innocent until found guilty; under the new he may be found guilty even if he has broken no law fitting the case. The new law, in short, gives the Nazi state the legal means to crush political opposition of every imaginable kind.

Already the law has cast its shadow over the criminal courts of the Reich, and judges anxious to please the regime have begun to apply its principles. To what tyranny it may lead can be illustrated by a few recent cases. One of them, reported in the ultra-Nazi *Frankfurter Volksblatt,* is particularly noteworthy because of the judge's comments.

An Aryan of Wetzlar wanted to marry a Jewess who had been his sweetheart for five years. He applied to the town registrar, who refused to marry them on the ground that as a National Socialist he considered such mixed marriages harmful to the community. The Aryan took his case to the court and petitioned it to direct the registrar to perform the marriage. The court rejected the claim of the petitioner and gave its motives in the following statement:

> While it is true that existing laws do not prohibit the marriage of a man of German blood and a Jewess, this technicality must not be allowed to support the claim of petitioner. With the accession to power of National Socialism in Germany the principles of its *Weltanschauung* became the basis of the racial structure of the German Reich. . . . Under the new order the supreme aim of the country is the liberation of Germany from all harmful influences of alien races, the strengthening of the German soul, and the preservation of its purity for all times to come. It is not a valid objection that mixed marriages have not yet been forbidden, and it is rooted in the typically Jewish and liberal conceptions of law and morals. It was just such axioms as "whatever is not forbidden is permitted" that broke the backbone of the German legal system under the old regime. On the other hand, the National Socialist ideal of law proclaims the rule of "Thou shalt!" . . . And the marriage of a man of German blood and a Jewess is an unbridgeable contradiction of this ideal.

The case of a merchant-tailor in Schneidemühl was told in the *Westdeutscher Beobachter,* with words of strong commendation for the judges. According to the newspaper's story, a Jewish merchant boasted to a customer of his that a bigwig of the local Nazi Party had bought a coat from him. This statement was carried back to the Nazi, who sued the merchant for slander, although he did not deny the truth of the statement. The Schneidemühl court found the merchant guilty and sentenced him to a month in prison. The merchant took the case to the higher court in Marienwerder, which reversed the decision of the first court and ordered a new trial, not because the merchant had been unjustly punished but because the punishment was not severe enough. Said the learned judges of East Prussia:

> The lower court committed an error in protecting the aggrieved party merely in his capacity as a political leader of the National Socialist German Labor Party. The charge of buying from a Jew is a grave reflection on the honor not only of a political leader . . . but of every citizen. Those who buy from Jews are no longer members of the German nation.

Since there is no law as yet in the Third Reich against buying from a Jew or talking about such purchases, the courts at Schneidemühl and Marienwerder handed down their decisions in accordance with Nazi *Weltanschauung* rather than the letter of the law.

Another typical case was tried by a special court at Frankfurt-am-Main. The defendant was a man with an excellent war record, a victim of shell-shock. He was accused of having made disparaging remarks about the wife of General Hermann Göring. The prosecution did not even contend that his remarks constituted slander or a similar offense punishable under the law. Nevertheless, the court sentenced him to four months in prison under the special law protecting members of the government against "clandestine attacks." The man's excellent war record and shell-shock were taken into consideration.

In a trial held before the county court of Berlin-Lichterfelde, a father was deprived of the custody of his seven-year-old son. The court found that the father had no right to bring up his child since his pro-Communist leanings were notorious. Here again the law was stretched to cover an extraneous case.

After the promulgation of the penal-code amendment the State Attorney in Berlin-Moabit, referring to the crime of the Catholic nuns who had been charged with taking money out of the country for their foreign missionary work, said that since smuggling money was as execrable (*fluchwürdig*) as high treason, it should be punished with death.

The official *Nationalsozialistische Parteikorrespondenz* is crusading to make it a capital offense for Jews to have non-Jewish lessees or sublessees in their apartments and houses, for Jewish physicians to treat non-Jewish patients, and for Jewish lawyers to represent non-Jewish clients.

The ravings of that bloodhound of anti-Semitism, Julius Streicher, have received legislative backing from the new law. Streicher wants to have the "defilers" of the German race beheaded. More conservative Nazis urge that such crimes against the race be punished under the law on incest, which may mean a prison sentence of fifteen years.

Great changes are also taking place in the execution of sentences. Political prisoners, who under the old regime were segregated in fortresses, are now treated as common criminals, or—as the experience of many of them has shown—even worse. (Hitler knows from personal experience how the Weimar republic coddled its few political prisoners. While in the fortress of Landsberg on the Lech he was given complete freedom to conspire with his comrades at twilight conferences in a friendly drawing-room.) Nor will there be any coddling of short-term prisoners. In democratic countries it is the tendency to alleviate the hardships of such offenders, but the Nazis will carry out these punishments with the utmost rigor.

The search for the best way of carrying out capital punishment has caused much headache in the Reich. Members of the law-codifying commission discussed the possibility of permitting persons under sentence of death to say farewell to this world in a heroic way by drinking a cup of poison. Finally conservative counsel prevailed, and executions will be performed by the ax-man in full evening dress, his hands in spotlessly white gloves. Secretary of State Roland Freisler gets lyrical about beheading: "Death tops the criminal system, and in it the absolute mastery of the whole over the part finds its most complete, most serious, and most solemn expression."

The number of executions under the Third Reich as compared with those in the previous regimes is shown by a writer in *Das Neue Tage-Buch,* the German émigré weekly. While the annual average of executions under the Second Empire and the Republic was six or seven persons, not less than sixty-seven death sentences were passed by German courts from January 1 till July 15 of the current year, and during the same period thirty-seven persons were beheaded, while thirty sentences are either under appeal or on Hitler's desk. During these six and a half months Hitler pardoned only four men and three women. Three of the pardoned men killed their wives or sweethearts, showing that the Leader takes his dislike of women quite seriously. These executions include only the legal ones and not those in which condemned prisoners were found hanging in their cells or were shot while attempting to escape. Nor do they include the quiet blood purges in which the Nazis are said to indulge from time to time.

Exit the Filipino

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT on July 11 signed HR 6464, a measure to provide free transportation to the Philippine Islands for Filipinos residing in the United States. The publicity which the measure received did not, however, make mention of Section 4 of the act: "No Filipino who receives the benefits of this act shall be entitled to return to the continental United States." In other words, the bill is in effect an exclusion act, for no Filipino who takes advantage of the act can reenter the continental United States except within the quota established in the Philippine Island Independence Act of March 24, 1934—which is tantamount to permanent exclusion. It is impossible to understand the motivation back of the transportation measure without having in mind the real story of the Filipino in the United States, which is to say, the Filipino in California.

At the time of the passage of the Japanese Exclusion Act of 1924, the farm industrialists intended to use Mexican labor. Mexican labor had been recruited in ever-increasing volume since 1914. It was cheap, plentiful, and docile. But suddenly the Box bill and the Harris bill threatened the supply. It was at this point that the farmers beckoned to the Filipino. In fact, the first marked increase in the number of Filipinos entering continental United States occurred in 1923, in anticipation of the exclusion act. In 1923 2,426 Filipinos entered California, whereas in the three preceding years the average annual number of arrivals had been only 618. During the years from 1923 to 1929, the average annual number of Filipinos entering the United States was 4,177. Figures compiled by the State of California, in an official report of 1930, indicate that there were about 34,000 Filipinos in the state at that time. The purpose for which this supply of "cheap" Filipino labor was recruited is conceded. The Commonwealth Club of California, on November 5, 1929, issued a report on Filipino immigration in which it was stated that "threat of Mexican exclusion has created an artificial demand for Filipino laborers. They are regarded as the only remaining substitute in the cheap labor field. . . . The large agricultural interests are acting as a conduit transmitting numbers of such immigrants."

But it was soon discovered that the Mexicans would not be placed on a quota basis. This circumstance, coupled with the discovery of the militancy of Filipino labor, prompted the farm industrialists to start a movement to exclude the Filipino. In 1927 Congressman Welch of California, who is the sponsor for HR 6464, and Senator Hiram Johnson introduced legislation in Congress which had as its aim the exclusion of the Filipino. This plot was scotched when it was pointed out that the Filipino probably could not be excluded under his status as a national, and the plan to get rid of him had to wait until the passage of the Philippine Island Independence Act created a situation which made exclusion legally feasible.

The Filipino, militantly race-conscious, began to protest against his exploitation in California at an early date, and has grown increasingly rebellious. The Filipino Labor Union, restricted to agricultural workers, has seven locals with a membership of about 2,000 in California today. The Filipino is a real fighter and his strikes have been dangerous. In August, 1934, about 3,000 Filipino workers went on strike in the valuable lettuce fields near Salinas, California. On September 3 a union of white workers employed in the packing sheds returned to work under an agreement to arbitrate. In fact, they were told to return to work by Joseph Casey, A. F. of L. official. But the Filipino field workers refused to call off the strike. State highway patrolmen were summoned and, aided by special deputies and a local vigilante group, they formed a small army which went the round of the lettuce fields "suggesting to idle Filipino field hands that they move." Approximately 700 Filipinos, among those who refused to return to work, were driven out of the Salinas fields by force. The camp of Rufo Canete, a popular Filipino labor contractor, was raided by vigilantes and burned to the ground, at a loss to Canete of approximately $16,000. Many Filipinos were corraled and held incomunicado; and of course the strike was broken.

With the exception of the Mexican, the Filipino has been the most viciously exploited of any of the various races recruited by the California agriculturists to make up their vast army of "cheap labor." Practically all Filipino agricultural labor is supplied by contract, the contractor charging for board and transportation and a fee for his services besides. It is impossible to verify just how much the average Filipino field worker is bilked by the contractor, so closely is he "protected" from investigators. The very sociability of the Filipino has been exploited. For example, the Filipinos like to work in large numbers. The use of large numbers of Filipinos in the asparagus beds of the Delta region near Stockton, California, has enabled the growers to increase productivity per acre—as it makes possible a more thorough picking—while at the same time it has decreased the average wage of the workers. In 1929, as compared with 1925, there was an increase of 16.2 per cent in the number of Filipino workers in this district, but a decrease of 38.5 per cent in the average daily earnings. Admittedly the Filipinos are excellent workers: "They are willing to work under all sorts of weather conditions, even when it is raining and the fields are wet," reads one report.

Today, after his brief but strenuous period of service to American capital, the Filipino faces deportation, as a fitting reward for his efforts. The acute Commissioner of Immigration, in reporting on HR 6464, pointed out that "the Filipino cannot be removed unless he makes application for the benefits of the act." But the Filipino lives in California, and he applies to Washington for free transportation. There is a great distance intervening and doubtless many forces can be applied in California that would not echo too loudly in Washington. It is estimated that about 15,000 Filipinos will "avail" themselves of the offer to return. But the Filipinos that I have talked to have no desire or intention to take advantage of the act. They regard it as a trick, and not a very clever trick, to get them out of this country.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

The Future Begins in Soviet Russia

By MARGARET MARSHALL

QUITE aside from any dishonest motives, the truth about Russia, like the value of Soviet money, depends upon who gets it. Imagine two entirely sincere seekers after this truth. One is past middle age, in spirit if not in years, fairly well off and conservative, fond of and in a position to command the amenities of life (including free speech), aware of the depression but skeptical of attempts to prevent such catastrophes. He will find that Russians don't get enough to eat, that housing conditions are intolerable, that there are soldiers everywhere, that everyone works long hours, that there is no freedom of thought, that peasants don't like collectivization, that babies are taken away from their parents and put in crèches, that children in school are filled with propaganda, that classes are too big, that hospitals are insanitary and badly equipped, that trains are dirty, that Russian women have no shape, that all plays are too long, that the plumbing is bad, that skilled workers are not skilled, that wages are low and prices are high, that life is one long pep talk, that there is great inequality in the incomes of individuals, that there is no family life, that children can be executed, that women have to clean the streets, that artists and writers are severely censored, that most things can't be bought and those that can are of poor quality, and so on. The *Saturday Evening Post* or the Hearst press could send such a seeker to the Soviet Union without so much as an instruction and be sure of an "unfavorable" report.

The other seeker is young, thinks the world is in a pretty bad way but that something can be done about it. He lacks a sense of security or is worried because millions of others lack security and run the risk of being hungry even in rich countries. He is not terrified or bored by the idea of physical hardship. He is tired of the sophisticated cult of defeatism. He feels that the social mechanism in which he lives is running down with fatal consequences for the creative impulse. In Russia he will find that the vast majority have more to eat than they used to and feel confident of having still more, that the cities are crowded but there is more building going on than anywhere else in the world, that it is considered a great honor to belong to the Red Army, that Russia is so busy it doesn't want a war, that everybody has a job and most people work overtime (with pay) because there is so much to do, that everybody gets a vacation with pay, that Russia is one big closed shop, that education is free and universal, that even a poor worker can get professional training at the government's expense, that housemaids go to school, that seventy new school buildings are being put up in Moscow this summer, that the peasants are proud of their new electrified barns and their experimental stations complete with microscopes, that mothers who work in factories or in the fields can leave their children in crèches under responsible supervision, that workers and their families receive medical care free, that some hospitals are good and some are not but that even a poorly equipped hospital may seem good to a Russian who could never go to a hospital before, that there are no "illegitimate" children, that wages are going up and prices are coming down, that goods to buy are improving in quantity and quality, that everybody goes to the theater, that writers and artists are treated better than they deserve, that criminals are given a chance to become useful citizens, that Russia, in every phase of activity, is beginning a long ascending curve of development whose future limits are indiscernible.

The truth is usually said to lie somewhere between two extremes. In the case of Russia it lies in the two extremes and all the way between. The American, above all others, is in a position to understand why this can be so. An infinite range of pictures could be drawn of American life, all of them literally true yet striking every note between the extremes of "favorable" and "unfavorable." It is easy to see how untrue any one of them might be if instead of being set in its context it were emblazoned on the cover of *Liberty* or *Harper's* or *The Nation* as The Truth About America. In Moscow in May a prominent and rich American just over from the States reported that the stock market was going up and that conditions in general were rapidly improving. According to other observers, unemployment was increasing and conditions in general were getting gradually worse. In both reports the specific fact was correct. The stock market was going up and so were the unemployment figures. The mere fact of size makes both countries the easy prey of unscrupulous or unintelligent reporters. And in both there is a basic inconsistency which increases the confusion. In America the world's most advanced technological area is being constrained by a backward political system; in Russia a highly advanced political idea is being applied to one of the earth's most backward areas.

It is possible to understand a new phenomenon only in terms of our own experience. In their propaganda against communism Hearst and his like have applied this principle with studied dishonesty. In terms of American middle-class standards, life in Soviet Russia is on a low level materially. To imply, however, that this has anything to do with communism as an economic system is as dishonest as to criticize the capitalist system because there were no ten-cent stores in San Francisco in 1849. In fact, an American may come closest to the truth about physical living conditions in Soviet Russia if he thinks of it in terms of our own pre-industrial frontier. (This is not true of the social standard of living. There were no crèches, no rest homes, no factory hospitals, no free pre-natal care on the American frontier; and these amenities are still lacking in spite of our tremendous progress.) Suppose the settlement of the West had taken place over a territory many times as large and inhabited by a race of people deeply sunk in ignorance and regarded as animals by a handful of rich chiefs who were themselves only slightly civilized. Suppose, moreover, that the pioneers had determined to telescope history by carrying out at the same time the industrialization of this area and the education and rehabilitation of its inhabitants; had determined, in other words, to bring about within a short period, over one-sixth of the earth's surface, an orderly rise in the cultural and economic level that would take tens and perhaps hundreds of years if left to the disorderly processes of capitalist development. Such is the gigantic tour de force on which the Bolsheviks are engaged.

Consider Baku, which is a working model of this tour de force. It sprawls on the edge of the Caspian Sea in an expanse of desert. About the horizon dry hills, like dun-colored linen long folded and spread out in heaps, reflect the heat of the tropical sun. For vegetation there are the vast forests of "oil trees," the thousands of derricks which make Baku one of the great oil-producing centers. Forty-six languages are in actual use by a mixture of races that could hardly be surpassed for variety and stages of culture. There are many veiled women in the city streets, and in the outlying valleys nomads may be seen trailing along desert paths. On a tip of land above Bibi Eibat, the biggest of the oil districts, is a Persian mosque where women in more or less serious states of illness lie on rugs and pray for recovery; the naked children playing outside do not understand Russian. But at the other end of the town are headquarters of the Bolshevik planners who expect to transform Baku into a model industrial city by 1940. It is a staggering project, enough to weary the bones of Seeker Number One. At present Baku's population is around 600,000. So far, I was told, new apartments for some 50,000 people have been built. But it is expected that Baku will have a population twice as large by 1940, and according to the plan all the inhabitants will be housed by that time in the new apartments now rising steadily above the primitive, pueblo-like dwellings that climb up and down the dry knolls of the town. Nor is this all. Baku is at present dusty and hot. Already on a high hill overlooking the sea a public garden has been started. Eventually it will cover the entire slope, thus conserving moisture and affording relief from the intense heat. It will be equipped with open-air restaurants and other recreational facilities. Some distance away another huge tract of land along the sea is being converted into a park and through the city smaller areas are being planted. Meanwhile the oil industry is being remodeled along American lines.

Baku feels like a frontier town for all its ancient Oriental walls and streets. Yet one may visit there one of the newest and best examples of the ubiquitous crèche; and in the garden of a former private estate is a night sanitarium for oil-refinery workers, who are subject to diseases affecting the lungs and for that reason are given special care. At the factory they are examined every two weeks and given special rations of butter, eggs, and milk and medical supervision. If in spite of this care they develop some infection they are given treatment ranging from forty-five nights in the sanitarium, during which time they work during the day, to an indefinite stay with complete rest until recovery in one of the rest homes along the Black Sea or in the mountains.

The crèche is housed in a former mosque. Because of the language complications it is conducted in three sections—Russian, Persian, and Armenian. And the attractive young woman who showed off so proudly its toys, tool chests, and tooth brushes, carried blithely on her shoulders not only the job of fitting 240 children (in two shifts) into a regime of "cooperation," cleanliness, and naps, quite new to their experience whether they were Russian blondes or Persian brunettes; in many cases she must also teach their parents the advantages of sleeping in beds and eating with forks.

Given the complexity and variety of conditions in Baku, a writer could undoubtedly find material for a picture that would fit into the Hearst gallery of Soviet horrors. He would need merely to select his facts.

If the country is regarded as one vast frontier, it at once becomes apparent why the new Russia is far from "model" in the sense in which the term is used by Americans so conditioned to technical excellence that they take it for granted, forgetting the long years of its development. Moscow, like New York in the twenties, is full of holes and hoardings and the smell of damp cement. But the new buildings are often bleak as only unsuccessful modernistic architecture can be. The elevator in Moscow is not what it is in Manhattan. The best buildings are the factories, where light and air are the essential elements and the lesser amenities would be out of place. The great blocks of houses have many windows but are otherwise gaunt and forbidding. Inside they are more inviting. The rooms are large and light; and the joy of the occupants seems to endow them with a certain warmth. But they are a far cry from the model homes which fill American monthly magazines. The decoration is crude. The kitchen and bathroom equipment is bleak and inferior. Poor material and unskilled construction are everywhere apparent. Buildings scarcely finished have already begun to peel; there are faint cracks in the plastered walls and many rough edges. In housing, the government is faced with the task of sheltering the nation adequately and at the same time teaching its builders the first elements of construction.

The furniture displayed in shop windows is hopelessly bourgeois and the factory-made clothes show a crying need for good designers and materials (those government stores where clothes are made to order, of course at a higher price, show much better designs). The inferiority of Soviet products and processes for the home market—aside from technical factors—is also bound up with the taste of the buyers, which, like other natural resources, is only beginning to be developed. The leathery-faced peasant woman in felt boots with a burlap bag slung over her shoulders whom I saw rooted in front of a window full of cosmetics in Leningrad has not yet been able to afford her first jar of cold cream despite the success of collectivization. Another peasant woman, also leathery-faced but by her brisker movements indicating a slightly higher stage of development, was actually buying face powder in a booth in the collective market in Moscow where she had just disposed of her milk—the empty cans shone through the burlap bag slung over her back.

Within the Union itself the equipment and efficiency of institutions vary greatly. The crèche of a collective farm near Kharkhov was cruder in every way than the crèche of a workers' settlement in Moscow. The children's garden in Baku was much the best equipped of the three, but the diet of the children would hardly coincide with the ideas of a Park Avenue pediatrician. In all three the youngest Soviet generation—many of them with shaved heads and the appalling solemnity of two-year-olds—were taking the first steps toward the only planned culture so far attempted. But in all three the process was beginning from a low level. In Moscow the parents were of course relatively enlightened. The intellectual level of the parents in Baku has already been indicated. Likewise, in the crèche of the collective farm, which occupied the house of a former kulak, the parents as well as the children must be taught the A B C's of culture. (Even the word culture at this stage has a frontier meaning bound up with the humble state of the mass to which it is being applied. More than once I heard it used in connection with such simple forms of enlightenment as cleanliness and literacy.) At the collective farm the windows of the room where several peasant babies were lying in their separate beds (this in itself constitutes a minor revolution in Russia) were not wide open as they had been in the Moscow crèche. The director explained that since the open window was unknown in the houses to which the babies would return at the end of the day, she was making the shift gradually.

The Russians themselves are the first to admit that Russian products and processes are inferior measured by American standards. But there can be no doubt that the next ten years will see a swift increase in material well-being in the Soviet Union which may prove disconcerting even to a Hearst reporter. The passion to master technique which extends from the government offices in Moscow to the customs clerk who investigated the mysteries of a zipper so thoroughly that he put it out of commission; the boldness of the Russians in undertaking, for all the lack of skill, projects dizzying in their magnitude; the great resources of the country; the energy of submerged millions which is only now being released—all these factors make it seem inevitable that Russia will undergo within a brief period an industrial and technical development comparable to that of America since 1900. But that development, though it is and will continue for some time to be inefficient, will not leave in its wake the waste of material and particularly of human resources that has been the fatal by-product of capitalist industrialization. In Russia industry is free of the million and one individualistic controls which have heretofore thwarted its logical development into an instrument of universal plenty; the government can consciously direct its development according to a country-wide, long-range plan. And the state has a vested interest in husbanding its human resources. In one quite unsentimental sense it is merely raising up consumers without which the vast output, both economic and cultural, of an industrialized Russia could bring only catastrophe.

From the foregoing brief outline it should be clear how much significance may be attached to the words "favorable" and "unfavorable" as applied to the huge and complex spectacle of Soviet Russia. They are exactly as significant as they would be if applied to the United States, which is much less huge and complex. It should also make clear the absurdity of the idea still held even by intelligent people that the Russian authorities in some miraculous way can keep the tourist—who is neither blindfolded nor hog-tied at the border—from seeing the "unfavorable" as well as the "favorable" aspects of Russian life. To be sure an interview with a member of the opposition is not offered as one of the items on the program of Intourist; it is also true that the tourist is shown the best example of any given development, a tendency which even a 100 per cent American should be able to understand. The average American, confronted with a new "truth about Russia," can best assay its worth as a condemnation of socialism by asking himself which of the adduced facts, providing they are accurate, may be justly attributed to a pre-industrial or early stage of development and which to socialism as an economic pattern.

In reality, of course, the argument between the Hearst press and its opponents on the left is not about life in Soviet Russia. By associating the idea of socialism with that scarcity of necessities as well as luxuries, with the high prices and low standard of living which must prevail in a country whose resources are just beginning to be developed, the propagandists on the right hope to discredit a socialized state in the eyes of the average American, to whom scarcity is rightly abhorrent. And it is unfortunate but true that the radicals in this country, out of entirely opposite motives, have fallen into the same error. They have spent most of their energy denying the truth of the Hearst allegations. Yet no one in his senses would deny that physical living conditions in Soviet Russia are lower than most Americans are used to. The real answer is that communism as an economic system has brought about remarkable improvements even in a country as backward as Russia; the potential richness of life in a socialized America, given the industrial plant which already exists, is a goal with which to fire the imagination not only of our lowest income groups but also of that great middle class of skilled workers (the A. F. of L.), technicians, and professional workers whose support must somehow be enlisted. Yet there is no doubt that in the minds of most members of that great middle class socialism is associated with the idea of scarcity, of "dividing up," as well as with an overtone of religious zeal and a curious kind of crabbed pessimism. (The technocrats played up science and plenty but lacked the political courage of their technical convictions.)

In the literature of the left, for instance, the propaganda against the controllers of wealth too often leaves the impression that wealth itself is vile. But true communism can exist only in the midst of plenty. From this point of view the preoccupation of Americans with material well-being is sound. The problem is to convince Americans that they can be securely rich only when the means of production are socially owned and operated for the benefit of all.

The religious overtone which still clings to salvation on the left needs to be dispelled if the socialist state is to enlist the support to which it is entitled in a country where the very scientific development that makes it ripe for collectivism has discredited religion. The zeal that will establish a socialist America will be closer to the cool unmoralistic passion that drives an inventor or an engineer to attain every day of our lives some new superlative in a labor-saving machine or a transatlantic liner. The impulse toward collectivism as a mere matter of efficiency is becoming stronger as the limitations of individualistic control and management become apparent. It runs like a red streak through all the muddled policies of the New Deal. To harness this impulse the radicals must devise an appeal as modern as Dnieproges.

The natural habitat of the American spirit is optimism —perhaps because of the very richness of the land itself.

Yet in much radical propaganda there is an undertone of pessimism, even defeatism, which dejected intellectuals may find enjoyable, but which is unbecoming to the prophets of a new and abundant life. The invention of a magnificent new steel-rolling machine which does the work of 1,500 men is likely to be reported in the left press with an unalloyed gloom, in which hatred for the steel trust somehow becomes part of the attitude toward the machine. The fact that 1,500 men have been made miserable by a machine whose only reason for existing is to alleviate man's misery is valid propaganda against a capitalist system which thus thwarts both men and machines. But it is such machines that will make a socialist society the finest man has ever conceived. They belong, for the moment, to the steel trust or the automobile magnates, but they hasten rather than defer the final collapse of capitalism. In general, American technical progress deserves more constructive attention from the left—as much, say, as it is receiving at this moment in Moscow, where the place of the machine as a servant in the building of socialism is fully realized.

It is necessary to demonstrate in unmistakable terms that nothing good can come out of the present set-up, but the crown of thorns has no place on the brow of the advocates of socialism, especially in America, which already has the industrial equipment to make it real. The fascists everywhere are riding into office on radical promises. On the left there is much less talk than there should be of the bright future which only a socialist state can deliver.

The Meaning of the Modern Drama

I. The Condescension of the Critics

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

BOTH commercially and artistically the theater is always dying but never dead. Its financial collapse is annually announced by at least two or three producers, and for some reason or other its critics, also, have a penchant for depressing generalizations not so frequently indulged in by the critics of any other literary form. It is the "future" of poetry or the novel that is perpetually being anticipated by those who have the welfare of literature at heart, but the standard discussion of the drama takes the form of lamentation. Occasionally, a more or less glorious past is admitted, but generally only the professional student of the drama recognizes even that, and more serious writers are likely to leave the stage severely alone except upon those recurrent occasions when they remember to express either the contempt or the regret aroused by the fact that it is hopelessly commercial, trivial, and immature.

Perhaps because they form a special class, those who do find themselves interested but not quite hopeless are always proposing organized efforts to do something drastic about the situation, and drama lovers—of the serious variety—are especially prone to unite into little groups of serious thinkers. No one ever heard of a Fiction Association; there is no Junior League Committee for the Study of the Familiar Essay; but the Drama League is so taken for granted that it seems inevitable, and whenever two or three embryo playwrights, ambitious directors, or even chronic spectators are gathered together, a "movement" is sure to result.

Browning was probably the only poet who ever generated an international association devoted to a cooperative effort to understand him, but from the time of Ibsen on it has been taken for granted—at least by those who were interested at all—not only that existing dramatic literature needs group study but also that the playwright and producer somehow need the guiding hand of clubs or "organized audiences" which can issue manifestos, lay down programs, and encourage tendencies.

Now one does, of course, occasionally hear of the same sort of thing in connection with the novel. Its future is sometimes mapped out for it and its current preoccupations lauded or condemned. But on the whole there is a much stronger tendency to regard an individual novel or the work of an individual novelist by and for itself; a much less constant inclination to discuss "the novel" as something apart from this novel or that and as something the flourishing or depraved state of which is more important than any particular achievement. And if this is true it may furnish at least one of the reasons why the drama is so generally referred to as dying or sick, for any form of art is bound to create a depressing effect if one considers the general level of achievement in that form and discounts as mere unimportant accident any one of the outstanding works by which alone it is really justified.

Time and time again I have been told either that modern dramatic literature was insignificant or, more mildly and specifically, that "this has been a dull season." Usually I have replied by citing three or four plays which seemed to me exciting, or moving, or conspicuously funny, but time and time again I have received in return some variant of the retort that though the pieces in question were obviously not without merit, in general, nevertheless, the theater was vulgar and its dramas unimportant. But so *in general* are the novels and poems and essays which indicate the "state" of fiction and poetry and comment, if it is assumed that the true state is represented by the rule rather than the exception. Art, so it seems to me, is always truly represented by the exceptions, and the only thing that really matters is that the exceptions should occur.

Up to a few years ago the drama as a whole was most commonly accused of a certain moral timidity; just now of course it is more frequently blamed for failing to dwell with sufficient insistence upon "important"—that is, economic—matters. Love, sacred or profane, is still its most usual theme, and consequently the varieties of that passion continue to furnish the material for most of its presentations. That this is equally true of all the literature, dramatic or otherwise, which has come down to us since the days of the Greeks might seem to indicate both that the subject does have a continuing interest and also that more variety is possible in its treatment than would at first seem likely. But for the moment we may let that point go and add that the most self-conscious and most aggressive "movement" of the moment is undoubtedly one which regards as trivial the usual preoccupations of all literature, ancient or modern. One may also add that two or three of the plays produced as part of this movement are of exceptional interest and that there is at least a possibility that it will increase in importance until it comes to play a part not unlike that played half a century ago by the "revolutionary" drama of Ibsen and his followers.

Superficially at least there is a good deal that is similar —as well as a good deal that is not—in the two situations. In both cases a set of "new ideas" was introduced into the drama, and in the former case at least their force was sufficient both to destroy a tradition and to create another. In both cases there is involved a new subject matter which seems to many repellent in itself, and in both cases there is present a large measure of proselytizing zeal. Perhaps Mr. Odets is either a new Ibsen or at least a preliminary sketch for one to come.

In the case of the "new drama" of the nineties it is now clear, however, that its greatest significance was not its most obvious one. As is so often the case, the abiding interest of these literary works seems more or less corollary to the conscious intention of their creators; and just as the main concern of the father of the English novel was that moral teaching which no one is now interested in, so too the least interesting aspect of the drama of Ibsen and Shaw is that part which represents most directly the most specific enthusiasms of the authors. "A Doll's House" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession" have now no more than an antiquarian interest, while plays like "Hedda Gabler" and "Man and Superman," in which the theses are less easy to state, remain, comparatively speaking at least, alive. In other words, it would appear that in the case of these two dramatists their political and social creeds furnished a sort of motive power, but that their best work was that in which these creeds found the least direct expression. Nor is the paradox one to be observed only in their case. The Catholicism of Dante and the anarchism of Shelly seemed of supreme importance to each, and neither is by any means irrelevant to the poetry of either. Yet the fact remains that the best work of both is certainly not to be found in their more explicitly didactic passages, and that in their case also their convictions served them best when these convictions furnished the implicit premises of their thought and imagination rather than when they were expounded as doctrine.

Dante would doubtless have objected to the suggestion that his work was too Catholic just as strenuously as Shaw would have objected to the suggestion that his was too socialistic. He would have proclaimed St. Thomas his master as doggedly as Shaw has insisted upon his devotion to Nietzsche, Samuel Butler, and Karl Marx. But neither the talents nor the function of the poet are the same as those of the teacher, and his best work is done when he uses what he has learned for his own purpose rather than when, out of enthusiasm and loyalty, he tries to repeat a lesson.

Even if we assume, then, that the new left-wing drama constitutes the beginning of an important literature, we are probably justified in assuming also that the best of it will be that in which the revolutionary convictions of its authors serve rather as premises than as items in a creed to be expounded and enforced. We need not, to take a specific example, be surprised to find that Mr. Odets's "Until the Day I Die," in which he sets out specifically to excoriate the Nazis, should seem less interesting as a play than his "Awake and Sing," in which his radical convictions merely furnish him with a point of view from which to regard the life of a Jewish family in the Bronx. Neither need one be surprised if Mr. Odets himself should violently dissent from this view. He would merely be making about his own work the same mistake which great writers of the past have frequently made, and it is no more arrogant for the critic to insist that this particular author is wrong than it is for him to pronounce a similar judgment concerning other and at least equally great writers of the past. Shaw's dictum, "Happiness and beauty are by-products," may not be universally true, but the second half of the statement is true at least of the tendential writers who may achieve beauty only in the pursuit of what they believe to be righteousness and truth but who, nevertheless, do achieve it as a by-product and not directly in the pursuit itself.

This is the first of a series of four articles and is intended to serve as an introduction by suggesting the themes of the remaining three. Of these, the first will discuss the "revolutionary drama" of fifty years ago and the last will attempt to indicate the parallels and divergences between it and the professedly "Marxian" drama of the present. The middle one will be devoted to some consideration of the established tradition of our theater and some defense of those playwrights who have contributed to it. Despite the contention of the members of the newer movement, it is, I believe, possible to represent the period between the decline of the problem play of the Ibsen school and the rise of the new proletarian drama as something more than a mere interregnum devoted to frivolity.

Correspondence

Beals on Panama

To the Editors of The Nation:

There has been noted with interest an article by Mr. Carleton Beals, captioned Revolt in Panama, which appeared in a recent issue of *The Nation*. It is felt that your attention should be invited to some of the more striking misconceptions of fact which seemingly form the basis of Mr. Beals's opinions.

The general statement that goods may be purchased in Canal commissaries at prices from 50 to 75 per cent lower than in the United States is not a fact. Nor is it a fact that the commissaries "return juicy profits to our government." The two statements are obviously incompatible, and the fact is that prices in the Canal commissaries will average about the same as in the United States even though the prices of some articles may be lower and others higher than in the United States. Prices in the commissaries are fixed so as to bring a return of 3 per cent on the investment of the government in the commissaries. Electric current and ice are, and always have been, produced by the government in the Canal Zone and have not been furnished privately. In referring to this matter, Mr. Beals may have had in mind the situation in Panama and not that in the Canal Zone.

It seems hardly necessary to deny the statement that the employee "who utters the least breath of discontent is soon on his way back to the United States," which is not a fact. Statements of this sort are not particularly important, but it is important when a writer of Mr. Beals's reputation falls into the serious errors indicated in the following:

> The Canal Zone has long felt that it has been generous to Panama. Along with the State Department, the banks, and the public utilities, the Zone for a long time ran the little republic through puppet governments; and its dark-skinned inhabitants, not to mention tourists, received all the benefits of low-priced commissariats, cheap movies and restaurants, and hospital service in one of the model institutions of the world. With this large additional business of a hundred thousand Panamanians and half a million tourists annually, more than the entire resident population of the country, the Zone could sell goods ever more cheaply and cut hospital fees ever lower.

In view of the fact that Mr. Beals has visited Panama and the Canal Zone, the foregoing statements are little short of astonishing. So far as this office is aware, the charge has never been made seriously, anywhere, that the Canal Zone has "run" the Republic of Panama through "puppet governments." The statement that the inhabitants of Panama and the tourists visiting the Isthmus have generally been allowed to patronize the Canal commissaries, the clubhouse, hospitals, and restaurants is simply not a fact. This is not to say that no tourist and no Panamanian non-employee of the Canal enterprise has ever used those facilities, because it is obviously impossible to prevent absolutely the occasional misuse of such facilities, notwithstanding the elaborate precautions which are taken to restrict their use to those who are authorized. Incidentally, Mr. Beals states the number of tourists to be half a million annually; in 1934, which was a good tourist year, the total number of passengers arriving on the Isthmus of Panama, including tourists, was 101,934.

Mr. Beals states that as a result of allowing Panamanians and tourists to patronize Canal facilities "all native enterprise was stifled." The fact is that Canal commissaries, completely within the rights granted by the 1903 treaty, furnish supplies to the personnel of the United States government in the Canal Zone and also furnish sea and ship's stores to passing vessels as a necessary part of the service demanded of the Canal organization. These commissaries are not open to the public generally, and it is to be noted that restrictions on sales have been self-imposed although none is prescribed in the treaty. As a matter of fact, merchants in the Republic of Panama are reaping most substantial benefits from the traffic which has been attracted to the Isthmus by the Panama Canal. Individuals not connected with the canal enterprise are not permitted to purchase in the government commissaries, and inspectors from the Canal Zone cooperate closely with those in Panama in the apprehension and punishment of those who improperly introduce into Panama purchases made in the Canal Zone. Because of this most important restriction, the expenditures made on the Isthmus by the tens of thousands of members of ships' crews and of passengers from vessels using the canal, as well as the many thousands of tourists who visit the Isthmus every year, all go to merchants in the Republic of Panama, and the aggregate of the expenditures made by these visitors each year is an item of the greatest economic importance to the Republic of Panama. It is to be remembered, too, that notwithstanding the operation of government commissaries in the Canal Zone, a substantial portion of the salaries and wages paid to United States government personnel is spent in the neighboring cities of Panama and Colon. These substantial benefits constitute a continuous transfusion of economic sustenance into the Republic of Panama. The often-repeated assertion that the policy being pursued by the United States in the Canal Zone has been gradually lowering the economic condition of Panama is the opposite of the truth. When the treaty of 1903 was ratified, the Republic of Panama had virtually no income from shipping and very little from any other source. The cities of Panama and Colon were without water and sewage systems, were practically unsanitated, and the streets were unpaved. Periodically the inhabitants suffered from epidemics of yellow fever and pestilential diseases. In 1902 the death-rate in Panama City was only a fraction under 100 to the 1,000; last year the Panama City death-rate was less than 13 per 1,000. Today, in matters such as sanitation, paved streets, water and sewer systems, health conditions, etc., these cities are unsurpassed in Central America. The economic development, likewise, has been little short of phenomenal, and the cities of Panama and Colon have more than trebled in population. It is beyond dispute that the development of these cities is directly attributable to the construction and operation of the Panama Canal.

It is not only not a fact that there is a boycott of Panamanian labor in the Canal Zone, as stated by Mr. Beals, but Panamanians are given preference over persons of other nationality by the Executive Order of February 20, 1920, which prescribes that only citizens of the United States and of the Republic of Panama may be employed at the higher rates of pay and that these citizens shall be given preference in all grades. The provisions of this order have been observed.

Referring to the Panama Railroad Company, Mr. Beals made the following observations:

> Among its numerous advantages, the railroad has that of being one of the largest single landlords in all Panama. Besides its vast tax-free realty properties in the capital, its owns Colon, the second largest city in the republic, except for nine blocks and four scattered lots. It collects ground rents for Uncle Sam from business men, houses of prostitution, open cribs, saloons, gambling dives, pick-up cabarets, private homes, and the vilest slums on the continent. High ground rents continually force native residents to sacrifice their homes. In no other place in the world is a government the owner of practically an entire foreign city. Not only are the title and present manner of using these properties dubious, but by an improper interpretation of the original concession the railroad flatly refuses to pay taxes, and though the Zone supervises sanitation, it makes no contributions to police and fire protection, public schools, parks, or other necessary public services.

It is rather important to note in connection with the lands in the city of Colon to which Mr. Beals refers, that the Panama Railroad Company, a New York State corporation, on June 4, 1850, obtained from the Republic of New Granada (now the Republic of Colombia) a concession to build a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, and among the reciprocal exchanges in the contract of concession was the grant to the railroad company of a use of all the vacant lands on the island of Manzanillo, with the condition that these lands would revert to the government of New Granada upon expiration of the concession. The amended concession of 1867 confirmed the grant, and when the Republic of Panama was established by secession from the Republic of Colombia on November 3, 1903, the rights in the reversion passed to the newly formed Republic of Panama. By the treaty of 1903 Panama surrendered to the United States these reversionary rights in the property of the Panama Railroad Company, including the lands on Manzanillo Island. Prior to June 4, 1850, Manzanillo was a small, almost uninhabited, marshy island, most of which was swept by the tides. In the course of the years several millions of dollars were expended in filling and otherwise improving the island so that it might be made habitable, and the modern city of Colon is built on this land developed by the Panama Railroad Company.

The charge has frequently been made and as frequently refuted that the Panama Railroad Company is profiting through immorality existing in Colon. The practice of prostitution is strictly regulated by law in the city of Colon and is confined to a small area within the city. All land owned by the Panama Railroad Company is outside of the area so restricted. Again, it is important to note that, with unimportant exceptions, only the land is owned by the Panama Railroad and the structures erected upon the land are privately owned and rented. It is to be noted further that since 1908 all leases of Panama Railroad lands have contained the restriction that the land may not be used by the lessee or a sublessee for any class of gambling or for prostitution.

Mr. Beals's statement that "high ground rents continually force native residents to sacrifice their homes" is not a fact. It is to be noted that generally the private dwellings erected on Panama Railroad lands are owned by persons who are quite able economically to pay the relatively low land rents. The poorer classes generally reside in small apartments not owned by them, and if any of these persons have been forced to vacate their dwellings because of high ground rent, the fact is not known to this office. Land rents generally are fixed to bring no more than a fair return on the assessed valuation of the lands, which is not high. For several years during the depression a discount of one-third of the amount of the rental has been allowed for prompt payment. On July 1, 1935, the amount of this discount was reduced to 25 per cent because of generally improved economic conditions.

The exemption from taxation of Panama Railroad property in the Republic of Panama is provided by treaty and hence is not a matter within the control of the Canal administration. It may be stated, however, that this exemption from taxation was granted in return for valuable concessions enumerated in the original and supplementary contracts and was one of the considerations upon which the treaty of 1903 was negotiated. It is to be noted, too, that extensive areas in the city of Colon have been leased to the government of Panama for use as parks and playgrounds and for the erection of public buildings for nominal rentals of one dollar per year. The ordinary rental for this land would greatly exceed the value of the tax exemptions granted to the Panama Railroad Company.

The matter of the Panama Railroad Company foregoing its concessionary rights so as to permit the construction of a trans-Isthmian highway has been the subject of diplomatic conversations for a number of years, and the press reported recently that a satisfactory understanding on this subject had been reached.

The statement that the major reason for building Canal structures in New Cristobal was to enable Canal employees to evade the operation of the national prohibition act "and other strict American regulations" is too patently absurd to warrant comment. Suffice it to say that these buildings were erected on land owned by the Panama Railroad Company and that since the earliest days of canal construction there have been buildings belonging to the canal enterprise in the cities of Colon and Panama on land owned by the Panama Railroad Company.

Panamanians are not required to have a "costly car and driver's license" in order to operate their automobiles in the Canal Zone. The fees for these licenses are fixed by mutual agreement between the municipal authorities of the cities of Panama and Colon and the authorities of the Canal Zone. To operate his personal automobile in the Canal Zone the Panamanian pays a purely nominal registration fee of one dollar for his car and another dollar for an operator's license—exactly the same fees which Panama and Colon charge Canal Zone residents to operate their cars in those jurisdictions. The fees for reciprocal licenses for commercial cars are somewhat higher than for cars for personal use but are the same in the Canal Zone as in Panama and Colon.

Mr. Beals states that "the 1903 treaty obliges the United States to maintain adequate communications between the two Panamanian regions on either side of the canal, but such communications exist only at a few points and are interrupted at night." The treaty contains no such provision. As a matter of fact, however, since the completion of a highway into the interior of the republic by the Panamanian government created a need for a means of vehicular communication, a ferry and seven mile of modern concrete highway have been maintained to connect the areas east of the Panama Canal with the territory on the other side of the canal. The service furnished by this ferry has been augmented as the need therefor has been demonstrated, and at the present time ferry service is operated on a twenty-four-hour schedule daily without charge either to Panama or the users of the ferry.

It is stated by Mr. Beals that "in defiance of the treaty the Zone does not permit Panamanian customs collectors or immigration inspectors at the ports." Mr. Beals apparently overlooks the fact that the Canal Zone is not a part of the Republic of Panama and that by Article III of the 1903 treaty Panama granted to the United States sovereign rights, power, and authority within the Canal Zone "to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority." The treaty provided, however, that Panama should have the right to establish such "houses and guards as it may deem necessary to collect duties on importations destined to other portions of Panama and to prevent contraband trade." As a matter of fact, the closest cooperation exists between the customs and immigration authorities of the Republic of Panama and the Canal Zone, and considering the opportunities for misunderstanding inherent in the situation, there has been a remarkably small amount of friction.

I hope you will appreciate that the foregoing is written solely for the purpose of clearing up any misapprehensions of fact which may follow from a reading of Mr. Beals's article. It is perfectly realized that there may be room for differences of opinion as to matters of policy in the administration of the affairs of the Panama Canal, but it is believed that criticism of those policies should be based upon a fair examination of the facts.

Balboa Heights, C. Z., August 2 C. A. McIlvaine,
Executive Secretary, The Panama Canal

To the Editors of The Nation:

By the use of half-truths Mr. C. A. McIlvaine attempts to throw up a typical official dust cloud over the main thesis of my article on Panama. Also he gives the false impression that I consider still existent certain abuses changed by the Roosevelt-Arias agreement.

The manifest benefits of the Panama Canal to the world, to us, and to Panama were not at issue in my article. Restated my thesis was (1) that the right to build the canal, however much results may or may not have justified the means, was secured by force and fraud; (2) that the 1903 treaty, even with its subsequent minor modifications, gives us today an unfair advantage over the Republic of Panama; (3) that regardless of the origin of the treaty, it is now inadequate (it is in fact being changed), and that the situation which has developed at the end of thirty years is in many respects intolerable for the Panamanian people; (4) that the continuation of the present situation will work continual hardship on the Panamanian people through the perpetuation of a monopoly arrangement. The present Roosevelt Administration has resorted to a few palliatives.

But instead of meeting the problem I have raised, Mr. McIlvaine drags out the hoary goddess of sanitation—stock argument for all our imperialistic ventures. Personally I am tired of conceiving of Uncle Sam as a glorified sewer-digger. It might be well to remember that prior to the cleaning up of yellow fever and malaria in Panama, those scourges, the causes of which had but recently been discovered, also endangered our own Southern ports. But to have done wonderful things along such lines scarcely entitles us to ignore evolving economic and political needs.

Nor am I particularly interested that in 1850 Manzanillo Island was tide-swept marshland. So was most of San Francisco. But today San Francisco is not in the position of having to rent the ground for parks and other public purposes from the railway companies that contributed to its development.

Mr. McIlvaine says that the ground rents are a fair return on "the assessed valuation," which "is not high." I do not know what he means by assessed valuation since the lands in question are not taxed. By Panamanian standards the rentals are high, and actually the ground rent charged brings in about three times what our government charges its Zone employees for the ground and houses erected thereon in the Zone itself. I have talked with numerous home-owners and others who have had to sacrifice their property to the railroad or to other more fortunate Panamanians. The recent discounts to rent-payers for cash payment naturally benefited only those not hard hit by the depression, and were a measure designed to benefit the Panama Railroad (that is, the United States government), not the renters. Also I am well aware of the provision which prevents subleasing for immoral purposes, but in a survey which I made last year with one of the Colon police officials, I found that gambling, prostitution, and pick-up dance privileges were by no means confined to the nine square blocks of the city not owned by the railroad.

The governor's reports and our census are remarkable for the things they conceal. No statistics are available to the outsider of the number of Panamanians hired on the canal, but despite the official clause cited by my critic, the evidence points definitely to discrimination, a fact confirmed by numerous personal cases brought to my attention. The last census reveals 4,301 persons in the Zone whose mother-tongue was Spanish. Deducting, as well as can be done, given the hazy classifications, those who come from Spain, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and Central and South America, the conclusion is reached that in that year not over 1,200 Panamanians were employed. This represents a little over 4 per cent of the employed civilian population or a little over 7 per cent of all foreigners employed. The number of black Jamaicans probably approaches nearly 70 per cent.

Mr. McIlvaine is quite mistaken about "the total number of passengers arriving on the Isthmus, including tourists." He took the Governor's Report and misread it. The number was actually only 28,828. The number he refers to were *in transit,* in addition to the number I have here given. Besides these, 10,097 arrived by air. My estimate of a total of half a million included ships' crews. In 1934, 5,533 commercial vessels went through the canal, with an average tonnage of 5,180; 12,066 vessels cleared from canal ports. The crews all spend money, formerly much of it in the Zone, now all of it in Panama. The estimate of half a million does not include the various war vessels touching Isthmus ports. In 1934, at one time alone, 110 American war vessels visited the canal.

Mr. McIlvaine is so intent on making me mistaken in all things that he is willing to blacken the good name of the Zone administration of which he is a part. I pointed out the superior economy and efficiency of the Canal Zone. I consider it a compliment to the Zone that goods can be sold so much more cheaply than in the United States and yet return what under the circumstances becomes a juicy profit. But my critic hastens to assure us that Zone residents must pay on the average as much as in the United States, despite the fact that the merchandise is purchased in vast wholesale quantities, that it is tax-free, that it is carried in government bottoms at cost, that it pays no duties. If what he says be true, then something is rotten in Denmark and we shall presently be having a Congressional investigation. As a matter of fact, through personal pricing and lists furnished me by executive officials, I came to the conclusion that the average price is way below that paid for similar merchandise in the United States. The relatively few things of high price were provided by private contract, which would bear investigation. With reference to electric light and ice, however, more than 50 per cent of the silver employees (the poorest paid) and a large portion of the gold employees (a polite terminology for Jim Crowism) must pay the excessive rates of the local subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company.

The return on investment for the whole canal is arbitrarily set at 3 per cent, then deducted from any further profits. As a matter of fact, last year's total return on canal business, as set off from tolls, was 5 per cent. For railroad-commissary activities, sales totaled $8,347,226.33, exclusive of returns from manufacturing plants, bakeries, laundries, etc., and products of a value of $4,436,000 were bought. The turn-over in the cattle industry was put at $120,514, but only $13,468 was spent in Panama for 250 head of fat steers.

Mr. McIlvaine declares that at no time have Panamanians or the visiting public ever been allowed to buy in the Zone in government commissaries or use hospital and other facilities, though he admits this has not been at all times rigidly enforced. Without going into certain abuses in the interpretation of the 1903 treaty, which my critic sets up as the final word in all matters and which I am arguing must be rectified, he need only to turn to the various executive orders of Presidents Taft, Roosevelt, and Wilson, as well as those of the governors—which owing to his position he can find within reach of his hand—to learn that our policy with regard to free sales to Zone employees, passengers, crews, ships, and Panamanians has not been uniform and has fluctuated from free sales back to restriction and vice versa. The last Governor's Report, page 66, states that "the agreement between Presidents Roosevelt and Arias imposed specific restrictions on sales to commercial vessels and reemphasized the necessity of applying the restrictions to sales generally."

The Treaty of 1903, Article VI, declares that the privileges granted the United States, including that of constructing a canal, "shall not conflict with rights of way over the public roads passing through the said Zone." This has generally been accepted by both parties to mean that transportation across the canal at road points had to be maintained by ferries, bridges, or as some now propose by subways. When I was there this ferry service, to the annoyance of Panamanians, was maintained from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. only. I can still remember my discomfiture on arriving after many hours' drive through the jungle at 9:03 p.m., with no hotel accommodations available for the night. According to the last Governor's Report, this same schedule was maintained, with twenty-four trips between the hours mentioned—not as Mr. McIlvaine states a twenty-four-hour service. If this irritation has been removed within the last two months, the step is commendable.

Unfortunately I do not have the space to take up all the misrepresentations to be found in each statement of Mr. McIlvaine's reply. I merely regret that Mr. McIlvaine has not fairly presented the facts.

New York, August 11 CARLETON BEALS

Labor and Industry

Apology for Not Being a Communist

By HEYWOOD BROUN

NOT very long ago a business associate looked at me severely and said, "Heywood, I want a frank answer to an honest question. Are you a Communist?" That was easy enough. I said no. But if he had followed up his original inquiry by asking why, he would have put me into quite a pickle. In that event I should have been obliged to go into a sort of Freudian and economic autobiography.

As far as logic goes I ought to be a Communist or at least make an attempt to gain admission to that party. I mean that some sort of cooperative commonwealth seems to me the desirable goal of society, and I see only the slimmest chance of any such end being attained by democracy. Increasingly evidence piles up to support the Communist contention that there are powerful members of the present social order who cannot be dislodged by anything but sufficient force to achieve their liquidation. Even if radical legislation is passed in the United States, the Supreme Court is set to throw it out, and the curtailment of the power of that body to veto the popular will would still leave the opportunity for successful nullification on the part of the strongly intrenched.

Any evolutionary development toward the almost perfect state is a long shot. And yet up to now that is the horse I intend to back. This inclination on my part may very possibly be the result of things which would come out in my unwritten economic and Freudian autobiography. But that would be a work to be accomplished in nothing less than eight volumes. It might be rather tedious even if I had the will to write it.

Lacking such a sourcebook, the best that I can do is to rationalize my reluctance to align myself with the deep left. I am, for various reasons, a person who quails and quibbles at the sight of blood—even my own. In all fairness anybody who talks about a revolution in America ought to make some rough work sheet of what it would cost in slaughter and in agony. My Communist friends assure me that they do not favor a proletarian purge for any sadistic reasons. It is simply true that certain persons could never be induced to play along with the new order. Common sense would dictate their removal. "Would you," say these same advocates of the violent overthrow of government, "object to a surgical operation upon a patient who was dying? Would you say that the surgeon must be inhibited against the use of his scalpel because it would shed blood?"

When I say that I would not oppose surgery in emergencies I am confronted with the argument that the social body of this land is sick unto death under the capitalistic system and that only the knife can save it.

I have no reason to pretend that I think our present estate, or that which lies just around the corner, is in any way healthy. But the medical analogy is less than completely sound. The technique of revolution, in spite of one successful operation, is still far less sure than that of surgery. The wildest figures of Hearst and his allies in regard to the toll of change in Russia still remain a good deal less than the losses caused by the last great war among the imperial powers. But would the American revolution be more or less bloody than the coup which brought the Communists into power in Russia? Who can say? Nor is it within the ability of any man to predict just how long a militant and severe dictatorship would be required here to bring about a classless society. I have always been sorry that John Reed called his book "Ten Days That Shook the World." Both friends and foes of the Soviets have been inclined to take the view that the upheaval in Russia was accomplished with quick and sharp precision. The original push was fast enough and comparatively bloodless, but that was little more than a prologue to what followed.

I'm not particularly concerned with the gap between the figures of friend and foe in estimating just how many lives were required to lift the new state beyond the possibility of counter-revolution. Not all the bills and accounts are in even yet. What would it mean in America? My own surmise is that a successful Communist revolution in America might very well require fifty years and possibly a hundred. It would surely entail guerrilla warfare over a long stretch of time and a great extent of territory. It may be that my estimate of the time required is much too high. I am basing my guess on the fact that America, the so-called land of opportunity, is one of the most severely stratified nations in the world. It contains a middle class far more numerous, articulate, and class conscious than any known in Russia. To be sure, some portion of this class would probably embrace a revolutionary movement eagerly, but I doubt if the bourgeois radicals would ever amount to much more than one-fifth of the total number. The other four-fifths of the middle class would present a problem much tougher than that which the Soviet authorities face in the case of the kulaks.

I do not see any immediate prospects for a revolution in America. This opinion is not based wholly on my own observations but largely on the testimony of commentators whose judgment I trust. Some of them are Communists. To be sure, the revolution which does not seem imminent in 1935 might conceivably be taking solid shape by 1940 or even earlier. But what are we to do until the doctor comes?

By "we" I mean those of us who are frankly disappointed in the fruits of democracy and still sentimental enough to hope that there might be one more voyage left in that old hull. I think that the best and the only thing we can do is to fight the menace of fascism up to the very hilt of our capacity. It may even be that within a very few years the whole question of alignment will beyond any argument reveal itself as a choice between fascism and communism. Such a choice should be easy. But I still want to see democracy saddled for one last roundup. In fact, I'll back the old standby if he can be lured up to the post. Sure, I'll back him with almost everything I've got. Part of my bet, of course, would go on him to show I believe in democracy. But I'm no fanatic.

How the Lumber Strike Was Broken

By SELDEN C. MENEFEE

Seattle, August 20

THE technique of the employers in breaking the Pacific Northwest lumber strike showed great improvement over the methods used in the maritime strike last year. The lumber operators made two significant advances: they managed early in the struggle to get the use of the state police and the National Guard; and they successfully cultivated the cooperation of the old-line union officials in breaking the rank-and-file movement.

The strike virtually ended when the Tacoma local of the Sawmill and Timber Workers finally weakened on August 3 and voted 1,391 to 97 to accept the third offer submitted by the operators. The agreement called for the reemployment of all union men without discrimination within thirty days, at a minimum wage of fifty cents an hour and the old forty-hour week. The operators agreed to collective bargaining with their own employees only on condition that the union be reorganized on the basis of plant locals. The latter provision makes the A. F. of L. organization into a counterpart of the old Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, the much-hated "4-L" company union sponsored by the operators during the war.

With the National Guard gone from Tacoma, the only large centers in which the men were still out on strike were Aberdeen, Hoquiam, and Raymond, on the coast. These are also the only locals which have maintained rank-and-file control. Mass picket lines several hundred strong were built there daily in the face of three companies of the National Guard. At Aberdeen 9,000 men and women paraded the streets on July 8 as a protest against the strike-breaking tactics of the "Cossacks" and the "tin soldiers" or "boy scouts" (the state patrol and the National Guard). But even there the strike lines weakened at the end of the thirteenth week. A mass demonstration of 800 Aberdeen pickets on August 12 led to the appointment of Brigadier General Carlos Pennington of the National Guard as "arbitrator" by Governor Martin. The discouraged strikers voted on August 15 to accept the operators' terms, pending negotiations on the crucial point of union recognition.

The greatest benefit derived from the strike has been the education of the rank and file of the workers. The settlements reached so far are a far cry from the original demands of seventy-five cents an hour, the thirty-hour week, and full union recognition. The rank and file of the workers know that the strike was broken, and why.

The operators could not have smashed the militancy of the strikers by their own efforts alone. In the early stages of the strike they attacked the union and openly threatened vigilante violence through full-page newspaper ads of the "Committee of 500," the Seattle Chamber of Commerce in disguise. But these ads ceased after an exposure of one of the committee's meetings in the labor paper *Voice of Action.* The news columns of the daily press were open to the operators, who issued statements that their financial condition made it impossible for them to pay higher wages, but the labor press countered by printing figures from the United States Department of Commerce for 1933, showing that the seventy-four mills in the Seattle-Tacoma area had paid in wages $5,750,782, while the net profits for the year had been $5,817,401, or nearly 30 per cent of the gross business done. The use of the state's military forces in the attempt to break the strike influenced public opinion in favor of the strikers. Since picketing by the union was forbidden, many acts of violence were committed daily by desperate individuals; there were street fights against known "scabs" and bombing of their homes and cars as well as of mill property. Thus military violence bred labor violence, and strike-breaking was kept down to a minimum. Also the unions were able to obtain injunctions against the stopping of picketing in Aberdeen, Longview, and Chehalis. But the state police often paid little attention to the court orders.

It is clear that the operators, even with the armed forces of the state under their control, were not strong enough to break the strike. The decisive factor was the splitting of the union ranks by the union officials themselves. Just how the "labor leaders" came to play into the hands of the employers is not known, but objectively speaking they cooperated well. When the preliminary strike conference was held in March, the conservative International Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners was given jurisdiction over the budding new union. This course was perhaps chosen by A. F. of L. officials in preference to building a new union because of the industry's early background of I. W. W. unionism. When May 6, the date set for the strike, neared, the august Brotherhood tried to postpone action "pending further negotiations." But the rank and file recognized that this merely gave the operators a chance to store up lumber and refused to wait. In Bellingham they went out a week early to stop such action by the operators. In Everett, on the night of May 5, Leo P. Flynn of the Seattle Carpenters and Joiners threatened to remove the charter of the local unless it postponed strike action; he was escorted from the Labor Temple. The strike was on, and by the end of the week 40,000 timber workers were out.

The elder statesmen in the Brotherhood showed little enthusiasm. President Hutchinson of the Carpenters and Joiners sent Abe W. Muir up from San Francisco as his district representative. Muir spent most of his time conferring with the operators, while the rank and file of various unions "pulled out" lagging mills to make the strike front solid. At one mill near Seattle, "pulled out" by rank-and-file longshoremen chiefly, the strikers had to wait for days for the union to send out someone to sign them up.

Muir apparently tried to break the strike from the first. He encouraged the McCormick mills in Port Ludlow and in Oregon to continue operating after they had granted merely a five-cent raise in pay without real union recognition, and these mills worked day and night shifts for weeks supplying their own orders and those of other members of the West Coast Lumbermen's Association.

Mills in southern Oregon continued to operate and Muir made no move to organize them. He kept 3,000 Longview workers from striking for more than a week by continual "negotiations." He offered the McCormick settlement, now known as the "Muir plan," to strikers in Portland, Longview, and other places, but they turned it down.

Finally on June 6, a month after the strike had started, the Northwest Joint Strike Committee was set up at an Aberdeen conference of 240 rank-and-file delegates to take the terms of settlement out of Muir's hands. The committee went back to the original demands and called for a rank-and-file vote on any settlement, to be supervised by the committee. From this date on, Muir's chief fight was directed against this body, and quite naturally, for his job and salary were threatened by it. He issued statements calling it a dual organization dominated by reds, which was patently false.

Muir then embarked on a charter-pulling campaign, starting with Longview and Aberdeen. He encouraged strike-breaking in Longview by signing up the few men who returned in new Carpenters and Joiners' company locals, and one charter was hung in the company dining-room of the Long-Bell plant. The head of the Long-Bell local was formerly president of the 4-L local there, and the first meetings were guarded by state police. But the Central Labor Council refused to unseat the Sawmill Workers' delegates. Five hundred of the strike leaders were never rehired by the company. The Sawmill and Timber Workers' local is suing the Carpenters and Joiners for $500,000 damages, with the trial date set for September 13.

In Aberdeen the old local was replaced by two new ones separating the loggers from the mill workers. A Seattle official frankly told a reporter that the purpose of this "reorganization" was "to get rid of the Joint Strike Committee." But the Aberdeen rank and file were so solid that Muir had to back down and let the rank-and-file workers in a body into one of the new unions. "Aberdeen is quite a problem—I'd rather not talk about it," said the Seattle official.

In Everett, the headquarters of the Joint Strike Committee, Muir's strike-breaking reached new heights. The union there had turned down the "Muir plan" by a vote of 1,500 to 3. Early in July the operators threatened to take advantage of Governor Martin's kind offer of the loan of the National Guard. The Everett Central Labor Council threatened a general strike if this occurred. The operators put off action for a week. Meanwhile Muir removed the charter of the rank-and-file local there and called the workers in the six largest plants to six meetings, in order to issue them separate charters on a plant basis. The workers voted this down, but had to accept it in the end because they wished to stay in the A. F. of L.

When Muir had thus confused the situation, the operators called in sixty state police and all the mills opened at once on July 15. The "Cossacks" broke up all picket lines. A Muir man stood with the police and pointed out the rank-and-file leaders, who were then arrested. Civil rights were suspended, home-owners were chased from their own front yards in the mill district, and one man waiting for a bus was struck by police when he refused to move on. That afternoon the Joint Strike Committee organized a protest parade of 2,000 strikers and sympathizers, with an American flag at the head. The police broke it up and arrested twenty-four rank-and-file leaders, including Max Barnett, secretary of the Joint Strike Committee. Several hundred paraders stormed the jail that evening. The men were released the next day, but the strike was broken. Everett marked the turning-point in the strike, and the operators no doubt heaved a sigh of relief when those days were over.

There is now a strong "Wobbly" sentiment in Everett, Aberdeen, and other places in favor of splitting away from Muir and the whole A. F. of L. But the majority feel that this would merely give Muir a chance to shout "dual unionism" and are bending their efforts toward strengthening rank-and-file control in the union and getting rid of the Muirs in the A. F. of L.

Besides the education of the rank and file, the three-month strike resulted in certain other gains. Union recognition was not won and the strike was broken, but the men are going back to work organized, and if the maritime strike was any criterion the strike-breakers will not last very long on their jobs. The workers are now hired through union halls free of charge instead of through employment agencies notorious for favoritism and fee-splitting with employers, who kept "two crews—one going and one coming." The fifty-cent minimum wage represents an increase of from five to seven and a half cents over the old wage, and adjustments in the upper brackets have increased the pay of skilled workers to as much as $1 an hour in some places. Hours remain at forty.

The workers have lost their faith in the old-line union leadership and their illusions in the impartiality of the state. There is dynamite in the situation, figuratively as well as literally. The Sawmill and Timber Workers' Union may turn out to be the Paul Bunyan of the Northwest labor movement.

Contributors to This Issue

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN is the executive secretary of the American Association for Social Security and author of "The Challenge of the Aged" and "Insecurity—a Challenge to America."

EMIL LENGYEL is the author of "Hitler," "The Cauldron Boils," and "The New Deal in Europe."

CAREY MCWILLIAMS is a California lawyer and journalist.

SELDEN C. MENEFEE is a teaching assistant in sociology at the University of Washington.

MARY MCCARTHY frequently contributes reviews of new fiction to *The Nation.*

HANS KOHN, professor of history at Smith College, is the author of "Orient and Occident" and "Nationalism in the Soviet Union."

Next Week in The Nation

Eight Months of Congress

By PAUL W. WARD

Books

Salvation from Within

Vein of Iron. By Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

As distinguished from those novelists who believe that a disorganized and unjust political system can be replaced by one which will offer to the individual the order and justice he needs and deserves, Miss Glasgow, fully recognizing the harsh illogic of the world today, presents a counter-theory of salvation of the individual by his own integrity and inner virtue. Her scene is the Great Valley of Virginia; her protagonists are the Fincastle family, chiefly exemplified by grandmother, son, and granddaughter, descendants from a line of pioneers who sought the first American frontier in the face of wild forest and wilder savages, and possessors of the iron that brought the earlier members of the family through the trials of establishing a nation. The story begins with ten-year-old Ada in the year 1900; it ends in 1932, with Ada and her sixteen-year-old son carrying on the Fincastle tradition, after years of privation, humiliation, and disappointment, through a World War, a decade of post-war recklessness, and the first four years of world-wide depression.

Miss Glasgow, in other words, has attempted to cover a large canvas in time and to touch the lives of most of the villagers of Ironside with the movement of the world for thirty years. Her Fincastles during that time have plenty of suffering on which to test the edge of their fortitude. Ada's first disappointment, the doll with real hair that she wanted and the doll with a china head that she got, is by no means her last. She lives to lose her lover to a slut, to watch her mother die of a lingering and painful illness, to bear her child in ignominy, to nurse her husband through war-engendered despair, to experience bitter poverty. But such is the bright strength of her spirit that she is as ready for a new life at forty as she might have been at ten, and has as much energy, resilience, and tenderness to undertake it. Nor is her inner fortitude Ada's only consolation; her two-day idyl on a mountain top, the happy first years of her marriage, the closeness of her family, the enduring love of her husband, these also sustain her. It is to Miss Glasgow's credit that her Ada, if she is firm, is not a prig; if she can bear sorrow, she can also experience joy; and she has her moments of rebellion.

Only the stubbornly doctrinaire will quarrel with a novelist for saving the world in his own way; and salvation by inner virtue may be as good a way as any other. Miss Glasgow is a writer of comedy; in comedy you may lift yourself by your own bootstraps, so long as you experience the ultimate lift. Ada was brought to peace and sufficient comfort at last by her own ardent endurance; her father by the consolations of philosophy; her grandmother by her unshakable confidence in the existence of God. For their friends the Hamblens, who perfectly exemplified the dignified and decorous tradition which the Fincastles—and through them, one may guess, Miss Glasgow—admired, dignity and decorum were not enough to keep them from disaster. When their small living was swept away in a bank crash, they could find no other way out than suicide. Perhaps the wild post-war generation, who discarded dignity for reckless pleasure and substituted for decorum a heartless irregularity, were right after all. Perhaps only those are saved by inner virtue who are born under a lucky star, or who are designed for the heroines of comedy. The less fortunate majority may require the world to move before they are relieved of their suffering.

Miss Glasgow's readers, of course, are not bound to resolve these problems. They can be content with a novel of more than average interest and intensity by a novelist with more than ordinary skill at creating characters who breathe and walk by themselves. They may complain that too many events are crowded into a book that nevertheless sometimes seems too long; they may object that disappointment suffered by a person in a story must not be too clearly suspected by the reader in advance. They will still be able to read a novel important not only for its description of contemporary life but for its recollections of one of the most moving aspects of the American past. That Virginia which Miss Glasgow knows so well she makes more clear with every book she writes; as it continues to be familiar, it will also be received with affectionate admiration.

Dorothy Van Doren

The NRA and Recovery

The National Recovery Administration. By Leverett S. Lyon, Paul T. Homan, George Terborgh, Lewis Lorwin, Charles Dearing, and Leon C. Marshall. The Brookings Institution. $3.50.

The authors of this book could scarcely have foreseen that within a few weeks after the publication of their work the NRA—which had been one of the most controversial and spectacular political developments in American history—would be of only academic interest. Even after the Schechter decision few persons anticipated that the principles upon which the NRA was based would vanish from the public consciousness almost as quickly as they had appeared. But the social and political significance of this grotesque attempt to lift the country out of the depression by its economic bootstraps is in no way affected by the Supreme Court decision. As America's first large-scale experiment in government regulation of business, the NRA—with all its absurdities—is of incomparable importance to those who would build tomorrow's world.

Had the authors been forewarned of the early collapse of the NRA machinery, they would have doubtless altered the plan of their volume somewhat. As it is, the greater part of its 900 pages is devoted to a comprehensive and painstaking analysis of code making and administration. Apart from the concluding section—and brief comments at the close of each of the earlier ones—no attempt is made to evaluate the policies described. Yet the mere presentation of facts, divorced from the ballyhoo and emotion of the early days of the Blue Eagle, is guaranteed to give the average reader a far more unfavorable picture of the NRA than he had previously held.

In contrast to the general excellence of the study, the first chapter—dealing with the origins and background of the act—is frankly disappointing. The authors touch lightly upon certain precedents, such as the Federal Trade Commission and war-time experience with industrial control, and sketch briefly a few of the lines of thought prominent during the depression which appear to have influenced the NRA. But the basic question of how this peculiar assortment of nostrums and economic fallacies happened to be made the basis of the most far-reaching legislation in American history remains unanswered. Until someone provides us with detailed information regarding the personalities who aided in shaping this legislation, their experience and background, together with an analysis of the dominant political and economic forces of the day, there will remain a serious gap in the popular understanding of the recovery program.

It is manifestly impossible in the space available even to summarize those sections of the book which describe the complicated mechanism of the NRA. The value of these chapters is materially enhanced by the fact that several of the authors occupied important posts in the National Recovery Administration and played a role in shaping the policies which they describe. To their credit it may be said that this does not appear to interfere in any way with the objectivity of the study. They have given a faithful picture not only of the achievements of administration but also of the incredible confusion and chaos which existed. In part this anarchy was due to haste and an almost complete lack of precedents. In the main, however, it was the outgrowth of the conflicting objectives of the act itself. The assumption that reform and recovery were synonymous proved ill-grounded. Yet no one appears to have seen clearly which of the two goals should come first. The result was a system of trial and error which the authors describe as proceeding "beyond the bounds of caution with thoughtless disregard of consequences."

The nearest to a critical appraisal of the NRA as a whole is found in Mr. Terborgh's section, which analyzes the effect of the act in terms of recovery. Admitting the difficulty involved in disentangling the influence of the NRA from the multitude of other factors affecting the situation, Mr. Terborgh nevertheless presents considerable evidence to indicate that the codes hindered rather than aided the recovery movement. Having pointed out the fallacy of the theory that a business revival can be attained through raising wage rates, either prior to or simultaneously with an increase in prices, he shows that the NRA violated the basic premise of the theory. The rise in *hourly wage rates* was approximately the same as that of the cost of living and wholesale commodity prices, but prices were the first to advance. Moreover, contrary to the popular impression, "less than half of the employees in all industries combined had their hourly wage rate raised as a result of the NRA," while the majority of those whose hourly rates were increased "were already making more real income per hour than they made before the depression." Such advance as occurred in hourly earnings was offset, furthermore, by the restriction of hours under the codes and the increased cost of living. After careful calculation, the author concludes that the average real income per employed worker, as contrasted with dollar wages, showed a decline of 5 to 6 per cent under the NRA. Since employment was spread by approximately the same percentage, it is evident that the workers who were previously employed "provided the principal source from which the newly added workers obtained their . . . income." And after analyzing fluctuations in property income, Mr. Terborgh concludes that very little change has occurred in the basic distribution between labor and capital, though he feels that the income of both groups might have been somewhat higher if it had not been for the restrictive effect of the codes.

Many readers will doubtless be somewhat disturbed to find the staff of the Brookings Institution coming out so emphatically against the NRA and especially angry at its rejection of the widely held theory that recovery can be hastened through a general increase in wage rates. It is true that its basic criticisms of the codes are very much the same as those made by conservatives in the spring of 1933. But before jumping to the conclusion that the Brookings Institution has sold out to the Liberty League and the Republican Party, one should study its underlying economic arguments in connection with those advanced in the earlier Brookings volumes, "America's Capacity to Consume" and "The Formation of Capital." On the surface the basic conclusion of the latter—that the depression is due to an increasing maldistribution of wealth—may seem to conflict with the criticism of the NRA wage theory. Actually, however, the books are wholly consistent. All are based on the assumption that the production of goods and services—real wealth—and not money is the basis of economic well-being. The NRA failed because it tended to restrict production rather than to expand it. "The Formation of Capital" argues that permanent prosperity can only be achieved through a fundamental redistribution of wealth. The present book shows that under the capitalist system this is a far more complicated task than merely raising hourly wage rates, particularly if the latter can only be gained through the fostering of monopoly practices.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Middle Western Marriage

Dwell in the Wilderness. By Alvah C. Bessie. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

THIS family novel of the Middle West has its end and its beginning in the marriage ceremony performed in 1888 over Eben Isaac Morris, young proprietor of a drygoods emporium, and Amelia Millard, a clergyman's daughter. Superficially it was a commonplace Victorian marriage. Amelia was no beauty, and Eben was no catch. Having met and fancied each other, they had gone through an elaborate, rigidly supervised courtship. Once, at the time of their engagement, they had been allowed to kiss, under her parents' monitory eyes. They had dined and attended church and sung hymns in the parlor. Yet for all this caution, decorum, and common sense, theirs was a union which bore within it the seeds of insanity and disaster. On the wedding night it was apparent that the half-hysterical girl, who had been taught to hate the flesh as she would the devil, was the victim of a deep-seated sex neurosis. In subsequent years she produced four living children, but whenever her husband tried to kiss her mouth, she proffered him a pale and horrified cheek. Thirty-odd years of respectable wedlock turned her into a domineering old woman, fearful and at the same time pathetic, a paranoiac, unrecognized as such by her own family. Thirty-odd years of ungratified love of life made Eben Morris an economic failure, a futile, emasculated, bewildered derelict. Of the four children, one grew up to be a priggish, big-shot executive; one was a drunkard; one a homosexual; one a sad, poetic, maladjusted divorcée.

The demons that haunt the Morris household are, of course, familiars of contemporary fiction, yet they are still terrifying. The psychopathological offshoots of nineteenth-century moralistic dualism have been studied before; they remain engrossing. Were Mr. Bessie equipped with the proper scientific implements with which to probe the character of Amelia, "Dwell in the Wilderness" might have been a fine novel. In its present form it is a disorganized, deceptively lifelike piece of work. It has moments of genuine horror and a continuous superficial verisimilitude. The material aspects of the family life are at all times sharply presented. Using a dozen different recent techniques of the novel—the interior monologue, the dream, the revery, newspaper citations, snatches of popular songs, the shifting point of view, the sharp parenthesis breaking the long, loose-jointed colloquial sentence—Mr. Bessie has contrived to make the behavior of his people recognizable and therefore half true.

Beyond this, however, he cannot go: behavior he perceives, but not its sources. The novel revolves about Eben and Amelia. It is the woman's sexual illness, plus the man's inability to deal with it, which poisons the family cell. Each action of the novel should, accordingly, spring, directly or indirectly, out of the central situation, or, conversely, impinge upon it. Unluckily, Mr. Bessie was unable to plumb the center of his story; consequently it exerts neither centrifugal nor centripetal force upon the subordinate actions. In many instances the characters, tastes, and careers of the four children are in no way predicated upon the marriage of their parents, with the result that they seem irrational, and the novel comes to remind one of a rambling family history, spirited but pointless.

MARY MCCARTHY

Russian Reminiscences

The Grinding Mill. Reminiscences of War and Revolution in Russia (1913-1920). By Prince A. Lobanov-Rostovsky. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS book contains no new information, but it conveys successfully an atmosphere, and although this atmosphere of Russia, war, and revolution is not unknown, the book will interest many readers because it is well written and full of life and movement. At the beginning of the World War the author was a member of the high Russian aristocracy in his very early twenties. To judge from the book, which is an intimate narrative of the young man's life and feelings during those troubled years, he far surpassed his comrades in education, intelligence, and gentleness. He naturally writes from the point of view of an extremely wealthy Russian aristocrat; the book tries to record his feelings and thoughts at the time of the events. But they were not typical of the average Russian officer of his class. Prince Lobanov-Rostovsky seems to have been more humane and refined than most of them. Was it this fact or a certain sheltered position that never allowed him to see the cruelty and unspeakable savagery of the civil war in Russia? "That was the only time in my life I saw a knout," he remarks after a visit in 1920 to the offices of the Inter-Allied Commission in Constantinople—after having spent five years in Russia during the war and the various phases of the counter-revolution. This one sentence reveals the striking one-sidedness of the book.

I did not witness the civil war in southern Russia, where Prince Lobanov saw it. I witnessed it during two years in Siberia, "the only place," as Prince Lobanov writes, "where a popular movement against the reds seemed to be afoot." There it was clearly the use of the knout by the white Russian officers, not only against the reds and the greens, but against their own soldiers and the civilian population, which contributed largely to the loss of the civil war notwithstanding all the initial advantages which the white armies had enjoyed. All the counter-revolutionary efforts against the Bolsheviks were doomed, not only because of the political backwardness of the personally honest white leaders but also because of the moral superiority of the red armies. The red soldiers were fighting "in a crusading spirit for a definite ideal," and the brutal and unintelligent behavior of many of the officers of the white armies turned the civilian population and the soldiers of the white armies into sympathizers with the reds.

Of the real horrors of war and civil war little is to be found in the book. But the years were full of excitement and of stirring events. Prince Lobanov served on the Russian-German front from 1914 to 1917, came at the beginning of the revolution to Petrograd, went in the autumn of 1917 via England to Salonika, fought then with the Russian units in France, joined the army of Denikin in southern Russia, and escaped in January, 1920, to Constantinople and Paris. Of all these events the author talks in an interesting, vivid, and intelligent way which will win many readers. And he succeeds in bringing out how life adjusts itself to horrors and upheavals and how everyday routine makes people quickly forget past miseries. Prince Lobanov is an ardent Russian nationalist who finally accepts the Russian Revolution in the faith that it will bring new life and a new civilization to Russia.

HANS KOHN

Shorter Notices

Redder than the Rose. By Robert Forsythe. Covici-Friede. $2.

The formula for the regular contributor to the *New Masses* who signs himself Robert Forsythe is that he is at once a Communist and a humorist. Yet even this not so astounding paradox does not quite cover the case. More precisely, Mr. Forsythe's method is to use some of the most cherished devices of bourgeois humor to persuade a bourgeois audience of the rightness of his convictions. The reference is so clearly to the wearily sophisticated background of middle-class culture that it is doubtful whether this writer's doctrinal bedfellows will find his book as hilariously funny as those who, like himself, were born to that culture. In brief, these little essays on current American asininities are by and for someone who has been until quite recently taken in by them. One has the feeling that Mr. Forsythe chastises such personages as Mae West, H. L. Mencken, Alexander Woollcott, and J. P. Morgan with such jubilant ardor because he recognizes how narrowly he has escaped their influence. In the case of Mencken, to whom he devotes a full-length obituary, he does not actually escape the influence. Menckenisms abound in his style, as do also the subtler cuckoo notes of Thurber, Frank Sullivan, and the other unregenerate harlequins admonished in the Lardner article. But the difference between this book and most of the products of recent American humor is nevertheless profound. Communism gives not only a point but a kind of salubrious glow to the best pieces—those on Hearst, Ernest Hemingway, the Vanderbilts and their rats, the president of the College of the City of New York. Those that adopt the more serious, the haranguing note are less effective. Mr. Forsythe's real gift is for making the American public aware of itself by using one of its own best self-protective weapons against it. He should leave the proselytizing to those less inhibited by a sense of humor. At present he must be about the only humorist in this country writing out of a fixed social point of view, and to sacrifice this position would be a loss both to humor and the country.

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? By Horace McCoy. Simon and Schuster. $2.

This unpretentious novel of the hard-boiled school tells of a dance marathon and a mercy murder that marked its close. While neither the style nor the point of view is original, the milieu is, and Mr. McCoy writes with the authority of one who has himself been a bouncer in a marathon on the California coast. Unlike the earlier "tough" novelists from whom he inherited his staccato prose, Mr. McCoy is not solely occupied with the presentation of horror for its own sake. Though the titillation of the reader's nerves is his chief objective, he does, by implication at least, condemn the economic set-up which is responsible for the brutalized human beings he puts on exhibit. The book is full of an inverted romanticism: it is hardly possible that all the contestants in dance marathons are such sensational characters as Mr. McCoy suggests. Were it not in its physical details so carefully documented, it would be lurid beyond belief.

The Land of Shvambrania. By Leo Kassil. The Viking Press. $2.

Any one of the millions of Americans who nurture the belief that the Russian of today is a dull-witted, serious fellow, dedicated to the threshing machine and the tractor, would do well to investigate this curious hybrid fantasy, "The Land of Shvambrania." The first thing of its kind to come out of the

U. S. S. R., it is a strange but satisfactory compound of truth and fancy, satire and revolutionary feeling. Shvambrania, a mythical island with the contours of an enormous tooth, was first imagined by two sons of a Jewish provincial doctor in the year 1914. Though Shvambrania was a dream kingdom, it was not altogether out of touch with reality. The events of the world at large had their burlesque parallels in Shvambranian history. When the revolution came to Russia, the imaginary kingdom dethroned its king, and the occupation of its people was changed from war to athletics. However, as the revolution gained in stability, and the energies of the boys were diverted more and more into the building of a new state, the spell of Shvambrania lost its potency. Less and less often the boys played the game, until at last they abolished it with public festivities. The story of the growth and decline of Shvambrania, here reconstructed by Leo Kassil, the elder of the doctor's sons, is alternated with the account of the upheaval that shook their provincial town as it was shaking all Russia. Reality is as outlandish as the fairy tale, and both are accepted by the children with unquestioning enthusiasm. This sprightly novel, witty and exaggerated and learned, tells the human, day-to-day truth about the revolution more perspicaciously than a dozen factual studies.

Four Roads to Death. By Benjamin Appel. Alfred Knopf. $2.

This story of an expedition into the Taklamakan desert of Chinese Turkestan is rather heavily reminiscent of James Hilton's "Lost Horizon." It contains a similar unsynthesized mixture of mystery, adventure, mysticism, and parlor philosophy. Four persons, backed by a New York millionaire, set out to find gold in the buried cities of the Chinese desert. A beautiful woman, a novelist, a go-getting business man, and a pseudo-Buddhist explorer—they represent respectively the lust for adventure, fame, money, and power. The effect of the unsuccessful expedition upon each of these carefully pigeonholed characters makes up the novel, which, except for two splendid chapters, is an uninspired, repetitious piece of nonsense. These chapters, which deal with the crazy, despairing trek toward water across endless stretches of unchanging desert, occur unfortunately at the end of the book, and only the most tenacious reader will win through to them.

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The Voice of Bugle Ann. By MacKinlay Kantor. Coward-McCann. $1.25.

"The Voice of Bugle Ann" is a dog story. A dreamy, crooning tale, it has not even the spirit of its foxhound heroine. It has a thin mystery plot, a soporific cadenced prose, and a fine melancholy reverence for the spirit of the Old South. Its setting is the Missouri hill country, its time the present, its author a more or less distinguished novelist. Yet with its vague sense of characterization, regional, temporal, or human, it might have been written by any senescent, dog-fancying Southern colonel a hundred years ago.

The Poems of W. H. Davies. Oxford University Press. $3.
Love Poems. By W. H. Davies. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

The world of literary journalism has its major mysteries, and one of them is how Mr. Davies's outpourings could have elicited praise from a variety of people ranging from Sir John Squire to Bernard Shaw. The jacket of this new collection of his poems contains excerpts from three leading English journals, the *Observer,* the *Daily Telegraph,* and the *Times Literary Supplement,* hailing him as the poet who has kept the springs of English poesy free from contamination. One is forced to conclude that the current state of criticism is somewhat lower in England than in America. Mr. Davies sometimes pleases by a deftness in the manipulation of tinkling rhymes and a naive astonishment in the presence of nature, but his work is all surface, everything that he says has been much better said long ago, and he is emotionally and intellectually sub-adolescent. Most objectionable of all is the naughty snigger with which he steals a kiss or takes a drink of ale, acts which in certain quarters have given him a reputation for boldness.

A History of Europe: Ancient and Mediaeval. Volume I. By H. A. L. Fisher. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Mr. Fisher covers the period from Neolithic man down to the end of the Middle Ages in not much more than four hundred pages. This feat of compression he accomplishes by ignoring—except in occasional paragraphs—economic and cultural developments and concentrating on the activities of such politically prominent individuals as Augustus, Charlemagne, Barbarossa, and the like. Mr. Fisher confesses himself unable to discern in history "a plot, a rhythm, a predetermined pattern," and believes that the chief part in "the development of human destinies" is played by "the contingent and the unforeseen." He is a historian in the eighteenth-century manner, for whom the various schools of historical interpretation which developed in the nineteenth century might never have existed. Unfortunately he is lacking in the intellectual passion and the verbal skill of a Gibbon or a Voltaire. He endeavors to be picturesque and epigrammatic but succeeds only in being stilted and rhetorical. This book may have some use as a textbook or a work of reference—Mr. Fisher has made use of the most recent scholarship and seems to be generally accurate—but it has little value as literature, and it is of intellectual interest only because it provokes one to ask why a man of Mr. Fisher's eminence should have devoted himself to a study which, if taken at his own valuation, is so wholly meaningless.

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HAILE SELASSIE'S dramatic gesture of leasing the oil and mineral rights of half his kingdom to an Anglo-American syndicate may not prevent Mussolini from seizing Ethiopia, but it has introduced an element of uncertainty into the situation which cannot but cause Italy much embarrassment. Almost overnight Mussolini finds himself robbed of the principal objective of his African campaign. He finds himself involved not only with Britain and France, whose reaction he can count on, but potentially with the United States, whose policies he cannot fathom. It is true that the agreement makes it difficult for England to base its plea at Geneva on high moral grounds, but there was never any real prospect that such a plea would be backed up by a demand for sanctions. The final outcome depends, of course, primarily on the attitude of the British government toward the Emperor's concessions. The British disclaimer of interest and its reference to its obligations under the 1906 treaty were inevitable under any circumstances. If the British government is actually behind the deal, as is charged in many quarters, we may expect its attitude toward Italy to stiffen materially. The same will be true if any important British interests are involved. Thus we may be treated to the spectacle of a British policy more conciliatory toward Italy on the surface but in reality more intransigent. While this enhances the danger of a general world conflict, it raises new hope that hostilities may be averted altogether. At least one must admire the courage and realism of the Ethiopian emperor at a time when the rest of the world appears hopelessly supine.

ITALY'S CONTENTION that the League of Nations cannot legally close the Suez Canal to troops and supplies destined for Ethiopia is called into question by a recent study made for the Geneva Research Center by Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association. Mr. Buell finds the entire issue so clouded with uncertainties that a final conclusion is likely to be dependent on the relative will of the parties engaged in the dispute. It is an open question, for example, whether the convention of 1888, providing that the canal shall be "free and open in time of war to every vessel of commerce or war," is still in force today. The Constantinople convention containing this provision also specified that the canal's defense should, in the last instance, be referred to the concert of European nations. But in 1914 the British government established a protectorate over Egypt and closed the canal to enemy warships. This protectorate was legally ended in 1922, subject to a reservation leaving the defense of the canal in British hands. The canal is now under the territorial jurisdiction of Egypt, which is not a member of the League and which did not accede to the convention of 1888. Should Britain take unilateral action to close the canal, it might find itself in a very embarrassing position if Italy appealed to the World Court challenging its right to control the canal. If, on the other hand, the canal were closed following a unanimous vote of the League Council, excluding the interested parties, it could be argued that the sanctions of the League against a nation engaging in war in violation of the Covenant took precedence over regulations drawn up when neutrality was legally possible. The very existence of machinery for the enforcement of peace is dependent upon this interpretation.

THE PRESENCE of a representative of Finland at the recent meeting of Scandinavia's foreign ministers at Oslo suggests that Hitler's attempt to build a German-Polish-Finnish bloc to offset the Franco-Soviet alliance is encountering heavy going. Five months ago, when a similar meeting of the Scandinavian countries was called to consider the adoption of a common policy in the face of German rearmament, Finland did not attend, largely because of strong anti-Swedish feeling. Since then both Germany and Poland have renewed their efforts to bring it definitely into the proposed anti-Soviet bloc. Traditionally opposed to Russia and deeply indebted to Germany for its independence, Finland finds itself in a most difficult position. If it yields to the German-Polish importunities, it will not only face the hostility of France and the Soviet Union but will also isolate itself from the Scandinavian countries, which have made strict neutrality and loyalty to the League the foundation stones of their policy. On the other hand, not only the

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powerful Lapua movement, which maintains close contact with the Nazis through its militia, but also the so-called "genuine Finns," the anti-Swedish movement headed by Professor Leiviskä, are violently anti-Soviet. The situation is made more serious by the presence in Finland of a Japanese military mission which for months has been studying the Finnish fortifications on both the eastern and northeastern borders. Despite this tremendous pressure, the coolness shown on the occasion of Foreign Minister Beck's recent visit, together with Finnish cooperation at Oslo, points to a continuation of the traditional safe and sane policy of neutrality.

JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, JR., chief magistrate of New York, and the League of Women Shoppers both deserve credit for the institution of new methods in handling picketing cases in city courts. The league, organized to support the legitimate demand of workers in industrial disputes, helped recently to picket the offices of the *American Mercury*. Several members were arrested along with fifty other pickets, and according to custom were thrust into the detention pen in the night court to await trial. There they suffered the usual privations and discomforts, but added to these, on this occasion, was the presence in the cell of four drunken men who were deliberately thrust among the imprisoned pickets by Jacob Katz, court attendant. This indignity roused the league to action. It protested to the court with prompt results. Katz was summarily dismissed, and Chief Magistrate Schurman later ordered that women arrested for picketing should henceforth be detained in the court itself while awaiting trial and not be locked in cells. This ruling is important apart from the fact that it insures such prisoners a reasonable degree of comfort and decency. It clearly distinguishes picketing from ordinary crimes and misdemeanors and constitutes at least a short step toward the legal recognition of political offenders. Obviously the ruling should be applied to men as well as women.

THE MAGISTRATES' COURTS of New York City are not celebrated for the brilliance and humanity of their jurists, but there are exceptions among them. Magistrate Michael A. Ford's vigorous and forthright disposition of a recent case involving twenty-eight peddlers in the garment district is worthy of commendation. The West Side Association of Commerce had asked for police action against the peddlers, charging them with obstructing traffic. The police obligingly arrested them, herded them into an improvised pen, and then brought them before Magistrate Ford. The association suggested that a suitable penalty for each peddler would be "$10 or ten days." The judge replied that he could see no sense in fining people for trying to earn an honest living. The association countered with the argument that the peddlers were interfering with its business and were besmirching the fair name of New York City. The magistrate snapped back: "So you are here for a selfish purpose. You want to protect investments. Are you the custodian of the good name and prestige of the city?" He added that in a time of national economic crisis a judge had a right to deal lightly with minor violations of the law by people who are trying to earn an honest dollar. The representative of the business men demanded that the magistrate do his "duty." Whereupon Magistrate Ford thundered: "Don't try to tell me what my duty is. I'm not going to be told my duty by a paid officer of a retailers' group." He gave the peddlers suspended sentences and warned one group to stay out of the garment district. The association has protested Magistrate Ford's action to Chief Magistrate Schurman but all decent people will hope that he will be upheld.

WE print herewith an original thought culled from the works of Walter Lippmann and dedicated—by us—to the unconquered Army of the Unemployed:

> What Mr. Roosevelt says or fails to say between the adjournment of Congress and its assembling in January will call for unusually careful scrutiny. For it will supply the evidence on which the people may judge whether the President now will return to them the extraordinary powers they granted him in a moment of grave danger for the single purpose of achieving recovery, or whether they must take these powers away from him.
>
> The people gave Mr. Roosevelt a sword to lead them in a particular battle. *That battle is over* [italics ours] and that sword now should be returned to its scabbard.

ALTHOUGH the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act of 1932 was a step in the right direction, much of its force has been wasted by the failure of most state legislatures to place similar limitations on issuance of equity relief in labor disputes. When the Legislature of New York State recently empowered persons charged with contempt of court for violating labor injunctions to demand jury trials, it went a long way toward incorporating the essential spirit, if not the full legal technique, of the federal statute into the laws of that state. It is encouraging, therefore, to learn that Supreme Court Justice Meier Steinbrink has just upheld the constitutionality of the New York statute in the first test case that has arisen. The test developed out of a typical all-embracing injunction directed against Local 505 of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers' International, which Supreme Court Justice Leander Faber issued some months ago upon suit by the Standard Baking Company. Justice Steinbrink's ruling is as sound in judicial logic as it is cogent in social philosophy. He holds that it constitutes no invasion of judicial prerogatives for the legislature to redefine the procedure which shall be followed by those who seek to obtain equity relief. He throws out of court the argument that a plaintiff who obtains an injunction becomes vested with property rights which are immune to legislative curbing. He proclaims that the economic and social importance of the organized labor movement justifies the restriction of the use of the injunction by employers. It hardly seems probable that Justice Steinbrink will be reversed by the Court of Appeals. If he is upheld, the power of judges to break strikes will be materially curtailed.

ONE OF THE MINOR MISFORTUNES of the Italo-Ethiopian uproar is that it has diverted the attention of the world from the German madhouse. A series of "scientific" congresses was recently held in Berlin which portends further embarrassment for the intelligent people of the Third Reich. The penological congress was packed with Nazis, and the preposterous resolutions it passed in favor of crueler punishment for criminals misled not one of the foreigners present, as Warden Lawes of Sing Sing has pointed out. The so-called World Population Congress was an equally painful exhibition. It was opened by Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Minister of the Interior, and honorary president of the congress. His speech was a long hymn of thanks to the Almighty for blessing the people of Germany with Adolf Hitler, laying special emphasis on the Chancellor's anti-Semitic theories. The following day the Congress was graced with a speech by Dr. Clarence G. Campbell of New York, president of the Eugenics Research Association. He defended the "obviously biological realities" of the Nazi race doctrines, and warmly supported the totalitarian state. It need hardly be added that Professor Franz Boas was not present at the congress. Nazi science has little use for anthropologists of international reputation, especially if they happen to be Jews.

THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE of the New Deal, according to figures issued by the Federal Bureau of Education, has been hard on the schools of the country. Reports from forty-one states show a decrease of 18.3 per cent in current expenses and of 68.4 per cent in capital expenditures in the school year 1933-34 as compared to 1931-32. There was a drop in the latter school year, but as compared to 1929-30 the respective percentage decreases were only 1.8 and 43.1. In 1934 these forty-one states spent $957,693,673 for running their schools, while in 1932 they spent $1,171,903,889, and the capital outlays in the same states dropped from $124,547,363 to $39,383,940. The report also points out, as might have been expected, that the schools in the South have been hit the hardest. In Arkansas, for example, the annual current cost per pupil in average daily attendance is $22.60, while in Nevada it is $117.90, and in New Jersey $102.53. Nothing could be more dangerous for the future of the country than the failure to maintain even our present inadequate educational standards.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED what a Vice-President of the United States thinks about? We hadn't either until we opened the New York *Times* of August 29. John N. Garner, it seems, thinks about Hearn's department store and its new Share-the-Profits plan. "The way to make things HUM," says Mr. Garner in an ad on page 9, "is to pay good wages and keep prices low. Add to that a Share of Profits, and the world won't just beat a pathway to your door—They'll Build a Concrete Highway!" But what Mr. Garner thinks of Hearn's is nothing to what Hearn's thinks of Mr. Garner.

> Long years spent with silent men of action—the plainsmen of his native Texas—have schooled this statesman in homespun to see clearly, think straight. . . . He is one of the most beloved figures in public life. . . . Now, as Hearn's steps forward once more to serve the people, Mr. Garner is again strongly in favor.

Some political observers saw in the Hearn announcement an attempt to capture the vice-presidency in 1936. Others saw nothing of the sort. William E. Borah, Al Smith, Huey Long, and other Presidential aspirants refused to comment. Left-wing commentators refused not to comment. "It's fascism," said one of these, "Mr. Garner hopes to get the basement-store vote by using radical slogans. But the masses in Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Gimbel's will not be misled by such cheap demagoguery."

Can Italy Defy Sanctions?

AFTER the first Italian Cabinet "War Council" was held at Bolzano, under the chairmanship of Premier Mussolini, an official communiqué stated:

> The problem of sanctions has been studied by the highest authorities in all its aspects, and as far as sanctions of a military character are concerned, the necessary provisions and measures to resist them have long since been taken. In view of any future eventualities, and to guarantee economic resistance by Italy, the problem of supplies of the necessaries of life has been examined. The supply of food is sufficient, since the wheat and rice crops this year have been particularly ample. As for supplies of an industrial character, the Cabinet Council approved a measure providing that all civilian requirements shall give way to present and future military needs.

The facts, however, create a far more pessimistic impression of Italy's capacity to go it alone than does the Cabinet's cheery announcement. The Committee on Economic Sanctions of the Twentieth Century Fund made public in 1932 a report entitled "Boycotts and Peace" in which the relative dependency of the twelve leading powers on outside supplies and materials was reviewed. Apart from munitions themselves the chief essentials for waging war were listed as iron and steel, machinery, nitrogen, other chemicals for explosives and gas, coal, petroleum, iron ore, and foodstuffs. Of the twelve nations discussed in the report every one but Italy was shown to be self-sustaining in at least two of these essentials. Italy was self-sufficient in none. In contrast to the Cabinet's statement the figures show that in 1931 Italy imported from 18 to 20 per cent of its foodstuffs; in wheat and other cereals its deficiency was as great as 25 per cent. Undoubtedly wheat production has increased since then as the result of the intensive "battle of grain" which has been waged since 1925 to free Italy from dependence on foreign countries for its bread. But more recent figures give no support to Italy's claim to self-sufficiency in other crops or in foodstuffs generally. Aside from food, the report reveals the wide gaps in Mussolini's armor. Italy is partly dependent on outside sources of supply for its iron and steel and almost wholly for iron ore. It produces no coal, no oil, no cotton. It is partly dependent on its imports of machinery and of nitrogen and numerous other essential chemicals. It must buy from other countries its entire supply, or nearly so, of copper, rubber, tin, nickel, mineral nitrates, tungsten, chromite, mica.

The United States remains the largest source of Italy's imports. An application of economic sanctions to be effective would obviously require American cooperation. As we pointed out last week, a certain measure of cooperation is possible even under the limitations imposed by the recent neutrality legislation. An embargo on loans, credits, and essential war materials imposed by the League of Nations and supported as far as the law allows by the United States would check, if it did not prevent, Italy's aggression in Ethiopia and would end the immediate threat to the peace of Europe. Italy cannot fight the other nations of Europe unless they sell it the materials to fight with.

Behind America's Note to the U. S. S. R.

MANY explanations have been offered for the severe tone taken by the United States in its recent protest to the Soviet government on the activities of the Third International. The fact that few commentators took the American note at its face value is a rather convincing indication that the Administration was motivated by something other than a desire to call attention to a supposed infringement of the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement. That the President was prompted chiefly by internal rather than international considerations is reasonably obvious, though the precise nature of the domestic pressure remains a matter for speculation. Certain liberal papers see the protest as an attempt to offset the campaign recently launched by Hamilton Fish, William Randolph Hearst, and other reactionaries to obtain a severance of diplomatic relations between this country and the Soviet Union. A more ingenious interpretation offered by the Republican press is that Roosevelt wished to disassociate himself as vigorously as possible from the proffer of Communist aid against fascism which was advanced by Georgi Dimitrov, new spokesman for the Third International. Others attribute the note and Secretary Hull's subsequent public statement to under-cover work on the part of anti-Soviet officials in the State Department, who grasped their opportunity when it became evident that the Administration resented the front-page publicity given to speeches of the American Communist leaders depicting the growth of radical sentiment in this country.

Whatever the motive, it must be admitted that the Administration seized upon a fairly convincing technicality upon which to base its protest. Taken in isolation from the known facts of the present-day world, paragraph 4 of the Litvinov letter, to which the State Department made special reference in its protest, would appear to support the American case. The Soviet Union specifically agreed "not to permit the . . . residence on its territory of any organization . . . and to prevent the activity on its territory of any organization . . . which has as its aim . . . the preparation for the overthrow . . . by force of . . . the political or social order within any part of the United States. . . ." By conservatives generally this has been hailed as a definite pledge on the part of Moscow to curb the activities of the Comintern in relation to the United States. But no one who possesses even the most elementary knowledge of the Soviet Union could believe for a moment that this statement could have been intended to ban the normal work of the Third International. For years capitalist governments had been protesting to Moscow against Comintern-supported agitation within their countries, and had invariably received the reply that the Comintern was an international agency regarding which the Soviet government could assume no responsibility. All the government could promise was that its officials would not participate, as they had in the past, in Comintern activity, and that it would not give shelter to avowed revolutionists seeking to overthrow the American government by force. These promises have been scrupulously kept. Soviet diplomatic representatives have never even been accused of participating in politics in this country, and there is no evidence that any of the American or foreign representatives at the Comintern planned or engaged in any activities that were inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States. No one has even questioned the legal right of the American Communist Party to join and participate in the Third International. Yet, paradoxically enough, the normal activities of the party are alleged to be illegal when they are conducted on foreign soil.

All of which merely goes to confirm the fact that the State Department had other and more pressing reasons for sending its sudden and provocative note to Moscow. In this connection much has been made of the fact that Soviet purchases in this country have fallen far short of expectations, and are no longer an inducement for continuing recognition. It is true that our exports to the U. S. S. R. in 1934 were only $15,000,000 as against $9,000,000 in 1933 and $114,000,000 at the peak in 1930. But responsibility for this low level of trade lies almost entirely at the door of the United States. While there was a change in Soviet trade policy toward the end of the first Five-Year Plan which accounted for the sharp drop in purchases in 1932 and 1933, the primary factor in keeping the Soviets from purchasing badly needed American goods has been our failure to advance the credit facilities that were virtually promised on the occasion of Litvinov's visit to Washington. The passage of the Johnson act and its application to the Soviet Union were the first blows struck at the prospective Soviet trade. The collapse of the debt negotiations under circumstances which reflected little credit upon the Administration and the subsequent dissolution of the Export-Import Bank definitely closed the door to trade on the scale which was envisioned at the time of recognition. Nevertheless, Soviet purchases in the first seven months of this year were approximately $25,000,000, or two and a half times as large as in the corresponding period of 1934, and with the signing of the recent commercial agreement guaranteeing the expenditure of $30,000,000 in the United States during the year, prospects for cash trade are better than at any period since the close of 1931. From this standpoint the recent controversy over the Third International is most untimely.

Another factor which played an important role at the time of Soviet recognition and has now receded in popular interest is the need for a common front against Japan. The danger of a Japanese attack on either the United States or Russia has apparently been postponed for at least several years. But in place of the Japanese menace there has appeared the immediate and tangible threat of a war in Europe. Since American recognition the Soviet Union has joined the League of Nations and is generally recognized as the bulwark of peace on the Continent. If the United States is to throw its forces with the League in a last-minute attempt to prevent the Italo-Ethiopian crisis from developing into a world conflagration, it needs the undivided and sympathetic support of the Soviets. Nothing could be more unfortunate than for the Administration to allow irrelevant domestic political issues to divert it from a courageous effort to prevent this catastrophe.

Will Borah Run?

THAT the nomination of William E. Borah by the Republicans next year would cause genuine alarm in the Roosevelt camp is evident. Mr. Roosevelt knows full well that Mr. Borah is the only man thus far mentioned to oppose him who would draw progressives and liberals in large numbers. Colonel Knox of the Chicago *Daily News* would repel them, Senator Vandenberg would not even interest them, but there still clings to Borah an aura of liberalism from the days when he really was progressive. That he is still a force in the Senate is true. As we have often pointed out, he is a great lawyer and a profound authority on the Constitution, and whenever he makes a long address he is eagerly listened to. He can still draw huge audiences when he speaks in public, and he would be an impressive and striking figure in the White House.

Years ago Mr. Borah could easily have made himself President had he decided once for all to break with the conservatives of his party, at least to the extent of leading the progressive group and starting a nation-wide fight against the reaction of Hoover and Coolidge. But Mr. Borah is not a bolter. He did not leave the party with Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, and although he begged and received and used in 1924 a letter of eulogy from Robert M. La Follette, he would not support the Wisconsin statesman in his remarkable political campaign. Every time he has faced the question of putting his independence above party loyalty Mr. Borah has preferred to remain upon the Republican reservation. More than that, throughout his later career there has seemed to rest upon him an inhibition that often makes it impossible for him to see things through to their logical conclusion. He will fight hard for a cause as long as it is on the first pages, but when it no longer ranks foremost in news value his interest in it unaccountably wanes. For all his great ability, his unceasing industry, and his never-ending devotion to the tasks of his office, he no longer ranks as high as he did some years ago.

That there has been a great change in Mr. Borah is proved by the fact that he is being seriously considered for the nomination by conservative Republicans. Only a few years ago his name was anathema to them and to big business men everywhere. He was the "wild man from Idaho," given to proposing radical and half-baked legislation. There were also times, it is true, when these men applauded him for standing firm against some dangerous fad or radicalism, but in the years when Mr. Borah was at the height of his power, when he should have been selected because of his great intellectual ability, those forces were sufficiently strong to keep him shelved. If they are turning to him now it is because of the dearth of other candidates of any stature, and because they no longer think of him as a wild man. Indeed, they are more and more drawn to him as an isolationist—that is, those among them who think that our national salvation lies in our hearing no trade, seeing no trade, and speaking no trade with the rest of the world. They recall with gratitude his intense and brilliant opposition to the Treaty of Versailles, the wickedness of which he was among the first to understand and appreciate. It must not, however, be forgotten in this connection that he has repeatedly stated that he favors any move "that will bring nations together, promote friendliness, and remove causes of friction." No one has fought harder than he for a decent and friendly American policy in the Caribbean. Opposing the use of American troops there, he once said at Yale University: "There is a higher and better and more peaceful and lawful method by which to protect our interests. God has made us neighbors—let justice make us friends." Not the least of his services has been, too, his steadfast demand that we recognize Russia and develop helpful trade relations with that country without regard to its political beliefs. Above all he has stood for the civil rights of the citizen, as to which Franklin Roosevelt has up to this time remained pitifully and lamentably silent. "We cannot afford to barter these rights or to sacrifice them to any purpose or under any circumstances," Mr. Borah once wrote in an article he contributed to *The Nation.*

There is one grave obstacle to Mr. Borah's candidacy. He has passed his seventieth birthday and will be well into his seventy-second year when the Presidential election takes place next year. Although a man of exemplary habits who has always taken the best care of himself, he has recently undergone a serious operation and is no longer the extraordinarily powerful man that he was. Not in our entire history has either party contemplated the nomination of a man who had passed three score and ten years. Yet if reports from Washington are to be trusted, Mr. Borah is really interested in the question of his nomination. If he should achieve it, Mr. Roosevelt would have distinct ground for anxiety, for he would have an opponent in some ways abler than himself, and one far more competent to deal with the constitutional issue, if that should prove to be the dominating one in the coming contest. It would be difficult, too, to make the public understand the weaknesses of Mr. Borah's character, his curious inability to understand economics, to carry a fight through to a final victory, how much of a "lone wolf" he is, and how completely without executive and administrative experience.

Nancy and Her Father

NANCY BEDFORD-JONES was eighteen years old, a sophomore in college, the daughter of a prosperous American who had always gratified most of Nancy's whims. She had a car of her own, and an allowance. Probably there never was a father who treated his children better than H. Bedford-Jones, one of the country's well-known pulp writers. He was very fond of her. And she was a bright girl who wanted to be a journalist and planned eventually to enter the Columbia School of Journalism. Afterward her father could probably get her a good job; he knew all the big men in the field—Hearst, Macfadden, and the others. Nancy had some foolish ideas, of course, but she'd get over them. After all she was only a child. Even he, H. Bedford-Jones, had thought he was a Socialist at eighteen. The best clubs are full of successful middle-aged Americans who chuckle occasionally to think that they were once Socialists.

In the early days of September, 1935, Nancy Bedford-Jones found it necessary to denounce her father publicly in a radical sheet called the *New Masses,* because she discovered that he had sold out, for money, his own daughter and her confidence in an article in one of the nation's most lurid pulp sheets called *Liberty.* The article was headed: Will the Communists Get Our Girls in College: One Father's Story. It was subtitled A Startling Record, from the Depths of a Profound Dismay, of How the Red Web of Moscow Is Entangling Today's Daughters. It was signed "J. G. Shaw," and in it the author divided his daughter Nancy into three American daughters and related how each one, separately, had been debauched by representatives of the Student League for Industrial Democracy. The reading time is thirteen minutes, five seconds; the article probably brought a good price; and it would be hard to match for misrepresentation, stupid as well as shrewd, designed to reveal the red danger which threatens American youth. According to Shaw all radicals are degenerates and crooks, and the bickerings between the Socialists and Communists are merely a screen to hide a solidarity for which the most fervid advocates of a united front would not dare to hope. There are hot climaxes in "one father's story":

> After she'd been lost a couple of nights, I looked up the lousy outfit, had a couple of cops handy, and you should see the gang! She wants to quit school and take a garment-worker's job.
>
> . . . She cried her heart out—and stuck to her guns. She says someone must stand up for their ideals. "Yes," I agreed, "my own daughter quotes Strachey at me. . . . Her brain's warped."
>
> When I proposed that she go to a certain far-removed university for her next year, that she might keep her pledge to me to abstain from further activities, she shook her head. "It wouldn't be a bit of use really. I'd be taken in by the bunch there and put to work; . . ." "Haven't you enough will power to leave them alone?" "It isn't that. I'd be afraid to. I'd be dumped—beaten up. Not once, but all the time." She was in actual physical fear. . . .
>
> In our state colleges and in the towns around them are shrewd gentry who have their eyes on your daughter. You can't afford to laugh at them . . . as Morgan did, and a thousand other fathers who see their daughters put on the road to hell—too late.

But Nancy Bedford-Jones, at eighteen, is a better journalist than her father. Her article, My Father Is a Liar, in the *New Masses* for September 3 is much the more convincing of the two. She asserts conclusively that "J. G. Shaw" is H. Bedford-Jones, and that the three girls in his story are all herself—distorted. And she answers her father in his own terms:

> Yes, there is a web of "moral and mental disintegration" but it is not spun by the progressive movement. It is woven from the sewage and filth of American reaction—Hearst, Macfadden, et al.
>
> [My father] has not and he cannot change my beliefs. Nor can he hurt the progressive student movement. No lies can, because that movement has truth and right on its side. . . . We call upon the youth of America once more to join in the struggle for a world of peace, freedom, and progress.

We are placing our bets on the side represented by Nancy.

Is This America?

THE tar-and-feather party in Santa Rosa, California, in the course of which 300 vigilantes wrecked the house of a citizen and his family with tear-gas bombs in order to make him surrender, was supposed to be the spontaneous outburst of farmers against Communist agitators. There is no doubt that farmers took part in the affair, but a correspondent whom we trust writes that the mob was led and backed by bankers, a head of the federal reemployment bureau, motor cops, a member of the state legislature, American legionnaires, petty politicians, and members of the chamber of commerce; and a suit brought by one of the victims of the raid named among others the mayor of the town, who is a banker. The crime of the radicals was organizing strikes among crop-pickers. "Ninety per cent of the farmers in this community," writes our informant," are bankrupt and their crops are selling below the cost of harvest. Practically every rancher must borrow money from the bank or packer to meet his harvest payroll. The mob could count with certainty upon the approval of the local press, the protection of the police, and the inertia of the people. The raids took place under the nose of the sheriff, and it is rumored that the tear-gas bombs came out of his office." We quote briefly from an eyewitness's account of the raid published in the Oakland *Tribune.*

> Green [one of the victims] was held until the occupants of the cars could get out and hide behind trees. . . . I was told that it was the home of Sol Nitzberg, one of the most active of the "reds." Then Green was told to go up to the door. . . . Green, instead of calling Nitzberg out, disappeared inside. There was a wild yell of rage from some of the waiting vigilantes, and a rush toward the house. Then I heard a window go up, and then came the blast of a shotgun. . . . "I'm shooting to kill!" Nitzberg yelled from time to time. He must have fired fifteen or twenty shots when I heard a commotion. Some of the vigilantes had gone away and got some tear-gas bombs. Now they crept as close to the house as they dared to go . . . and then someone tossed a bomb. . . . There was another yell from Nitzberg, and then another shot. Then there came the tinkling of glass from the other side of the house, where another bomb had gone through. One or two bombs hit the side of the house. And then came a cry from inside, in a woman's or a child's voice. The firing ceased. I heard the door open and Nitzberg and his wife and children and Green came out wiping their eyes. One of the children was crying. Several men closed in on them, grabbed Nitzberg and Green, and dragged them down to the road where the cars waited.

The attitude of the local press is clearly revealed by this quotation from the Santa Rosa *Press Democrat*: "Daybreak revealed no deaths from the wild orgy of mob action—but plenty of results that will herald to the world what Sonoma County means to do to Communist agitators." In Santa Rosa, on the night of August 21, 1935, a mob of vigilantes, with the connivance of officials sworn to support the Constitution, overthrew established government, instituted a reign of terror, and violated the most fundamental rights of citizens. Yet the attorney general of the state has refused to take action and the governor has barely noticed the affair. Is California a part of the United States or isn't it?

Issues and Men

War in Ethiopia

THERE are two schools of thought about the war in Ethiopia, if it should come. One is represented by a British veteran of many, many years of foreign service and personal knowledge of Abyssinian conditions. He makes the astounding statement—privately—that it will take Mussolini ten years and a million lives to win complete control of Ethiopia. The other school says that this officer must be thinking in terms of wars against native tribes prior to the World War; that tanks, and airplanes, and poison gas, and chemical warfare generally have so altered conditions of war as to make it impossible for the Ethiopians to hold out very long. They speak of the speed with which light railways can be built, of the ability of tanks to conquer any natural obstacles, and ask how barefooted troops without modern equipment of any kind, using guns left over from the last war with Italy in 1891, can possibly hold out any length of time against the overwhelming forces Mussolini can bring to bear against them. They point out that bombing from the air will have a greater effect upon the morale of a primitive people than it had on the troops of the leading participants in the World War. They recall the success of the British in holding desert tribes in check in Asia by means of a few squadrons of airplanes, and tell terrible tales of whole tribes driven in fear from their shelters to die of starvation or thirst in the desert. How can Abyssinia hold out against a well-worked-out military plan? Finally they ask whether Mussolini and all his generals must not be perfectly aware of all difficulties, and whether they have not in all likelihood thought out a new technique for their advance into Abyssinia, upon which they base their present high confidence of early success.

The only answer is, of course, that nature itself is the sole protection upon which the Abyssinians may count, plus a small force of men fanatically ready to die for their country. Great masses of briers and giant thorns "more plentiful than the most extravagant use of barbed wire on the Hindenburg line" will bar the invaders' way. A recent traveler has written that "for every gun that may be emplaced in this region it will be necessary to clear the earth first, then to work with pick and explosives to tear mountains apart to reduce the massive walls of a natural fortress." It will be the story of Thermopylae over again. The tactics of the Ethiopians must be those of Lawrence in Arabia, of appearing and disappearing, always in small bodies so as to offer the least possible target to airplanes and artillery, always keeping the invaders in a state of anxiety without giving them the satisfaction of anything approaching a drawn battle. As for the airplanes, Liddell Hart declares that as Addis Ababa is more than 400 miles distant from the nearest Italian base, and is 8,000 feet above sea level, it is well out of reach of any present air service as a bombing target.

It must be the warfare of irregulars in other words, and the farther the Italians advance into Abyssinia the more difficult their task will become, especially in the matter of supplying water to their men since the natives will hardly refrain from poisoning springs and rivers. Why should they? Are not all the war offices of the world talking quite freely of the possibility that they will add a war of bacteria to the war of poison gas in the next great struggle? Certainly Mussolini is not in a position to make much of the Ethiopian habit of mutilating the bodies of the dead and taking no captives. His press has boasted that chemicals will be spread on the ground in advance of the army so as to make it impossible for the barefooted enemy to approach his forces without terrible suffering, and I have seen a description of the Italian fire-throwers which makes the similar implements of torture of the World War seem mere toys.

How can the Red Cross refuse to aid the Abyssinians because they do not take prisoners and then approve the flame-throwers and the torturing chemicals of the Italians? The whole thing is so horrible that any effort to say what is civilized warfare and what is uncivilized, who are good fighters and who bad fighters, is utterly absurd. War is the sum of all infamies, and any effort to give it a few refinements or to define what is ethical and what unethical is utterly childish. One of the Emperor's governors solemnly assured Marcelle Prat recently that the mutilation of the Italian dead would be a proper reply to the use of poison gas by the Italians. As the *New Statesman and Nation* puts it, "One barbarism no doubt deserves another." A white crusade against black barbarism, such as Mussolini proclaims his holy war to be, will naturally call out black barbarism, and no sane man can declare one worse than the other.

The *New Statesman and Nation,* by the way, declares editorially that the war, if it comes, will be "long and terrible," with Mussolini's influence dwindling to nothing. "For our part," it writes, "we hazard a guess that prolonged war in Abyssinia will mean the end of Italian Fascism; what it will begin in Europe and Africa and Asia we cannot guess." The longer it continues the greater will be the unrest among colored peoples all over the world, and the greater will be the effort of Mussolini's publicity machine to keep not only Italy but the rest of the world from knowing what is actually happening. It will put all the news associations to their trumps to let us know what is really taking place. Of course the number of deaths from disease will be carefully concealed from the Italians and from us, but we already know that transports are coming back through the Suez with cargoes of 1,000 or 1,200 disabled, debilitated, and seriously ill men, and this is just the beginning.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Racketeering in the A. F. of L.

I. The Poultry Racket

By ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

IT should hardly be necessary at this date to stress the importance of unionization for the worker. The union is his one effective weapon in the competitive struggle. In our economy the bargaining power that organization in a union gives the workers represents the only possible hope of checking that maldistribution of income which lies at the bottom of our ills. Labor unions, Chief Justice Taft wrote in the American Steel Foundries case (257 U. S. 209), "were organized out of the necessities of the situation. A single employee was helpless in dealing with an employer."

Powerful and militant unions are made all the more necessary at present by the growing menace of fascism, but the unions will be neither powerful nor militant until they rid themselves of dictatorship and of the racketeering that dictatorship breeds and fosters. Most unions are fairly decent. Even bad unions are better than none at all. Some unions, like the Newspaper Guild, to which the writer belongs, are splendid organizations. But the dry rot of dictatorship and racketeering is widespread enough to weaken and corrupt the American Federation of Labor leadership and to endanger the development of unionization. It is suggested that the toll exacted by trade-union racketeers from workers and the public is pitifully small compared to the tolls gathered in by the big interests which command the various passes of our economic system. That is true. But the toll taken by the racketeers is far more serious than its amount in dollars and cents. For it represents the infiltration into the labor movement of criminal elements, the perversion of trade unionism into a device for maintaining business monopolies and prices, the terrorization of the workers, and the infection of the A. F. of L. hierarchy, which draws Peter's pence from the racketeers.

The crushing of democracy in the trade unions by racketeers and the labor politicians who support them is a grave matter for union members. It means not merely the loss of the right to vote as they please but often of the right to a livelihood. For in many cases the racketeers have the power to bar from work those who oppose them. In addition, racketeering and misgovernment in the unions provide the basis for a fascist campaign which would make trade unionism synonymous with racketeering and seek to impose government control on the unions in order to "protect" the workers. The responsibility for preventing such a development rests largely upon the leaders of the American Federation of Labor. Unfortunately they help rather than hinder the drift toward state control—that is, ultimately, big business control—of the unions. Some are close to being racketeers themselves. Most of the others are dependent for votes or revenue upon unions under racketeer control. They ought to be cleaning up. Instead, one finds them supporting the racketeers and playing into the hands of the fascist drive by raising the red scare against those who fight the racket. Thus they help to smear labor, and to divide it.

The current investigation into the long-standing poultry racket in New York City and the attitude of the A. F. of L. leadership toward the investigation illustrate the extent to which labor racketeering may develop and the lengths to which the A. F. of L. will go to shield it, rather than clean it out. The facts here presented are from the exhaustive report made for the Department of Public Markets by Philip B. Reister. The report provides not only a comprehensive survey of the poultry racket but a glimpse of the way in which labor racketeering often develops. It throws light on the struggle among competing business men for monopoly and price maintenance, the use of gangsters and violence in that struggle, the entrance of the gangsters into the unions and the perversion of the unions into instruments for the maintenance of monopoly and prices, and the final dominance of the gangsters over both business and labor in the interest of the victorious business monopolists and the protecting politicians behind them.

Conditions in the poultry market might have been cleaned up long ago had there been more honesty and courage in the top ranks of the American Federation of Labor. The so-called poultry racket is the domination of the poultry market by a triple-headed monopoly of which criminal trade-union leaders are a part. It is enforced and buttressed by their control of certain key unions plus their close relations with powerful figures of this and other years in the Tammany machine. The triple-headed monopoly is made up of the New Jersey Coop Company, which rents the coops in which live poultry is transported in the New York City area; the New York Live Poultry Trucking Company, which controls the cartage of live poultry in this area; and the Metropolitan Feed Company, which supplies feed for the live fowl to more than 90 per cent of the commission merchants and slaughterers. The key figures in the racket are Arthur ("Tootsie") Herbert, delegate of Local 167 of the International Brotherhood of Chauffeurs, Teamsters, Stablemen, and Helpers of America; Joseph Weiner, now in the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, but prior to his incarceration delegate of Local 440 of the Official Orthodox Poultry Slaughterers of America; and Sidney Rosenstein, president and principal stockholder of the Metropolitan Feed Company, once coadjutor of Weiner, now a pal of "Tootsie." "Tootsie's" brother, Charlie Herbert, replaced Weiner as a delegate of Local 440. The Herberts and Rosenstein made their debut in the public records in the same way, for petty larceny; Weiner, for safe burglary. He was committed to the New Jersey State Reformatory on November 25, 1916. Mr. Rosenstein's police record begins in the same year with a $25 fine for petty larceny. Mr. Charles Herbert started somewhat earlier. He was sentenced to a year in the Rahway Reformatory for petty larceny in 1907. A veil was cast over Mr. "Tootsie" Herbert's first steps on the ladder to success by the removal of his record and fingerprints from the Police

Department when investigators for the Department of Markets called. From other sources, however, the department learned that "Tootsie," too, started with petty larceny.

The poultry racket is an old story. There has been one investigation after another since 1911, but the racket reached new heights of efficiency during the past decade. Violence, arson, and murder kept the recalcitrant in line. Places of business were bombed. Gas bombs were used to destroy chickens. Poisoned feed was thrown into crates. Trucks were wrecked and their live cargoes set afire. Gangs in high-powered cars patroled highways and intercepted deliveries, and kidnapped or killed. Those who resisted or defied the leaders were broken by the ring and persecuted by the crooked politicians protecting the racket and sharing the spoils. The racket has been lucrative. Mr. "Tootsie" Herbert was making $3,925 a week in 1928, according to United States Commissioner Francis A. O'Neill, who brought "Toots" to trial in August of that year for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. Business is worse now, but "Tootsie" has considerably increased his power and territory since then. The triple-headed monopoly does well, too. It costs $60 to unload, crate, and truck a car of poultry in Philadelphia. The Department of Markets estimates the cost in New York at as high as $183. One reason is that the shipper pays extortionate coop, truck, and unloading charges (like United States Steel's Pittsburgh Plus racket) whether these services are needed or not—even if the shipper trucks his poultry from a distant point to the door of the receiver in New York in his own coops. Eighty per cent of the poultry received at the terminals is hauled away by the buyers, but the shipper pays for the imaginary trucking service rendered in these cases.

City investigators figure that the coop company made 3,600 per cent on its capital in 1932. Profits of both truck and coop company were estimated at close to a million dollars in that year. Both companies are owned and operated by the same group of officials. It was during the ascendancy of Weiner as czar of the industry from 1923 to 1928, when "Tootsie's" star rose, that the racketeers increased their power in the business until they dictated its policies and rates. The Metropolitan Feed Company is a comparative newcomer in the field. In 1930 Weiner and Herbert forced its reorganization and began a reign of terror to compel dealers to buy from them at from 50 to 100 per cent above the market rate. Long-established food dealers were forced to make deliveries like bootleggers, in the dead of night, and purchasers in self-protection had to hide and disguise the "outlaw" feed. Charles Schaefer and Son sold or tried to sell corn for $1.25 a bag delivered; Metropolitan charged $2.30. Schaefer sold Farina for $1.65; Metropolitan for $3. The Metropolitan was enjoined by Federal Judge Caffey on December 19, 1931, from forcing the purchase of feed exclusively from itself, but 95 per cent of the dealers are still buying from the Met because they fear to buy elsewhere.

The racket has not hesitated even at murder. The first was that of Bernard Baff, an independent dealer. Defying repeated warnings and the attempt to bomb his summer home, Baff was called out of his store on 125th Street in 1914 and shot to death. The following year two eyewitnesses of the murder were killed. One of the slayers of Baff confessed that a purse of $4,200 was raised by 100 poultry men to divide among the slayers. Of the six men indicted, three were sentenced to death, but one was freed in 1918, another in 1921, and the third was given a full pardon by Al Smith in 1928. Of the other three, one was acquitted and two convicted of manslaughter. Moe Rosenstein, one of these two, the man who raised his hat as a signal to the killers, wasn't even taken into custody until December of 1918, four years after the slaying, and was shortly afterward paroled. The other man convicted of manslaughter was released in 1923. The racket chalked up three murders in 1934—Irving Bernstein, Abraham Cohen, and Max Livingston. Harry Baff, son of the Bernard Baff who was murdered in 1914, was one of the complaining witnesses against the Bronx racketeers who wrecked the S. S. and B. plant in 1933. Baff was a partner in the S. S. and B. It bought coops from "outsiders" rather than from the New Jersey Coop Company. Joseph Weiner threatened violence, and a strike of *schochtim* unless this practice was stopped. When these threats were ignored, stronger measures were adopted.

At 3 a.m. on April 6, 1933, police cruising in a radio car found a gunman, Jacob Roth, holding up a partner, a customer, and a night watchman while six gangsters were systematically wrecking the interior of the S. S. and B. plant. Although caught in the commission of the crime, the gangsters were released by Magistrate Edward J. Walsh on the ground that the grand jury had failed to indict. District Attorney Samuel F. Foley moved for indictments for conspiracy and in the meantime put Baff and three partners in the county jail for safekeeping, fixing bail at $25,000 each. Racket bondsmen appeared the next morning to get the witnesses out. The latter, realizing that none of their friends could raise that much money, refused to leave. Aggregate bail was increased to $1,050,000, and the racketeers sought a writ of habeas corpus to get the witnesses before trial. Three of the gangsters finally went to jail for from four to six months and four others for from six months to three years. Weiner was given three years for his part in the wrecking but served only 299 days before he was paroled. Weiner prevailed on a number of prominent social workers to go to Judge Francis Caffey with a plea for mercy on the ground that he had been giving $50,000 a year to Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant charitable institutions. Since Weiner had testified at his trial that his income was insignificant, Judge Caffey added two years in jail for perjury, terming Weiner "one of the most contemptible liars" he had ever met. Weiner is now serving that sentence in a federal penitentiary, out of reach of the Tammany-influenced parole board.

There are strong grounds for suspicion that just as the workers and decent business men of the market are tools in the hands of the racketeers, so the racketeers are but part of a criminal network that reaches high up into the Tammany organization. In 1926 the city health department refused licenses to eighteen independent dealers. Benjamin F. Schreiber, who had been campaign manager for Jimmy Walker, appeared as counsel in opposition to the granting of the licenses. In the investigation which followed, Health Commissioner Louis I. Harris declared that a well-organized graft ring had been collecting about $1,000,000 a year from furnishing poultry dealers with licenses to carry on their business. In 1929 the federal government obtained the indictment of ninety dealers in the poultry racket on charges of violating the anti-trust laws, and sixty-six were convicted. With all due respect to Judge John Knox who imposed the sentences, they seem to have been very light. Sidney Rosenstein was fined $500 and given four weeks in jail—and both fine and sentence were suspended. Charles Herbert got two weeks in jail. "Tootsie" Herbert was fined $500 and sentenced to eight weeks in jail. The sentence was suspended. Both Local 167 of the Teamsters and the Official Orthodox Poultry Slaughterers of America, Inc., were put on five years' probation at that time.

"Tootsie" has an interesting record as a labor leader. Dues in Local 167 were raised from $4 to $5 a month in 1933 and then, several months ago, to $10 a month. Workers get $47 a week for a forty-four-hour week but most of them work less than two weeks a month. During the conspiracy trial of 1929 every member was assessed $50 for legal costs and $25 for each of the several recent trials of "Tootsie." The delegates ("Tootsie" is one) have arbitrary power in the assignment of work, and the kickback is said to be widespread, although no one dares protest publicly. The Department of Markets estimates the union's revenues from dues and fines at $56,000 a year and its expenses at $6,000. Local 440 of the Slaughterers, dominated first by Weiner and now by Charles Herbert, has dues of $6 a month plus 3 per cent monthly for the unemployment fund. In both unions those who incur the displeasure of the delegates are victims of discrimination. Recently seventy-two members of Local 440 were expelled for "communistic activities," that is, for opposing Herbert. A court order reinstated them. When the Department of Markets began its investigation, Herbert offered his resignation to Local 440, expecting a vote of confidence. Unfortunately for him the rank and file moved for a secret ballot and won the motion. On the secret ballot Herbert's resignation was accepted by a vote of 144 to 118, and later Herbert's lieutenants were voted out of office. The ouster vote was made possible by the presence of detectives and Markets Department officials to protect those who wanted to vote against the Herbert slate. First Herbert announced that he would form a new union of his own. (The attorney for the rank and file informed the Markets Department that John J. Walsh, vice-president of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of America, had promised Herbert a new charter within ten days.) Later, when newspaper publicity made it impossible for the International to give Herbert a new charter even if it had wanted to, Herbert's officers simply refused to recognize the validity of the election which voted them out. It may take months of court action to enable the new officers to take possession of the union's records and treasury. In the meantime the International has revoked the charter of 440, and Herbert is expected to get a charter for a new union he can control.

If the Butchers' International has hardly tried to help clean Charlie Herbert out of Local 440, at least one official of the Teamsters' International has actively given comfort to "Tootsie" Herbert. When the city appealed to Matthew Woll of the A. F. of L. for aid in ending the poultry racket, Mr. Woll arranged to have Michael J. Cashal, vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Chauffeurs, Teamsters, Stablemen, and Helpers of America, named as the A. F. of L.'s representative to cooperate with the city. Mr. Cashal began by making an address before Local 167, "Tootsie" Herbert's union, in which he advised the members to ignore the Commissioner's request that complaints be lodged with the Department of Markets, and termed the inquiry a "communistic plot." The chief "Communist" in this "communistic plot" is William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., Commissioner of Public Markets, Weights, and Measures. Another is Deputy Commissioner Alexander Hamilton, a collateral descendant of Alexander Hamilton and a nephew of J. P. Morgan. Edward W. Scully, an attorney for rank-and-file groups within the Teamsters, called the attention of William Green to Cashal's statements and to the record in two Labor Board cases that reflect on Cashal's own character as a labor leader. In one case, W. T. Cowan, Inc., discharged its drivers when they insisted that the terms of their union contract be enforced. Neither the officers of the local, 807, nor Cashal could be reached by the men or their attorney, Scully.

Finally one delegate was interviewed. He said the union contract with W. T. Cowan, Inc., could not be found. Independent rank-and-file action through the Regional Labor Board, despite the indifference of the leadership, forced the rehiring of the men. The other case illustrates even more graphically the widespread reports that Mr. Cashal's union makes very little effort to maintain and enforce its contracts once it has come to an agreement with the employer. This is the case of the Howard Trucking Company, Case No. 1571, heard by the New York Regional Labor Board on May 17 of this year with the decision handed down May 20. Teamsters employed by the company got tired of waiting for their shop steward to enforce their contract and on March 20 elected a new representative. On April 2 the regular shop steward called a meeting of men and management to discuss the contract. The secretary-treasurer of Local 807, McCrann, presided and gave a long-winded talk on how bad unemployment was. The employer made a pep talk. Then a vote was called for—on whether or not to enforce the terms of the contract. The employer won, by a majority of one. The rank and file charge intimidation in the vote. Two days later the man who had been newly elected shop steward by the rank and file was called in by the employer, told "this isn't Russia," and discharged. Later a second man was discharged after he was seen talking in a restaurant with the insurgent leader. Thereafter all union helpers were fired and replaced with "wagon boys" at a lower rate of pay. All Local 807 did was to advise the helpers to turn in their union cards and get back the money they had paid into the union. The NRA expired before the decision could be enforced and the men are still out.

Charges were filed with the International against officials of Local 807, but their only answer was to publish an "Important Notice" in the International's official magazine for June. The notice warned that any member joining any "club or organization, whether it be political, social, or religious, in which the affairs of our union are discussed" will be suspended by his local, and any local failing to suspend such a member will be suspended by the International. Members were warned against "such institutions and rackets. They are not only attempting to inject their serpentine fangs in our local unions in large cities, but they have done so in other unions of labor. Some are communistic but most of them are legal rackets. I might further state that the national government will not permit such movements to continue, especially if they contemplate interfering with interstate traffic. . . . Members, beware of false prophets who come to you dressed in sheep's clothing but who are in reality ravenous wolves."

William Green's reply was to forward the charges against Cashal to Cashal and Matthew Woll "for consideration and reply so that I can more intelligently and correctly make answer to the suggestions you offer and the recommendations you submit. I have always entertained a high regard for Mr. Cashal, vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. For this reason I am reluctant to accept the complaint against him as well founded." Mr. Scully replied by requesting a full hearing and asking, "Does Mr. Cashal's charge that the city's drive is communistic have the approval of the federation?" Mr. Green has yet to answer that question.

[*Part II of Mr. Feinstein's article, on the building-trades racket, will appear next week.*]

The Meaning of the Modern Drama

II. The Shavian Dilemma

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN the preceding article of this series it was suggested that a number of the plays written in America during the last ten or twelve years were not without a certain literary significance, even though they might seem to lack the definite socio-political implications characteristic of both the older "problem play" and the newer "revolutionary drama." To them we shall return later, but it seems obvious enough that much less can be said in favor of the Victorian theater against which Bernard Shaw conducted his relentless campaign. Notoriously it depended upon adaptations from the French for even semi-serious plays, and the literary as well as the sociological significance of the native drama was very nearly nil. There have been, as a matter of fact, only two or three periods during which the history of the English drama became a part of the history of English literature and this was decidedly not one of them.

Broadly speaking it may be said that between Sheridan and Oscar Wilde no successful writer for the English stage deserves to be ranked as a man of letters. It is true that the names of a few plays—"Richelieu" and "The Lady of Lyons," "The Two Orphans" and "The Bells"—are dimly remembered. It is also true of course that Byron and Shelley and Tennyson and Browning wrote sometimes in the dramatic form. But their plays either were not intended for the stage or were unsuccessful when acted, and one may safely make a sweeping generalization: during most of the nineteenth century in England the men of letters were not successful playwrights and the successful playwrights were not men of letters.

Of all the literary forms the acting drama is undoubtedly the one which seems to have the greatest difficulty in maintaining a connection with serious literature, and the lamentable unsuccess of the few eminent Victorians who attempted to reestablish the connection merely indicates how completely it has been broken.

In a sense, the theater flourished. It boasted actors who were reputed to be great and who with apparent insouciance alternated their interpretations of Shakespeare with declamations of the most dreadful drivel. It was also popular as a peculiar sort of diversion apparently relished by people who took for granted that they would not find in it any pretense at the intelligence or integrity which they expected in poetry or the novel. Through the Victorian novel runs the current of the best thought and the most acute sensibility of the time. But the age which produced and enjoyed Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray, and Meredith seemed ready to assume that no attempt to reach a comparable level was to be expected in the theater.

The only explanation of both the barrenness of the Victorian theater and the complacency with which it was accepted seems to be that the drama had been completely given up as a form of serious expression. Though Tennyson, like Henry James somewhat later, happened to be taken with an odd ambition to write plays, the general feeling seems to have been that the acting drama was lost to literature and that it could no longer be used by the serious literary artist.

From this situation it could be rescued only by a kind of revolution, and that revolution—astonishingly successful in the end—was, of course, the one inspired by Ibsen and, in England, generated by Shaw. The revolution was, moreover, carried out by the boldest of possible methods, since it proposed to emphasize in dramatic writing the very virtues which had been the most completely non-existent in the current tradition, namely, the intellectual. The Victorian drama was unusually bad from almost every standpoint except, perhaps, that of pure mechanics. It made little effort in the direction of either any valid representation of character or the utilization of any except a distinctly sub-literary style. But in no respect was its lag more conspicuous than in the staleness of its moral and social ideas, which were not merely vulgar but also vulgar in a fashion distinctly behind the time. Yet "the new drama" as championed—and, as he himself admitted, to some extent merely imagined—by Shaw, was to be primarily intellectual. The drama was not merely to catch up with the best of current thought; it was to be ahead of it, and from having constituted a stagnant backwater it was to become a roaring torrent in which the most advanced and vertiginous ideas were to sweep onward.

To an amazing degree these ambitions were actually realized. Shaw himself might contemptuously announce that there was nothing original in his plays. His startled readers need not go even so far afield as Ibsen and Nietzsche.

They could find it all in their own neglected genius, Samuel Butler. And yet, though there is a good deal of truth in this, the fact remains that it was largely through the "new drama" that these "modern" and "advanced" ideas were actually popularized, that the premises of an Ibsen or a Shaw ceased to be the esoteric possession of a few and gradually came to constitute the general background of early twentieth-century thought.

It is true of course that the drama had no exclusive right to them; they passed either from the drama or from other original sources into general literature. It is also true that the drama as reading exercised far more influence than could have been exercised by the relatively infrequent performances of the best of the new plays. On the whole, moreover, printed volumes of Shaw and Ibsen and Strindberg and Hauptmann and the rest were read for the most part less because their audience was interested in the theater than because it was interested in ideas. The importance of the plays was only secondarily their importance as dramatic literature, and to that extent the intention to intellectualize the drama may be said to have overstepped itself. But however one may think of Ibsen and Shaw, the fact remains that their plays present in compact and vivid form the convictions and attitudes which were revolutionizing the intellectual background against which the literature of the whole of one generation was to be written. The drama had come back with a vengeance.

The peculiar, almost unique character of the plays consists in the fact that, to a degree nearly unprecedented in dramatic literature, their authors were fighting their audience. Shaw's central criticism of Shakespeare—that his point of view was merely that of the Elizabethan man in the street—is based upon an accurate observation. But, speaking broadly, much the same thing might be said of Sophocles or of Molière. That directness and simplicity which marks all the great works of literature and which gives them the air which is vaguely called "classic" is possible only when the author can take for granted the whole substratum of knowledge and belief, the whole system of values, by reference to which the story achieves its meaning. Such works are, in other words, the final flowers of an established and flourishing culture. Even when, as in the case of Molière, they included important critical elements, the criticism is rather corrective than revolutionary. It involves no fundamental readjustment of standards, and the determination to "transvaluate values" is so completely alien to the classic spirit that it is incompatible with the creation of a classic work.*

Much of the awkwardness, as well as much of the characteristic quality, of the drama stemming from Ibsen arises out of the fact that its authors were trying to tell stories the intended significance of which could not emerge unless the auditor could be made to revolutionize his moral and intellectual equipment. Ibsen, being somewhat more of an artist and somewhat less of a teacher than most of the rest, was content to leave in his plays a certain ambiguity inevitable in a story whose premises remained not wholly comprehended. Shaw, being the most voluble as well as, in certain respects, the most prosy of the lot, tried to get around the difficulty by the long prefatory sermons whose purpose was to implant in the mind of the prospective reader those ideas necessary for the correct comprehension of the play. But neither Ibsen's willingness to remain provocatively puzzling nor Shaw's interminable preliminary discourses relieved either of the necessity of a great deal of explanation and argumentation as he went along.

"Ghosts," to take a familiar example, is in its most "classic" aspect a tragedy of ineluctable fate taking the form of hereditary disease. On a different level it is also a story whose theme is the evil wrought by hypocrisy and concealment. But that is not all. When Molière wrote "Tartuffe" he could safely assume that his audience would recognize the hypocrisy of the central character as precisely that. Ibsen on the other hand knew that, to at least many in his audience, the hypocrisy of Parson Manders would appear not as hypocrisy at all but only as a form of decency which shrank from mentioning the unmentionable. He knew also that the parson's refusal to tell Oswald the truth about his disreputable father was based upon the conviction that children should be encouraged to follow the Biblical injunction, "Honor thy father and thy mother." On the whole, the audience would tend to agree rather with Parson Manders than with Ibsen, and it was accordingly necessary to introduce various debates upon this and other subjects, which debates—and this is the important point—were relevant not to the action but to the premises in terms of which the action could become meaningful.

One result of all this is that even such a play as "Ghosts," certainly one of the best of the school, must always have seemed slightly awkward. It could not move forward with the swift decisiveness of the popular melodrama, which takes for granted everything except the particular action itself, or of, say, a tragedy by Shakespeare, who could at least take for granted that his purely intellectual premises were near enough those of the Elizabethan man in the street to require no defense. Another result is that for us, some half a century later, most of the arguments have become mere boresome excrescences, for the simple reason that the issues with which they deal are no longer living.

Thus both Ibsen and Shaw have suffered from the fact that they argued too well. Their paradoxes have turned into platitudes, and it does little good to remind ourselves that it was they who made them platitudinous. Parson Manders asks Mrs. Alving if she feels any better for having read certain shocking books on her table, and when Mrs. Alving replies that she feels not better but "safer," she sounds uncomfortably like Mr. Marquis's Hermione, because Hermione is exactly a person who goes on repeating "advanced ideas" which are no longer advanced.

At its flattest—for example, in the plays of Brieux—"the new drama" was no more than a pamphlet in dialogue form upon some very limited and concrete topic. At its best—say, in "Hedda Gabler"—it very nearly transcends its own limitations. The problem there is a problem of character and cannot become platitudinous for the reason that a platitude must necessarily be statable as a simple proposition. In general, the most lasting work of the best "new dramatists" is that which is least specific, and plays like "A Doll's House" and "Widowers' Houses" are almost completely dead, while "The Wild Duck" and "Man and Superman" are still interesting, precisely because the two first prove a point which can be equally well argued in abstract intellectual terms.

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* I am not, of course, forgetting that "Tartuffe" was the occasion of a scandal, but the scandal was not the result of any revolutionary definition of morality. It was due solely to the fact that the villain was a priest.

To say this is by no means to say that these dramatists should have written otherwise. The only culture or "ideology" which they could have taken for granted was one whose vitality was already exhausted, and their choice was probably limited to a choice between mere conventionality and the sort of pioneering work which they chose to do. The time was out of joint; but, as an artist, any one of them might have been forgiven for exclaiming, "Oh, cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right." It was the necessity for doing just that which made it necessary for even Ibsen, surely the greatest of the group, to spend much of his time either in the effort to establish his premises or in the composition of works bound to lose their interest as soon as they should have accomplished their purpose.

Though he never, as far as I know, made any public profession of the fact, it is evident that Shaw came to realize at last that his pioneering work had been finished. However backward society may have continued to be, and however superficial the acceptance of "advanced ideas" may have remained, audiences were, nevertheless, ready to accept plays written from the Shavian point of view. The next step was obviously to abandon the effort to propagandize these ideas and actually to write the plays which their acceptance made possible. To Shaw's credit it must be said that from "Saint Joan" on that is exactly what he attempted to do. Perhaps most of the later plays were not very good. Perhaps they were conspicuously less successful in achieving their purpose than the early ones had been in achieving a different purpose. But the intention was admirable. The premises of a newer drama had been established and, logically, the next task of the dramatist was to create that drama.

Next week I shall discuss what the premises of the new drama were and also to what extent the American playwrights of the decade just past succeeded in building a significant literature upon them.

Roosevelt's Hollow Triumph

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, August 29

THE first session of the Seventy-fourth Congress—which would have ended August 24 instead of two days later had not the President of the United States been caught trying to work both sides of the street in the cotton business—added at least a dozen items to Franklin D. Roosevelt's already long list of lost opportunities, hacked several cubits from his public stature, and left in its wake no clear-cut issues of its own devising to dominate the 1936 campaign.

All the victories it gave Roosevelt were empty ones, judged by the New Deal's pretensions, and the fault for that lies in him. As President—though the Constitution deny it—he is the nation's chief legislator, and as President, he is leader of a party that had more than a two-thirds' majority in both houses of Congress. In addition, he had at his command the biggest boodle-bag of patronage in history, and on top of that he had the blessing of the American people, bestowed in overwhelming fashion at the polls just two months before the session began. He was in position, therefore, to push through Congress anything he wanted and in whatever form he wanted it.

What use did he make of that power? What did he obtain from the Congress besides a peace-time record total of more than $10,000,000,000 in appropriations, nearly a tenth of which was dedicated to the anomalous purpose of implementing his "friendly-neighbor" policy by building the army and navy to unprecedented size? In the coming months you will be told over and over again that he wielded his power with almost fiendish skill and that Congress granted his every wish—for it is plain that he plans to make success his campaign issue. Each bill he asked for and received will be listed, but only by name, for on closer examination the hollowness of each will be patent.

What he got was a works program that already is a shambles, a social-security bill that is little more than a compulsory-savings device imposed upon the poor and a dead weight upon the capitalist economy he seeks to buoy up, a tax bill that can be called nothing less than disgraceful, and a banking bill that, completely evading the need for fundamental reforms in the banking structure of the nation, vests in a demonstrably irresponsible Administration vast powers for doing evil and only the most tenuous ones for doing good. Attempts also will be made to chalk up to his credit the Wagner labor-disputes bill, which had to be forced upon him, and the mandatory neutrality resolution, which he openly fought, only to reverse his position when it became apparent that the populace interpreted his stand as one opposed to neutrality *per se* and that he therefore was endangering his chances of reelection. Subsequently he demonstrated in his protest note to Russia, a document into which he himself is understood to have inserted the "most serious consequences" threat, that proponents of the mandatory resolution were sound in their distrust of his ability to handle foreign relations with a circumspect regard for the dangerous delicacy of the present international situation and no regard whatever for the screams of William Randolph Hearst.

He obtained what amounts to a complete vindication from Congress of his agricultural program through amendments designed to safeguard the AAA from court attack, but in the process that riches-through-scarcity device was converted from an emergency to a permanent program, and the plainly unconstitutional and anti-social Bankhead (cotton) and Kerr-Smith (tobacco) compulsory-control acts were made a part of the organic Adjustment Act. Furthermore, under sectional pressure and with the help of that great champion of states' rights, individualism, the Constitution, and windbaggery, William E. Borah, there was inserted in the Adjustment Act the Bailey-Warren scheme for curtailing potato production so that the price of this staple may be pushed upward as the price of pork—"the workingman's meat"—has been pushed upward. Meanwhile, in the face of continued opposition from publishers fearful that honest advertising cannot also be lucrative, Roosevelt deftly dropped out the back window the pure-food-and-drug bill, which might at least have caused quality to keep abreast of prices in their rise.

Refusing to take a firm stand in the matter of revising the NRA so that it would stand some chance of fulfilling its pretensions, he asked only that its life be extended two years and then left Congress to flounder in a morass of conflicting instructions from the White House until the Supreme Court's decision in the Schechter case was handed down. Whereupon, after assuring labor leaders that he would fight not only the implications of the court's decision but also its immediate consequences, he threw in the sponge, ran, and kept on running—pausing only to toss a few reassurances to industrialists that the NRA's death had not revived the anti-trust laws—until the eve of Congress's adjournment. Then, cautiously, he turned back, hoping to restore himself to the good graces of those who had damned him for his flight—and also to double his reassurances to the industrialists—by suggesting that certain Congressional committees attempt this fall to devise a plan for saving "such social and economic advantages as were gained" from the NRA.

Meanwhile, under pressure from a labor and industry lobby, he had pushed through Congress the economically indefensible Guffey coal-stabilization bill, an elaboration of the NRA bituminous coal code with a punitive tax added for enforcement purposes, but had refused to back legislation for federal regulation of the oil industry, though it was urged in the public interest by a member of his Cabinet, Secretary Ickes. As a result, according to competent observers, there is in the making another wasteful orgy of oil production in which crude prices will be beaten down, independent companies will be forced through the financial wringer by the Rockefeller, Mellon, and Sinclair interests, and oil stocks will be sent crashing—all to the end that insiders may reap fat profits on the rebound which will follow the consequent revival of agitation for federal regulation.

By facing both ways at once Roosevelt also brought about the death of legislative efforts to instil some measure of decency into the merchant-marine subsidies, though he had proclaimed loudly his intention of putting an end to the scandalous situation there existing. On the other hand, prodded by the stupendous sincerity and zeal of Norris in the Senate and the uncompromising militancy of Maverick in the House, he stood firm on the TVA and won a pluperfect victory in the fight to strengthen this best of New Deal measures.

Then, a whole flock of his chickens suddenly having come home to roost, he led the Congress into one of the most nauseous demonstrations of political chicanery and selfish sectionalism that ever provided the grand finale for a Congressional session. Snared by his own price-boosting theories, he found himself under intense pressure from Southern Congressmen to continue the federal loans to planters by which he had pegged the price of cotton at twelve cents. Simultaneously, he found himself under equally intense pressure from textile manufacturers and from middlemen, whose profits depend on volume, to remove the price peg. Wallace, Davis, and other Agricultural Department officials joined in privately urging the latter course upon him from a third viewpoint—the public interest. But the political price of adopting that course was more than Roosevelt was willing to pay and, characteristically, he resorted to compromise.

Just forty-eight hours before Congress was scheduled to adjourn he announced his plan. There would be a continuance of the cotton loan—at nine cents, however, instead of twelve—but the growers would be "assured" of getting at least twelve cents through a federal bounty representing the difference between that figure and the average price at which they actually sold their cotton. This bounty was, in effect, an export subsidy, for it was explained that by lowering the actual selling price of cotton it was hoped to increase exports of the staple; it mattered little to Mr. Roosevelt that on the previous day a Cabinet committee including Wallace and Hull had emphatically rejected the textile industry's plea for an export subsidy for cotton goods on the ground that it would produce retaliatory measures by other countries.

Announcement of the plan brought screams from cotton-state Senators, including two of Roosevelt's own legislative field marshals, "Cotton Ed" Smith and Byrnes of South Carolina. Standing shoulder to shoulder with George of Georgia, they swore on the floor of the Senate that Roosevelt had promised all three faithfully that if the Bankhead act were reenacted—as it was—he would continue the twelve-cent loan, and on the strength of his pledge they had assured the cotton industry, merchants, brokers, mill men, and bankers that it would be safe for them to make commitments on the twelve-cent basis. For weeks they had been issuing public assurances of that kind each time the cotton market sagged. Loudly now they damned the White House for breach of faith and for failure to consult Members of Congress from the cotton-growing states before advancing the new plan, which, they said, could bring only ruin in its wake. The plan itself was fraudulent, they argued, in that it would not assure the growers a twelve-cent return. It would, they said, work especial hardship on the thousands of tenant farmers and share-croppers who, receiving not cash but commissary credits for their crops, would not be sellers within the meaning of the plan and therefore would not receive the bounty. (Incidentally, the Bankhead tenant-farmer bill, which was to have been the Administration's remedy for the cruelties its crop-control program had worked among share-croppers, was allowed to die in the House.) It soon appeared, however, that the ruin these Senators most feared was their own political ruin; privately they predicted their own defeats in the 1936 elections if the plan were not abandoned. Their places would be taken, they said, by such gentry as Talmadge of Georgia and Cole Blease of South Carolina, and Huey Long would run Joe Robinson, the majority leader, not only out of the Senate but also out of Arkansas.

With Robinson's aid they turned upon the White House and blocked adjournment by attaching to the third deficiency bill—carrying the social-security, labor board, railroad pensions, and similar appropriations—a rider calling for a mandatory twelve-cent loan on cotton. To force support from grain-state Senators, they also tacked on a provision for a mandatory ninety-cent loan on wheat, although a price of $1 or better seems assured on wheat and the provision could have only the psychological effect of making its opponents appear to be foes of the wheat farmers. The show grew more noxious as leaders refused to let the loan riders come to a vote in the House. On the surface, their position was that of a tyrannical little clique defying democratic process. Actually, the riders had little chance in the House, where the populous industrial states have proportionately much greater representation than in the Senate. But what really dictated the stand of the House leaders was the terror of cotton-state Congressmen; they were afraid to vote on the issue.

Adjournment was blocked and the issue hung fire over Sunday. On Monday Roosevelt disavowed the advice of the AAA's experts, yielded to political expedients, and made a deal with the cotton-state Senators. Stuffing it down the throats of his non-partisan advisers, he revised his cotton plan, boosted the loan to ten cents, and put the bounty on a basis where, if the immense administrative difficulties ever can be overcome, the planters will be assured a net return of twelve cents for their cotton, that is, the landlords will get twelve cents, but not the share-croppers. In return for his surrender, the third deficiency bill was to be cleaned of its riders and sped through Congress, and both houses were to adjourn. That part of the deal was never consummated. Huey Long, seizing the opportunity to grab the adjournment headlines, broke it up with a filibuster. Bidding for the political strength that goes to any man who can demonstrate eminence in Congress, no matter how attained, and posing as one determined to prevent the Democratic majority in both houses from selling out the wheat farmers by letting the trick wheat-loan amendment die, he held the floor until Congress automatically adjourned at midnight. He was aided by Administration Senators and by Vice-President Garner, who snatched at the opportunity to smash the Kingfish by firing at him questions designed to make it appear that he alone was killing the third deficiency bill with its social-security and railroad-pension appropriations, though until that afternoon, when Roosevelt wilted, they themselves had been willing to see it die. Until the clock struck twelve, they peppered Huey with adjurations on the plight in which he was leaving "crippled children," "widowed mothers," "the blind," and "the aged."

In the days that followed immediately upon adjournment the White House took up the fight to bring the Kingfish to the political guillotine by the same spurious device. Ostentatiously Roosevelt held conferences on how to get around the financial tangle produced by the third deficiency bill's death. Strangely enough, a way was quickly found to finance everything but the social-security program. The impasse there was well advertised, with emphasis laid upon the fact that the appropriation involved amounted to $76,000,000. No mention was made of the fact that FERA funds were readily available to meet any distress—and, for that matter, any other need—caused by the appropriation's death, and Roosevelt as cautiously dodged questions designed to bring out that no appreciable part of the fund would have been expended before Congress reconvenes in January, had it been made available.

This, then, was what he got from Congress—a string of what the sports writers call "moral victories" when they allude to defeats that might have been worse. One need not look far for the reason. The trouble lies largely in the fact that Roosevelt did not know what he wanted, and when Congress convened on January 3 he had ready for it only a lot of fulsome generalities. Months of conferring with his advisers had yielded no definite program, for he had not then—and has not yet—been able to decide what kind of a country we should have. He attempted to disguise his indecision and his lack of preparation by tackling one problem at a time and sending a separate message on each to Congress whenever the spirit moved him, but his plight early was made plain in his message that produced the $4,880,000,000 work-relief bill. Meanwhile, he had made a half-hearted attempt to obtain American participation in the World Court, and being uncertain as to whether it was worth the bother, had accepted defeat with a laugh.

His insincerity in this instance was to have a later sequel when, after vetoing the bonus bill, he erased the last vestige of his Economy Act by signing the Spanish-American war veterans' pension measure. His lieutenants in Congress, as well as officials of the Veterans' Bureau, had fought the bill, advancing logical arguments in support of their fight, which he himself had ordered. When the bill passed, he forgot the arguments.

His refusal to elaborate the work-relief bill by providing Congress with the details of what he planned to do with the gargantuan appropriation kept Congress embattled over the measure for approximately 100 days, or nearly half the session. That refusal was skilfully represented to the public at the time as a gallant fight to keep Congress from converting the bill into a pork-barrel measure. Subsequent events have shown he refused merely because he had no plan. The only theory behind the bill, it since has developed, was that Congress and big business might resist a huge appropriation for direct relief but would swallow one for something called "work." Hand in hand with that theory went a Presidential conviction that in 1936, when his campaign battle cry must be something like "Keep on Succeeding with Me," it would be embarrassing to have 4,000,000 families on "relief." Ergo, the thing to do was to provide them with "work." What matter it if this "work" were precisely what members of more than 2,000,000 of those families had been doing on "relief"? The name would be changed from "work" to "jobs"; instead of "relief" pay in proportion to their needs, the workers would receive a "security" wage; business men would be grateful for this undermining of wage rates in private employment; and when the "work" gave out the workers could be dumped back on the barbaric poor laws of the various states and the Roosevelt Administration would be rid of its chief budgetary dilemma.

If the "security" wage and relief issues rise up to plague him in the 1936 campaign—as they threaten to do—Roosevelt will strive to smother the clamor with apostrophes on his social-security program, which he regards as "monumental" but which, in reality, represents only another of his lost opportunities. Brought into being with great ballyhoo and laborious preparations, it comprises an ugly amalgam of social-insurance systems in the primitive form in which they were instituted in Europe years ago, which, despite subsequent improvements, never have produced security. In Roosevelt's program, improvements will be difficult because it relies upon supplementary legislation by the states. It represents a social point of view less enlightened than that of the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, who forty years ago in Germany recognized that the state must bear some of the cost of social insurance; under Roosevelt, the worker must bear all.

There is good reason to believe that Roosevelt's enthusiasm for the measure dwindled rapidly between June, 1934, when he notified Congress he would have a great social-security program ready for it at the next session, and the date of its actual passage. The experts called in to draft the bill were sequestered, their findings and advice ignored. Even the council of industrialists, scholars, welfare workers, and A. F. of L. leaders who were asked to represent the public as advisers took a too progressive view to suit the New Deal's creator, and so did his Cabinet committee, which, after paring down the advisory council's recommendations, found its own recommendations still further whittled by the President.

Next to the work-relief and the social-security bill stands the supplementary tax bill as a Rooseveltian lost opportunity. Though his Treasury Department bulged with statistical proof of the ghastly injustices in the existing tax system, he resorted to pure flimflam. He sent to Congress a resounding message, written, it is rumored, by Raymond Moley and designed solely to steal the thunder of Huey Long, Dr. Townsend, and other Share-the-Wealthers without snaring any of the lightning. He had intended merely to have his message treated as subject matter for consideration at the next session of Congress and, in the meantime, to garner the political fruits of his noble sentiments, knowing full well that major legislation is religiously eschewed by Congress in an election year. But he miscued, found himself compelled to order immediate action, and then plunged on into a performance so cheap and shoddy that it won the scorn of both those who hailed his tax message and those who should have been grateful for the subsequent collapse of his move to boost their taxes.

In the midst of his abject crawling to escape the issue which he himself had precipitated, he put on one of those episodes which explain his personal unpopularity among Congressional leaders. After instructing his legislative field marshals to attach his tax program to the nuisance-tax bill and push it through Congress within the week, he met the storm of protest this aroused by publicly and vehemently denying he had ordered such a course. He thereby made liars out of Senators Robinson and Harrison, who had announced his instructions on the White House steps. They writhed but kept silent. They are loyalists, if not New Dealers, and, besides, the experience was not new to them. As the men chiefly responsible for guiding Administration measures through the Senate, they had been balked more than once by the discovery that various of their colleagues had been given pictures of the President's attitude on vital questions quite different from the pictures Roosevelt himself had given them. Nor were they the only ones. Whereas Harrison was battered about in this fashion on the tax bill and the NRA extension bill, the choleric Carter Glass had been tossed about on the work-relief and banking bills; Wagner on the labor-disputes bill; Black and Copeland on the ship-subsidy bills; Clark, Schwellenbach, Pitman, and Bone on the munitions and neutrality bills—to mention only a few. Members of the House had had similarly bewildering and conflicting experiences.

Roosevelt is rather proud of his ability to send delegations from conflicting sides away persuaded that each has his complete sympathy and support. Blissfully he disregards the chaotic effect this little conceit has on the legislative process. It makes it easy for Old Dealers among the Democrats to throw monkey wrenches into the machinery and still claim to be supporting the President, and that factor is a vital one, for virtually all the key posts in the House and Senate are held, as a result of seniority, by hardened veterans from the most backward Southern states. Proclaiming their fidelity to the President's wishes, reactionary members of the majority whittled away the core of almost every major bill, while the ragtag and bobtail of both houses trotted at their heels and progressive members struggled to get Roosevelt to fight. When they succeeded at all, their success was short-lived. All the opposition had to do was to prolong the fight until it threatened to carry over into 1936 and create a campaign issue. Politicians themselves, they knew that Roosevelt was too much a politician to welcome any save fictitious issues in an election year.

Among the other memorable developments of the session just ended were the defeat of the anti-lynching bill at the hands of the men who are the Administration's stalwarts in the Senate; the death of the Tydings-McCormack disaffection bill, drafted by the War and Navy departments without objection from Roosevelt; the parallel death of that other monstrosity, the Kramer anti-sedition bill; and the lack of staunch Administration support for the Labor Department's bill to humanize the deportation laws and the consequent defeat of that measure. Organized labor is preparing to revive at the next session the Black thirty-hour-week bill, which was reported favorably in both houses but never reached a vote, and there is a similarly powerful movement along lines suggested by the O'Mahoney (A. F. of L.) bill, creating a federal incorporation law and licensing all industries moving goods across state lines. The railroad-pension bill was not passed until Roosevelt withdrew his opposition, maintained until his social-security program—with its relatively miserly pension system—had been passed and duly blessed.

At this writing Roosevelt has not yet acted on the revised Frazier-Lemke farm-mortgage moratorium act, which awaits his signature or veto. With mortgage-foreclosure riots again cropping out in the grain belt, this measure is part of a situation which seems certain to provide the chief bona fide issue of the 1936 campaign, one which may drastically alter the drift of American government. Agriculture once more is on the warpath, and only the Supreme Court can keep the peace. Out in Iowa farmers are building a $100,000 fund for a court attack against the protective tariff on constitutional grounds, in retaliation for industry's legal assaults, on similar grounds, against AAA processing taxes. If the Supreme Court agrees with numerous members of the lower judiciary and holds invalid not only the processing taxes but also the New Deal crop-control program in its entirety, it seems certain that the agrarian states will forget their states' rights shibboleths and clamor for constitutional reforms. To them the Supreme Court's verdict would mean: "No more benefit payments; no more price protection." There would be blood on the moon.

Correspondence

Huey Long and Prison Labor

To the Editors of The Nation:

May we add a footnote to your article Huey Long and Labor in the issue of August 14? For more than a hundred years organized labor has carried on a war against the contract system of prison labor and against the sale of prison products on the open market. In 1929 Congress enacted the Hawes-Cooper law to aid the states in this fight. A score of them hastened to avail themselves of the power thus given them by the national legislation. Last year, at the instance of the combined forces of organized labor, manufacturers, trade bodies of all kinds, and the Louisiana Federation of Women's Clubs, a bill was introduced into the Louisiana legislature prohibiting the sale on the commercial market in Louisiana of goods manufactured in penal institutions. The opposition could muster only three votes against it in both houses, but several days after the legislature adjourned Senator Long instructed Governor Allen to veto the measure. This order was of course obeyed. The only beneficiary of this action of Long's and his governor's was a certain drygoods concern in New Orleans, which floods the New Orleans market with the prison-made products from other states. One of the members of this firm is a right-hand bower of the dictator.

New York, August 13 Leon Kellman,
Assistant Secretary, National Work
Shirt Manufacturers' Association

"Facts and Texts"

To the Editors of The Nation:

In his reply to my review of his "Leaders, Dreamers and Rebels" Mr. Fülöp-Miller shows more anger than eagerness to establish the facts.

I had refused to believe that Lenin ever perpetrated that monstrous sentence, "It does not matter a jot if three-fourths of mankind perish. . . ." Mr. Fülöp-Miller simply retorts that the "skeptical amazement" with which Nomad "casts doubt upon a famous statement of Lenin's does not speak well of his knowledge of fact." He would have been more convincing if he had given the exact official source of that "famous statement."

I had likewise refused to believe Mr. Fülöp-Miller's statement (pp. 306-7) to the effect that in "his declining years" Marx "thundered" against the British trade unions' demand for the "legal establishment of the ten-hour day." If Mr. Fülöp-Miller is eager for the "facts and texts" on which I base my assertion as to Marx's conversion on this point, let him look up again that passage in Franz Mehring's authoritative Marx biography (page 154 of the 1923 Leipzig edition) which he apparently used but which he read very carelessly. "At that time" (i.e., in 1848) Mehring says, "Marx and Engels did not see in the ten-hour bill, *as they did later* [my emphasis], the victory of a principle."

Mr. Fülöp-Miller indignantly complains that I ascribe to him "the thesis that Sorel provided the foundation for syndicalism and the Action Française." Now, if he would only read his own book, he would find the following sentence on page 390: "Sorel's doctrine of force provided the foundation for French syndicalism, from his ideas sprang at this juncture the world-wide campaign against democracy, and from them likewise originated the program of the royalist Action Française."

Is it astonishing after all this that Mr. Fülöp-Miller flatly denies the obvious fact that his book was written in the spirit of fascism (Mr. Charles Angoff, in his review published in the *New Republic,* likewise pointed to this feature of the book); or that he should paraphrase my sentence, "Interesting reading though it is, the book is nevertheless not of those that can claim to be taken seriously," as, "It may be that Mr. Nomad is right when he says that books impelled by a desire for objectivity cannot lay claim to serious consideration"?

New York, August 15 Max Nomad

Mr. Lewisohn Should See It Through

To the Editors of The Nation:

Ludwig Lewisohn's review of David Goldberg's "Sussman Sees It Through" tells more about Mr. Lewisohn than it does about the book. It is very good of him to forgive the Ukrainian Jews for trying to live in Soviet Russia even if it means living in a socialistic state. He is very fatherly, too, about Mr. Goldberg's simplicity of heart; and very certain of the dialectic potency of Talmudic blood. No doubt the Talmudic blood in the veins of the Rosenwalds and the Warburgs enables them also to find a dialectical justification for their capitalistic thesis (my capital)—which they seem to embrace with at least the ardor of their misguided brothers in Russia hugging the Russian thesis.

If the form and substance of Jewish culture will not enable the Jews to live in a socialistic state, one fears their problem will remain unsolved. Surely Mr. Lewisohn does not think that God and the Talmud are backing Mr. Balfour? "Under the aspect of eternity Mecca and Moscow and Berlin are at one." Mr. Lewisohn might safely have added Jerusalem. If he thinks the Jews can be redeemed only "in the land of Israel and its contiguous territories" he is inimitably simpler than Mr. Goldberg—especially since Palestine and the neighboring regions happen to be occupied by a population which was redeemed in that territory centuries ago—or so they imagine.

Since Mr. Goldberg's emotional background is suspect because he is a Ukrainian, I wonder if Mr. Lewisohn would consider his own emotional background equally suspect because he is an assimilated German Jew. One should be impartial about blood tests.

New York, August 20 Celia Salkin

Two Errors

To the Editors of The Nation:

Corrections on proof led to two errors in my articles on "The Crisis of the Middle Class."

In the article on The Middle Class Under Fascism, a sentence (p. 209) reads: "Fascism profits only the small minority in the upper middle class, which becomes a dominant class within monopoly capitalism." The word "class" should be "caste."

In the article on The Middle Class Under Socialism, a sentence (p. 239) now reads: "They may still cling to middle-class ideals, but defense of capitalism, except in the case of salaried employees, is wholly opposed to their economic interests." The words "salaried employees" should be "higher-salaried employees."

New York, August 26 Lewis Corey

Japan and Opium

To the Editors of The Nation:

Last autumn I heard some unpleasant stories about how drug traffickers had enormously increased their profits in North China through the protection they claimed under extraterritoriality as Japanese subjects. The common surmise that this was part of the secret Japanese foreign policy, a desire to sap the morale of the Chinese, was promptly contradicted by many who have known and loved Japan for many years. I was eager to know the truth and inquired when I reached Tokyo in February how matters stood. There my Japanese friends requested me to look for myself when I reached China and to report what I found to the Japanese authorities.

As soon as I arrived in Peiping I heard about the consistent increase in the drug traffic in North China during the past two years. As conditions are evidently at their worst in the demilitarized zone and I had friends living in the city of Changli, I decided to go and see what was happening. I went last week. The County of Changli has 400,000 inhabitants, the city 15,000. I found over thirty drug shops clustered outside the city wall, all belonging to Japanese or Koreans. Only one operates inside the wall, for Changli has been a prosperous and self-respecting community until quite recently and people were not willing to rent their premises for such a trade.

There is, of course, an alliance between the drug traffic and the gambling houses, lotteries, brothels, and pawn shops. When people bring their articles to the pawn shop it is often suggested to them that they take heroin or morphine instead of money. If an injection is desired a syringe is rented to the customer on the deferred-payment system. The first dose is obtainable at a low price but rises stiffly as the customer becomes an addict. Lotteries are something quite new in the people's experience, and the decrease in prosperity which has occurred during the last two years, owing in great measure to the fact that the Japanese have evaded payment of customs duty on imported goods, has made the idea of getting something for nothing specially attractive. One can purchase drugs for five cents and young people are freely served.

The city authorities have had to open a clinic for drug addicts. The magistrate was engaged in his office when I went to visit it, so without waiting to see him I asked to be shown the patients. There were twenty-five of them, all men, mostly young. Often the number is larger. The local authorities have tried over and over again to enforce the law against the trade in poisonous drugs, but the Japanese and Koreans have claimed on each occasion extraterritorial rights and refused to conform to custom or morality. For instance, at a theater which opens every day at 10 a.m. drugs are sold and a lottery is operated which takes in from $90 to $200 daily. This place was formerly run by the Chinese as a theater only but it was closed for obscenity. The Japanese took it over, reopened it, staged the same sort of plays, and added the other evils. The Chinese officials ordered it closed, but their authority was ignored. Firearms are also sold secretly. The San Mu Yang Hang is notorious for its ability to secure firearms for anyone who wants them.

These foreign firms often employ impoverished Chinese. An alert magistrate last year, quite within his authority, had several of them arrested, when they were not on their employers' premises. He confiscated the drugs they were carrying and dispatched the whole lot to Tientsin. The Japanese military from Lanhsien thereupon came to his office and claimed $7,000 damages for his action. Their troops ordered him to come to the barracks. He refused to go. They insisted, however, that he produce the money the next day. He procured privately $400 but they were not satisfied. The following day $2,000 more was extorted from him. A military representative of the Tientsin consulate then came along to inquire into the situation. The magistrate was told to sign a statement that he had not been held prisoner in his office. This he refused to do. A compromise was then effected, the magistrate signing a statement that he had been held only there by force.

All of the 160 drug shops in the County of Changli have been set up during the last two or three years. Sixty-five of the 160 shops have been opened this year. Prior to September 18, 1931, there were no shops in Changli selling opium and narcotics openly. At the time the Japanese entered Shanhaikuan, two years ago, there were five places where cigarettes, matches, etc., were sold, and opium and narcotics could be had secretly. Then they became more open, and one could see people lined up outside, as if waiting to buy. The conditions in Changli are better than in some of the other cities of the demilitarized zone. The worst places are Tangshan, Shanhaikuan, Lanhsien, Kaiping, Kuyeh, and Chinwangtao.

The danger to the young life of the community seems to the inhabitants so imminent that they are setting up associations for good citizenship, appealing to the public to guard against these evils in their midst. A day or two before my arrival the seesaw board from the children's playground had been stolen, evidently by some addict, for it was deposited in one of the pawn shops which give drugs instead of money in payment. The trader refused to give it back. A little while ago a carter left his horse for a moment and in that brief period the harness was removed and deposited in a pawn shop. Pawn shops are required by Chinese law to be registered as such and pay a tax to the government. The Japanese shops where stolen goods are now taken are not registered as regular pawnshops, pay no such tax, and have no legal right to operate. In a registered pawn shop, if a drug addict attempts to pawn something that looks like stolen goods, the proprietor is required to notify the police. But the Japanese-controlled places welcome these drug addicts and the police have no way of interfering.

Peiping, May 13 Muriel Lester

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An Assist for William Green

By HEYWOOD BROUN

"BALL one!" cried the umpire, and he had scarcely uttered the words before he realized that he was wrong. The sharpness of the curve had fooled him. Without question it had caught the corner of the plate. Nevertheless, the umpire waved the pitcher back when he rushed in to protest. Sullenly the southpaw threw another. It was wide and at least a foot above the batter's head. "Strike one!" cried the umpire and now his conscience was clear. He felt that he had achieved substantial justice by matching one mistake against another.

This practice is known among umpires as "evening up." Among leaders in Washington it is known as "good politics." I gravely suspect that some such impulse must have been in the mind of President Roosevelt when he sent the Russian note. Having displeased William Green in the "prevailing-wage" dispute, Mr. Roosevelt sought to bring him back into the reservation by writing just the sort of note to Moscow which would please the president of the American Federation of Labor.

But in so doing Mr. Roosevelt has violated the tradition that the President should not mix in the internal affairs of trade unions. The note came at a most unfortunate time for labor solidarity. Mr. Green's campaign for a purge was distinctly languishing. Even partisans of the A. F. of L. leader were inclined to explain that the stand in regard to the left-wing furriers represented action in a highly specialized case and not a permanent policy. The unofficial word went out that in spite of thundering speeches by Mr. Green and Matthew Woll there would be no serious attempt to split labor in twain by actually going after the "communistic."

But William Green has quite logically interpreted the note to Russia as a tip from the Administration that Communists and the "communistic" are fair game. The crisis in the teachers' union almost suggests that the A. F. of L. is going to move at least part way with the vigilantes. To me this seems a tragic policy. There has been ample proof already that employers are ready to use the "red scare" against any kind of strike whatsoever. Even in strikes wholly controlled by orthodox A. F. of L. leaders the red herring has been drawn across the picket line. I venture to predict that before the year is out Mr. Green himself will be criticized by chambers of commerce as a secret agent of the Russians. And with another six months for the hysteria to mount even Matthew Woll may not be safe from attack of the same sort.

Whatever complaints William Green has against the tactics of Communists in the labor movement, I think he ought to be made to see that he is playing directly into the hands of the industrial captains by trying to force a purge. Even if he succeeded in the monumental task of expelling every radical from every union, the employers would still be ready to cry "plot" and "communist." And a large part of the American public has been so riddled with propaganda that it is willing to believe that any group which asks for fifty cents a week more in pay or an hour less of work a week is under the direct leadership of Stalin.

As far as this particular public goes, the issues in any dispute are immediately lost to sight once the cry of "red" is raised, and it is certainly going to be difficult to argue against the goblin chasers as long as they are able to reply, "Why, even the head of the A. F. of L. says that the Federation is filled with revolutionaries who are boring from within." Machine-guns, blackjacks, tear gas, and bayonets are always ready for the hand of any employer who wants to beat back labor from its rights. The supreme folly is that labor leaders themselves should add to this equipment by turning over a battle-ax to their foes and saying, "Please hit me again."

In particular the new eagerness for a purge, which has been whipped up by the Roosevelt message, will act as a very serious barrier in the way of the promising movement for organization among white-collar workers. In fairness to Mr. Green I am quite willing to say that as far as the Newspaper Guild goes his cooperation has been ready and generous. His aid was of vital importance in the Newark strike, and he gave it in spite of the fact that the Guild at that time had not even advanced to a point of voting on the question of affiliation. William Green was looking farther ahead than some of the other leaders. He seemed to realize that this new group was rapidly gaining a realization that it was a part of the labor movement and belonged within the ranks of the organization. He seemed to understand that the we-don't-want-to-be-associated-with-bricklayers-and-truck-drivers attitude was a puppy pose which would soon be outgrown by these freshmen in the trade-union kindergarten.

But while many of us newspaper men and women have now reached a point where we understand the vital necessity of discipline along the economic front, the idea of a political censorship is brand-new and entirely repugnant. And I imagine the same thing is true of teachers. It is also true of printers. Indeed, from the beginning of time folk having anything to do with the preparation of papers have invariably been a crew ranging from the extreme right to the most leftward tiers. It is impossible to name any political philosophy which does not command some adherents in the city room, or the composing room. And it is utter nonsense to say that a worker who believes in the rugged individualism preached by Herbert Hoover can be a good trade-union member and that a man or woman who believes in the coming of the cooperative commonwealth cannot.

If the A. F. of L. were the backbone and animating force of an independent labor party, there might be some logic in saying, "When you join us for economic cooperation along trade-union lines you must also stick to us along political lines." But William Green and Matthew Woll seem to be contending that there is complete political freedom for A. F. of L. members with one exception. One exception is much too much to go along with freedom.

Fort Peck: An American Siberia

By JAMES RORTY

AT Fort Peck, in northeastern Montana, the army engineers are building the biggest earth dam in the world across the Missouri River at a cost of $72,000,000. It is one of the more ambitious projects of the New Deal, but there are voices crying in the surrounding desert to say that this mighty project, so far as the workers employed on it are concerned, falls far short of fulfilling the Roosevelt promises.

What do they say, these voices of shovel runners, piledrivers, truck drivers, cat skinners, carpenters, and plain pick-and-shovel laborers? They say—their voices are loud, profane, and bitter when you talk to them face to face as I did—that Fort Peck is an American Siberia. They say that they are exiles—overcharged and hustled about by the army, chiseled by profit-hungry contractors, helpless and desperate. I quote the Fort Peck *Project News:*

> The New Deal as exemplified on the Fort Peck project is a ghastly joke. There has been this result. Every sanctity of human rights has been violated by the army and its greedy partner. By their "Soviet" decree citizens are told where they must sleep, where they must eat. Families have been torn apart and the people's spirit has been undermined. The countryside has become a paradise for the honky-tonk . . . and kindred vice mongers.

Is it the model community of Fort Peck of which the editor is speaking? The Spotless Town you saw in the rotogravure sections as proof that the President's great dream of planning was being fulfilled? Yes, and the town is really spotless, much as described. The only trouble is that the workers can't afford to live in it, couldn't afford to even if they were single, which three-quarters of them are not, couldn't afford to even if the Spotless Town provided adequate accommodations for families, which it does not. Where they want to live, where hundreds of them were living when I was there, where they must live if they are to live with and support their families, is not the Spotless Town of the Fort Peck Reservation, but New Deal, Square Deal, Wheeler, Midway, Park Grove (there isn't any park), Lakeside (there isn't any lake)—a sprawling, malodorous slum-in-the-desert which you have never seen in the rotogravure sections and the like of which has probably never been seen in America before.

The army is loath to acknowledge responsibility for these mushroom towns, which it regards as unwanted nuisances. So early last year the army ruled that 80 per cent of the 5,000 men then employed on the project must live in Spotless Town. Immediately the workers protested. Live in Spotless Town? At what price? A common laborer works forty hours a week on the dam at 50 cents an hour. But he doesn't work every day, so that when he is obliged to pay a minimum of $8.40 a week for board and lodging in the barracks, about half of his earnings are spent for his personal subsistence. What happens to his wife and children? They go on relief and the worker goes to the honky-tonk, as I was assured by the social workers in the cities I later visited.

The workers' protest was the more bitter because they were already established in their pitiful towns *before* the army's barracks were completed and the army's dictatorial decree moving them to Spotless Town was issued. The protest, made through mass-meetings and in petitions to Senator Wheeler, finally brought action, and Secretary Dern withdrew the barracks order.

The mushroom towns around Fort Peck are unsanitary, dangerously located, many of them, on the flats of the Missouri River, and the insistence of the army that they be vacated would be entirely proper *if* adequate substitute accommodations for families were offered on the reservation at a reasonable price. Spotless Town, on the plateau above the river, has excellent water and sewage and plenty of room for expansion, and there has been time, since the pioneer period, for the building of adequate family quarters. When I asked why that had not been done, I was told that the army did not wish to encourage permanent residence on the dam site, since the permanent staff required to maintain the dam when completed will be small, and since there is no other source of employment in the region.

Over three-quarters of the workers on the project are married men with dependents. They have to be in order to get jobs—the Montana law establishes this preference in order to accomplish a maximum reduction of the relief load. But the housing built by the army provides accommodations for 3,456 single men in bunk houses, and temporary and permanent residences for only 300 families. So that there just isn't any place in Spotless Town for a workman with a family to live. Even the married civil-service employees can scarcely afford to live there. I talked to one of them who paid $35 a month for a five-room bungalow; fixed charges for water, gas, electricity, garbage removal, and garage brought this up to nearly $50 a month.

The army, of course, has its official explanation of these contradictions. Traditionally, a construction job in the wilderness is a job for single men and men who are prepared to abandon their families during the period of employment. Didn't the army post warnings in railroad stations and post offices that there were no accommodations for families on the reservation? It did, and the families came anyway. The reemployment service, in obeying the law, was giving preference to family men. But the army, obeying either its tradition or its instructions, set up barracks for single men on the army model. In the army, privates and corporals don't rate wives. At Fort Peck, not even a construction foreman rates a wife; Spotless Town offers him only a room and board at $40 a month.

There is another explanation of the charges. The cost of housing in Spotless Town has to be amortized over a period of four years when the dam will be completed. By whom? By the workers who are forced to use and pay for that housing. Why in four years and why by the workers? Ask the army, or better still, ask Secretary Ickes. Personally I doubt that the army is particularly to blame—it is merely executing orders. The same thing goes on at

Grand Coulee, where the Reclamation Bureau is in charge.

But it is a rather ghastly joke just the same and it didn't get any better when I came to investigate the mushroom towns which the workers built to escape the chaste and too expensive beauties of Spotless Town. There are about a dozen of these towns, ranging in population from a hundred to twelve hundred, with a population in the Fort Peck area of perhaps ten thousand.* About half the homes are one-room shacks built of celotex and barn siding; some of them are automobile trailers and tents; others are half-timbered holes dug in the hillside as it rises from the flats of the Missouri River. There is no sewer system; every now and then the county health officer, reinforced by a sanitarian paid by FERA money, comes around and condemns some of the outhouses, also some of the shallow wells, which are the sole source of water.

The county was without funds, but the health officer sought aid from the state, which, being also broke, sought aid from the FERA. Eventually it got enough money to pay the salary of the sanitarian already mentioned, but when I was there neither the county, the state, the PWA, the FERA, nor the army had managed to achieve the obviously necessary preventive measure of inoculating the children of New Deal, Square Deal, Wheeler, and so on, for typhoid. The county health officer did his best. He obtained inoculations at cost from the state health department and offered three shots at 25 cents a shot to the parents of the mushroom towns. But there were few takers, because the workers simply couldn't afford the 75 cents.

Spotless Town has a clinic, well-administered so far as I could learn. The larger mushroom towns have attracted a few doctors, osteopaths, and painless dentists. The doctor in Wheeler told me that the week before he had been hurriedly summoned at midnight to one of these eight-by-twelve pulp-board shacks. It was occupied by a man, his wife, and two children, one four years old and the other two. The children were sleeping on a shelf. The woman was in labor. Not wishing to make a delivery by the light of a pocket flashlight, the doctor succeeded after much difficulty in securing her admission to the hospital at Glasgow. I was told of a two-room shack occupied by two couples, one with four children and the other with two; there were also two men boarders. I myself saw shacks where there was only slightly less congestion.

When the exiles of the Fort Peck project started naming things, the first name they considered for New Deal was Paradise Valley. It is a queer paradise indeed. And the irony of it is that even New Deal gives them a better deal than the deal they get in Spotless Town. It is at least human. It permits them to keep their families together. It permits them—barring the chances of illness and death from typhoid or influenza—to pay their bills, pay off a few of their back debts, and recover a little of the self-respect which idleness, insecurity, and dependence upon relief have cost them. A cat skinner getting 75 cents an hour told me that by cutting the cottonwoods of the river bottom for fuel and by other economies he was able to support his wife and two children on ten dollars a week. That, he pointed out, was better than spending almost as much for himself alone in the barracks of Spotless Town.

New Deal was less than a year old when I was there. But already it had become a parody of American civilization. It had a radio-repair shop, a movie palace, half a dozen small stores and restaurants, a real-estate office, an osteopath, a dentist, and a beauty shoppe. A couple of bunk houses contributed by the army had been converted into schools, and children living in the shack towns were admitted to the Spotless Town school. New Deal and nearby mushroom towns boasted of half a dozen saloon dance halls, and not all the taxi dancers were prostitutes. Many of them, just as on Broadway, were good girls engaged in supplementing the family income.

The people have many things to think about. They ponder over the bitter protest of the Montana Federation of Labor, whose president, James D. Graham, has charged that the earlier investigation of Fort Peck by the Public Works Board of Labor Review was a whitewash, that the contractors on the job are constantly chiseling, and that "trick" wage scales were inserted in the contracts after the contracts were awarded. It was charged at the hearing, and admitted by the Board of Labor Review, that these scales permit the employment of both semi-skilled and skilled labor for skilled workers' jobs at "helpers'" wages—rates alleged to be considerably below the level set in the contract for that type of work. This wage chiseling defrauded the workers of $50,000 in one week, according to an estimate by Graham.

In its report on the hearing the Board of Labor Review admitted that the type of chiseling protested against had been "brought to its attention from many different sections of the country." However, it declared its faith in the army's ability—and willingness—to remedy this condition, and closed with a hymn of praise to the uniformed engineers, who, according to the board, "have reason to be proud" of their work. Fort Peck workers don't think so.

Contributors to This Issue

Isidor Feinstein is chief editorial writer of the New York *Post*.

Paul W. Ward is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

James Rorty, author of "Our Master's Voice: Advertising," recently spent several months in the West investigating social and economic conditions.

Reinhold Niebuhr, professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

Joseph Barnes, editor of "Empire in the East," was formerly Russian expert on the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

Clara Gruening Stillman is the author of a biography of Samuel Butler.

W. Norman Brown is professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania.

Melville J. Herskovits, professor of anthropology at Northwestern University, spent last summer in Haiti continuing his researches in the field of Negro culture.

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* The disaster which the poverty and weakness of Fort Peck's mushroom towns had invited has struck that region since this article was written. Recently two cloudbursts and a tornado struck the valley in one day, demolishing scores of the workers' tar-paper and composition-board "homes" and leaving hundreds destitute. Army engineers herded the striken families into quarters at Fort Peck, "Spotless Town," which was undamaged by the storms, and doctors at nearby Glasgow worked all night administering medical aid and antitoxin supplied by relief agencies. The mushroom towns are now being rebuilt.

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The Nation Index of Labor Welfare

AS a result of a sharp midsummer decline in both employment and payrolls, *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare shows working-class living standards in July to have been at the lowest point of the year. Employment in manufacturing and non-manufacturing industries was 157,000 less than in June, and nearly 200,000 less than in June, 1934. Total payrolls were $7,200,000 under those of the previous month, but somewhat higher than a year ago. Average weekly earnings fell from $21.58 in June to $21.31 in July, while the cost of living for industrial workers remained practically unchanged at 4½ per cent above the level of a year ago. The deterioration in status of the employed sector of the population was offset only in part by an improvement in the well-being of the unemployed. While the number employed by the WPA under the new government four-billion-dollar works program was negligible during July, there was a further reduction of 4 per cent in relief rolls, owing chiefly to better agricultural conditions.

Since July, 1934, marked the low point of last year's sharp summer recession in business activity, comparison of this year's figures with those of a year ago is not so unfavorable as it has been in recent months. Nevertheless, the position of the wage-earner remains materially worse than a year ago. Real wages are practically the same at 1 per cent below the 1932 average, but the number of unemployed has risen by approximately 500,000 and the number on relief has also substantially increased. In contrast to the decline in the real income of labor, the National City Bank's analysis of the net earnings of 260 industrial corporations showed a combined net profit of $313,000,000 for the first six months of 1935 as against $265,000,000 in the same period of 1934, a gain of 18 per cent. Checking closely with this, Moody's Investment Survey reported increased net profits for 168 companies during the first half of the year of 21 per cent. The New York *Times* compilation of dividends shows that 785 corporations declared dividends aggregating $172,500,000 in July as compared with 639 totaling $132,900,000 in the corresponding month of 1934. The fact that this increase in profits was made without a corresponding increase in business activity would indicate that business was obtaining a larger share of the national income than a year ago.

Preliminary indices for July, together with the revised figures for the previous month and July, 1934, follow:

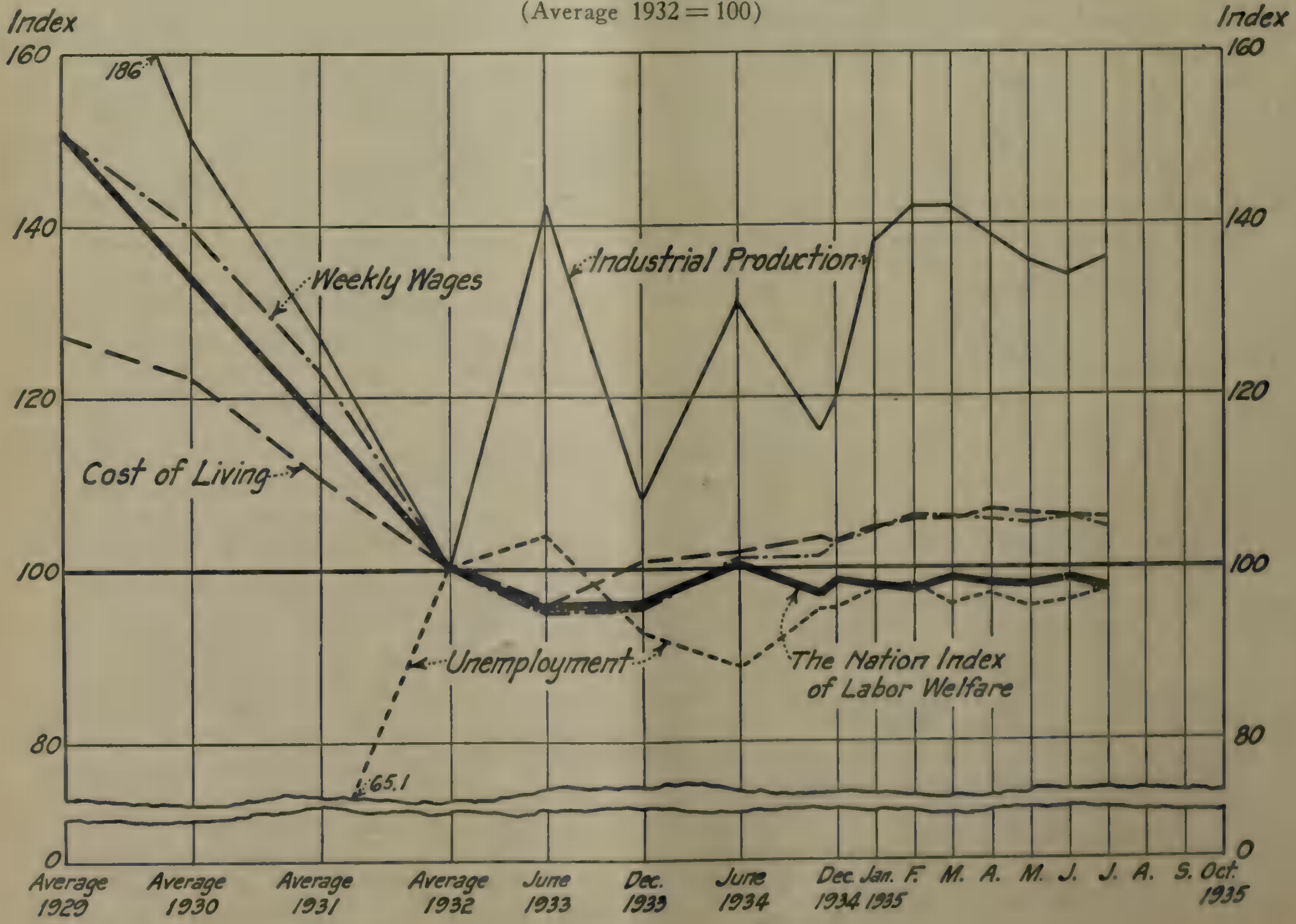
(1932 = 100)

	July 1935	*June 1935*	*July 1934*
Industrial Production	136*	134	114
Average Weekly Wages	104.7*	106†	100.5
Cost of Living	105.9*	106	101.5
Real Wages	98.9*	100†	99
Unemployment	97*	96	93
Index of Labor Welfare	97.5*	98.7†	98.8

* Preliminary. † Revised.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE

(Average 1932 = 100)



Books

The Pathos of Liberalism

By REINHOLD NIEBUHR

NO one in America has a more generally conceded right to speak in the name of liberalism than John Dewey. He has been for many years not only the leading philosophical exponent of liberal doctrine but the fountain and source of liberal pedagogical theory and method. He has furthermore been active in a score of political and social movements in which he has proved not only his interest in the practical application of his theories but also a courageous willingness to extend both his theory and his practice beyond the limits set by traditional liberalism.

A new book by Professor Dewey * therefore offers excellent opportunity to assess the resources of liberalism in the present social scene, particularly since the book is a theoretic elaboration of his advanced position. The great contribution of historic liberalism, declares Professor Dewey, was its emphasis upon liberty and intelligence. Its great need today is to serve the cause of liberty by helping to create a social structure in which the ideal will become a reality for the many and not the few; and to make "freed intelligence" socially effective. All that is good in a modern advanced liberalism is revealed in the development of the first point and all that is dubious betrays itself in the second.

"Liberalism," declares Professor Dewey, "must now become radical, meaning by 'radical' perception of thoroughgoing changes in the set-up of institutions and corresponding activity to bring the changes to pass." This social radicalism is gradualistic in method but not reformist: "The process of producing changes will in any case be a gradual one. But 'reforms,' which deal now with this abuse and now with that without having a social goal based upon an inclusive plan, differ entirely from effort at reforming, in its literal sense, the institutional scheme of things." The motive of advanced or radical liberalism in seeking this thoroughgoing reorganization of the social order is to secure the value of liberty, to which liberalism is committed, in economic and not merely in legal terms: "The majority who call themselves liberals today are committed to the principle that organized society must use its powers to establish conditions under which the mass of individuals can possess actual as distinct from merely legal liberty. . . . They believe that the conception of the state which limits the activities of the latter to keeping order between individuals and to securing redress for one person when another infringes the liberty existing law has given him is in effect simply a justification of the brutalities and inequities of the existing system."

The ultimate end toward which Professor Dewey's liberalism strives is socialistic: "The only form of enduring social organization that is now possible is one in which the new forces of productivity are cooperatively controlled and used in the interest of the effective liberty and the cultural development of the individuals that constitute society." This end "can now be achieved only by a reversal of the means to which early liberalism was committed." Professor Dewey's devotion to liberty has, in short, nothing in common with that of Herbert Hoover, who has given such a perfect statement of the plutocratic corruption of the creed of liberalism. Nor has it much in common with the piecemeal reformism of the more timid liberals. His statement of faith is typical of a large body of intellectual liberalism, which resists the dishonest appropriation and corruption of the liberal creed by the plutocratic oligarchs of our society and which sees the problem of social change in larger terms than those of mere reformism.

So far, so good. It is in his discussion of the function of intelligence in the process of social change that the limitations of Professor Dewey's liberalism appear. No one would quarrel with him in his insistence on the necessity of avoiding drift into chaos and the corresponding necessity of an intelligent direction of social change. Nor is he wrong when he protests against the dogmatism of certain types of radicalism. Nevertheless, every argument used in developing his theme of the function of "freed intelligence" in social change betrays a constitutional weakness in the liberal approach to politics. It does not recognize the relation of social and economic interest to the play of intelligence upon social problems. It does not perceive the perennial and inevitable character of the subordination of reason to interest in the social struggle. Its ideal of a "freed intelligence" expects a degree of rational freedom from the particular interests and perspectives of those who think about social problems which is incompatible with the very constitution of human nature.

This weakness reveals itself at every turn. The possibilities of intelligence in social action are supposedly proved by the achievements of science in the development of a technical civilization: "What are the modern forces of production save those of scientific technology? And what is scientific technology save a large-scale demonstration of organized intelligence in action?" This is supposed to refute the Marxian thesis of the revolutionary dynamic created by the incompatibility between new forces of production and the legal property system. Why, then, did not this "organized intelligence" which created a technical civilization create also an economic and political system which would make such a civilization sufferable? The answer is given in the theory of a cultural lag. "The release of productivity is the product of cooperatively organized intelligence," and the "institutional framework is precisely that which is not yet subjected to any considerable degree to the impact of inventive and instructive intelligence." An example of this cultural lag is the notion that social insecurity is an incentive to diligence. "Early liberalism emphasized the importance of insecurity as a fundamentally necessary economic motive." But the "conditions of insecurity now no longer spring from nature," and therefore "insecurity is *not now* the motive to work and sacrifice but to despair." But the habits of mind and action of the earlier period still persist and operate to retard social change in the interest of greater security. This theory actually assumes that there was a time in which social insecurity was a generator of diligence, and does not recognize that the earlier liberalism, in spite of its greater honesty, was just as much as capitalistic liberalism a tool of class interest. The idea that social insecurity is a necessary incentive to diligence was not true when it was first propounded and is not held now merely because old patterns of thought persist.

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* *Liberalism and Social Action.* By John Dewey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The same inability to recognize the perennial enslavement of even "freed intelligence" to partial and particular interests is revealed in Professor Dewey's discussion of violence and social change. With every responsible analyst of the modern social crisis, Professor Dewey would like to resolve our social difficulties without violence. There can be no quarrel with him over his thesis of the perils of violence not only to the proletarian proponents of a new social order but to civilization itself. But the discussion of the possibility of avoiding violence lacks realism because Professor Dewey again sees violence only as a consequence of a social ignorance which a more perfect intelligence will be able to eliminate. Unlike many liberals he sees the coercive and even violent character of present society: "It is not pleasant to face the extent to which, as a matter of fact, coercive and violent force are relied upon in the present social system as a means of social control." The assumption "that the method of intelligence already rules and that those who urge the use of violence are introducing a new element into the social picture may not be hypocritical but it is unintelligently unaware of what is actually involved in intelligence as an alternative method of social action." In other words, the real question is how the holders of privilege and power are to be dissuaded from violence as a means of preventing necessary social change. This must be done by destroying the "ingrained habit of regarding intelligence as an individual possession and its exercise as an individual right"—"Liberalism must assume the responsibility for making it clear that intelligence is a social asset and is clothed with a function as public as is its origin." A liberalism which defends liberty as a public necessity rather than a private right will supposedly soothe the savage breast of an imperiled and frantic oligarchy, while the older and more individualistic liberalism merely succeeded in maintaining liberty "as long as it did not menace the status quo." One might as well expect to beguile the gentlemen of the Liberty League to modify their touching devotion to the Constitution by proving to them logically, rationally, and intellectually that the flexibility of the Constitution is a necessary prerequisite of orderly social change.

To say all this is not to assume that violence and civil war are absolutely inevitable in basic social change. But their avoidance depends upon quite different considerations from those advanced by Professor Dewey; upon the possibility, for instance, of securing some modicum of political cooperation between the industrial workers, the farmers, and the lower middle classes. If that cannot be achieved, and if the lower middle classes must inevitably become the allies of an imperiled plutocracy, violence will scarcely be avoided, no matter how much intellectuals may bewail the tragic and tortuous character of the processes of history.

It must be said in conclusion that Professor Dewey expressly denies that liberalism ignores the fact that conflicting interests in society prevent the method of experimental intelligence from being as effective in social problems as in the physical sciences. "The method of democracy is to bring these conflicting interests out into the open, where their special claims can be seen and appraised and where they can be discussed and judged in the light of more inclusive interests." Now it is a fact that many conflicts of interest are thus arbitrated, at least when the contrast between them is not too sharp and when the contending parties do not absorb the total community and therefore destroy the last remnant of impartiality and neutrality in the community with reference to a particular dispute. It is when that happens that we have a revolutionary situation.

In envisaging the possibilities of a rational arbitration of conflicting interests Professor Dewey hopes for a day in which party disputes will give way to an impartial and scientific inquiry into the cause and effect of social realities and the means and ends of social policies. "The idea that the conflict of parties will, by means of public discussion, bring out necessary public truths" has nothing "in common with the procedure of organized cooperative inquiry, which has won the triumphs of science in the field of physical nature." We are back, in other words, where we began, on the thesis that nothing but a cultural lag prevents men from viewing the social policies in which they are involved with the same degree of objectivity they use in delving into the mysteries of biochemistry or astronomy. Whatever the possibilities and necessities of social intelligence in social action, that thesis is a hopeless one. In so far as a "renascent liberalism" rests upon it, it will confuse the political problem. Its stubbornness in maintaining the thesis imparts an aspect of pathos to even so courageous and honest a liberalism as that of Professor Dewey.

Between Two Worlds

Europa: The Days of Ignorance. By Robert Briffault. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

LIKE so many novels with a wide canvas of time and space, like "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "War and Peace" and Proust's immense work, this bulky volume is essentially the record of an education. The hero is a young Englishman whom the accidents of birth and social class have made acquainted with almost the whole of the European continent and with most of the "key-figures" of the period just before the World War. The son of a popular British diplomatic attaché in Rome, he has spent his childhood and adolescence in the company of ambassadors, dukes, princes, and even certain crowned heads. The tottering Nietzsche has touched his childish brow and murmured, "Thou mightest be He." Almost his first great friend is a certain Daria Nevidof, Duchess of Friedland, and his first love is her beautiful daughter Zena, who is for a while separated from him by her marriage to a degenerate Russian prince. But this world and all its associations evaporate rather abruptly when he goes to Cambridge to take up the study of biochemistry. There he divides his time between intensive laboratory research and discussions with his well-bred fellow-students on the inconsistencies of the social system. It is this shy emergence of a social consciousness which leads him afterward in London to the lecture halls of the Fabians and the salons of the militant suffragettes. Emancipated sex, according to the current Wellsian pattern, and social reform are happily combined in a purely physical alliance which he forms with one of the latter. He is serious enough, it is true, to pay a visit to a Lancashire mining town on the eve of a great strike. But when he allows himself to be whisked off to safety in a police car he realizes that he is not yet ready to take his part in the class struggle. A holiday in Italy accelerates his backsliding: he makes love in the Blue Grotto at Capri; he assists at the flagellation of a wealthy Jewess by an eccentric grand duke in the underground chambers of an Italian villa; he gambles and dissipates along the Côte d'Azur. To crown it all, he reencounters his Russian princess and goes off to live with her in voluptuous retirement in a baroque German castle. Unfortunately, this retreat is broken by the news that someone has been assassinated at Sarajevo. The volume closes with the titled heroine crying for roses in the first-class compartment of a train leaving Berlin for an unknown destination. The hero's education, we are to assume, will be continued when history, which it has thus far paralleled so nicely, catches up a little with the evolution of his personal sentiments and emotions.

The geographical expansiveness of the background, so overwhelming in summary, is matched by the number of public figures of the epoch who appear and have voices in the narrative. Juarès, Mussolini, Melba, Henry James, Queen Margherita, and D. H. Lawrence are among those who enter under their own names, and the identity of the others may easily be guessed at. For this reason the book is practically assured of a *succès de scandale* in certain quarters. But it should have another and even wider sort of success. It can easily be read as a kind of "Anthony Adverse" of the social and political jungle of pre-war Europe. It is as full of adventure, intrigue, romance, and unornamented sex as that book, and it is interlarded with the same frequent applications of something that resembles ratiocination. In only one important respect does it differ from Hervey Allen's masterpiece: the hero's career is clearly in the direction of an integration of the personality through acceptance of a serious belief or conviction. Mr. Briffault is obviously motivated by what has come to seem to more and more people the one truly great theme available for fiction in our time. But it is precisely to the reader's sense of the contrast between the dignity and importance of this theme and the particular treatment which it is accorded that his book owes its considerable failure.

Always in reading diaries, confessions, and autobiographical works of every kind, we are inclined to oppose a certain skeptical detachment to the warm revelations of the mind or sensibility laid before us. We read with an attention divided, so to speak, between the truth that is being offered us by the writer and the truth that we are making for ourselves on the evidence of the personality reflected in the writing. The frequent disparity is what makes for the peculiar interest of works of this sort. It is the basis of interest in such a recent work as Vincent Sheean's "Personal History," for example, in which the now triumphant, now unsuccessful efforts at literary sincerity provide the suspense from chapter to chapter, even from paragraph to paragraph. In Mr. Sheean's book, however, the drama is pretty largely played out in the realm of ideas; the greatest effort is that of the mind to recognize and then choose from among its alternatives. The problem is much more difficult when, as in every creative work, it is a question also of the sensibility and the imagination. Here the necessity to engage the latter more strongly emphasizes, if it is present, the split between the writer's mind and his feelings. Insincerity is always more evident in a direct impression than in an abstract interpretation of life. And it must be said that everything in the manner in which life is presented in Mr. Briffault's book works at odds with the particular view of life which it is trying to express. In the first place, the style vacillates between a breezy British journalese of the type made popular by Wells and his generation and a sentimental lyricism that is on a level with that of the most mediocre magazine fiction. The sensibility has plainly been little refined or disciplined by the convictions of the mind. As for the imagination, the traditional pattern of the English autobiographical novel is expanded by means of incidents out of the society novels of E. P. Oppenheim and a few motifs from Proust. We do not feel that this world of coroneted fools and debauchees has been absorbed into the deepest experience of the central character, as we do in Tolstoy or in Proust. The hero has seen something, but he has read more, and what he has seen has apparently been determined by what he has read. The result is that he comes to seem hardly more than a peg on which to hang all this history, all this social and political commentary, this Baedeker of Europe before the Versailles treaty. In a word, he is as little credible as the fabulous plot, as little authentic as the style. The total effect of the book is of an insincerity based on the unsuccessful attempt to reconcile the appeals of a sensibility and imagination belonging still very much to the past with an intellectual point of view for whose expression those appeals are altogether inappropriate.

William Troy

Soviet Prison

Prisoner of the Ogpu. By George Kitchin. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

THIS is a detailed, factual record of four years' imprisonment in the Soviet Union. The author, a Finnish business man, had been employed by British concerns in Russia before the war. Returning under the New Economic Policy, he represented a New York company and, in addition, organized on the side a virtual monopoly in the supply of candles to Russian churches. His business prospered, he married a Russian girl, they had a child. On March 26, 1928, he was arrested by the OGPU on a charge of espionage, later changed to one of having failed to register with the authorities the foreign concern he represented.

After eighteen months in Leningrad prisons, he was sent to a penal camp in what was formerly Vologda Province. First as a simple prisoner and later as a member of the administration staff, which was recruited entirely from the prisoners, he spent more than two years in camps administered by the OGPU in northern districts. On January 2, 1932, he was released and allowed to return to Finland, where he joined his wife. This volume, the record of his experience, was completed shortly before he died this summer.

The book is clearly no simple anti-Soviet fabrication, although its catalogue of OGPU horrors will be welcomed by a host of professional victims of the revolution who have been hard put to it recently for fresh and vivid material. Except for an estimate printed at the end of the book of the number of prisoners held in OGPU penal camps, there is nothing sensational enough to be implausible, and Mr. Kitchin's narrative of events has a kind of dulness which favors belief.

But this is far from saying that the book presents a real or true picture either of its author or of the life of political prisoners in the Soviet Union. The claim of the publishers that it deserves to rank with Dostoevski's "The House of the Dead" would be fantastic if found anywhere but in a jacket blurb. For Mr. Kitchin lived through what must have been a long and bitter imprisonment with a singular immunity to its corrosive possibilities to anything but his health. The prose is fast-paced and superficial; except for a few sentimental portraits of his fellow-prisoners it rarely breaks its simple, narrative stride. Even the piling up of dirt, disease, vermin, cold, and back-breaking work fails to achieve the cumulative effect of horror one would expect, and there is no record at all of suffering involving the author as a human being struggling to come to terms with his experience.

This is not to belittle the terrors of a penal camp close to the Arctic Circle in midwinter, but rather Mr. Kitchin's too facile record of it. The kind of subjective truth found, for example, in E. E. Cummings's "The Enormous Room" slips through these pages. There is no evidence that the experience changed the author in any essential way. Tatiana Tchernavin's "Escape from the Soviets," a far less factual record of a similar experience, has a kind of authenticity both as a literary and as a social document which this book lacks, by virtue of her deep, unreasoning, and child-like hatred of the Bolsheviks.

As an objective observer Mr. Kitchin had fewer qualifications, if anything, than he had for literature. Within a week after his arrest he had agreed to become an informer for the OGPU in return for his freedom, and only a dispute over the terms of his new employment seems to have kept him from immediate release. Although he gives few details of his business or political connections, anyone familiar with the conditions under which Nepmen worked and lived in Russia immediately before the beginning of the first Five-Year Plan knows that honesty in private business or politics was neither a virtue nor a myth. It was not even talked about.

The shrewd and speculative talents which earned sudden riches in the years after 1922 for men with no convictions running too deep for comfort brought the author more success in living with his guards and fellow-prisoners than in describing them. The latter appear in his pages neither as individual men, each living through some remorseless tragedy, nor as an expropriated class swept from power by a social earthquake. They are all miserable, brutal, and stupid, but the failure to generalize concerning the reasons for their arrest or to place their suffering in any setting wider than the immediate one of squalor and hardship produces a drab monotone that dulls the sting of even the grimmest incidents.

The Five-Year Plan itself and the social revolution which accompanied it both in the countryside and in the cities are hardly mentioned in the book either in extenuation of the wholesale imprisonment of "former people" which they produced or to make the crime still blacker. The officials responsible for it seemed to Mr. Kitchin simple scoundrels, working out a sadistic satisfaction in the imprisonment and torture of thousands of helpless individuals. If he had had better tools to work with, to relate his experience either to himself or to some objective standard, his book would interest anyone in a world where prison camps are everywhere either a reality or an ever-present threat. As it is, he has simply produced some more glib tales for those who still refuse to believe that revolutions are expensive. JOSEPH BARNES

Mary of Scotland

Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. The Viking Press. $3.50.

MARY STUART was Queen of Scotland when she was six days old. Even in her cradle she was the pawn of politics and was to remain so all her life. A Stuart and a Guise, she was Scottish, French, and Catholic. No Stuart had been happy on the throne of Scotland. The turbulent clans were always against their kings as well as against each other in frequently shifting combinations. England, France, and Spain had their eyes on Scotland. And Mary, as the great-granddaughter of Henry VII, had a claim to the English throne after Elizabeth. This created a situation tense with possibilities. Her marriage would be of the utmost importance. Her life was to be one long duel with Elizabeth.

The first in the field was Henry VIII, who asked Mary in marriage for his son Edward VI. This might have been an excellent solution, but it did not suit the Catholic party. Further, as the throne of Scotland was automatically to accrue to England on Mary's death, her mother feared an even simpler solution if the child was sent to England to be reared. Mysterious deaths were a part of political machinery. She sent Mary to France, and there the Scottish Queen grew up amid the elegance and culture of the French Renaissance, which coexisted so strangely with the treacheries and brutalities of political and religious warfare. Mary flowered in beauty and talents. She learned Latin and Greek, played the lute, danced and sang exquisitely, wrote lyrics of poignant distinction. But she could also ride and hunt all day without weariness. She was virile and delicate, daring and gay. Her queenly dignity, her touching youth compelled universal admiration. At sixteen she was married to the Dauphin, Francis. A year later, by the death of Henry II she became Queen of France, only to lose that eminence within two years by the death of her husband.

She had already passed the climax of her career. It was too swift, far outstripping her personal development. There was no correspondence between her status and herself. She was not yet twenty when she came from the most brilliant court of Europe to dreary Scotland, at least a century behind France in civilization. Now she was to feel herself alone, to know the extremes of fortune, danger, and enmities, suffer and abet tragic violence, with all the tangles of her historic position more intricate because of her sex. Now the woman was to develop that irresistible fascination to which the events of her life and the words of those who knew her testify, though her portraits do not convey to us her powerful sexual magnetism. Now she was to discover in herself depths of passion undreamed which would drag her to destruction. "All the tragedy of Mary's life," says Zweig, "was packed in two years of her forty-four—the two years of her great passion for Bothwell. . . . The peculiar compression of the main happenings of her career into . . . one explosive surge of feeling dictates the form and rhythm of her biography." He therefore gives far more space to those two years than to the twenty-three of her early life or to the nineteen of her imprisonment. The woman in Mary, always in conflict with the queen, destroyed her. But all that was best and worst in her—her sincerity, her reckless courage, her absolutism, her lack of policy—contributed to that relentless tragedy in which so many lives, brilliant and obscure, were lost, including at last her own. She and Elizabeth are magnificently contrasted as women and rulers.

There are historic problems that are never solved and that constantly inspire new efforts at solution. Such is the tragedy of Mary Stuart, which for centuries has aroused the extremes of partisanship and controversy. The story has been told and retold by historians, biographers, dramatists, and poets, and the heroine seen from many angles—as saint, martyr, intriguer, murderess. The historic material is superabundant, intricate, and contradictory. There is excellent evidence for and against every crucial attitude. There are opposing interpretations equally plausible. Religious and factional passions color the estimate, but, most of all, judgment on Mary's complicity in Darnley's murder is based on the authenticity or non-authenticity of the famous Casket letters and poems.

On this and other key problems of Mary Stuart's life, Stefan Zweig appears to have said the last word which contains or disposes of all other words. He has of course reexamined all the evidence with meticulous care, and we find here the acute analysis, the fine balance, the creative insight into human emotions which we have come to expect of him.

But in this brilliant and searching study of a great historic figure and a fateful career he has surpassed himself, combining the solidity and keenness of historic investigation with the richness, mass, and disciplined tempo of a significant life story that is also literature. There is a poetic quality throughout that inheres not so much in the language as in the whole splendid conception and structure of the work, a vital, surging, and inspiring tone which holds the reader spellbound through 361 large pages. This is easily the most impressive of recent biographies. CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Synthesis by Will Durant

The Story of Civilization. Part I: Our Oriental Heritage. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. $5.

"ANY man who sells his soul to synthesis," says Dr. Durant in his preface, "will be a tragic target for a myriad merry darts of specialist critique." Except for the alliterative self-pity in finding himself tragic and his critics merry Dr. Durant has well characterized himself and his work. Perhaps his remark is not entirely the result of prescience but a reflection after the event upon the mixed reception of his "Story of Philosophy," which students of philosophy received a bit coldly although the general public approvingly purchased it in large numbers. Whether or not it is possible to please the specialist and the layman at the same time in any such ambitious work as a synthetic treatment of all civilization one cannot say; Dr. Durant at least expresses no hope, yet believes such a treatment worth while for the sake of the layman.

The whole work which Dr. Durant plans is to consist of five volumes, each approximately the size of this one. All civilization is to pass under review, from its germination in prehistoric barbaric culture, through its birth in human labor and social organization, to development by evolution of government, morality, religion, science, philosophy, letters, and art, culminating in an account of the times in which we shall be living when the survey is completed. The first volume runs to 1,049 pages, containing somewhere around half a million words, and four more volumes are to come! In our times nothing so extensive has ever been undertaken. It falls just short of trying to organize the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Quite correctly Dr. Durant devotes his first volume to "Our Oriental Heritage"; for in the Orient civilization began. After an introductory section of about a hundred pages dealing with the general conditions and beginnings of civilization, he deals specifically with the Near East (Sumeria, Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, a miscellaneous group in and around Asia Minor, Judea, Persia) until the time of Alexander for 277 pages; then India and her neighbors to the present for 247 pages; and last the Far East (China, Japan) to the present for 299 pages. There is a brief "envoi," a glossary of foreign terms, a bibliography, documentary notes, a pronouncing (not always correct) and biographical index (with many important omissions). The four remaining volumes are to deal with Classical Civilization, Medieval European Civilization, European Civilization from the Reformation to the French Revolution, and Modern Occidental Civilization. The only serious omission in this projected program consists of the native civilizations of the Americas.

The misgivings Dr. Durant has about the detailed accuracy of his work can be substantiated in profusion from his text, and probably specialists of the excitable sort ought not to imperil their blood pressure by reading him in their own fields. Errors range from the trivial and obvious, like the locating of Benares "near the junction of two sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna" (page 521), through impossible and long-abandoned etymologies, to uncritical statements, such as that (page 616) admitting Christian influence upon the Bhagavad Gita, blatant misstatements, as that (page 389) "[Indian] dates before 1600 A. D. are uncertain" (many are quite certain), and incredible deductions, as when he says (page 509) of the goddess Parvati and her husband Shiva, "Doubtless she and her lord are made as horrible as possible in order that timid worshipers may be frightened into decency, and perhaps into generosity to the priests." There are contradictions within the book itself: for example, the oldest wheeled vehicle is variously ascribed on page 117 to Elam (highland north and east of the Tigris), on page 125 to Kish (in Mesopotamia), and on page 395 to Mohenjo-daro (in the Indus valley, western India); Dr. Durant's final vote (page 934) is the same as his first, namely, for Elam; why he comes back to that is not stated. Everyone's opinions concerning the relative importance of material treated and judgments upon metaphysical or aesthetic principles are subjective, and perhaps Dr. Durant has as much right to his opinion or judgment as has anyone else, but certainly some of his specific evaluations would not satisfy many who are acquainted with the material at first hand. No one wants to read a catalogue of all the mistakes in fact or opinion which even one person has noticed in a rapid examination of his text; it is enough to say that on any matter of importance the safe thing is to check Dr. Durant by specialist authorities.

And in many cases it is not safe to trust the authorities cited by Dr. Durant. His documentation, imposing enough superficially, reveals the weakness of his work. In the section on India, for example, some is drawn from other synthesizers not trained in Indological studies, some is drawn from authorities now superseded, and some is drawn from modern works of no standing. Although he often goes to books of standing, he also seems completely ignorant of many works which are recent, still in print, available at most large libraries, accepted as standard in the field, intelligible to non-specialists, and better than sources he uses. His bibliography and notes show how often he has relied upon the unreliable and neglected the unneglectable.

But to examine this book with attention principally upon detailed factual accuracy would be to ignore its probable circulation and sphere of usefulness. Like "The Story of Philosophy" it is likely to be of small service to students; it will be read chiefly by the "general public," in this case a public which does not demand or appreciate strict accuracy but wants amusement and impressions. These last the book will certainly provide; for it is well written and lively. Thousands of people who would never get through ten pages of Keith's "Buddhist Philosophy" or a couple of chapters of the first volume of the "Cambridge History of India" and might even balk at Bloomfield's vivid and readable "Religion of the Veda" will find Durant's easy pages no strain. From their point of view the errors—and they are, of course, only fractional—are unimportant. They will lay down the book, when they are through, with few precise detailed recollections; but if they are impressionable at all, they will feel how briefly we are removed from barbarism, how great were the civilizations of the past and how much we owe them, and how extensively every civilized people has contributed to the culture of every other. Dr. Durant remarks casually (page 127): "It is a poor civilization from which we may not learn something to improve our own"; and this attitude characterizes his entire work. In one way it is a tract against that national self-complacency existing everywhere, and markedly in the United States, which makes people undervalue their neighbors. Anyone who can read his thousand pages and still speak of the "heathen Chinee" or "the poor, benighted Hindu" or look with scorn upon the Near East must be a marvel for plowing through print that gives him no meaning. The essence of Dr. Durant's treatment is sympathy and appreciation, but he wins his reader's confidence by criticizing both favorably and unfavorably. And he makes many observations, pointed but not obtrusive, to connect the past and the foreign with ourselves. There is no doubt that he makes good use of his literary skill to bring to a large audience an instructive interpretation of the Orient.

One important topic which Dr. Durant might have included is that of physical races and cultural (linguistic) families of peoples. It would have clarified much of his other material if in one chapter he had distinguished and described the types of mankind and the Indo-European, Semitic, Dravidian, Mongolian, and other peoples who have been the custodians of civilization. The volume on the Orient was the logical place for this, but except for a few scattered and sometimes inaccurate remarks he leaves his reader to supply the information.

A generation ago synthetic histories dealt with political history, and the Orient hardly figured. It is significant that today a synthesis deals with cultural history and almost entirely ignores politics and wars, and that the Orient has been discovered.

W. Norman Brown

Voodoo Nonsense

Voodoo Fire in Haiti. By Richard A. Loederer. Translated by Desmond I. Vesey. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

THIS book is a combination of distorted borrowings from other works on Haiti, nonsensical reporting of what the author claims to have seen in the island, and attempted sensationalism that can only be regarded as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the "steaming-jungle, booming-tom-tom" school of adventure writing. Its mechanics are painfully apparent: a dash of the mysterious—"It was not without some slight misgivings that I determined to visit and explore this strange country"; a tincture of hairbreadth escape—"A pitch-dark night, an unknown forest . . . our boat waterlogged. Suddenly a few pinpricks of light . . . men in the jungle! . . . Not six yards away, a crumbling landing stage"; the occasional light touch—"Good God! What was that? . . . the palace *was* haunted. . . . At any rate I still had the revolver. I gripped it. Now . . . steady . . . Bang!!! and the bullet nearly hit a large cat"; much sex, of course, to titillate the stay-at-homes—"The dance went on. Fiercer and fiercer, wilder and wilder. . . . Lust like a scarlet mist enveloped the room. . . ." And then voodoo, exotic and terrible, with all sorts of horrible magic rites that give you the most enjoyable creeps up the back.

It is a pity that stuff of this sort still has currency; it is even more a pity that such a book should be circulated by one of the important book clubs. For the author, an artist from Vienna, apparently cannot put pen to paper, whether in writing or drawing, without exaggerating what he has seen, changing it to fit his purpose, or, what is worse, inserting statements of fact not at all applicable to his subject.

Let us cite some specific instances. We start with the sea voyage to Haiti and the incident of Sir Joshua Higginbotham and the Congo bean stew. Sir Joshua is an elderly traveler who tells how, as a young attaché, he accompanied Sir Spencer St. John to the famous cannibalism trial of 1863 in Port-au-Prince that Sir Spencer tells of in his book "Hayti, or the Black Republic." (Incidentally, the story is infinitely better recounted in the original, where you can find it beginning on page 211 of the second edition.) Sir Joshua, it would appear, must have been a very elderly globe-trotter indeed to have recalled in the 1930's this "personal experience" of 1863!

But this is only the beginning. The description of the "jungle" might apply to the South American bush, but I seriously doubt that such forests are found in Haiti. There are no poisonous snakes in Haiti, so that the danger of encountering a fer-de-lance, native to certain other Caribbean islands, is entirely fanciful. The author is forever writing of the naked men and women he saw sitting about the houses or performing in the dances. This is simply not true; Haitians everywhere are very particular about being clothed. They do not go about in loin cloths; at the very most, a man working in the fields may take off his shirt. At the night dances one especially good reason for not going unclothed is that it gets quite chilly.

The passage in which Loederer describes how, as he rested at Mon Repos, he could look out over the sea beyond the island of Gonave to the Windward Passage is fantastic; the Windward Passage is more than one hundred miles from Bizoton, the point from which he is supposed to see the ships which travel to and fro. Cassava bread is not used by the native Haitians in the manner described, which is South American. This account must have been taken from some travel book; the author certainly never saw it in Haiti. It is nowhere indicated in the book just when the author's trip was taken, but unless it was some years ago, to place the market of Port-au-Prince in front of the cathedral is further evidence that information was derived from some work written before the early days of the occupation. It is correct to state that the wearer of a multicolored garment is doing penance for his voodoo gods, but the passage about the "punishment dress" of thorny fibers worn beneath such a garment is myth.

These errors are serious enough, but if one is charitable, one may excuse them by saying that the writer, an artist, could not be expected to check his facts too closely, or that the kind of work he has written permits him wide literary latitude. There is certainly no excuse, however, for the way in which the drawings malign and misrepresent. The illustration opposite page 258 may be cited. It portrays a very naked youth and maiden and is entitled "The young Negro when he woos a girl; typical example of the innocent, naked eroticism of the African native." One can only surmise that this is a better representation of the mind of the author than it is of what he witnessed. Assuredly he never saw in Haiti what is reproduced here. Still more unpardonable are the drawings of African wood-carvings found throughout the book. It is true that except in one instance they merely embellish the text as tailpieces and ornaments, but no suggestion is ever given that they are not from Haiti. I can only state that the African technique in wood-carving of this kind has been entirely lost in Haiti, and that these drawings represent pieces from Africa itself. By the same token, to depict an Ivory Coast mask and an enlarged Sudanese figure in a Haitian *houmfort*—in a drawing made, I must emphasize, by one who explicitly says that he himself was there—is unmitigated falsification. I have been in a number of these Haitian "temples"; they are not isolated in the bush as Loederer says they are but part of the compound of a priest, and they never contain masks and carved wooden images.

One could go on if space permitted or the book were worth it. But I have cited enough instances to make the point. Some day, perhaps, Haitian life and Haitian beliefs concerning the supernatural will be presented as they really are. Such a presentation will show the Haitian Negro peasant as a kindly, hard-working individual, a human being much like the rest of us. It will analyze the amalgam between voodooism and Catholicism that has been worked out in the island and will show the relationship and the difference between magic and voodoo. Above all, it will stress the discipline that lies behind the apparently frenzied spirit possession and wild dancing that mark voodoo rites, and likewise the fact that though the Haitians have love affairs and satisfy their sex drive, as we all do, they know discipline in this as in other phases of their lives.

Melville J. Herskovits

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Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

THE ASSASSINATION of Senator Huey Long will immediately arouse sympathy for his memory that could not be felt for him while he lived. Political murder is a vile crime, and we share the regret and shame felt by the country that he was defeated by a bullet and not in an open political contest. We also give him the credit he earned for pushing through reforms in Louisiana, simplifying an antiquated state machinery, redistributing the burden of taxation, and stimulating the interest in education. Nor shall we question that his championship of the poor was as sincere as anything in his equipment of distorted passions. Giving him every advantage of sympathetic consideration does not however raise him to the status of martyr. Huey Long was America's first dictator. His was a little dictatorship in domain, but it was grim and vengeful in spirit, and it was a sensational challenge to democracy. Having set up a regime of fear he had to live in it, and went about his home state, and even his country, closely guarded to avert the disaster which now has overtaken him. To those unfamiliar with Louisiana the deed may appear on a par with the assassination of other political figures, of which there have been many in our history. But it was not the same. His murder appears to have been a deliberately political act, one of the very few in its category in American experience. Thus we have had a laboratory demonstration of a dictatorship—of its good intentions, of its immoral practices, and now of its violent ending.

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC of dictatorships that Long should not have left a political heir to whom Louisiana can look to maintain orderly government. He did not invite the close collaboration of gifted men, and he treated his subordinates with a mixture of vulgar tyranny and cordial comradeship. There was no crown prince; so now there will be dozens of claimants. Whether the Long machine will break up without violence only time will tell, but that it will collapse appears certain. Louisiana would be happier if this promised the coming to power of a competent opposition. It does not. The anti-Long forces are corrupt, anti-social, and half paralyzed. Were this not so, Long, of course, never could have risen to the heights he occupied. His death undoubtedly means troubled times in Louisiana. Nationally, however, the political situation is simplified. Now there will be no formidable third-party movement in the South threatening to wreck the Democratic Party. With the death of Long the field of demagoguery is left to Father Coughlin, of whom one need be much less afraid.

CONSUMERS' RESEARCH, refuge of the ultimate consumer, is the last source from which we should have expected labor trouble. Yet Washington, New Jersey, where the plant is now situated, is the scene of a strike and a lockout complete with all the trimmings, including a yellow-dog contract, a large picket line, sheriff's deputies, and charges of "agitation." The immediate issue is the discharge of three employees all of whom had apparently been in high favor with Mr. Schlink and his fellow-members of the board of directors until they became active in the union, Local 20055 of the Technical, Editorial, and Office Assistants' Union, affiliated with the A. F. of L. The union does not question the technical right of Consumers' Research to fire its employees at will—the yellow-dog provision takes care of that. The principal object of the strike is to reduce the labor turnover. The strikers point out that the privilege to discharge at will in the first six months of employment has been exercised so liberally that the number of employees who have left Consumers' Research during the last two years exceeds the number of its present staff, and that only six of those originally on the staff when the organization moved to Washington now remain. They are also demanding reinstatement of the three discharged men, recognition of the union, and a minimum wage of $15 a week. The paradox of labor trouble in Consumers' Research goes back to another more fundamental paradox: the success of the organization, both financially and as a social force, is dependent upon the mass support of consumers, yet it has consistently failed to cooperate with other consumers' groups and has steadily moved in the direction of autocratic control, which is not usually concerned with employees' rights. The strikers look forward to a long siege.

Their best hope lies in enlisting the support of subscribers to Consumers' Research, who are being summoned, in New York City at least, to attend a mass-meeting to discuss the strike.

THE RECENT TRIP to Havana of Senators Wheeler and Nye in the interest of the Chase National Bank indicates the confusion that afflicts many American liberals. Doubtless both men believed that they were acting for the benefit of the small investor, who has been the victim of political and economic developments beyond his control. While not condoning the action of Wall Street bankers in issuing securities which they knew to be worthless, the Senators felt that the small man should not have to bear the brunt of the big man's errors. Sincerity, however, is a poor cloak for ignorance, especially when the facts are readily available. The $40,000,000 loan of the Chase National Bank, the interest on which Wheeler and Nye were seeking to collect, was ostensibly advanced to the Machado government for public works. Actually, what money remained after the bankers deducted their commissions and the Machadistas filled their pockets, went into the construction of a military highway and a $20,000,000 gilt-domed Capitol, originally bid out for $3,500,000. Machado and his followers are known to have made $6,000,000 on the deal. The bankers were well aware that the Machado government was corrupt and unstable. They knew that in Cuba's impoverished condition there was serious risk that the money would never be repaid. Yet in disposing of the bonds to the public they represented them as sound investments. Unfortunately for the Chase National Bank, no market could be found for 60 per cent of the bonds. We gravely suspect that pressure from the owners of this 60 per cent rather than from the small investors who hold 40 per cent is really responsible for the Senators' trip. Whether this is the case or not, the interest which is due to the small investor should be paid not by the Cuban people, who received no benefit from the loan, but by the great banking concern which has amassed millions by deception.

MAGISTRATE LOUIS I. BRODSKY, in dismissing charges of unlawful assembly brought against five men in connection with the riot on the German liner Bremen on July 26, based his decision on the contention that since no evidence of premeditated concerted action to tear down the swastika flag was adduced—the act, in the opinion of the magistrate, being evidently a spontaneous act of disorderly conduct not named in the indictment—no unlawful assembly in fact took place. With this legal position it is not possible to quarrel. But when Magistrate Brodsky, in presuming to set forth the sentiments of the defendants which urged them to commit what was in effect an act of violence against a nation with which the United States is on diplomatically friendly terms, proceeded in his official capacity to describe that nation in highly uncomplimentary language, one may question not only the diplomatic policy but the judicial propriety of such a procedure. It is the function of a judge to uphold and interpret the law; it is not his function to make political speeches from the bench. To the German government the case must seem very simple: an act of violence was committed; it was not only not punished, but a local official took occasion to utter caustic and bitter criticism. If Magistrate Brodsky felt that under the law he had no recourse except to free the defendants, he had every right to say so. If he felt bitterly about the Nazi regime, it would have been better for him to have said as much in his private capacity as an American citizen exercising his rights of free speech in Madison Square Garden, where he would have been assured of an appreciative audience.

THE EXTENT to which Japan has consolidated its political and economic suzerainty over North China is revealed in a number of recent events. The Japanese have even gone so far as to demand that a Chinese who is accused of murdering a Chinese official be handed over to the Japanese military for punishment. Another Chinese official who is alleged to be involved in the affair is being held illegally in the Japanese Embassy in Peiping. A demand has been lodged with Wang Ke-min, pro-Japanese head of the Peiping Political Committee, that the demilitarized zone be separated from Hopei Province, and that a new government be set up for the five northernmost provinces of China—Hopei, Shantung, Shansi, Chahar, and Suiyuan. In pursuance of this project Japanese military officers have flown their planes to Paotingfu and Taiyuanfu, provincial capitals hundreds of miles south of the demilitarized area, where they have outlined their scheme for placing the whole of North China under a puppet government. As a result of this "improvement in Sino-Japanese relations," the Tokyo press reports that Japanese residents in the northern Chinese provinces are to be given "more privileges, including business and residential rights." In industrial and business establishments foreign and Chinese employees, particularly in the higher-salaried ranks, are being gradually replaced by Japanese. Since the Chinese government is not allowed to maintain troops north of the Yellow River, and all Chinese political activity is rigidly prohibited there, the distinction between supposedly autonomous North China and the puppet state of Manchoukuo is difficult to define. In contrast to Manchoukuo, however, the Chinese abdication of sovereignty over North China has been made virtually without protest. For the sake of retaining a tenuous hold on Central China, Chiang Kai-shek has passively allowed 80,000,000 of his fellow-citizens to be absorbed in the Japanese Empire.

THE $90,000,000 loan by the RFC to the Dawes bank in Chicago continues to serve as a parable for all students of things as they are. General Dawes had been head of the RFC, but retired in time for his bank, the Central Republic Bank and Trust Company, to receive a loan nearly as large as its entire liability. This demonstrated the truism that those nearest the trough get the deepest drink. Congress then passed a law prohibiting further loans to institutions whose officers had been directors of the RFC. The entire Dawes loan had been allocated before the law was passed, but $50,000,000 of it was disbursed six months later. Before making this disbursement the RFC took the precaution of obtaining four legal opinions from leading Chicago law firms as to the double liability of the bank's stockholders. One of these firms was that of Winston, Strawn, and Shaw, of which Silas H. Strawn, a former president of the American Bar Association, is a member. Mr. Strawn and his associates, for a fee of $500, assured the RFC that the stockholders were liable under the Illinois law for double the amount of their share-holdings. So also did Pam and Hurd, though as counsel of the bank they received no fee. Now both these firms are appearing for stockholders contesting their liability. The RFC so far has collected some $25,000 of the twice $14,000,000 to which it has been assured it has a legal claim. The lesson here demonstrated is that opinions of law follow the fee, no matter how eminent the lawyer. But this does not exhaust the parable. John A. Lynch, vice-president of the bank and signer of the application for the loan, certified that the bank's assets were sufficient to repay the government loan. Now he is suing to prevent any repayment of the $50,000,000 on the ground that it was disbursed in violation of the RFC act. The moral here is that the government, in bailing out a bank, ought not to expect repayment as a matter of ethics. Bankers should be rescued and the taxpayers should foot the bill.

NEGOTIATIONS for tariff reciprocity between the United States and Canada have made little progress, if we are to judge by the correspondence between Secretary Hull and W. D. Herridge, Canadian minister at Washington, recently made public by the State Department. Although the Canadian government is known to have approached the Administration in the early days of March, 1933, with a proposal to institute immediate negotiations, formal diplomatic discussions appear to have begun only about a month ago. The delay is the more unaccountable in view of the fact that the Administration's tariff-bargaining program stands or falls on its ability to obtain an agreement with our neighbor to the north. As the chief source of American imports and, next to Great Britain, our best customer, Canada occupies a more important place in our trade than the whole of South America, Africa, and Oceania combined. The difficulties involved in reaching an agreement are admittedly serious. Canada is particularly interested in finding markets for its wheat, timber, copper, cattle, dairy products, and coal—all of which compete to a certain extent with American products. The concessions which it may offer in exchange for possible American grants are limited by the Ottawa agreements. Nevertheless, Mr. Herridge's letter, written last November, indicates a substantial basis for mutual concessions. If the Administration had been sincere in its efforts to break down existing trade barriers, it would have taken the Canadian proposal as ground for immediate discussion and attempted to bring about further mutual tariff reductions.

WE HEARTILY WELCOME the news that California is to have a genuinely liberal newspaper, sponsored by a committee of prominent San Francisco citizens and backed by a number of the leading labor unions. There is no state in the union where the forces of reaction are more deeply intrenched, and none where the progressive element is more desperately in need of courageous and sane leadership. California is in a sense a proving ground for fascism in the United States. If the irresponsible vigilante movement can be checked there, the entire country will breathe easier. If, on the other hand, the influence of Hearst and his allies should go unchallenged, there would be serious danger that fascism would sweep like a plague over the country. For this reason we hail a paper that promises to oppose vigorously all restrictions on civil liberty, and to stand unflinchingly for union labor, adequate unemployment insurance, public ownership of utilities, and complete academic freedom. Under competent editorship such a paper can do much to crystallize the vague liberal sentiment reflected in Sinclair's 800,000 votes into a powerful, intelligent radical movement capable of placing California once more in the ranks of the progressive states.

SOME YEARS AGO Messrs. Mencken and Nathan devised a scale by means of which the seeker after self-knowledge could measure the closeness of his approach to the ideal of 100 per cent Americanism. If, for example, he believed all Germans—this was just after the war—liked to skewer babies, he got five points; if he took cheese with apple pie, he got two more, and so on. Now, without acknowledgment and with all the seriousness of which a mental tester is capable, a professor at Washington University has just presented to the American Psychological Association a similar method for asserting how conservative or how radical any individual should be called. According to the account in the New York *Times* there are several hundred questions, but the few that are cited seem sufficient to give the idea. If you assent to the proposition, "Alimony for divorced husbands is as logical as alimony for divorced wives," you are verging toward the pink. If, on the other hand, you agree that "it is bad for a married man to take another man's wife to the movies," you are just that far qualified for membership in the Liberty League. There is no suggestion of what it should be taken to indicate if the subject says in both cases, "Well, it all depends." Perhaps he should be rated "Normally Intelligent."

"WE HAVE NO RIGHTS which anyone need respect." These words, which we quote from the article in the present issue by H. L. Mitchell and J. R. Butler, indicate better than whole volumes of statistics the desperate condition of the Southern share-cropper. In the past eighteen months the New Deal, in the form of the acreage-reduction program, has come to the plantation, only to intrench the landlord and reduce the share-cropper, in many instances, to the status of a day laborer. Appeals to Washington have been worse than useless, for although a genuine investigation was secured, thus raising hopes for redress, the report of that investigation was suppressed and it was one factor in the sensational "purge" of the AAA, in the course of which any friends the share-cropper might have counted on were summarily dismissed. But the New Deal has had one good effect. It has taught the share-cropper the necessity of cooperation with his fellow-sufferers, both black and white, and it has established on a firm basis such organizations as the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, which centers mainly in eastern Arkansas, and the Share-Croppers' Union in Alabama. The Tenant Farmers' Union, by an overwhelming vote, has decided to strike for the pitiful wage of $1 a hundred pounds for picking cotton. The terror, official and unofficial, which they may confidently expect to meet with is all too well revealed in the report from Alabama (which also appears in this issue), where members of the Share-Croppers' Union are already on strike. It hardly needs to be added that any contribution, from one dollar up, will be joyfully received. *The Nation* will be glad to forward such contributions to the organization designated.

Geneva Stands Firm

THE world has become so accustomed to inaction, compromise, and oratory at Geneva that it finds it difficult to take seriously the League's present efforts to avert Italian aggression in Ethiopia. After the experience with committees in the Sino-Japanese dispute, the selection of another conciliation committee seems almost equivalent to giving Mussolini *carte blanche* to conduct the war as he sees fit. Yet if we could rid ourselves of this defeatist attitude, we should find the developments at Geneva during the recent Council session not altogether disheartening. True, the League procrastinated as usual. But this situation is unlike the Manchurian crisis in that delay is now an achievement to be desired. In 1931 the League was confronted with the accomplished fact of Japanese aggression. Delay merely allowed Japan to occupy larger and larger sections of China. But as yet, at least, Mussolini has not taken affairs into his own hands—because of the rainy season—and there is reason to hope that Italy will not attack as long as negotiations continue. As military operations can be carried out only during seven months of the year, a postponement of sixty to ninety days might put off the war for at least another year. Every week that the Italian soldiers are forced to remain in unhealthy camps in Eritrea and Somaliland will tend to dampen their enthusiasm for war.

A more substantial reason for encouragement lies in the growing sentiment against Fascist imperialism throughout the whole of Europe. The resolution adopted at the special joint conference of the International Federation of Trade Unions and the Labor and Socialist International, calling for the application of sanctions against Italy, was in line with earlier action by British and French workers. In France not only the Socialists and Communists but to an increasing extent the center parties have been urging Laval to back up the League. Faced with the prospect of an early general election, the British government dares not ignore the implications of the recent peace poll with its 10,000,000 pro-sanctions vote. The Tories are perhaps even more concerned over Italy's potential threat to Egypt and the sea road to India. M. Litvinov, speaking for the Soviet Union, has characterized Italy's stand as a threat to "the whole edifice of international peace and the security of nations," and has urged the Council "not to stop short of any efforts . . . which may avert armed conflict." The smaller countries, with the exception of Mussolini's puppet government in Austria, have likewise shown an encouraging disposition to rally to the support of the League. Somewhat belatedly it has been recognized that if Italy is allowed to ignore its obligations under the League Covenant, the one support of peace in Europe will have been destroyed.

The pivotal question is whether Mussolini has gone so far that he could not turn back even if he wished to. Baron Aloisi's inflammatory speech at the opening of the Council session certainly left no loophole for possible compromise. Visitors who have recently returned from Italy picture the country as completely at the mercy of war psychology. To back down suddenly in the face of world opposition might seriously endanger Mussolini's dictatorship. On the other hand, Italy is obviously in no position to resist sanctions if they are rigorously applied, and is even less able to go to war with any of the big powers over their application. As was pointed out in last week's issue of *The Nation,* Italy is perhaps the farthest from self-sufficiency of any of the major countries. Faced by the certainty of a stringent financial and commercial boycott, combined with the threat of a closing of the Suez Canal, Mussolini would be practically forced to seek some face-saving compromise. While such a step might weaken his hold at home, it is difficult to believe that with full control of the press, radio, and other vehicles of public opinion Mussolini could not camouflage his retreat in such a way as to retain public support. But of course he cannot be expected to show signs of weakening as long as he feels that there is a chance of bluffing the League out of applying sanctions.

Under these circumstances it is difficult to say whether Secretary Hull's prompt action in forcing the Standard Oil Company to cancel its lease in Ethiopia is a gain or loss to peace. That the action reflects a commendable zeal in protecting the United States against unscrupulous private interests who would not hesitate to plunge the country into war is undeniable. The mere fact that the American people have advanced to the stage where they recognize some of the basic causes of war is of great significance. But if Secretary Hull's action means that the United States is simply to wash its hands of the Ethiopian affair, hoping against hope that it will not develop into a general conflict in which we might be involved, the consequences may be disastrous. This does not exonerate the Standard Oil Company of callously subjecting the United States to danger of war, but suggests that possibly an economic interest may be necessary before we bestir ourselves for peace. A strong stand at Washington in defense of the Kellogg pact might easily turn the scales in Geneva. An aloof, save-our-own-skins attitude, on the other hand, virtually ties the League's hands.

The situation in which the Council finds itself is far from a comfortable one. Moral pressure is useless against a shrewd, determined dictator with whom glorification of force is almost an obsession. Mild sanctions would be equally futile. Italy would not be particularly embarrassed by an arms embargo, and might even be able to withstand a boycott. Other economic and financial measures would be of little value without the active aid of the United States and other non-League powers. The one move that Italy is desperately afraid of is the closing of the Suez Canal. But this presents serious legal and political difficulties which might lead to war. Any action of the League in condemnation of Italy will involve the destruction of the Stresa front and may drive Mussolini into the arms of Hitler. Yet above and beyond these very real difficulties lies the indisputable fact that failure to curb Italy means the end of all possibility of security. It implies an acceptance by the world at large of the principles of force and violence which are the keystone of fascism, and relegates to the next post-war generation our rightful task of building an effective organization for peace.

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The President Completes the Record

THE outline for next year's campaign is already drawn. It will be a defense of the record of the New Deal. In his letter to Roy Howard the President announces that his reform program has "reached substantial completion." "It was necessary," he writes, "to seek a wise balance in American life, to restore our banking system to public confidence, to protect investors in the security market, to give labor freedom to organize and protection from exploitation, to safeguard and develop our national resources, to set up protection against the vicissitudes incident to old age and unemployment, to relieve destitution and suffering, and to relieve investors and consumers from the burden of unnecessary corporate machinery." He goes on to remark that he does not believe any responsible political party will dare go before the public in opposition to any of these major objectives, a challenge to the Republicans to meet him on the ground of his solutions for these problems. If we thought the Republicans would do so we should anticipate the campaign with more hope than we are able to feel. The platform ought to be one on which the nation is agreed, and the President ought to be measured by his success in realizing it. But the Republicans will not meet him on this ground. They will disparage him as an innovator, a meddler with the Constitution, and an enemy of private business, and there will be little wise discussion either of principles or remedies. The President will be under fire as a social philosopher rather than as an executive, and the issue of whether he has done well what he set out to do will hardly arise. This ought to be the final issue, and it should determine his right to a second term.

Of the President's objectives, only one has been reached. He has restored confidence in the banks as depositories of the public's savings. He has made a beginning of destroying unnecessary corporate machinery in the holding-company law. But remarkable as was his success in getting this passed by Congress, he won a legislative victory only; it remains to be seen how the law will be administered. The Securities and Exchange Act also was a legislative victory, but its administration on the whole has been less than satisfactory. The President has been far less successful with the other items of his program. His social legislation has been pitifully inadequate, and one must wonder whether the old-age-pension and unemployment-insurance systems, as finally voted, are not worse than no legislation whatever. The Wagner labor-disputes law will be claimed as a Presidential triumph, though he deserves little credit for its passage. After whittling away his own promises to labor for two years of his term, his only role in getting this law passed was to accept it belatedly, make room for it on his list of bills, and sign it when it was passed. The measure succeeded largely because it was thrown into Congress at the moment when the NRA was declared unconstitutional, and Congressmen knew that labor would be dangerously angry if it lost the safeguards pledged in the recovery legislation.

As to the relief of destitution, the President is in a characteristic plight of having been humane in his impulses and foolish in his expression of them. That the nation as a whole has assumed responsibility for the destitute is of historic importance. But one would be put to it to conjure up greater folly than the government's spending program. It begins with the formal abandonment of the six million able-bodied unemployed not on relief. It is morally wrong in two particulars: first, in condemning these unemployed to take the plunge into formal destitution before they can receive aid, and then in teaching those on the dole that there is something ethical about the state creating artificial chores for them to perform at less than standard wages.

Genuine public works have gone by the board in satisfying this perverse morality, with far-reaching consequences. Heavy industry and building are not being enough stimulated by the vast outlay of money, but, still worse, the future of public works is being thrown away. A planned program of public works may be the one device by which reformed capitalism can counteract the business cycle and postpone its death sentence. But after watching Mr. Hopkins, with admirable efficiency, frittering away the public money on trifling projects, the public will not believe that public works are either sound or practicable. And the net result of the President's administration of spending is to drive us back on private enterprise as being of greater value than the creation of work, which means that we shall be saddled with a vast and permanent army of the unemployed. The President promises "a wise balance of American economic life." Instead, his policy is developing an economy in which business is learning to earn profits in a depression, the capitalist class enjoys a rising income, production steadily rises, and unemployment slowly but steadily grows. To set the achievements of the New Deal against this undeniable economic fact is to see how ominously short it is falling.

The best to be said for the President is that he has attacked some of the problems. Most of his plans have had to be compromised, owing in part to the generally reactionary temper of the majority of Congress and the Democratic Party, and in part to his eagerness to accept little victories if they can be had without a fight. That he also could have won bigger battles he demonstrated in the holding-company fight. Some of the same doggedness shown earlier in his term would have been still more fruitful. Had it been devoted, for instance, to pushing through the public-works program, we should now have a gain in employment as well as profits. But the President has no flair for economics, and probably does not even see the tragic implications of Mr. Hopkins's work-relief theories.

We repeat, we do not believe the President's record is going to be criticized intelligently in the coming campaign. Instead, he will be blamed for his intentions, which in the main have been admirable. His Republican opponent is almost certain to be a man without even a social outlook. If the choice before the public is between the President and such a Republican, Mr. Roosevelt should be able to count on reelection.

National Defense and Thought

"A ROUSING call by Governor Lehman for a more adequate national defense as the best guaranty of peace brought a cheering state American Legion convention to its feet here today," ran a Rochester dispatch of August 30 to the New York *Times*. There followed these familiar words from the Governor's speech: "Nobody is less a militarist than I. But insistence on preparedness is not militarism. It is the opposite. It is my considered conviction that adequate defense is the surest way to peace." Now if *The Nation* were in the habit of starting prize contests we should feel like offering a large reward for the best explanation of why it is that in no political or social group is there such conventionality, such a constant repetition of meaningless phrases, as among the defenders of national preparedness when they discuss their favorite subject.

Take Governor Lehman. Does anyone believe that he or anyone else could possibly define "adequate defense"? Against whom? Against what? Against a single enemy? Against two nations striking hands against us? Not for a million dollars could Governor Lehman or anyone else say just when our army and navy can be "properly trained and equipped for *any eventuality*," to cite his words again. Any eventuality? Well, that includes, of course, the possibility of a holy war against us by the League of Nations. It means that we must be prepared for a joint war upon us by Japan, Russia, and England. Some militarists even foresee the arming of all China, and a war of yellow men against white, with the United States as its first objective. Would the Governor have us arm for that?

Of course if Governor Lehman had really stopped to think the thing through he would have reflected that carrying out his program would mean the devotion of all our national efforts to creating a nation in arms similar to that now being developed by Adolf Hitler, with the subordination of every national activity to that end. He might even have inquired what country was ever saved from war by any defense. Before speaking as he did the Governor might even have asked himself how many countries there are in the world with navies adequate to cope with our own. He would have found that there are two, Japan and Great Britain, and he would have ascertained that Japan does not possess a sufficiently large fleet of transports to land upon our shores, with the necessary supplies and equipment, ammunition, motor vehicles, and gases, more than a small fraction of the two millions of men that we placed in France. If he is one of those who dread an attack by the Japanese, it might be well to ask him to furnish an instance in which a fleet ever fought a war seven thousand miles from its base.

The trouble plainly is that the Governor did not think. He is not aware that for more than one hundred years of our national history we were unarmed, unafraid, and unattacked, although our coasts were defenseless. If he read his history aright he would learn that we were never in so little danger of attack as during those defenseless years. But politicians of this type do not wish to read or know. They seek only the applause of unthinking audiences.

Peace by Prayer

FROM Shanghai there arrived in our morning mail a communication and a pamphlet which have left us bemused. The letter-head reads, "World Peace Prayer Conference for the Exposition of Confucian Cosmopolitanism," and down the side is a list of committee members, including the chairman of the National Famine Relief Association, the chairman of the Hunan Provincial Government, the chairman of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, and other equally important functionaries. In retrospect we are inclined to feel that nothing in the whole extraordinary business is quite so extraordinary as the fact that careful search reveals no appeal for funds. But one may choose one's favorite item from the catalogue of wonders.

The letter (incidentally, it is printed on good twentieth-century bond paper and provided with a typewritten salutation like any up-to-date sales letter) begins as follows:

> In view of the present competition in military equipment among the nations accelerating the crisis of another World War, we have proposed to invite the Great Teacher, Tuan Sze-tsun, to give a series of lectures on the Truth of Confucius's Cosmopolitanism and to pray for world peace. By doing so we hope to arouse the interest of all people in world peace so as to nip the evil in the bud.

Included is an appeal by the women's subcommittee which repudiates as grossly practical a peace plan based upon the proposal that wives should, Lysistrata-like, deny themselves to persistently bellicose husbands, and which pleads for faith based on the fact that when Buddha expounded the truths of Buddhism even the stony-hearted nodded their heads.

But the chief exhibit is a pamphlet devoted to the Great Teacher himself. In his fifteenth year Tuan Sze-tsun reached a state of illumination so intense that "without reading the books of the ancients he was able to penetrate the classical teachings, and without reading the books of today he was able to understand the political conditions in the nations of today." "Difficulties, personal or social, can be eliminated with his intervention." When, for instance, no longer ago than 1934, the drought-stricken inhabitants of Chekiang Province sent him a telegram asking for rain, he produced it instantly; but, generally speaking, the Great Teacher is not inclined to bother with such piecemeal measures. The frontispiece is a picture of Tuan Sze-tsun himself—a wise, benign, and intelligent sage. In sober truth a world composed of men like him would in all probability have no problems.

Sometimes we feel that realistic students of war and peace are almost too realistic; but perhaps there is no happy medium, and we also feel that Christians and Buddhists wander slightly from their own principles when they assume that their way is a way not only of endurance but also of practical results. When Jesus advised us to give the coat also he did not say that it would not be taken; and when he advised turning the other cheek he did not say that it would not be struck. Even if the pen is mightier than the sword it may not be mighty in the same way. We are loath to believe that God is on the side of the biggest guns, but we are not sure that he is on that of the loudest, the most continuous, or even the most earnest prayers.

Issues and Men

A Notable Conference

A CONFERENCE of Protestants, Catholics, and Jews to "analyze and allay the prejudices which exist among Protestants, Catholics, and Jews" in this mad world seems surprising, especially when the tide of anti-Semitism is rising in the United States, as are other prejudices also. Yet the Institute of Human Relations, held at Williamstown, Massachusetts, from August 25 to August 30, was a notable success from almost every point of view. The size of the attendance—nearly 700 persons registered when at first only 100 were expected—proves that such a conference was desired. But it is far more important that the discussions were on a remarkably high level, that there were some unusual speeches, a real exchange of sentiments, and a few clashes of opinion—the best sign that a conference is not cut and dried.

I do not know what there is in the American mind that so dreads controversy. Some years ago I presided at a meeting held to listen to a distinguished Englishman, who made what I thought was an excellent speech and seemed to please the audience. As we walked away he was much depressed. "Evidently," he said, "I made a very bad speech." "Not at all," said I, "what makes you think so?" "Why," he replied sadly, "I was not heckled once." I explained to him that in conforming America heckling is considered very rude and that many would have considered his address a failure if there had been even two interruptions. I might have added that heckling and dissent are so rare over here that, if any such thing happens, the newspapers play it up in the headlines as if it were something scandalous. So the few dissents at Williamstown received considerable attention from the press; the pro-Nazi speech of a German woman was sensationalized, and a certain amount of unrest among the Catholic members was turned into a genuine threat to bolt the conference because they were not given adequate time to refute the, to them, unjustifiable statements of Ramon Beteta, the brilliant, passionate, and eloquent advocate of the policies of the Mexican government. So far as the press was concerned, this was an unusually self-conscious conference. The reports of the proceedings in the New York dailies were carefully read and usually resented, and the excellent round table on the press, ably presided over by George Fort Milton of the Chattanooga *News,* gave a large part of its time to discussing how such a conference could be correctly reported with adequate emphasis upon the real spirit and achievements of the gathering and without the eternal magnifying of incidents smacking of the unusual or sensational. There was especial joy when the New York *Times* in one of its reports stated that George Fort Milton was editor of the Chattanooga *Times.* The joke was that the Chattanooga *Times* is owned by the New York *Times* tself, whereas Mr. Milton is the editor of the *News.*

As for the addresses, it was worth going to Williamsown to hear the admirable speech of President Frank Porer Graham of the University of North Carolina, a document that every conservative ought to read because of its carefully reasoned presentation of the case for social control in this country and its arguments for modernizing our Constitution and our government. If Mr. Roosevelt is wise he will make this exhibit number one in behalf of the New Deal in the campaign a year hence. But the prize for brilliance goes to Mr. Beteta. He was the only speaker on his side, with a number of men on the other, but he put his opponents to their trumps, and, in the case of one man, affected him so deeply as to produce the only uncalled-for and barbed utterance of the entire conference. Highly significant of the tone and point of view of those attending was the applause given to Mr. Beteta's description of the aims of the Mexican revolution, especially his assertion that it is an Indian revolution, for the benefit of the country's rightful owners. The statements of the three members of the Committee on the Rights of Religious Minorities who presented their views in advance of the writing of their official report on Mexico, Professor Philip Marshall Brown, Carl Sherman of New York, and Professor William Franklin Sands of Washington, were models of careful reasoning.

There were lecture courses in history, economics, sociology, and anthropology to apply the social sciences to inter-group relations, and round tables, in addition to that on the press, on the College Campus, Women's Organizations, Religious Education, Organizing the Community for Social Change, and Public Schools and Other Character-Building Agencies, the latter under the chairmanship of Professor Herbert A. Miller of Bryn Mawr, whose address on Human Relations in Russia, 1910 and 1935, was also one of the striking events of the conference. Jacob Billikopf's description of the work done in the Philadelphia district by the Labor Relations Board, and I. M. Rubinow's talk on Social Security and Inter-Group Relations were also noteworthy. In fairness I ought to enumerate nearly all the talks, but not Governor Lehman's superficial discussion of The American Tradition of Civil and Religious Freedom. What a pity it is that an organization like this, or some similar one, cannot organize a See America First caravan, and show some of our Governors and Senators a few of the things happening in this country that might well give the Governor pause before telling us so facilely that civil and religious freedom are in no real danger in the United States, and that the American tradition will be preserved. Finally I must add that Newton D. Baker presided with great skill and tact, and in an admirable spirit, over most of the meetings. Altogether it was a heartening five days since it showed that there remains a reservoir of good-will and devotion to American ideals which can yet be marshaled into a vigorous defense of the most worth-while things in American life, especially in the field of inter-group relationships.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Racketeering in the A. F. of L.

II. Skulduggery in New York

By ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

THE leaders of the American Federation of Labor manifest a peculiar attitude toward misgovernment, corruption, and racketeering in the federation's trade unions. Unless and until public pressure becomes too strong, they decline to take action on the ground that the federation has no power to take similar action in the case of its constituent Internationals. Yet the same leaders act in the most forceful manner for the expulsion of "radical" or "Communist" groups within the ranks. In practice this means that the A. F. of L. leadership is usually lined up on the side of the racketeers, for those who oppose the racketeers are always stigmatized as "reds" no matter how pale their actual political convictions or affiliations may be. This two-faced policy is an old one. It is William Green's policy and it was Samuel Gompers's.

The racketeer Sam Parks was imported from Chicago by the Fuller Construction Company to "organize" labor in the building industry in New York and was sent to Sing Sing for blackmail by William Travers Jerome. There was no protest from Gompers when Parks emerged from Sing Sing to head the A. F. of L. Labor Day parade in New York in 1903. Nor did Gompers take any action, such as threatening to revoke the charter of the New York Building Trades Council, to oust its president, Robert P. Brindell. Yet the Lockwood Committee and its counsel, Samuel Untermyer, showed that Brindell had organized a wreckers' union of his own in opposition to one chartered by the A. F. of L., that the A. F. of L. did nothing to protect its own union, and that Brindell's "independent" union was the chief instrument by which he was enabled to terrorize the building workers and the building industry in New York for many years and to mulct it of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Nor did Gompers ever act on the Lockwood Committee's finding that one of the chief evils in the A. F. of L. unions was the result of constitutions and by-laws which placed the membership of the unions at the mercy of their officers. The committee recommended a set of model by-laws. The recommendation was ignored. By-laws are worse today than they were then.

But Gompers could be implacable in dealing with militants, insurgents, and progressives. He hounded the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, formed before the war as a result of rank-and-file dissatisfaction with the leadership of the United Garment Workers, and at one time affiliated with the United Hebrew Trades of New York City. Gompers appeared personally at a meeting of the United Hebrew Trades to demand the expulsion of the Amalgamated. When this was refused, he had to work in a roundabout way since the U. H. T. held no charter from the A. F. of L. He first ordered the expulsion of the U. H. T. from the Federation of Central Bodies in New York, which did have a federation charter. Then he threatened to take away the charter of every A. F. of L. union affiliated with the United Hebrew Trades unless the latter expelled the Amalgamated. The Amalgamated finally withdrew. United Garment Workers acted as strike-breakers against the Amalgamated with the approval of the A. F. of L. for many years, and it was not until the period of the NRA and the ascendancy of Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated, in NRA councils that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America were finally admitted into the American Federation of Labor.

Green's and Woll's fulminations against the A. F. of L. furriers for merging with the left-wing furriers' group are in the same tradition. Equally so is their attitude toward racketeering in the A. F. of L. When Henry Godel, a member of the rank-and-file opposition in Local 3 of the Electrical Workers, was murdered in June, 1933, and the local passed a resolution offering a reward for the apprehension of his slayer, neither Green nor Woll protested against the vetoing of that resolution by the president of the International. Nor is it likely that Green would have interfered with Sam Kaplan in Local 306 of the Movie Operators if there had not been a flood of newspaper publicity and court actions. Legal action began against Kaplan as early as January, 1929, when an accounting was sought for $30,000 or $40,000 which Kaplan had collected from union members for a strike fund to support a strike that was never called. The special resolution calling for the assessment—it amounted to one week's pay per worker—specified that the money was to be returned if there was no strike. Instead of returning the money Kaplan voted himself $20,000 and his nearest lieutenant, Harry Sherman, $5,000, and divided the rest among lesser henchmen. It was not until the spring of 1932, after the newspapers had made the leadership of Local 306 notorious, that William Green sent Edward F. McGrady to investigate, and it was not until the following autumn that Kaplan was finally brought to trial before his International. The sensation created by the appearance of Kaplan before Justice McCook with four armed bodyguards brought a public outcry that made whitewash impossible. Kaplan was finally convicted by his own International and later went to jail on charges of coercion and conspiracy. The charges on which Kaplan was convicted by his International, as stated in an affidavit by William C. Elliott, its president, included collection of $800,000 a year without proper bookkeeping "and with vast sums of money unaccounted for." It was also charged "that he was an employer of non-union labor . . ., that he could not properly represent the union in its dealings with exhibitors because of his position as president of the Sam Kaplan Manufacturing Company, which company sold to exhibitors motion-picture supplies and parts . . ., that he had discriminated in wage-scale contracts with exhibitors in favor of such exhibitors as favored his company, the Sam Kaplan Manufacturing Company, by purchases of supplies from such company." He was also convicted of using violence and terrorism, oppressing and expelling rank-and-file opponents, and refusing to reinstate them even after reinstatement was ordered by the courts. The concluding charge was "that he had brought Local 306 and organized labor in general into public disrepute." President Elliott then brought labor further into disrepute by naming Kaplan's chief lieutenant, Harry Sherman, recipient of the $5,000 from the strike fund, as Kaplan's successor. A rank-and-file revolt finally ousted Sherman.

Another abuse which was pointed out at least as far back as the Lockwood Committee report but which has yet to draw the fire of the A. F. of L. hierarchy is the use of union funds to defend crooks and gangsters against charges of helping themselves to these same funds. A typical case is that of William A. Hogan. As a result of the Lockwood Committee's revelations Hogan was sent to jail for grand larceny for stealing $30,000 from the treasury of his union. The Lockwood Committee later found that other officers of the union, Local 3 of the Electrical Workers, had spent $19,000 of the union's money defending Hogan. On Hogan's release from jail the official put in charge of the local by the International to clean it up made Hogan secretary-treasurer. When the rank and file finally got rid of Hogan, he was named treasurer of the International. Other "reforms" in the International's clean-up of Local 3 were a new constitution and new by-laws which gave the officers absolute power over the jobs of the union members. Under one of the new provisions several members were fined $300 each for discussing affairs of the union outside regular meetings of the local. The presence of gangsters at meetings of the local had made it impossible for the rank and file to speak freely there. Also involved in the same scandal was Jacob Solomon, who remained an officer of the union even after he testified before a court referee that he had secretly and in the dead of night destroyed the books of the union showing the expenditure of about $1,500,000.

Rank-and-file victories are not easily won. The long struggle against Philip Zausner in District Council 9, Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators, and Paper Hangers of America, for the boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx, and Richmond, is a case in point. A citizens' committee for the investigation of conditions in the painters' union, headed by Professor Paul Brissenden of Columbia, is now investigating election methods that are said to make Tammany look genteel. The struggle against Zausner has been going on for several years. The rank and file complain of gangsterism, discrimination, kickback, failure to enforce wage scales, crooked elections, and dictatorial rule. Louis Weinstock, leader of the opposition, and some twenty-five others were expelled in 1933 on charges of slandering the officers of the union. They were reinstated later in that year by court order, and in 1934 Weinstock was the rank-and-file candidate against Zausner for the most powerful office in the council, that of secretary-treasurer. An amusing feature of the Weinstock-Zausner fight was Zausner's charge that the rank-and-file opposition was both Communist and Nazi. In addressing Jewish locals the Zausner partisans accused the rank and file of Nazism and in addressing Gentile locals of communism. The charge of Nazism was based on the fact that Weinstock's local, 499, is largely a German local. Since Weinstock is Jewish and had the support of his local in his campaign for the office of secretary-treasurer, 499 could hardly be Nazi.

Tammany bosses could learn from the affidavits filed with the courts about the elections of 1934 and 1935 in District Council 9. In 1934 the seven locals of the council in which no irregularities were charged polled an average of 68.84 per cent of the certified membership. In the five locals in which irregularities were alleged to have occurred, the average vote cast in each was 96.76 per cent of the certified membership, although in three of these locals the polls were closed for a large part of the voting day. Why the polls were closed for part of the day, although the by-laws provide that they must be open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., is explained by the misfortune that befell the enthusiasts in Local 261. The certified membership of Local 261 is 1,062. The total number of votes cast was 1,105. The polls at Local 905 were closed for four and a half hours on election day, but votes were cast for or by 969 of the 980 certified members. Sworn affidavits assert that several hundred persons were denied the right to vote, much of the voting allowed being done by repeaters.

Voting machines were used in these elections. They are a great convenience for repeaters. Weinstock watchers were either ignored or thrown out. In many cases "watchers" were so placed that they were unable to watch. A rank-and-file candidate for business agent protested that the vice-president of Local 442 not only acted in his official capacity as supervisor of the election but carried supervision to the point where he stood inside the voting booth and actually pulled the levers for the persons who entered. When the candidate complained, he was told that the men were too ignorant to vote without assistance. Herbert D. David, a Civil Liberties Union attorney, declares that he saw the handle on one voting machine pulled back from forty to fifty times while one voter was in the booth.

One watcher in Local 261 declared in his affidavit that he stopped a man who attempted to vote without showing his dues book. The man protested to the officer in charge of the election. The latter ruled that he was to vote first and show his card afterward. Under the constitution of the brotherhood a member is not entitled to vote if he is three months in arrears in his dues. When the voter emerged from the booth and finally showed his book, it was seen that he had not paid dues for six months. The officer in charge of the election "said that to make up for this improper vote he would exclude an eligible member from the right to vote"! Many had no dues book but merely showed a card from some official of the union asking that they be permitted to vote. One watcher saw a member vote forty-seven times for Zausner, but "because of the threats which had been made to deponent earlier by Charlie Kamins deponent was afraid to make any outcry in respect to this practice by Hymie Kamins [the repeater] and returned to his seat at the watchers' table."

Zausner is charged by the rank and file with winning the election against Harry Serra last June by much the same methods. A member of Local 261 described one scene in an affidavit:

> When I came inside the local hall I saw Harry Serra, who was a candidate for secretary-treasurer, protesting vainly against the disgraceful repeating that was taking place. Serra had just been beaten up and was in an exhausted condition. I saw two gangsters, Hymie Horowitz and Sam Jaffe, enter the voting booth with

> practically every man who voted. . . . Two more gangsters, known as Mike the Bum and Ching, were also in the voting room and were bossing those painters who tried to vote.

Another affidavit declared:

> Right after the voting started, a gangster known as "Yonkel Katsap," whose real name I believe is David Breen, entered the voting booth and, surrounded by about twenty people, commenced to record vote after vote as though he were playing a game on the voting machine. . . . While the so-called election was taking place, there was a police officer at the door. He was working jointly with a member of the group that was controlling the voting and before he would permit any member to enter the voting room to cast his vote, the policeman would cry out: "Is he O. K.?" If the man he was working with said yes, he was permitted to enter, and if it was no, the policeman kicked him out. Evidently the policeman's O. K. was not sufficient, because when the members did finally walk in to vote "Yonkel Katsap" went into the voting room and supervised the voting inside the booth.

Even when the rank and file seem on the verge of winning, strange things sometimes happen. John M. Schilling was for more than fifteen years executive secretary and financial secretary of Local 52, the United Housesmiths' Union of the Iron Workers. The rank and file claimed that there had been no accounting of union funds for about fifteen years. In the fall of 1932 the membership became insistent on an accounting. Schilling picked his own accountants. (He had kept union accounts in his own name.) Even from the report of his own accountants the rank and file suspected misapplication of funds. In April, 1933, a reform slate was put up for election against Schilling. Schilling first campaigned for reelection; then, a few days before the election was to be held, fearing defeat, he declared the election illegal. When this maneuver threatened to fail, he arranged with the General Executive Board of the International to order the election called off and to issue a charter for a new local, 447, with Schilling as executive secretary and treasurer. In the words of Justice John L. Walsh of the Supreme Court of New York, ". . . some time prior to April 29, 1933, and in anticipation of the results of the then impending election, John M. Schilling, Joseph Boyen, Charles Sheridan conspired together and with others to wreck Local 52, to deprive it of its property and property rights, and to convert the same to their own use or to the use of an organization to be formed or controlled by them." The court declared the charter of Local 52 improperly revoked and the contract between the local and the Allied Building Metal Industries still in force. Members who remained in Local 52, instead of transferring to the new local in obedience to the "advice" of the International, have been deprived of their rights under this contract. None of them have been able to get work because the Building Trades Council called a strike wherever a member of Local 52 obtained employment. The local is still fighting for enforcement of the court order. The rank and file here too were assailed as "Communists" by the leadership.

One of the complaints of the membership in the Housesmiths' Union was that there had been no meeting in two years. This is a fairly common complaint in certain sectors of the A. F. of L. Corrupt leadership maintains itself by holding as few meetings as possible, having gangsters present at meetings to frighten the rank and file from speaking, and often, when a meeting gets "out of control," adjourning it by simply turning off the lights in the hall. Failure to hold meetings is one of the complaints made by the rank and file in the Longshoremen's Union. *Shape-Up,* the four-page organ of the rank and file in the port of New York, runs a list of "Graveyard Locals. They Never Meet." *Shape-Up* is typical of the two- and four-page sheets being put out by the rank and file struggling to wipe out racketeering and restore honest trade unionism. One recent issue told how Joseph P. Ryan, president of the International—who lobbied against the Wheeler-Rayburn bill, raised his own salary after defeating Bridges at the recent convention, and sent Jimmy Walker a message to come back to New York—was defeated in his own local, 791. "A hot discussion took place regarding conditions on the docks, with Joe Ryan, who was present, taking plenty of hell." In the correspondence columns "Gus S." complains that the United Fruit men want to be organized but can't get the I. L. A. to take them in. "Pier 6, American Hawaiian," charges that men who complain of conditions on his pier to the union delegate are pointed out to the boss and fired. Another writes:

> Today on the payline (Pier 61, I. M. M.) one of the boys passed the collection box without dropping any money in. The gorilla at the box called, "Hey, you." This fellow had to come back and explain why he didn't contribute to the racket. His reason was: "I only made $7.60 this week." Said the gorilla: "Better get it up or get off this pier."

In Red Hook the men pay back as much as $2 for each ship they are allowed to work by the hiring stevedore.

The story of the struggle against dictatorship in the trade unions is a tragic and heroic one. Rank-and-file oppositionists risk their bread and butter and often their lives in the fight against the racketeers. At stake is the good name of the labor movement and the usefulness of the only instrument of protection that the worker has. The racket unions are in the minority but they blacken the reputation of the rest and provide ammunition to proto-fascist fakers of the Coughlin type. The maintenance of democratic control by the membership is the first essential for clean unionism. Another is that union leaders attend to the business of bargaining for the workers instead of trying to "stabilize" the industries in which they operate. Often well-intentioned, these attempts at "stabilization" are frequently nothing more than price-fixing conspiracies at the expense of the public and ultimately of the worker as well; they usually degenerate into business-labor rackets. Should there be greater judicial supervision over the management and constitutions of trade unions? When the question was put to Samuel Gompers by Samuel Untermyer as counsel for the Lockwood Committee, Gompers answered no. He feared the possible extension of court rule over the unions, and the dangers are obvious. But if capital can in the long run exert more influence on the courts than labor can, it can also often exert more influence on some labor leaders than the unions can. The alternative is drastic action by the A. F. of L. leadership to clean up its own ranks. Unfortunately Gompers never took such action. Neither has William Green taken any.

[*This is the last of Mr. Feinstein's articles on Racketeering in the A. F. of L.*]

Bullets Fell on Alabama

By BRUCE CRAWFORD

OUR committee that went into Alabama to investigate abuses of civil liberties really was shot at, though Governor Bibb Graves asserts the contrary. We were not seeking publicity for ourselves, as the Governor told the press; we were seeking publicity for conditions which Alabama doesn't want uncovered.

The committee—myself from Virginia, Jack Conroy from Missouri, Emmett Gowen from Tennessee, Shirley Hopkins from Massachusetts, and Alfred H. Hirsch of New York, secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners, which organized the trip—went first to Birmingham to test the constitutionality of the Downs literature ordinance. This city law makes it a crime punishable by $100 fine and six months' imprisonment to possess more than one copy of a radical publication. We distributed copies of *The Nation,* the *New Republic,* the *New Theatre,* the *Labor Defender,* the *New Masses,* and the *Daily Worker* in front of the City Hall. For possessing copies of these publications more than sixty persons, white and Negro workers and their friends, had been arrested. Many, after being released, had been kidnapped by vigilantes and beaten up. The vigilantes are mainly corporation "dicks" who capitalize the race prejudice and hundred-per-centism of the ignorant population.

Although the press reported that Chief of Police Hollums "received" us with "measured courtesy," three of our group, myself included, were seized by city detectives and forcibly ushered into the City Hall. Miss Hopkins and Mr. Hirsch were finger-printed and photographed. An officer struck Hirsch on the ear when he refused to answer a question. But we "weren't arrested"!

Chief Hollums sidestepped a test of the ordinance. "This literature does not violate our law," he said, flipping the pages and barely noting headlines. I sat before him for an hour, asking as well as answering questions. Officers, reporters, and hostile onlookers crowded around. "If this literature doesn't violate your ordinance," I ventured, "why do your officers continue to arrest people for merely possessing it?"

"But we turn them loose," he hastily assured me with a smile.

"Yet such arrests break up their perfectly legal activities," I returned, "and after you do release them they are kidnapped and beaten. Can't you discourage these arrests?"

"Well," replied the chief, painfully smiling, "we have a certain element here, some anti-radicals, that do things we don't always approve of. This literature isn't unlawful, but it contains what offends some people. Besides, the ignorant working people shouldn't be allowed to read such literature. It stirs them up. Why, before these radicals began scattering such stuff, the nigger would come holding up his hands when a white man called to him. Now the niggers are uppity."

"Nobody, white or black, should have to come holding up his hands," I said. This sounded crazy to him.

"They're too ignorant to have this stuff," he added. When asked why they were ignorant, he guessed it was because they didn't read. When asked why they didn't read, he allowed it was "because they are too ignorant."

In came a detective with two typewritten sheets. "I took these out of that woman's handbag, Chief," he said, dutifully.

The chief ran his eyes down a page, but it was clear he didn't intend to find any unlawful dynamite. Miss Hopkins had volunteered to carry two circulars which went even farther in a revolutionary way than the publications. "They won't put a woman on the chain gang," she said. The circular was my composition, addressed to "Workers of Birmingham, white and Negro." It urged them to resist any war in which the rich would profit and the workers would do the fighting. It contained an obscure passage from Daniel Webster to the effect that liberties for the many vanish when wealth concentrates. No quotes were used, nor was Webster's name mentioned. Likewise a buried statement was lifted from Lincoln—this also was passed off as ours—to the effect that when government ceases to serve the majority of the people, they have not only the constitutional right to change it but even the revolutionary right to overthrow it. This made a hot circular—provocative enough to land a Birmingham steel worker in jail for life. But Chief Hollums's face reflected no red when he looked at it.

"You'll have to go stronger than this," he said to me, handing the sheets back to the detective. "Whoever wrote that was a shrewd constitutional lawyer."

Then with a glinty eye, "But if you continue to distribute such literature here, I won't be responsible for what may happen to you. You better not do it. I've known all about you every hour since your arrival yesterday."

I suggested that since he had us under surveillance and admitted we were in danger, he might protect as well as shadow us.

With an impatient smile he replied, "I haven't sufficient police force to guarantee you protection against certain elements here. There may be some in this room now, to hear what you are saying. If you pursue your activity here, I can't protect you, I'm sorry to admit."

A fellow standing near put in, "Chief, I heard a man down on the street say he'd like to punch this feller right then."

"Yes, they won't tolerate your activities. Our workers and niggers are satisfied. We don't approve of this kind of writing, though it's not unlawful. Now if you had advocated the assassination of myself or President Roosevelt, then we might have accommodated you in your test of the ordinance."

I started to leave—tentatively. He reached out a cordial hand. Others left. Reporters rushed out to peck out their afternoon stories. Chief Hollums became confidential. "You and I both know we have a wonderful country here, with radios and bathtubs in every home. Why, Roosevelt has brought about a revolution."

I hadn't come to argue politics or economics. "Chief

Hollums, I'm interested at this time in the abuse of civil liberties. This Downs ordinance is used to stifle militant labor activity."

Hollums ignored the remark and went on about our wonderful country—where workers are so ignorant they can't be trusted with just any kind of literature. "Why, I was in Russia, and you don't know the poverty they have there!"

I inquired when he was in Russia. His answer was "in 1912." I observed that there had been a revolution since then and some changes, but he interrupted me to say that Birmingham workers were too well off to be affected by agitators.

Although Hollums had admitted he couldn't protect us—an open invitation to violence such as we feared—Governor Graves next day pretended that we were in no danger and refused us police protection when we reported that our car had been fired upon five or six times, two bullets hitting the fender. "A frame-up for publicity," he told the press, and offered as proof the fact that we could not give the license number of our assailants' car or other details. When you see a man pumping lead in your direction, you don't take out pencil and pad to jot down license number, make of car, or color of the eyes of the men in it. Instead, you are hypnotized by the murderous mien of the individual with the gun in his hand. The Governor investigated us rather than the lawless vigilantes responsible for the shooting. His district attorney and highway patrolmen held us for eight hours in a small-town hotel lobby while a crowd gathered to eye us malevolently. After being denied protection, we left our own car to be brought on by an attorney, and took bus, taxis, and a train until we had crossed into Tennessee.

We had been on our way to Montgomery to ask Governor Graves to veto the Alabama anti-sedition bill that lay on his desk. This measure made it unlawful, among other things, for two or more persons to congregate on the street under certain circumstances, or for anyone to have in his possession literature advocating the overthrow of the government by force or violence. Similar bills have been patterned after it in other states. On the next day after the shooting Governor Graves vetoed the measure, declaring, "We have sufficient laws to curb radicals now." But he vetoed it one day too late, and it became a law.

By this time the suppression of civil liberties in Alabama had been given a lot of publicity. Most of the newspapers of the state, while not concerned about the rights of workers, denounced the gag measure. The American Legion, which had had the bill introduced, piped down. Chagrined, the legislators repealed the law.

The Meaning of the Modern Drama

III. The American Tradition

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN the last previous article three facts were remarked: first, that the intellectual premises of such dramatists as Ibsen and Shaw had to be established in the minds of their audiences before the plays could be correctly comprehended; second, that the necessity of establishing these premises as they went along made inevitable a certain awkwardness in the plays themselves; third, that the educational work of the "new dramatists" was accomplished so quickly and so well that their most daring paradoxes tended to turn into platitudes with disconcerting rapidity. Before proceeding to the next phase of dramatic literature it remains to indicate briefly what these premises were.

Of course the individual dramatists differed considerably among themselves. Thus—to continue with the same two outstanding representatives of the movement—Shaw, at least, believed himself to be much more concerned with definite political doctrines than Ibsen ever was. He proclaimed his Fabian socialism and, ostensibly at least, had a definite political solution for each of his problems, while Ibsen disclaimed any political doctrine and boasted that his function was rather to ask questions than to answer them. Certainly, moreover, the cult of the new drama was not primarily a political one, and its devotees were united not by the common acceptance of any political program but by their eager championship of certain very general intellectual and moral attitudes, shared by Shaw and Ibsen as well as by nearly all the "new dramatists."

To catalogue these attitudes after so long a time is to emphasize their now platitudinous character, but they may be summarized somewhat as follows. The less smiling aspects of life are by no means less interesting, less significant, or less typical than the others. Unpleasant plays are quite as true as pleasant ones, and the first discovery made by anyone willing to open his eyes is the discovery that this is by no means the best of all possible worlds. Journeys do not always end in lovers' meetings, and whatever is, is not invariably right. The second discovery is that the most respectable people are the last either to admit the imperfection of society or make an effort to do anything about it. Church and state have united in the effort not to make righteousness prevail but to keep up appearances. Their first concern is not the establishment of justice but the prevention of scandal. The first—and last—question which they trouble to ask is merely, "What will people say?"

Inspired by these two convictions the dramatist turned to his analysis of the seamy side of life and made his central, ever-recurring theme the contrast between righteousness and respectability, between virtue and its hypocritical counterpart. The respectable retorted by crying "Shame," as though the iconoclasts were creating the evils to which they called attention. Upon that assumption William Winter could summarize his characterization of "Ghosts" as "a dirty deed done in public." Ibsen replied to such an attitude with "An Enemy of the People," in which the humanitarian hero is treated as though he had bred the disease germs which he finds in the municipal baths, and the battle was short and hot—so short, indeed, that it is only by referring to such criticism as Winter's that we can now believe how hot it was.

On the surface it was essentially a struggle between the ideal of decorum and the ideal of frankness. The advanced thinkers saw their opponents as engaged in a "conspiracy of silence," and they opposed the charge that their themes were essentially indecent with Ibsen's phrase about the mushrooms that grow in the dark. More deeply, however, it implied a conflict between tradition and reason as the accepted sanction of morality. Parson Manders justified the deceit which he practiced upon Oswald Alving by reference to the traditional injunction, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Mrs. Alving repudiated the generalization and insisted that one must first decide whether or not the egregious captain was worthy of honor. Her appeal was from the conventional generalization to the specific case, and that was, as a matter of fact, the usual technique of the new dramatist, whose determination it was to prove that only a stubborn reiteration of belief in traditional standards prevented new and different ones from imposing themselves.

From the standpoint of those interested chiefly in the evolution of moral ideas, the significance of the new drama lay, therefore, in its defense of the right of society to revise the bases of its moral judgments. But if one assumes that the primary desire of the playwright is to write plays, then it becomes evident that the arguments of an Ibsen had also, and perhaps primarily, a narrower purpose. Doubtless both he and Shaw had a large moral intention, but simply as dramatists they discovered that the stories they had to tell could be comprehended only in terms of the new morality they had accepted. Ibsen would have been compelled to argue even if he had happened to believe with all his heart in the doctrine of art for art's sake. One may say if one likes that he wanted his plays to be successful in order that he might teach. It is at least equally true, however, that he had to teach in order that his plays might become successful.

Once the premises of the new drama had been explained so often and so well that the public was capable of at least understanding the plays founded upon them, it was no longer necessary for the playwright to explain them again, and two possibly profitable courses remained open to him. On the one hand, he could become more completely and more frankly propagandist than he had been before, and taking up one after another such specific "problems" as formed the basis of "A Doll's House" or Brieux's "Damaged Goods," campaign directly for social reform. On the other hand, he could also now attempt to create a new classic drama—one, that is to say, which would exist primarily for the emotional experience which it was capable of providing but which, nevertheless, based itself upon the current premises instead of reviving for literary purposes various motives, beliefs, and standards of value or judgment which are now merely a part of history.

I have already said that I thought Shaw had tried to follow this second course. I must now add that, sometimes consciously and sometimes unconsciously, most of the best American playwrights of the last ten or twelve years have been working along the same lines. By comparison with Ibsen on the one hand or with one of the new "revolutionary" playwrights on the other, the majority of them may seem unaggressive and unoriginal. But if they are considered from a different point of view, if their work is taken to represent an effort to discover the purely dramatic value inherent in the intellectual and emotional atmosphere created by the late nineteenth-century transvaluation of values, then it comes to assume a very real significance of its own.

Let us take by way of simple illustration the piece written twelve years ago by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, called "What Price Glory?" It was a striking and immediately successful work, but the controversy which broke out around it was concerned almost exclusively with the intellectual convictions of its authors. Was the play pro-war or anti; were its authors propagandists for pacifism or were they, as many were convinced, engaged in a pernicious romantic justification of a horrible institution? What they themselves would say upon the question I do not know, but to me it seems clear that the question was largely irrelevant. It could only be asked by an audience which had come to assume that a play must answer an abstract intellectual or moral question, and it was scarcely more sensible than it would be to ask what side of a certain other question Shakespeare was on when he wrote "Macbeth." Was he proclaiming that the female of the species is more deadly than the male; was he, in other words, an anti-feminist?

Of course the play could never have been written if the "new drama" had not lain behind it. In the first place, the ribald frankness of the language would not have been endured by an audience which had not been gradually accustomed to plain speaking by the more solemn audacities of the earlier playwrights. But that is by no means all. Only an audience which had achieved a far more inclusive repudiation of the ideal of respectability could accept as heroes such thoroughly unrespectable characters; only an audience for whom long-established ideological complexes involving patriotism, courage, and honor had completely disintegrated could have comprehended, much less accepted, the attitudes taken by the authors toward persons or events. But the important thing is that the play was not primarily concerned with persuading the audience into a position which would have made the drama understandable. It took for granted the fact that this audience was already prepared to understand. The moral ideas of Messrs. Stallings and Anderson were almost as nearly those of the man in the street as the ideas of Shakespeare had ever been. But of course the ideas of the American man in the street *circa* 1924 differed from those of the Elizabethan by, among other things, just the results of that revolution in which Ibsen and Shaw had played so large a part. And in any event the dramatic author was no longer at war with his audience.

In other words, the purpose of the play was to discover how the experience of two uncultivated but emancipated individuals who found themselves committed to a conflict which they were unable to idealize could be arranged into a satisfactory pattern. In another age their experiences would have taken shape around the ideas of patriotism, heroism, and honor. Their exaltations and their sufferings would have acquired a meaning by reference to these fixed points. But for these particular heroes these particular fixed points no longer existed. They could no more reconcile themselves to their adventures by conceiving themselves as heroic defenders of a mystic fatherland than they could dignify their interlude with the farmer's buxom daughter by attributing to it the traditional values of romantic love. When life becomes as painful and as precarious as theirs was, then the human need to make life justify itself becomes desperately acute, and in their case the justification had to be made in terms of that witty animality which alone had been left them.

The play was immediately and enormously popular because in its essence it was closely relevant to the needs of its audience. Some part of that audience had recently emerged from literally similar adventures. Most of the rest of it had been participating in them vicariously at least. But emotionally the war had not been assimilated. Desperate efforts had been made to achieve that assimilation by interpreting it in terms of conventional patriotism and conventional conceptions of martial glory. But so far at least as the more intellectual section of the public was concerned, those efforts had been unsuccessful. Its emotional response to events had been too full of conflicts to achieve clear form. But by choosing as the heroes of their melodramas two scamps who had unconsciously but completely repudiated any effort to attribute conventional dignity to their roles, the authors were able to illustrate a perfectly consistent attitude toward events and a perfectly consistent emotional response to them. What is more, this emotional response, or rather this set of emotional responses, could be made to yield a certain desperate exultation not wholly unjoyous, and the result was to achieve for the audience a clarification and a release. A channel had been provided for the discharge of confused emotions. Here was a pattern into which, without recourse to dead ideas, hitherto confused reactions could be arranged, a channel through which pent-up emotions could flow.

Thus in such a play as this the drama had again established that relationship with ideas characteristic of "classic" as opposed to "revolutionary" drama. It was, in other words, not concerned so much with changing ideas as with exploring the emotional possibilities of life in a culture based upon the acceptance of certain moral and intellectual convictions. And to many, among whom I include myself, it seems that the means which literature has at its disposal make it peculiarly fitted for that task rather than for any other. It begins where abstract thinkers leave off, not in the sense that it is concerned either with advocating or revolutionizing their ideas, but in the sense that it reveals the significance of these in relation to the more complex and intangible, as well as more intimate, experiences of living. Shakespeare, as Shaw charges, did not undertake to modify very importantly the ideas of the Elizabethan man in the street. What he did do was to illustrate what life could be made to yield when judged and interpreted in terms of these ideas. And what can be said of Shakespeare can be said also of Racine or Molière or almost any other of the great dramatists, whose business has usually been primarily with what eludes the direct statement of the philospher, the moralist, or the statesman.

The American dramatists of the decade just past seem to me to have veered more and more in this direction. Many, like Sidney Howard and Elmer Rice, tended to take as their point of departure some "problem" which seemed to invite treatment in the form of the thesis play, but in their best work they usually developed it in such a way as to emphasize the purely dramatic rather than the didactic values. Mr. Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" and Mr. Rice's "Street Scene" are notable examples. In the first you have the "case of the unmarried mother," but instead of arguing it out Mr. Howard takes the "liberal point of view" for granted and builds his play around the successful effort of the "deceived husband" to achieve a satisfactory emotional adjustment to the situation on the basis of a moral attitude emancipated from traditional attitudes. "Street Scene" illustrates even more strikingly the same tendency. Here you have a play about slum life written by a man whose "social conscience" is acute. During the last year or two he has written plays with definite political implications and even manifestos in defense of the socio-political theater. But it is interesting to note that "Street Scene" is essentially a tragedy rather than an argument. It is plain, of course, that the form assumed by the dilemmas in which the chief characters find themselves is largely determined by their unfavorable economic status. But the interest of the play centers not upon the exposition of that fact but on the working out of their emotional problems in purely human terms. "Street Scene" is a proletarian play in the sense that it deals with members of the proletariat; it is not a proletarian play in the more special sense of centering the attention on the class struggle. It concerns itself with such universal human themes as love and jealousy and aspiration as these happen to manifest themselves in the lives of the underprivileged.

The comedies of S. N. Behrman might also be taken as illustrations of the tendency of American dramatic literature to approximate, during the last decade, the classical form of the drama. But comedy is always the most conservative of the dramatic forms, because the comic pattern —the resolution of emotional and other difficulties in terms of common sense—seems more than any other pattern to depend upon a substratum of ideas which undergo only the most superficial modification from century to century. On the other hand, the case of Mr. O'Neill is perhaps the most striking of all. Like all dramatic writers who began about the time he did, he was sufficiently influenced by his immediate predecessors to tend almost inevitably to try to state his themes in terms of the "social problem." One or two of his earlier works—"Welded" and "All God's Chillun"—are very near to the "problem play" in its most literal, didactic form. But the style was not really congenial to him and what he most wanted to say could not be said in such terms. Perhaps the process of his emancipation from them is clearest in "The Hairy Ape," where what seems to begin as a direct sociological protest against the exploitation of the laborer turns into a tragedy whose dominant mood is mystical. Later, of course, Mr. O'Neill became fully conscious of the fact that his enterprise was not sociological. His plays approached nearer and nearer to the spirit of classical tragedy, and he proclaimed his intention to deal less with the relation of man to man than with that of man to God.

For that very reason, however, it might be maintained that to cite Mr. O'Neill is to beg the question, for the simple reason that his preoccupations have for some years been atypical. Perhaps, therefore, the case I am attempting to make had best rest chiefly upon such examples as Messrs. Anderson, Stallings, Howard, and Rice. All of them were obviously trained in the school of "advanced thinking" conducted by Ibsen and Shaw. And all, not consciously but merely through the effort to compose plays interesting to their contemporaries, found themselves writing in the manner of those non-revolutionary dramatists who accept as the basis of their writing the standards of their audience.

[*In the fourth article of his series, to appear next week, Mr. Krutch will discuss the "Marxian" drama of the present.*]

Our Mexican Colony

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

Mexico City, August 15

THE spectacle of 2,000 American business men, delegates to the Lions' "international" convention, occupying the best seats at the revival of the 500-year-old Aztec ceremony of the New Sun symbolizes present-day Mexican-American relations more aptly than would generally be admitted. It is true that the revolution has brought Mexico a certain degree of political independence from the United States. No longer, as under Porfirio Díaz, is the gringo lord of all he surveys. With important limitations he is subject to the same regulations as his Mexican competitors, and these regulations tend to be enforced. Nor is there likely to be a renewal of direct interference in Mexican affairs such as occurred during the Taft and Wilson administrations. The silk-glove diplomacy of Morrow has shown that results may be achieved without violating the canons of good taste.

Nevertheless, in essentials Mexico is scarcely more independent than Arkansas or Cuba. Its semi-socialistic government is hampered on every side by American overlordship in the economic sphere; and what is more serious, a large share of the human energies and physical resources of the country are required to pay the tribute exacted by its powerful northern neighbor. Twenty years ago it was estimated that America's stake in Mexico was over a billion dollars, or half the total wealth of the country. Today, though more than two-thirds of this amount is in default, the principal industries remain almost entirely under American control. In oil, for example, Mexican ownership is non-existent, the field being divided between the Standard Oil interest and the British-owned Royal Dutch Shell.

In mining, Mexico's most lucrative enterprise, statistics on the nationality of ownership are difficult to obtain. All companies are required to be incorporated in Mexico, and are subject to drastic limitations as to the number of foreigners which they may employ. In order to avoid undue difficulties many executives have taken out Mexican citizenship. Yet experience has shown that when an establishment runs afoul the law, it almost invariably bobs up as a subsidiary of an American holding company. According to the most reliable estimates available, from 90 to 95 per cent of Mexico's mineral production is from foreign-owned, chiefly American, mines. Since minerals and petroleum products constitute approximately two-thirds of Mexico's export trade, the strategic importance of American dominance of these industries can be readily pictured. The United States also has some $200,000,000 invested in agriculture, $60,000,000 in manufacturing, and several tens of millions in utilities.

While the Mexican people as a whole have derived certain incidental benefits from foreign capital investment, the cost has greatly outweighed the advantages. Certainly foreign exploitation of its mineral resources has been of slight value to Mexico. The construction of railways and bridges and the installation of utility equipment might seem, at first at least, to belong in a different category. But even here the price paid has been out of all proportion to the services rendered. In order to facilitate railway building the Díaz government paid large subsidies to contracting companies. Later, when inefficiency, watered stock, and badly planned lines kept the American companies from showing a profit, the government took over the railways, after guaranteeing to reimburse the investors in full.

A striking illustration of the demoralizing effect of foreign capital on Mexican political integrity is to be found in the state of Tabasco, where the dictatorial exploits of Garrido y Canabal have recently gained great notoriety as a result of the nation-wide student agitation against him. Garrido had an agreement with the Standard Fruit Company, an American concern, granting that corporation a virtual monopoly of the Tabascan banana trade in exchange for an unknown consideration. His tactics were very similar to those employed by gangsters the world over. Having complete control of the rivers and canals which constitute Tabasco's sole means of transportation, he simply denied their use to independent growers, thus forcing them to sell to the Standard Fruit at a price far below that which could be obtained on the open market. This same Garrido, incidentally, posed as a radical reformer, boasting that neither a church nor a saloon was open in the entire province of Tabasco.

The full extent of the bill Mexico is compelled to foot each year for the privilege of having foreigners "develop" its resources is difficult to estimate. Perhaps the best criterion is to be found in the large annual surplus of exports over imports—popularly but erroneously known as a favorable balance of trade. Prior to the depression Mexico exported annually approximately twice as much as it imported, sending abroad nearly 300,000,000 pesos more in goods than it received in return. The bulk of this consisted of petroleum, silver, gold, and other metals shipped to the United States. No estimate has been made of the so-called invisible items in the trade balance, but in view of the substantial American tourist trade and the number of Mexicans working in the United States it is evident that in services as well as in trade the United States is on the receiving side of the ledger. Since 1929 Mexican trade, like that of the entire world, has declined rapidly, but its export

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surplus is still in excess of 100,000,000 pesos. The unexpectedly high return obtained from the recently imposed tax on foreign remittances indicates the annual toll of absentee ownership, both Mexican and foreign, to be at least this large.

Further confirmation of the high cost of foreign exploitation may be found in the decline of working-class living standards. Because of the depreciation of the peso, prices have risen steadily in the past few years, while wages have remained virtually stationary. A recent study of 300 typical working-class families in Mexico City showed the median wage for the chief bread-winner to be less than 15 pesos (approximately $4) a week. For unskilled workers and women wages are materially less, and on the haciendas they are as low as 2 to 3 pesos a week. For the country as a whole the average wage is approximately 10 pesos a week ($3), while in the food industry it is only 5 pesos ($1.50). Although the cost of living is considerably below that of the United States, it is significant that urban workers spend from 50 to 60 per cent of their incomes for a very inadequate amount of food, while practically all of the even more meager income of the peons goes for bare necessities. The average weekly expenditure for cultural and recreational purposes—including newspapers, magazines, cinemas, and so on—for urban families receiving less than $4 a week is approximately 2 cents. All other expenditures, apart from food, shelter, and clothing, average about 8 cents per person a week. On the basis of these figures one is prepared to accept the widely quoted estimate that the standard of living of the working class has fallen 20 per cent in the past ten years.

In contrast to that of the city worker the lot of the peon has been improved somewhat in recent years through the gradual breaking up of the hacienda system. But the redistribution of land has been distressingly slow. In 1910, the last year of the Díaz regime, 3 per cent of the population owned all the land in the country. Today, twenty years after the proclamation of the famous land law of 1915, the same 3 per cent of the population owns 80 per cent of the land. The amount distributed to the peons has in most cases proved insufficient to maintain life unless they could find other means of employment.

If sheer misery, frustration, and discontent could make a revolution, Mexico would have staged a successful upheaval years ago. Its history is dotted with abortive peasant uprisings, some of major dimensions. There is no country in the world, except possibly Soviet Russia, where revolution is so widely and eagerly discussed; nor is there a nation where the physical obstacles to a successful uprising seem to be greater. With the commanding heights of economic power in the hands of foreign business interests and the local strongholds held by equally self-seeking *caciques,* a frontal attack would appear to be suicidal. But the Mexican revolution is not dead. Though the official "revolution" of Madero, Calles, and Cárdenas has brought no fundamental shift in economic power, it has aroused hidden aspirations in the hearts of millions of unprivileged persons. Betrayal from above and interference from without have not dampened this desire for fundamental change. But unfortunately all hope for a genuine Mexican New Deal is sheer utopianism as long as the United States holds all the cards.

Hoosier Hitlerism

By NORMAN THOMAS

"NO state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

Under this familiar section of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States the strong arm of the federal government has been effectively extended time and again for the protection of property. Seldom has it been used to protect life and liberty. On September 3, 1935, an application for an injunction against the Governor of Indiana was filed under the authority of the Fourteenth Amendment in the federal court of Indianapolis. The hearing on it will be held September 20. It will make history. There is, I believe, at least one precedent for a federal injunction under the Fourteenth Amendment to protect property rights against state officials. There is none to protect liberty. In Indiana in two counties, Sullivan and Vigo, liberty is effectively and ruthlessly denied to citizens of the United States under military law.

This Indiana version of military law is a new instrument for the economical and effective denial of civil liberties. In its present form it seems to be the invention of that handsome Hoosier Hitler, Governor Paul McNutt, one-time national commander of the American Legion and professor of law in the University of Indiana. If it is not broken down in Indiana, it will spread to other states. The belated attention of the country was called to the situation in Indiana by the course of events in Terre Haute during the last six weeks. But in its beginning this splendid example of local fascism goes back to 1932, when Governor McNutt's Republican predecessor put Sullivan County, a coal-mining area, under martial law. Powers Hapgood, who was himself the Socialist candidate for Governor of Indiana in 1932, tells me that McNutt, the Democratic candidate and a supporter of Roosevelt, in his campaign backed up the Socialist denunciation of martial law. Nevertheless, in office McNutt has not only maintained military law in Sullivan County but clamped it down in Vigo County, of which Terre Haute is the county seat. The new and interesting thing about McNutt's military law is that he enforces it without the expense of maintaining any large number of troops. He has the usual civil authorities do the work but keeps them, contrary to the plain intent of the constitution of Indiana, subordinate to the military authorities. The result, and probably the intent, of the establishment of military law is to enable the authorities to help their friends of

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the Chamber of Commerce and the Manufacturers' Association to circumvent the rather liberal civil laws of Indiana, which give to labor the right of peaceful picketing and curb the use of the injunction against labor. The military dictator of Vigo County is a certain Major Earl Weimar, who with admirable candor told Powers Hapgood that while we did not have national fascism, there was a fascist dictatorship in Sullivan and Vigo counties.

To understand the situation one must know something about recent events in Terre Haute, hitherto famous as the home of Gene Debs. As long ago as last March the workers of the Columbian Enameling and Stamping Company went out on strike for much-needed improvement in wages and working conditions and for a union shop. Somewhat later the employees of a malleable iron works also went on strike. These strikes were in general peaceful affairs. The only disturbance at the Columbian works was promptly repudiated by the strike committee. Toward the end of July the Columbian company brought in almost sixty private guards of the usual low order. They were marched to the works under the protection of the city and county authorities. (The mayor of the city is a Republican; the sheriff, who, like Governor McNutt himself, was elected with labor support, is a Democrat, and there is a beautiful united front.) The organized workers of Terre Haute demanded the removal of these thugs and gunmen in the employ of the bosses. When the request was refused, labor resorted to a general strike, which for the first twenty-four hours was probably the most complete tie-up the country has seen. There was no violence. The Governor, however, immediately declared martial law and rushed in troops. At the end of the second day the general strike was declared off. But the workers of the two factories still continued their strike. The Governor continued military law but rapidly reduced the number of troops to a few officers and a handful of soldiers headed by Major Weimar. The city and county have been perfectly quiet. From the moment of the arrival of the troops until now, picketing has been forbidden, Major Weimar has assumed authority to decide what meetings can be held, and scores of citizens have been placed under military arrest. One of these, Professor Shannon of the State Teachers College at Terre Haute, a man of high standing in the community, was held incomunicado for thirty-six hours simply because he asked an innocent question of a militiaman. During this time he was not only fingerprinted but photographed like a convict with a number hung around his neck. Workers were kept in the county jail without any charge against them and without trial for weeks. At one time residents in the factory area were arbitrarily ordered off the streets and off their own front porches.

To protest against these conditions and to call attention to them the Socialist Party sent in one of its national organizers, a young man from Wisconsin named Leo Vernon. He tried to hold a meeting at the recognized meeting place, the steps of the courthouse. He was arrested by the civil authorities—by a deputy sheriff, I believe—but at the jail he was promptly told he was held subject to orders from Major Weimar. That worthy demanded from him a promise to leave town and refused to let him communicate with a lawyer, his wife, or his friends. Hearing this, Powers Hapgood came from Indianapolis to Terre Haute to see Vernon and to try to bring about his release. Instead, Hapgood himself was imprisoned because of what he said in the jail concerning military law and because he would not promise to refrain from speaking or from sending in other Socialist speakers. The publicity that followed Hapgood's arrest got under Major Weimar's skin far enough to make him release first Vernon and later Hapgood without exacting any promises from them as to future conduct. He told them both that they would be arrested if they tried to speak and went so far as to warn Vernon that he would be arrested if he spoke to more than two persons on the street at any one time.

By this time the Socialist and Labor Defense Committee, recently organized by the Socialist Party, got into action. It sent a very able labor lawyer, Joseph Jacobs of Chicago, to Terre Haute. Mr. Jacobs also had credentials from the Chicago Federation of Labor, to which the Terre Haute Central Labor Union had appealed for help. It was arranged that I should make a test case by holding a widely advertised meeting on the courthouse steps. After Vernon and Hapgood were released they were added to the list of speakers. If we were arrested, an immediate application was to be made to a federal court for a writ of habeas corpus, a form of relief which the state court in a previous case had denied under open threat from the attorney for the Governor that the court could not enforce its order against the military. Thanks to widespread publicity, and probably to the Governor's political ambitions, at the last moment the military machine on his instruction decided to permit a meeting which they could not have stopped without dispersing it by force and arresting the speakers. By way of explanation Major Weimar, who had been jailing labor men wholesale, explained that he had no wish to interfere with a labor meeting, although he expressed surprise that labor should appeal to Socialists for help. Actually there had been no appeal for help, but cooperation in a common cause. Max Schafer, vice-president of the Central Labor Union, was the excellent chairman of the meeting on the courthouse steps, and T. N. Taylor, president of the same body, presided at the crowded meeting held at the Labor Temple that same night, at which a defense committee was set up. Both meetings were in complete, open, and vigorously expressed defiance of military rule. That they were held at all without interference meant logically a surrender by the Governor. Nevertheless, he has not withdrawn military law either in Vigo or in Sullivan County and the officious major has threatened to bring in troops again if picketing should be resumed. I think and hope that before this article sees the light of day the unions involved will decide that it is well to test this threat. Meanwhile, as I have already said, Mr. Jacobs, on behalf of a great many victims of martial law, has filed his application for an injunction against the Governor. He is ably assisted by a courageous Terre Haute attorney, Harlan Woodsmall. While it is pending, strikebreakers still go to work in Terre Haute with passes countersigned by the military authority. In other words, the Governor of Indiana is strike-breaker extraordinary; the companies find him more effective and cheaper than the notorious private detective agencies.

The story carries its own moral. One or two legal points are important. The Indiana constitution expressly subordinates military to civil law. The Governor in his proclamation did the exact opposite. Even the Governor has not dared to bring about the trial of civilians by military courts. Against this the laws and precedents, federal and state alike, are overwhelming. What has happened is that the military have held men indefinitely, at their own pleasure, without charge and without benefit of habeas corpus. The whole justification of martial law is the existence of a situation in which the civil police cannot function effectively. When martial law prevails in counties where no troops are needed to enforce it, its ostensible justification has obviously disappeared. But if the forerunners of fascism in America find that Governor McNutt can get away with this sort of thing its use will spread like wildfire. Hitler never thought of anything better. Acquiescence in it is acquiescence in tyranny. Newspapers which print editorials against Hitler and Mussolini and boast of American immunity to fascism, while ignoring or condoning Hoosier Hitlerism, are the worst sort of hypocrites. There is no single case in which the sincerity of the opposition to American fascism is more directly under test than in the fight against McNutt's martial law.

Since this article was written peaceful picketing has been resumed without interference by the military; but in an obvious effort to discourage meetings the police arrested Hapgood, Vernon, and Gilmartin on the charge of vagrancy. They had been helping the pickets and organizing a Sullivan County meeting. They are out on bail. All this adds to the expense, to meet which the Socialist and Labor Defense Committee, 549 Randolph Street, Chicago, imperatively needs financial support.

Correspondence

What Can Anyone Do?

To the Editors of The Nation:

I am reading *The Nation* again with great interest after three months in Canton, where I was cut off from it. While in Canton I didn't have the opportunity to read it at the library, and it takes money to buy it; even if 60 cents a month seems little, still it's big when money is so hard to corner in adequate quantities. In this town I have access to this and other periodicals.

The industries of this country, except a very few like Procter and Gamble and Wrigley's Gum, are more and more the enemies of labor. Not news to you of course, nor to me, but I had a first-hand taste of it in Canton at Beigh works of Republic Steel. No organized labor there; as long as a worker can supply the horse-power needed to hold the job, O. K.—plus keeping his mouth shut about being exploited, or working conditions, or labor controversy. Well, I was new to the job, but learned it quick enough. The point is that you did two men's work. I'm single, young, and strong, so after three days I told 'em to go to hell with their job. Means nothing of course, just a shout down a well. What can anyone do to whip corporate management and employer enmity toward labor when there are hordes of men and particularly unemployed college men and other young saps ready to work in their damn mill without a thought except the few lousy dollars on pay day?

New Philadelphia, Ohio, August 12 E. H. F.

Jews Need No New Exile

To the Editors of The Nation:

It is with a pang that I have just read Russia Aids the Jews, by my honored friend Oswald Garrison Villard. If so high-minded and sincere a friend of the Jewish people is completely blind to the realities of the Jewish world crisis and its remedies, where shall we turn for any help, for any understanding?

The Jewish people is a *people,* an organism with a strong will to life and continuance. We want no more lost tribes, whether in Babylon or Biro-Bidjan. The Soviets will let us save our skins. They destroy our souls and our people-hood. The privilege of babbling dialectic materialism in Yiddish will not help us more than did the privilege of being Prussians of the Mosaic faith. All assimilatory experiments, whether voluntary or enforced, end in extirpation or disaster. The Jewish people wants to live.

Mr. Villard says: "If one realizes the limitations of Palestine. . . ." Our experts hold that Palestine and Transjordania can absorb and well sustain 9,000,000 Jews. If Mr. Villard desires, as I know he does, to befriend the Jewish people, let him raise his justly influential voice to persuade the British Colonial Office to renounce that niggardly immigration policy that has already produced a labor shortage in Palestine and, above all, to open at once the gates of Transjordania, a large, a fertile, and an unpeopled land to which our historic claim is as valid as that to the land west of the Jordan.

Jews will go to Biro-Bidjan because it is better to be alive than dead. Jews who go to Eretz Ysrael become new men, clear souls, creating values for themselves and all mankind. We need no new exile; we need to liquidate exile; we need to go home.

Burlington, Vt., August 24 Ludwig Lewisohn

Contributors to This Issue

Isidor Feinstein is an associate editor of the New York *Post.*

Bruce Crawford was formerly editor of *Crawford's Weekly* in Virginia.

Norman Thomas was the Socialist Party's candidate for President in 1932.

H. L. Mitchell is secretary of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and J. R. Butler is its president.

Albert Jackson is secretary of the Share-Croppers' Union.

Dorothy Dudley, an American writer living in France, is the author of "Forgotten Frontiers: Dreiser and the Land of the Free."

Alexander Crosby was chief editorial writer and news editor of the Staten Island *Advance* until he was dismissed for joining the Newspaper Guild.

Edgar Ansel Mowrer was formerly head of the Chicago *Daily News* bureau in Berlin. He was forced to leave Germany after the publication of his book, "Germany Puts the Clock Back."

Ludwig Lore, formerly editor of the New York *Volkszeitung,* now conducts a column, "Behind the Cables," in the New York *Post.*

Philip Blair Rice contributes reviews and critical articles to various periodicals.

Labor and Industry

To Russia and to Roy

By HEYWOOD BROUN

MANY a liberal has said: "Of course, Franklin Roosevelt is not really bent on any fundamental readjustment. The most he seems to be seeking is a patchwork job and a pretty sleazy one at that. But what can I do? Next year I'm going to be faced with the problem of voting for him or somebody much worse, like Herbert Hoover. I don't want to throw away my vote."

But these are the very persons who have been easy marks for the President's political tactics. They are the suckers whose lack of vision wins Franklin Delano Roosevelt the doubtful compliment of being called "the most astute of all American politicians." I even doubt whether politics belongs among the arts. Certainly the strategy of Mr. Roosevelt is transparently simple and should fool no one. And this is set down in all humility by one who has been fooled several times.

Of course hindsight is easiest. Right now the tactics seem absurdly simple. Radical groups can offer little strength in any national election without recruiting people from the liberal fringes. I do not mean that this is true for all eternity but it has been our national experience up till now. Accordingly, during the last session of Congress Franklin Roosevelt supported a tax bill which, although less than drastic, did have in it a gesture toward discouraging great fortunes. When finally whittled down, not very much of the original pale pinkishness remained. But it had done the trick. The conservatives fell into the trap. The President was a "red," a Communist, a disciple of share-the-wealth.

The fury of the attack from the right was so great that mild radicals and convinced liberals were impelled to drop all third-party talk and rally around the President. Even though charges of radicalism were preposterous, he had been built into a symbol of change. If he were to be destroyed, worse reactionaries would be in power and fascism itself would be no fantastic threat.

Successful third parties are not formed overnight. Particularly in the beginning they move slowly. To be realistic about it, the formation of an effective third party along national lines for 1936 is even now extremely difficult on account of the shortness of the time. Having scotched, or at any rate held up, large-scale attack from the left, the President immediately began to move right as rapidly as possible. William Randolph Hearst was slamming him day after day as a Communist. What was the easy answer to this attack? The Russian note, of course. How could you effectively call a man a Communist if he had just sent a sharp and wholly unprovoked letter of protest to the Soviets?

This was a sop to other big business interests as well as to Hearst. By a rather fantastic coincidence the suggestion of a break with Moscow also meant a certain number of labor votes. William Green was committed to the same policy as Hearst. Moreover, labor had been held in line by the very vague promises of the Wagner bill. The President could now afford, politically, to make a real and heavy concession to capital.

The idea of the exchange of letters probably originated with Roy Howard, but the particular form of the announcement suited the purposes of the President admirably. If it were possible to get Hearst back on the reservation, Mr. Roosevelt would do so. But though the President has carefully refrained from ever answering back to San Simeon and though he did come to the rescue of the publisher in the Jennings case, he undoubtedly felt that a gesture of surrender to Hearst now would be too abject and might not do the trick. It was easier to save face by dealing with Roy Howard. The Scripps-Howard chain is on record as being in support of the Administration. To be sure, this support has recently worn very thin. There was, it should be admitted, vigorous backing for the "death-sentence" fight but sharp criticism of the tax program. Indeed, this dissent was so definite that it seemed entirely within the bounds of possibility that the chain of papers was about to jump to the other league.

The Scripps-Howard papers have a large influence in the Middle West, particularly in Ohio, which will be one of the vital states in 1936. And so Roy Howard was permitted to be the agent who brought about the announcement of "a breathing spell" for business. Some of the President's friends still maintain that he is only going to rest a little while and then start all over again with a liberal program. If so, it is certain that he will withhold it until after the election of 1936. The football quarterback has decided that as the half is drawing to a close it will be good policy to stall and to "freeze the ball." Simple line plays will be called, not to gain ground but just to use up time. Big business is to have a breathing spell and labor is to go on choking as usual.

The announcement as interpreted in Wall Street and elsewhere means that the President is encouraging finance capital to go out and make itself some money. Working conditions, wages, and hours are to be forgotten. It is one of the most striking episodes in American history in proof of the need of an independent labor party. If such an organization were in existence or even in the offing, no President would have the audacity to decree a breathing spell at a time when unemployment is at or close to its all-time peak. Why wouldn't stocks go up? A laissez faire policy is announced at a moment when the country is filled with huge supplies of cheap labor.

If anybody thinks that working conditions were bad in the early days of 1935, just let him wait and see what "adequate" is going to mean in the winter of 1936. Of course it may be argued that big business has learned its lesson and that it will curb its rapacity just a little. There is not the slightest evidence that big business ever learns. What reason is there to expect that it will now when the President has said in almost so many words, "Go on in there, gentlemen, and have your fun. All game laws are off"?

The Cropper Learns His Fate

By H. L. MITCHELL and J. R. BUTLER

THE Southern Tenant Farmers' Union celebrated its first birthday on July 23, 1935. Its members and officials look back upon a year of struggle against great odds, of painful education in the ways of courts and governments, and of deepening insight into the full bitterness of that ruthless economic system by which cotton is produced. The human consequences of an economy of scarcity have become more clear. The complete failure of the "New Deal" to benefit the men and women who do the work in the fields has been disclosed. The essential dishonesty of the labor sections of the cotton acreage-reduction contract has become manifest, as Washington has refused to combat abuses or construct any effective agency for enforcement.

The union was born out of the suffering of the multitude of tenants—how many thousands we do not know—who were evicted from their lands in consequence of the 40 per cent acreage reduction in 1934, or who found themselves degraded from share-cropper status to the even more precarious condition of casual day laborers. Its first objective was to oppose an extension of these trends, and to secure administrative and legal enforcement of the labor sections of the contract. Trusting much in the reputation of Secretary Wallace and in the protestations of good-will made by some of his staff, the union and its friends made a very earnest effort to secure administrative protection for its members. Detailed reports of specific cases of contract violation were sent to various offices in the Department of Agriculture, and we and other officials of the union laid our cause before the Secretary and his staff in personal visits to the capital. Our reception there varied from a courteous and sympathetic hearing in the Secretary's office to the ugly temper in which Mr. Cully Cobb, head of the cotton section of the AAA, proceeded to accuse us of being "reds," in lieu of listening to our case.

Courtesy and sympathy notwithstanding, the net result of all these efforts has been complete frustration and disillusionment. Our faith in the higher administration of the department survived several earlier "investigations" by Mr. Miller and later by Mr. Davis, who made perfunctory examination of our complaints and applied a thick layer of whitewash in nearly every case. The lack of any vigorous and continuing enforcement policy or machinery prevented any real progress. Even if enforced, the contract itself was grossly inequitable, granting to the landlord four cents per pound for cotton not grown in 1934 and 1935, while the cropper received a sop of one-half cent, which the landlord frequently refused to turn over to him.

Our continuing protests against the threatened eviction of some five hundred of our families, mostly because of their union membership, combined with our court action seeking an injunction against the eviction of twenty-three families by Mr. Hiram Norcross, planter of Tyronza, finally led the Department of Agriculture to make the only really thorough study of the situation which has ever been made. The union contended that, in addition to other abuses, our people were being evicted in violation of Section 7 of the cotton contract, which promised that the landlord "shall permit all tenants to continue in the occupancy of their houses on this farm, rent free, for the years 1934 and 1935." Our lawyers held a letter from Mr. Oscar Johnston, author of this section, in which he definitely confirmed his previous oral assurances that he had meant to insure the tenure of "all tenants *on the farm*" (italics ours). An influential section of the Department of Agriculture was inclined to accept this interpretation, which conflicted with a ruling made by the cotton section, and at one time we were led to believe that official instructions in this sense were shortly to be given.

As evictions of our people began, the department dispatched Mrs. Mary Conner Myers, of the AAA legal staff, to study the situation. In a three weeks' investigation she made a detailed survey of nine large plantations in eastern Arkansas and found widespread abuses and violations of contract in every case, exceeding any charges we had made. She returned to Washington laden with hundreds of affidavits and other records. She also carried back hundreds of letters which had come flooding into Memphis from all directions—appeals for aid from dispossessed or defrauded tenants and croppers.

Administrative action came swiftly, but of an unexpected character. Forty-eight hours after the Myers report was put into the hands of Mr. Jerome Frank, chief of the AAA legal staff, he and others of his department were unceremoniously discharged. Other factors than a dispute over Section 7 of the cotton contract were involved, but the tension created within the department by conflicting interpretations of this article was undoubtedly a major factor in precipitating this spectacular "purge." The groups opposing any attempt to protect the Southern agricultural laborer were able to force the Secretary, much against his will and conscience, we may believe, to acquiesce in the final suppression of the Myers report. No action was ever taken against any of the plantations. The report circulated from one unwilling office to another, was read in embarrassment and passed along. We have been assured by one official of the department that its findings will be taken into account in formulating future administrative rulings. Cold comfort indeed for the victims of the cotton program!

Shortly after Secretary Wallace had capitulated to the Southern planter group he issued a ruling that the disputed phraseology of Section 7 meant only that the same number of tenants must be employed, and that the contract gave no guaranty of tenure to any particular family. In the face of this ruling our legal action was dismissed by the Supreme Court of Arkansas. Our attempts to get a Congressional investigation fell to the ground as one friendly Member of Congress after another felt the same pressure which operated upon the Secretary. The cropper was left to his fate.

With the realization by all concerned that the Department of Agriculture had no intention of even trying to enforce the labor sections of the contract, cruel terror closed down on the Arkansas countryside. By night houses of union leaders were shot up (130 bullet holes were counted in one of them); the home of the union attorney, Mr. C. T. Carpenter of Marked Tree, was surrounded and shot at by a crowd of some forty men; union members and sympathizers were attacked and beaten, a number being wounded and several killed by vigilante bands organized by several of the larger plantation owners. The pattern of violence which is now becoming almost stereotyped in our "free" America was woven anew in the cotton fields. All appeals for protection of civil liberties sent to Washington and Little Rock have gone unanswered. Our people were evicted by the hundreds and many of them were thrown helpless upon the mercy of the FERA.

Still the union stands—and grows. Our headquarters were moved to Memphis, where civil liberty still has its defenders. Partly underground, partly in the light of day, the organization work proceeds. Neither by benefit of Washington nor by action through the courts can we hope to protect ourselves, or win security from bitter exploitation. We now see the cruel mockery of the protestations of democracy which the Department of Agriculture made in setting up its county control committees. At least in the cotton country no tenant or cropper ever sits upon these boards. We have no rights which anyone need respect. Under the existing system no contract will be written which will give us our just share of the government benefits or will protect us in our tenure of our land. No contractual pledge can or will be enforced.

But we are discovering that in a stern and bitter world we have, and can have, the fellowship and support of our neighbors. For the first time in the lives of most of us we are coming together—we have, so far, 125 locals—to discuss our common problems. We are struggling toward articulation of our needs and hopes. We have bridged the abyss of misunderstanding which has previously divided the races.

Some of our people are still confused and can be led astray. Only recently the planters sought to disrupt the union by sending hirelings into our ranks, who persuaded a former president to turn against his comrades. Under their dictation this man left union headquarters with his family, only to return shortly with a writ of replevin by which he removed much of the union property. In the court hearing there appeared, as advocates for the planter gang, none other than those old enemies of the union, Mr. Fred Stafford, deputy prosecuting attorney of Poinsett County, and the Reverend J. Abner Sage, labor-baiting Methodist parson of Marked Tree, who has sullied his priestly office by assuming the role of supreme tactician for the vigilante bands. The union property was duly awarded to the plotters by a justice who is himself a large landholder. But the enemies of the union overplayed their hand. Our former president, realizing at last the character of his support, came secretly to us, admitted his error, and gave an affidavit by whose aid the union was able to recover its property by winning a plea of abatement. The attack from within collapsed.

But now the offensive against us develops new forms. In recent weeks there has appeared a new organization, ostensibly of working farmers, whose members wear green shirts, have a military discipline, and flaunt as their sacred emblem—the swastika. Hitler over the plantations!

We are now asking for more adequate wages in cotton picking. Refusing any longer to accept wages of 35 cents to 65 cents a hundred pounds, our membership has just voted, 11,186 to 450, to strike for $1 a hundred. Only day laborers will strike, since the problems of the share-cropper must be met in other ways. As this strike starts, terror will again close down on our countryside. We are resolved to adopt no methods of violence in retaliation, but by peaceful and passive resistance win that fairer share of the products of our labor which we have been so long denied.

On the Alabama Front

By ALBERT JACKSON

APPROXIMATELY 3,000 cotton pickers and wage hands are already on strike in the cotton fields in central Alabama, and the strike is spreading rapidly into other counties in which the Share-Croppers' Union is organized. This strike differs from a factory strike in that the cotton opens at different times in different places and the pickers must wait until they are called to work before they announce that they are striking.

The strike began on J. R. Bell's plantation in Lowndes County on August 19. Bell had said he would "let the cows eat it" before he would pay $1 a hundred pounds to have his cotton picked. He said he might pay wage hands $1 a day, but he immediately started planning new "rent" charges in order to retrieve the bulk of the wage increase. Bell decided on the morning of August 19 that he wanted his cotton picked at 40 cents a hundred and that he would use any means to get it done. Sheriff R. E. Woodruff of Haynesville was called. In spite of a flourish of pistols and rifles by Woodruff and his deputies, coupled with soft talk about "poor Mr. Bell not being able to pay any more than 40 cents," the strikers stated flatly that they would not pick any cotton until they got their price. Willie Witcher, a local strike leader, said he didn't want to hear any of that talk and started back to his shack. A deputy heard the remark and called Woodruff, who ordered Witcher to stop. Because Witcher didn't "run" back, Woodruff shot at him five times, hitting him in the leg. They rushed to Witcher as he lay on the ground and Woodruff smashed him over the head with a pistol butt yelling, "I'll kill you, you black son of a bitch." Witcher replied, "You might kill me but you'll never scare me." Then he was carried to jail. The strike held solid.

At this point Sheriff R. E. Woodruff organized a gang of vigilantes which roved around nights breaking into strikers' homes and carrying them off about ten miles, beating them almost to death, and leaving them in the swamps. This terror failed to break the strike. Even the few scabs that had been mustered quit the fields.

On Thursday, August 22, the vigilantes raided Georgia Gray's place, beating her and her sisters. While the beating was going on, Jim Press Meriwether, a striker, walked by the door unarmed and was shot down. The gang then proceeded to Bennie Calloway's place, where they beat up Callie Calloway and Jim Meriwether's wife, tying a rope around Mrs. Meriwether's neck and hanging her from the rafters for awhile before releasing her. Then they went back to pick up Jim Meriwether, who was mortally wounded, carried him a few miles out on a hillside, and riddled his body with bullets. That same night the strikers armed themselves for self-protection. They met the vigilantes as they started to raid a striker's shack. When the gang saw the opposition was formidable, they ran, and since then the raids have not been so frequent.

The strike meanwhile has spread to several other plantations and at present covers all of Lowndes County and has started into Montgomery County. On Seller's plantation in lower Montgomery County the wage hands have won their demand for $1 a day for ten hours' work. The local newspapers are taking the word of the sheriffs and landlords as gospel and spreading lies about the strike that only an idiot could believe. It was said that Meriwether was arrested for "firing on a group of Negro workers," and that when they "reached a point where he had hidden a shotgun in a ditch, Meriwether jerked free and grabbed the shotgun and was mowed down."

Now the Montgomery *Advertiser* announces that "with federal, state, county, and city authorities cooperating in the hunt for the Communist organizers" the trouble should end soon. Charles Tasker and James Jackson were arrested in Montgomery and quizzed about the identity of the secretary of the Share-Croppers' Union, but were released when pressure was brought to bear on the authorities. They were then escorted to the county line and told to leave for good.

The lie is given to the "red scare" of the newspapers by the strikers themselves. The miserable conditions under which they work, the starvation wages of $3 a week and less, the denial of all civil and constitutional rights have united all the cotton pickers, wage hands, and rural relief workers in a determined struggle to win. The strike demand—for $1 a hundred pounds—is an indication of present conditions. In Talapoosa, Chambers, Lee, and Randolph counties, where the union is the strongest, the strike is just beginning. Terror still is rife, and organizers are risking their lives daily in the fight for decent wages and working conditions and for the elementary civil and constitutional rights to organize, strike, and picket.

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Books

An Interview with Paul Valéry

By DOROTHY DUDLEY

"WHAT magazine is it for? Who will be the readers?" Paul Valéry asked in response to my request for an interview. I explained that *The Nation* was a review devoted to social issues, literature, and the arts, with a strong interest in politics.

"Yes," he said, "like everything today. For myself, I never occupy myself with politics. I *hate* parties!" He repeated the phrase in English to make it more emphatic. "A man worthy of the name cannot agree with another on more than one question, if on one. A party presupposes agreement on a number of questions. However, we need not speak of politics; we can speak of metapolitics. . . ."

In February, 1932, André Gide wrote in his journal of Paul Valéry:

> I went to see P. V. and stayed more than two hours conversing. . . . Those who have not known him cannot imagine the exquisite amenity of his expression, of his smile and voice, the abundant resources of his mind, the wit of his sallies, the clarity of his views . . . he was harrowed by the general situation, and convinced that the miserable work of the politicians was leading us to the abyss, and all of Europe with us. He read me a declaration of Einstein's, clearly individualist, to which he subscribes more willingly than to the Soviets. Impossible, he thinks, to assemble a single front with which to oppose the ruinous claims of the nationalists. . . . I went away very gloomy, for I have no doubt he is right. The catastrophe seems almost inevitable.

A melancholy illumines this entry in Gide's journal, as if the conversation were in a class of events occurring for one of the last times, if not the last, in an era so nearly closed—this communion between two untrammeled intricate minds. Their exchange of views is like a last leaf in the European garden, to which spring might bring only weeds. The gates are closed, the hinges rusty; nothing to do but to move with the movers, to exchange long-cherished privacies for roads and hotels, somewhat on the American plan.

It is known to what chain of hotels Gide has intrusted himself—the U. S. S. R. Whether or not he finds them uncomfortable, he recommends the management: "I have come to wish with all my heart the defeat of capitalism and of the abuses, injustices, lies, and monstrosities crouched in its shadow. And I am not persuaded that the Soviets must fatally and necessarily lead to the strangling of all we live for. An intelligent communism has need to favor individuals of value, and to turn to account all the values of the individual." He speaks again of Valéry: "'If communism should succeed,' P. V. said to me, 'that would take away my taste for living.' . . . On the contrary it would take away my taste for living if it fails."

Valéry, we have heard, out of his fastidious singleness of mind, took a different road. He sought formally to organize with other Europeans of the same caliber a kind of distinguished clubhouse, or sphere of influence, rather than give in to Gide's community center. In October, 1933, he became president of a congress organized by the Society of European Cooperation, which conducted a series of discourses on the future of the European mind. As a result many books have been translated and prefaced, many courses of lectures initiated, in an effort to ward off chaos.

The International Congress of Writers for the Defense of Culture, convening this June in Paris under Gide's inspiration, gave a record of his proposals and apparent hopes up to date. Valéry's measures of defense, however, have gained less publicity.

In August, 1935, therefore, on the brink of so many predicted changes and disasters, it seemed valuable to learn from him, if possible, the results of his efforts:

"We can speak of metapolitics," Valéry had said. "I like the prefix "meta"—metaphysics, metapolitics. In other words, I have considered especially the large events.

"As early as 1919 I wrote a study called 'La Crise de l'Esprit,' in which I showed that the great modern political phenomenon, one of the greatest, lay in the fact that for the first time in history free land had disappeared; that consequently the whole earth was occupied or possessed by organized nations, and by nations having equivalent techniques. As a result inequality of power would become less and less founded on inequality of technique. And, moreover, so-called civilized nations would be implacably devoted to teaching their method of industrial and military power to others—the most recent example was Japan. In this connection I considered that the victory of Japan over China, dating from 1890, constituted a major event in the history of the world. For it showed for the first time in the modern world the intervention of an Asiatic state outside of its domain, and in a field reserved up to then for the expansion of Western peoples.

"How had that been possible? It was because Japan had received European instruction. Another fact relative to Japan shows the influence of the Occident in Asia: in 1900 Japan had 40,000,000 inhabitants; in 1935 Japan has 72,000,000. The population has nearly doubled in thirty-five years, and that explains the powerful pressure she is exercising to go outside of her islands. This growth is due in great part to the Western method of hygiene introduced into Japan. As a result of this and many other things the modern political universe is prodigiously different from the one which history has made known to us in the past; and the internal relations of this universe are enormously more numerous and their immediate consequences infinitely more rapid than before. That is why it is impossible today to foresee events and to prepare decisions. The greatest brains could not arrive at them. For any of their projects, any of their plans, can be upset in a minute by a radio from the other side of the earth, or from no matter where.

"Very unhappily we find all the statesmen, all the economists, and naturally all the philosophers apparently engaged in a match of errors and false predictions on every possible question. It is completely impossible for it to be otherwise.

"Finally I would sum up my thought on these questions by saying that humanity, which has known how to transform the universe in so profound a fashion, has not known up to now how to make for itself a spirit, or customs, or laws in harmony with this great change. I don't know whether man is ever going to succeed in this. At times I am very pessimistic about it. And I ask myself the question—Is human intelligence about to diminish?

"In any event, the most delicate regions, the most refined areas of the intelligence are already very much threatened. We see superstitions appearing which we thought had disappeared. We see the greatest peoples renouncing liberty almost with enthusiasm—liberty whose conquest cost them so dear, and which only twenty years ago seemed to us an indisputable principle, acquired forever." A pause followed this statement of the ultimate zero.

"In what category," I asked, "do you place the individuals whose names represent these reactions—Hitler, for example? Do you think of him as a man with whom you could exchange ideas? Or as the head of a human tidal wave or landslide, inexplicable to himself—a force similar to the billionaires who made and unmade America?"

"He is not like the American magnates," was Valéry's answer. "He works with spiritual means. But for us French it is extremely difficult to understand how Hitler has been able to acquire his immense power over the German people. It seems to us a phenomenon of our epoch—certainly a kind of prodigy of will and eloquence. A prodigy that appears entirely impossible to us today, in a country like France. But you must not forget that the German sensibility and spirit are particularly obscure to the French. One of the strangest facts when one considers that it is a question of neighboring peoples, for centuries in relation with each other. . . .

"Certainly the value of Hitler, appraised according to our criterions and habits of mind, does not seem that of a chief to whom we would confide the destinies of a country. . . . Bonaparte accomplished an empire with us because he had given proofs of engineering skill and sense of government. But the Germans trusted Hitler without any proof, upheld only by his speeches. Possibly the German people as a whole recognized in him the man who expressed their most powerful desires in the most energetic and simple way. But the phenomenon seems to us specifically German."

"Then the German people," I said, "as symbolized by Hitler, are to you like a foreign body, so different as to be antagonists in the midst of Europe?"

"Yes, I think so."

"In that case, Europe is destined to war at the will of Germany?"

"Probably," he agreed. "Except that in the meantime Europe might have to come together in the face of Asia. . . ."

So, in contrast to the specific solutions and cures which I heard outlined by Gide and his colleagues at their International Congress a few weeks before, almost as if they were speaking as one man, this particular interview with Valéry was coming to a close on a lonely note, that of uncertainty and pessimism. I wanted to make sure I had not misunderstood: "Then today you have no program of the intelligence with which to oppose the spiritual bankruptcy of Europe? What of the Society of European Cooperation? You have been quoted as having hopes of that."

"Yes, I used to have ideas for a solution through individual effort, through culture. But not any more. For one thing intellectuals cannot work today. Their work is not wanted, and besides there is no leisure for it. Spare time is necessary to the mind. *Pour l'esprit il faut du temps perdu.* . . . It was an American, you know, who denied us that liberty—Benjamin Franklin with his 'Time is money.' I can't forgive him that. If only he had said 'Money is time,' everything might have been different. . . . Of course," he made it clear, "I am speaking only for Europe; America is not assailed with the same dangers. You are not menaced by the past as we are, by the dead—Germany with its gods of the forest, Italy with its memory of Rome, every country with its long-fought-for boundaries. Compared to us you are untrammeled. . . ."

I said I wasn't so sure; that sometimes the United States seemed like a vast cemetery where Europeans from the start had gone to bury their cultures, together with the Indian cultures they had destroyed. I wondered whether communism was not the one live ferment today; and that was working somewhere between Europe and Asia. That was what Gide, Malraux, Aragon, and all the others had said. What did he think of their optimism?

"They talked that way, yes . . . but I doubt if they are more hopeful than I. At least I am absolutely sure they know no more about it than I. . . . Furthermore, I believe that the skeptic, not the passive skeptic but the skeptic in action, accomplishes more than the optimist. I have always held that it is best to conduct one's thought with the least possible credence."

A Little Freedom, Please!

Freedom of the Press. By George Seldes. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.75.

SINCE the advent of Roosevelt the newspaper publishers have set an all-time record for hysterical talk about a free press. Abolish child labor? Regulate dishonest advertising? Permit editorial workers to unionize? Put a tax on newsprint? Inconceivable! All these propositions, say the penny-minded publishers, threaten the existence of our free press, which is the very bulwark of our liberties. Thus far the publishers, by needling the public with their own propaganda and by running one of the most powerful lobbies in Washington, have preserved their concept of a free press. Their industry, they say, differs from other businesses because it is sanctified by the Constitution. The marvel is that the publishers haven't taken holy orders and then asked for complete tax exemption.

Newspapermen have been sickened and angered by their employers' hypocrisy, and many readers have seen the swindle with the help of the liberal weeklies and a few rebellious newspapers, such as the Milwaukee *Journal*, the New York *Post*, and occasionally the New York *News* and *World-Telegram*. But more than irregular sniping is needed to answer the big guns and field pieces of nearly 2,000 publishers. The time was ripe for a book picturing the publishers as just another unit in the capitalist system, neither better nor much worse than the Associated Gas and Electric Company, treating the reader as a dumb bird who lives to be exploited.

Mr. Seldes has done exactly that. With the knowledge of a skilled journeyman, he has calmly and carefully drafted an amazing indictment of the American press—amazing not because of sensational revelations, since much of the material is not new, but because of the bulk of the evidence. Most of us know that some newspapers have sold out to the utilities but we are hardly prepared for Mr. Seldes's reminder that "the public-utility corporations . . . never claimed they had corrupted more than four-fifths of the press." He makes that statement by way of complimenting the 20 per cent that kept their independence, at least on the utilities issue.

The author concludes, *"We have had a very few liberal, fearless newspapers, but we have never had a free press."* In explaining why, he fills some 300 pages with abundant documentation. He puts his finger on fascist trends; he shows the red scare in everyday use. Candid statements of men who work for or with newspapers make solid evidence. A Du Pont advertising director once remarked, "Time was when publishers were editors who endeavored to mold the opinion of readers along this line or that. . . . Nowadays the real publishers are the advertisers, since their financial support of a publication is in most cases all that keeps it alive." And the editor of the old New York *Tribune* confessed: "I am paid $150 per week for keeping my honest opinions out of the paper. . . . The business of the New York journalist is to destroy the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, . . . and to sell his race and his country for his daily bread."

Advertising, however, must not be made the whipping boy, as it too often is. The fundamental barrier to a free press is that newspapers are capitalist enterprises, and the proprietors instinctively fight any change in the old order that might endanger their investment or income. Mr. Seldes drives home this point in his chapters on the New York *Times* and the Associated Press. His excellent account of the San Francisco publishers' strategy in breaking the general strike shows that the newspaper owners were twisting and falsifying the news, not to protect advertising revenue, but to wreck organized labor. The same underhanded work is being done all over the country; more examples might well have been included.

To a nameless New York *Times* man Mr. Seldes credits the description of a pernicious and often overlooked result of news suppression. The reporter learns quickly, this critic observes, that certain types of news won't be printed; then "his mind becomes numb, and he goes through years of work . . . seeing only what he should see, writing only what he should write."

How can we get a free press? Mr. Seldes reviews some of the possibilities: ad-less newspapers, endowed newspapers, labor newspapers. But it is to the Newspaper Guild, the two-year-old migraine of the publishers, that he turns for the best "practical solution." The Guild, he says, "seeks a greater share and responsibility in newspaper making today. The difference between the Guild and the publishers is this: the former displays a social conscience while the latter still live in the golden but dying age of the socially irresponsible profit motive." If the Guild fails to rescue the press, he warns, the last hope will be revision of the social order.

Mr. Seldes might as well have gone one step farther and summoned the revolutionaries forthwith, even though the call would have cost him the unqualified indorsement by William Allen White that appears on the book jacket. The Guild, now representing about one-fifth of the working newspapermen, will be fortunate if it raises editorial wages to the level of printers' pay. Not even the Guild's most buoyant leaders could expect Mr. Sulzberger to assemble the New York *Times* unit in his office and announce: "Boys, the editorial page has been lousy for years. From now on it's yours. Do with it what you will." In fact, many publishers look under the bed every night, nightshirts fluttering with the beat of their great hearts, expecting to see a Guild member pop out with the plea, "A little freedom, please."

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In a newspaper roll of honor Mr. Seldes puts the name of Marlen Pew, editor of *Editor and Publisher,* at the top of a list of six men who have been "a tremendous factor in bettering American journalism." Apparently Mr. Pew, bitter enemy of the Guild, was not consulted on the choice of his companions; for, although he would certainly approve the names of Oswald Garrison Villard, Ernest Gruening, William Allen White, and Silas Bent, his verdict on the sixth man—Heywood Broun—would no doubt be etaoin or shrdlu.

ALEXANDER CROSBY

The World of Horst Wessel

The Nazi Dictatorship: A Study in Social Pathology and the Politics of Fascism. By Frederick L. Schuman. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS is the definitive work on Hitlerism, practically perfect of its kind. The origin, development, intentions, contradictions, personalities, comedy, horror, and probable future of German fascism are here dissected with the mastery of the political surgeon trained in the admirable school of the University of Chicago. The facts—so far as is known to the writer of this review—were and are scrupulously as stated. This is contemporary Germany as it appears to the unblinking foreign eye. Doubtless for this reason—though not for this reason alone—it will be rejected by Nazis both within and without Germany. For, as Professor Schuman writes in his preface, "like every form of highly emotionalized and subjectivized mass mysticism, National Socialism demands acceptance or rejection. Objectivity is equivalent to rejection." And this is an objective study. "An adequate science of politics must be a rationale of the non-rational."

The Germans failed to reach self-government before 1914. "Weimar presented liberty to a people historically conditioned to desire despotism." The German Republic, that is, left the Germans free to find their own philosophy, realize their own ideals, decide with what occupations they would fill the long hours between birth and death. It was for allowing this freedom that many, fearful of individual thought, emotion, or action, never forgave the republic. Personal liberty was the "national shame" Hitler could always successfully appeal away from. More than elsewhere, people in Germany were indignant at being told that nothing has more than relative validity; that ideals and beliefs are at best "myths"; and that the final end of intellectual analysis (Jewish "intellectualism") is dust and ashes. The feeblest peoples cracked most quickly: the result in Germany was the eager acceptance of the famous *Führerprinzip* whereby one man thinks and decides for millions of grateful sheep.

Fascism is the first self-conscious attempt of the lower middle classes, here become supreme, to construct a government and a world in their own image. If the results are none too pretty, blame the image. Professor Schuman very simply traces the entire spasmodic outburst to the "economic difficulties and psychic disorders" of this class in Germany.

Though the type of follower was largely the same in Italy and across the Rhine, the leaders were different. Hence the incredibly impressive character of the Hitler terror; impressive not in its brutality—the Russian terror was infinitely more extended—but in its purposelessness. The German opposition immediately ceased to exist so far as any real resistance was concerned. Therefore ". . . the Nazi terror was less a political weapon against foes than a discharge of the long-accumulated aggressions of the many botched and bungled personalities who had flocked to the swastika banner. . . . Nazi terrorists tortured and killed . . . for subjective satisfactions. . . . Every terror tends to bring into positions of power men of this type. But the N. S. D. A. P. [Nazi Party] was organized and led by such personalities." Why, then, wonder at the infantile intellectual level of the movement, or at such statements as this (quoted by the author from *Der Brunnen* of Düsseldorf, January 2, 1934): "How high Horst Wessel towers over that Jesus of Nazareth." For the same reason, the Third Reich, as Schuman notes, is "a paradise for tailors."

Hitlerism, the sworn foe of such calamities as self-government, free thought, tolerance, mercy, objective justice, the scientific spirit, and any universal concepts, inevitably exalts their opposites. Hence its chief preoccupation is the reburnishing of German glory by a new appeal to arms. War is the religion of the Nazi. Hitler has said in advance what he intends to do to his enemies—how he hopes to shape the continent of Europe to his idea of Germany's destiny. Thinking as he thinks, he cannot do otherwise. For the Germany he commands—perhaps any conceivable Germany—is without war hopelessly bankrupt. "Conquest may still be lucrative after all other economic activity has ceased to pay dividends." And it is Hitler's greatest piece of luck that his chosen enemies cannot take him seriously and heed his threats in time, that therefore none opposed him when opposition was still sure of success, just as none opposed Mussolini. And the result is that "the foes of Hitlerism in Europe may well bring themselves to . . . ruin in the coming war, which has now been rendered inevitable by international toleration of Nazi preparation for Armageddon."

It is cold comfort to read that Professor Schuman does not believe that such war will ultimately profit the Teutonic aggressor; that it will bring its makers no glory, but rather "the Fates and the Furies." "Here will the solemn Norns, under withered trees, and the dwarfed Nieblungs in their holes and caves, keep tryst with death."

It is not unlikely. Yet somehow the present reviewer must here part company with this gifted analyzer of the most dangerous of contemporary states. Professor Schuman foresees the worst—a new economic medievalism with economically self-supporting groups of national fanatics living in half-slave conditions because they would not learn that this is the inevitable goal of acquisitive capitalism. "The new despotism is the only possible form of power for the plutocracy and the aristocracy in the age of monopoly." And this age, he thinks, cannot renew prosperity. Well, perhaps not. In other words, the author believes with the Communists—and he is not an orthodox Marxist—that fascism is really the appropriate form of government in the last stage of capitalism.

To the reviewer, on the other hand, it would be equally true to state that "fascism is socialism as realized by the lower middle class." It is perfectly clear that at the beginning in Italy and Germany the rich supported Mussolini and Hitler in order to use them against the rising power of the masses. But is it so clear that the rich succeeded? Are the bankers, the big landowners, the chief industrialists in Italy, for instance, as prosperous or as powerful as in France? I think not. But, it may be argued, the capitalists only accept fascism when they are seriously threatened, which is not yet the case in France, as an alternative to some form of real socialism. Better half a loaf than none at all. This doubtless comes closer to the facts. But it is at least probable that, once the dust has settled, it will be seen that fascism is merely the form of government created by the lower or little middle class to herald its advent to power. For industrialism has made the technical lower class supreme in society. Its muddy ideas, dislike of both the rich and the proletariat, paradoxical adoration of the state, childish nationalism, lack of general vision, seem to be driving toward an *étatisme* which, after all, is not far removed from what Soviet Russia will look like one or two decades hence.

If this be true, Professor Schuman may soon find the sort of economic system he favors in the states he evidently abhors. The final struggle would not be between fascist penury and collectivist abundance, but between all forms of "totalitarian society" and an improved liberalism. All of which has no real bearing on Professor Schuman's admirable book.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

Another, Secret Germany

Rubber Truncheon. By Wolfgang Langhof. Translated by Lilo Linke. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

I Was Hitler's Prisoner. By Stefan Lorant. Translated by James Cleugh. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

FOR centuries stories of the suffering of prison life have occupied a peculiar place in literature. Many of them have become world classics, for the life of a nation or of an epoch is nowhere more truly reflected than in its treatment of those unfortunates who come into conflict with the accepted standards of society and its ruling class. "Rubber Truncheon," by Wolfgang Langhof, and "I Was Hitler's Prisoner," by Stefan Lorant, enrich and supplement this illustrious company. The "Memoirs" of Vera Figner, heroine of the Russian revolutionary movement, and "Le Mie Prigioni," the moving story of Silvio Pellico, the Venetian pedagogue of the early nineteenth century who paid in the dungeons for fighting against the Austrian rulers of Venice, are pale stuff when compared to the tragedy of everyday life in Germany's concentration camps as these men saw it.

The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition and the agonies of men sent to Siberia during the Czarist regime have their place in the history of human suffering, but these things happened in countries untouched by modern culture, at a time when life itself was harsh and cruel. The torture chambers of the Inquisition reflected a conception of justice more rudimentary than ours, under which no man could be condemned until he confessed his guilt. They were the outgrowth, moreover, of an intense religious feeling which believed that a soul purged by confession before it entered the hereafter was worth a thousand deaths. They were an integral part of their time. It was left to civilization at the peak of the twentieth century, in one of the most highly developed nations in the world, to restore every horror known to the dark past of an unenlightened world, to invent, introduce, card index, and systematize cruelty as a political virtue, a cruelty devoid of hatred and emotion, as mechanized and impersonal as the mentality of the social system which bore it: men and women suffering months of solitary confinement, forced to spend days in narrow cupboards with slanted floors, coffins of horror in which a person can neither sit nor stand nor lie; prisoners who must beat each other until one of them loses consciousness; the never-ending fear of what the next day may bring; the knowledge that after each merciful unconsciousness there is another awakening too cruel for the mind to envisage. Out of every book that has been written about these Nazi hells breathes this longing for death as an escape from a life too awful for living.

Let me say at the outset, lest the foregoing give a false impression, that these books are more than a mere recital of horrors. They are human documents of alternating light and shadow, unmitigated terror and grim humor. No Hitler knave is so bestial that he has not his human traits, no jailer so harsh that he has no softer moments. After all, these S. A. men were once workers themselves, misguided proletarians who lost their

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bearings in the uncertainty of German post-war life. It is noteworthy that both authors portray the S. S. man in his trim black uniform, the representative of the semi-educated, smug German middle class which emerged out of the Hitlerite "revolution" with delusions of grandeur, as the prototype of Nazi cruelty.

Both Langhof and Lorant are members of the intellectual middle class. Wolfgang Langhof, well known among the workers of the Rhineland region as an actor and theatrical director, actively interested in the popularization of the modern drama, was arrested in Düsseldorf on February 28, 1933, the day of the Reichstag fire. He accompanied his captors in good cheer, so sure was he that there must be some mistake. But it was he who was mistaken. Thirteen months later he was finally released. In Germany the doors of his profession were closed to him. Warned that he might be arrested again, he went to Switzerland, where he is now a prominent member of the Zurich Stadttheater company.

Lorant, a young journalist, was—fortunately for himself—a citizen of Hungary. Before the coming of Hitler he was on the staff of the *Münchener Illustrierte Presse,* an excellent weekly published by the famous Jugend Verlag. He was as uninterested in politics as his brother in misfortune from Düsseldorf. The periodical for which he worked was an unpolitical family journal, beautifully illustrated, with well-written short stories, a novel in instalments, travel sketches, and the like. Röhm and Epp took charge of Bavaria and established the "Nationalist" state. Lorant remained. Why not? All this did not affect his life or his work. But the Nationalist state was of short duration. Hitler discarded the German Nationalists in his Cabinet. The conservative Junker elements were ousted from power. Their newspapers were frowned upon, were brought under Nazi control. A Nazi journalist, an S. S. man, coveted Lorant's position. It was as simple as that. Lorant was arrested. Six months later, after representations by the Hungarian government, he was released.

His book makes no pretensions to literary style. It is a diary kept under the most difficult conditions, depicting the happenings of the hours and days as they passed in endless misery. Lorant himself rarely appears in these pages. They tell of his fellow-prisoners, men of nation-wide and world renown. There was Count Arco, the man who killed Kurt Eisner, the Bavarian Socialist, and who is now accused of having threatened the life of Hitler; Cossmann, the German Nationalist Jew whose conservative newspapers in Bavaria had given passive support to the Nazi movement; Schweyer, the Bavarian Minister of the Interior who had refused to accept Hitler's word of honor and now, twelve years later, was paying the penalty; Dr. Gerlach, the courageous pacifist, and others. Lorant is released and on his arrival in Budapest is met by his wife and their four-year-old son, who greets him with a salute, "Heil Hitler." They had spent those six months in Berlin.

Of the two, "Rubber Truncheon" is unquestionably the more moving document. Langhof's innate sense of the dramatic colors every page with warm humanity. The reader sheds tears over the suffering, grows warm with pride over the indomitable courage and the splendid solidarity, of the simple workers who shared Langhof's travail. He is carried away by the gentleness and tenderness of hardened revolutionists toward their more unfortunate comrades, deeply moved by their forbearance and their understanding for the weak, and shamed by their strength. Those who have allowed Nazism to prejudice them against the German people should read this simple recital. Those who despise the German worker for his "spineless submission to National Socialism" will get a new concept of the courage and endurance of the race. Those who have lost hope will derive new inspiration from the determined efforts of these hunted, beaten men and women who carry on the illegal work of anti-Nazi propaganda under threat of a fate that is a thousand times worse than death.

Out of the pages of these two books a hidden, secret Germany speaks to us, cries out for understanding, sympathy, and help. May they be read by many Americans, particularly by those who visit Germany and return with grandiose tales of National Socialist achievement.

LUDWIG LORE

Euripides in Harlem

The Medea and Some Poems. By Countee Cullen. Harper and Brothers. $2.

BY one with a sense of the integrities of language, few drearier experiences can be imagined than reading a Greek play in one of the current academic translations, or sitting through a performance of the same version on a Commencement Week program. The translator's first concern seems to be to sound like the Bible or Shakespeare; his actual achievement, in most instances, is to give a poor imitation of a ham poet of the eighteenth century. Even when, as in the case of Professor Gilbert Murray, the translator has literary gifts, he usually conceals the dramatic qualities of the play and repels the greater part of his audience by using stilted, archaic language.

Where Oxford dons have so often failed, an American Negro writer has succeeded. Mr. Cullen has rendered Euripides's best-known tragedy into living and utterable English. He has made little attempt to convey the poetry of the original, preferring to concentrate on dramatic situation and realistic portrayal of character. The result is a very forceful and poignant re-creation of the story of the barbarian sorceress whose fury against a faithless lover wins the tragic conflict with her love for her children. Only a few of the choruses have been put into lyrical form; the rest of the play has been cast in prose that is simple often to the point of baldness and, except for two or three incongruous lapses into slang, both colloquial and dignified. Mr. Cullen renders thus line 703, which I have chosen at random: "Then you have reason to be sad." The authors of three of the most widely current professorial versions, the first two of which are in verse and the third in prose, maltreat Euripides as follows. A. S. Way: "Sooth, lady, reason was that thou shouldst grieve." G. Murray: "Woman, thou hast indeed much cause for grief." A. T. Murray: "In sooth, good reason, woman, hast thou for thy grief." Perhaps fifty persons today read the classics in translation to one who reads them in the original; if there is to be a popular revival of interest in the Greek drama, it appears that this is more likely to originate in Harlem than in the universities.

Written for Rose McClendon, the star of "In Abraham's Bosom," Mr. Cullen's version is admirably suited to the exigences of the contemporary stage. For an adaptation which does not pretend to be a literal translation, it follows the original closely, giving English equivalents for all but a few of the speeches in the Greek. Allusions unfamiliar to a present-day audience have, of course, been omitted, and the whole has been considerably shortened. The most serious omission, which seems without justification, is that of the two passages which are *loci classici* for Euripides's "feminism"; these are not extraneous to the dramatic action, since they express part of the heroine's motivation.

The volume contains also a group of poems, including a number of sonnets in Mr. Cullen's Keatsian mood, four translations from the French of Baudelaire and Pierre Louys, and an invocation entitled Scottsboro, Too, Is Worth Its Song.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

The Nation

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IT WOULD BE A PITY if the conflict between Secretary Ickes and Administrator Hopkins should appear simply as a personal tussle for power, and if the merits of the men should be the deciding factor. A basic cleavage of principle is involved. Ultimately the public will have to decide, and the President, for all the pretense of having "reconciled" the two men, has decided for his part in favor of the Hopkins doctrine. This is that the immediate benefit of most of the huge work-relief fund shall be restricted to those on relief, to the disregard of the millions of unemployed who have managed to stay off the relief rolls; that this relief work shall be at subnormal wages; that it shall be spent for projects toward which the government contributes up to 100 per cent of the total cost; and that it is not of prime importance that the spending shall stimulate the heavy industries, where unemployment is most severe. The Ickes doctrine is that a sound public-works program relieves unemployment generally, not only in the lower stratum of those already drawing relief; that in paying standard wages it maintains morale; that it stimulates the heavy industries, thus contributing to recovery; and that local communities must put up 55 per cent of the cost. We are convinced the public will support Ickes when it understands the issue, and we believe that the President in siding against him has made one of his worst and biggest mistakes. Congress intended the PWA to have $900,000,000 of the $4,880,000,000 work-relief appropriation. On the basis of the 45 per cent government grant, this foresaw a total outlay on public works of $2,000,000,000. Now the PWA allotment is cut down to $450,000,000, and the total PWA program is reduced to less than $1,000,000,000. In order to comply with the Hopkins doctrine the federal government is turning down contributions of $550,000,000 from local communities, which seems a high price to pay for a fallacious social philosophy.

THAT SIR SAMUEL HOARE would not have pledged British support of League sanctions without being sure that the United States was not going to insist on neutral rights against a League blockade goes without saying. One reason for Britain's earlier reluctance to give this pledge had been the uncertainty about America's attitude in such an emergency. But it is probable that Sir Samuel convinced himself, and was not convinced by the State Department; that is, no formal commitment has been asked of Washington or given. The British, unless they have assurances from the President himself—which we doubt—are banking on the spirit behind the neutrality resolution and on the overwhelming desire of this country to stay out of a European war. The Administration, however, must be preoccupied with the imminent possibility of our having to announce a policy in the face of sanctions. And in invoking the Kellogg pact Secretary Hull must have had this eventuality in mind quite as much as any possible effect of his declaration on Italy and Ethiopia. He is preparing the record, and in due course it will be obvious to Americans, if Italy goes to war, that it does so in violation of a treaty signed with us. There then could be no strong objection to consultation between the American government and the leading League powers. We already have agreed to consultation in an offer made by Norman Davis at the Disarmament Conference, but since that promise was conditional on the success of the conference, we are released from it if we care to be released. The British no doubt figure that the American isolationists, however much they dislike the League and cooperation with it, will not insist on asserting neutral rights which are being suspended in international action against an aggressor.

WITH THE REICHSTAG cheering itself hoarse as his audience—and otherwise performing no function whatever—Chancellor Hitler made "a few general remarks" at Nürnberg. He described the unity of the German people and the "healthiness" of Germany's affairs, both internal and external; he stressed the German love of peace and illustrated it by declaring that Memel had been "stolen from Germany, and the robbery legalized by the League of Nations"; and he ended with a peroration against Communists, who are of course Jews. After *der Führer* had finished and the wild applause had subsided, General Göring, president of the Reichstag, introduced three new laws: Only Germans or those of "racially related blood" may be citizens of the Reich; Aryans may not marry or have sexual relations with Jews, under penalty of imprisonment at hard labor; and the swastika is henceforth to be the German national flag, although Jews are graciously permitted to hang out a flag of their own, presumably to insure a good target for storm troopers' bricks. Amid cheers the Reichstag passed these measures unanimously, after which it, in effect, obligingly voted itself out of existence as a deliberative body by abolishing its own rules of procedure and placing itself "under the principle of leadership" to be exercised by General Göring. It will be seen therefore that Hitler is still dictator with no audible opposition in his party, that the Jews are still the main targets for Nazi oppression with Goebbels the victor over the more temperate Dr. Schacht, and that the German government has learned nothing from the distaste for its tactics obviously indicated in other countries, particularly in the United States. Indeed, its adoption of the swastika as the national emblem may well have been hastened by Magistrate Brodsky's ill-advised castigation of the Nazis, for which Secretary Hull was brought to the unpleasant necessity of apologizing.

A DAY OR SO before the *Führer's* speech Italy, France, and Great Britain sent a joint protest to Lithuania reminding it of its commitments with regard to Memel under the Statute of 1924, by which Memel was to enjoy clearly defined administrative and financial autonomy while remaining under the Lithuanian flag. For years protests have been continuing over acts of discrimination against German residents of the once German city; in retaliation, President Smetona of Lithuania complains of German propaganda in Memel and of economic pressure in the form of almost a complete ban on the importation of Lithuanian goods into the Reich. The Lithuanian response is declared to have satisfied the three powers that the coming elections will be conducted in a proper manner. But Hitler is not so easily satisfied. Persecution of German minorities in another country is of course an entirely different kettle of fish from persecution of "non-Aryan" minorities in Germany. Not only did he refer to Memel as "stolen," but he expressed the regrets of the German government that its protests in behalf of Germans in Memel were without results, adding: "We hope these assurances will not assume forms which might be regretted by the whole world." The threat implied in the Chancellor's speech will not be lost upon France and certainly not upon Lithuania. Hitler's was a fighting speech in more ways than one.

GENERAL ISOGAI'S frank statement that "Japan will not tolerate the establishment of a Communist government in any portion of China . . . but will act independently to destroy such a regime" indicates the extent to which Japan has moved toward its dream of hegemony over Eastern Asia. Isogai was not speaking of hypothetical possibilities to be met within the next decade. He was proclaiming Japanese policy with regard to the vast Communist areas which have recently sprung up in western Szechuan and Kansu—a region many hundred miles away from the Japanese sphere of interest in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia. He confirmed the fact that Chiang Kai-shek had several times asked for Japanese assistance in his anti-red campaign, but asserted that the suggestion had hitherto been rejected. In order to take direct military action against the Communists, Japan must either send its troops up the Yangtze more than 1,500 miles into the heart of China or dispatch them on a long overland journey through Inner Mongolia, Shansi, and Shensi to remote Kansu. If the first course were adopted, the whole of Central China might readily fall into Japanese hands. The second would cut all lines of communication between China and Outer Mongolia, thus tempting the Japanese militarists to invade the latter in preparation for a war with the Soviet Union. Either course carries with it such catastrophic possibilities that we can only hope saner counsel in Tokyo will override the ambitions of the militarists in the field. But the experience of the past few years has shown this possibility to be extremely remote.

FOLLOWING its sound and useful criticism of the Administration's monetary policies and the NRA, Brookings Institution has published an analysis of the results of the AAA program in the livestock and dairying industries which throws great doubt on the value of this portion of the New Deal. While not denying that the status of the stock farmers has improved substantially in the past two years, the study indicates that the increase in income for corn-hog producers which can be attributed to the AAA subsidy has been not more than 7 per cent. The drought is found to have been far more effective than the AAA both in reducing supplies and raising prices. At bottom the problem facing the stock raiser is the same as that confronting the cotton producers of the South—whether the increased prices will cause such a shift in consumption habits as to destroy a large part of the market for their products. Already pork consumption has been cut in half, while the use of milk has fallen off to a distressing extent. From the standpoint of broad economic policy, there is the further question of how price-fixing and limitation of production can be fitted into a flexible economic structure without throwing the uncontrolled parts of the nation's economy seriously out of adjustment. Thus far the New Deal's experiments in piecemeal planning have apparently reinforced the argument of conservatives that economic controls are disastrous in a system dependent for regulation on the free working of the forces of supply and demand. This does not indicate that planning itself is unsound, but merely that each unit of our national economy is irretrievably linked with every other unit, and that the problems of no one industry can be solved without reference to the balanced functioning of the system as a whole.

THE AMERICAN League Against War and Fascism on August 1 requested from the Chicago police department a permit for a parade in protest against the impending conflict between Italy and Ethiopia. The permit was refused on August 26 on the ground that the proposed demonstration was a "hostile act toward a friendly power." In response to requests from various delegations urging the permit, Police Commissioner Allman finally declared, according to an affidavit submitted by Thomas M. McKenna, "There isn't going to be any parade, and those who try to parade will get their heads cracked." The Commissioner was as good as his word. A number of persons who attempted to march, without otherwise committing any breach of the peace, were set upon by policemen. Old men and women, Negro and white, were among the victims; clubs were the weapons, although kicks and arm-twisting were also freely employed. Some 400 persons were arrested, several score being herded into a bullpen about twenty-five feet long and twelve feet wide. The injured were ignored, although some were bleeding copiously from the blows of policemen's clubs; for two or three hours even water was denied the prisoners. It was not until three o'clock of the morning of September 1 that the last of the prisoners were released, the charges being disorderly conduct and unlawful assembly. Fifty of them were admitted to bail and will go to jury trial on October 3. The whole episode sounds like a nightmare; but it was real enough, as photographs in the latest newsreels indicate; and the newsreel announcer's remarks were to the point also: "If these people want to start a war," he said, "let them go back where they came from." The Chicago police have the advantage of being able to start a war without leaving home.

LABORERS ON STRIKE against low wages paid on WPA projects staged a minor riot on September 13 in New York City. A few rocks were thrown but no one was hurt and there were no arrests. The affair served to bring into the limelight, however, the particular WPA project before which the fracas took place. This is the Astor housing project on Avenue A and Third Street. The job is one of tenement-house renovation; the tenements in question were built nearly ninety years ago and their construction is thoroughly out of keeping with modern ideas of tenement-house design. Since the WPA money was given for renovation, however, it was not possible to tear the buildings down and erect modern tenements; it was decided to compromise by tearing out every third building, so that the two which remained might have at least a modicum of light and air. Unfortunately when the third building was demolished, the other two displayed an alarming tendency to fall down, too, so that the "renovation" finally resolved itself into constructing new buildings on a skeleton foundation of the few old timbers that remained standing. This, while costly, might not have been so bad, but the designers of the new dwellings felt bound by the old plans and are building according to the specifications of 1846. The original estimate of the cost of construction was $413,000; it is expected that the total outlay will exceed this by several hundred thousand dollars. The whole affair displays bureaucratic stupidity and unresiliency at its worst; and unfortunately the new tenants and the taxpayers will be the joint sufferers.

THE BATTLE between Consumers' Research and its striking employees continues at white heat. The board of directors has sent to its subscribers, who will in the last analysis decide the dispute, a long statement attacking the union, its leadership, and its methods. We could wish that this latest bulletin of Consumers' Research bore the air of scrupulous accuracy which should characterize all the publications of an organization of this type. But it is full of suspicious items, of which we cite only two. "No one of the directors," it states, "except Dewey H. Palmer, knew that Mr. Heasty [one of the dismissed workers] was president of the union." The union points out that the private secretary of Mr. Schlink was a member of the union while Mr. Heasty was president, and that Mr. Schlink and Mr. Matthews were on several occasions in contact with Mr. Heasty on union matters, facts which make it difficult to believe that they were unaware of his official position. On page 4 the bulletin charges that "one of the union officials" (not named) told several townsmen in Washington that the union was counting on the support of such agencies as *The Nation's Business,* the United States Chamber of Commerce, and Bruce Barton's advertising firm. "On another occasion," reads the account, "it was intimated that with the help of such big-business institutions the union would destroy CR and in its place set up a Communist-controlled organization headed by Mr. Arthur Kallet." We leave it to our readers, many of whom are subscribers to CR, to decide whether such a statement may be accorded the same credence which they are in the habit of giving to the bulletins of CR; and we urge them, before making up their minds, to obtain from the CR Strike Aid Committee, 41 East Twentieth Street, New York, the union's answer to the directors' charges.

WE REGRET to say that William Troy, having accepted a teaching position at Bennington College, will not be able to continue as film critic for *The Nation.* He will, however, contribute regularly to the Literary Section. At the same time we are pleased to announce that Mark Van Doren, who is already well known to our readers, will take over the duties of film critic, beginning in October.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT continues to uphold the homely virtues for the benefit of that vast Middle Western, middle-class, middle-of-the-road electorate which puts Presidents in the White House. Only recently he rebuked the Soviet Union to prove that the New Deal is not communist; he has now clinched the matter by going to a vestry meeting of his church. "Roosevelt Gives Day to His Church," reads an unctuous headline in the New York *Times;* "Meets Vestrymen on Local Affairs." "Instead of using his morning hours in the dictation of correspondence," the dispatch reads with ill-disguised admiration, "he went with his wife and mother to services in the village church, and this afternoon a meeting of the vestrymen of the church at Hyde Park House took the place of conferences on grave national issues. . . ." We are not exactly filled with a sense of security at the thought of the President putting aside grave national issues to take up the business affairs of a village church, but in a larger sense we can see its wisdom. It will assure him the vote of every vestryman in the country—and it is quite possible that Mr. Farley, Postmaster General of Vote-Getting, who has just returned from a political tour, reported that the vestry vote was getting restless. The dispatch from Hyde Park went on to indicate that the telephone books as well as the Bible lay at hand and that the President, vestrymen or no vestrymen, apparently conferred by long distance on several grave national issues. On the whole, the campaign for 1936 is progressing, and it seems likely that Mr. Roosevelt will once more middle through.

The League Unites Against Italy

THE meeting of the League Assembly has given birth to a system of collective security. It comes into being at a late hour, probably too late to avert Italian aggression against Ethiopia. It may also be too late to establish itself and develop the strength and authority necessary to curb a Germany dedicated to future aggression. It has not been born under idealistic auspices, since Great Britain, which now discovers the covenant of the League as a binding obligation, does so because vital imperial interests are at stake and the League at last becomes infinitely preferable to isolation. It is lamentable, to be sure, that the system was not born long ago, in the clear understanding that aggression against any state is an attack on all states. Had it been established in time, the rise of Hitler would have been impossible, and Europe might have accepted a substantial measure of disarmament. Instead of being at the brink of a colonial war, and faced with the possibility of an early world conflagration, the statesmen of Europe might have led their peoples into a long era of peace. But the years since Versailles have been frittered away in seeking escape from obligations. The cunning hope that security might be possible without common responsibilities has brought Europe to its present crisis. Great Britain, which now has resurrected the League, has been a leading offender in the evasion of pledges. That it now has had to turn to the League out of sheer necessity demonstrates how shortsighted the British policy has been. It does not, however, detract from British sincerity at this juncture.

Mussolini's incursion into Africa confronts the British with potential perils such as they faced when Von Tirpitz was given free hand to build up the imperial German navy. Mussolini, to be sure, has promised to go no farther than Ethiopia in his expansion. But if he succeeded there, the Sudan and then Egypt would beckon to him, and he could then wrap his tourniquet about the chief artery of the British Empire—the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the Red Sea. From Mussolini's point of view nothing could be more reasonable than to create a Caesarian empire in Africa. It would be a compact domain, rich in land and resources, close to its mother country. It would satisfy the fascist urge to expansion. But the realization of this dream is impossible without the control of the southern Mediterranean, and the Mediterranean must be a British sea if the British Empire is to survive. The British have controlled it by a fleet much larger than the Italian, and until the last few years as strong as the combined Italian and French navies. Then as France became Britain's closest friend the two-power standard in the Mediterranean was not maintained. But France became the friend of Italy early this year, and a new doubt was thrown upon British supremacy in the Mediterranean. When Laval made his pact with Mussolini, the British had no reason to fear it; they even did all they could to bring it about, for its objective was to win Mussolini to the united front against Germany. That the French ever might choose Italy in preference to Britain simply did not enter British calculations. But a few months later the British made their worst diplomatic blunder of modern times in signing the naval agreement with Hitler. They tore down the united front against Hitler, and France was thrown into a panic. The new French friendship with Mussolini grew in importance and promise. Since the British declined to accept obligations in Eastern Europe—no matter what the Covenant implied—the realistic Italians took on for the French the aspect of reliability and helpfulness which the British lacked.

The British decision to use the League was made at the Cabinet meeting hastily called in mid-August after the breakdown of the three-power conference in Paris. Thereupon the Admiralty began strengthening its forces in the Mediterranean, and Europe discovered to its amazement that London had decided to challenge Rome. Laval was caught in a trap. He had to decide, then and there, between the new friendship with the frenzied Mussolini and the old friendship with the inscrutable, slow-thinking British. Not until he stood behind the same desk from which Sir Samuel Hoare had addressed the League Assembly did the world know his choice. He chose the League. After all, the League was France's particular organ, and it had failed primarily because of Britain's evasions of its undertakings. The choice, if it could be seen in historic perspective, was not hard to make. If the British at last meant what they said, an unprovoked aggressor would also be a state practicing aggression in Eastern Europe.

The adherence of the Scandinavian and Baltic states, Holland, and Russia to the system of collective security is no less dictated by self-interest than the leadership of Britain and France, since with the rise of fascist dictatorships no land is safe. The League, which a few weeks ago remained extant only as an exhibit of one of the world's most unhappy ironies, now is ready to apply sanctions against a great power. Remarkable though this may be, there still is irony in its revived and emaciated existence, since it has been restored primarily in the defense of the British Empire. But the revival is not to be adjudged too bitterly. The most important event since the World War may be this discovery by the British that the safety of their empire lies in collective action entailing responsibilities for the safety of others.

The effect on Mussolini of the united front against him in Geneva can hardly be as negligible as he is trying to make the world believe. He may decide to have his war in Ethiopia, and in the time it takes the League to decide upon and apply sanctions, he may hope to win a victory spectacular enough to save his prestige. The war presumably would be stopped thereafter, and Mussolini would dominate the peace conference, and accept the concessions offered him by France and Britain at Paris. He must not leave the League if this is to be his program. But perhaps he will not accept the pinchbeck success of a one-battle campaign, cut short by the condemnation of the League. He may decide to join Germany and Japan in the outer limbo of international relations where there are no pretenses and might is the only right. If he does, an early general war will be unavoidable.

The Right of Asylum

THE right of asylum, or that process by which a man is entitled to protection from his enemies by virtue of being in some particular place, is as old as history. It is traditionally a part of the history of the United States, and there was a time when we took pride in the fact that political refugees from other lands could find safety here. Gradually, however, as the American nation has become stronger, it has become more subject to jitters. Emma Goldman, on a visitor's visa, spent ninety days here to the accompaniment of considerable official trepidation; the suggestion that Leon Trotzky might live out the rest of his days within our borders is not even seriously entertained; if it were it would give rise to hysterical protests. Along with many other traditional rights, this one has been chivvied away until only the ghost of its former self remains.

In cases involving extradition, it is still likely that we should refuse any demand from another country to deport an alien accused of a political crime who was seeking refuge on our shores. But we distinguish between extradition and deportation; we do not hesitate to return an anti-fascist to Italy, where he may be put to death, or a militant anti-Nazi to Germany, or a Chinese student "agitator" to the tender mercies of one of his native firing squads. The fact that death or long prison sentences may await these persons when they reach the countries of their origin deters us as little as the fact that in deporting them we may leave their native-born American children without economic support. Time after time, during the past twenty years, the intransigence and inflexibility of our immigration laws have been revealed. Moreover, in one Congressional session after another laws have been proposed providing for ever more sweeping expulsion of "undesirable" aliens. In the last session Congressman Dies of Texas introduced a bill which would have brought about the deportation of no fewer than 6,000,000 aliens, as a means of solving the unemployment problem. It is true that so far no such blanket expulsive legislation has been enacted. But the Kerr bill, which also failed of passage, and which was sponsored by the Department of Labor as an effort to prevent in some measure the breaking up of families of deportees, permitted any employee of the Immigration and Naturalization Service to make arrests without warant, made mandatory the deportation of aliens convicted for carrying concealed weapons—whether or not they had been sentenced to imprisonment therefor—and required as a ground for deportation nothing more than simple conviction without imprisonment for a crime involving "moral turpitude."

Specific cases illustrate more clearly than general statements the grounds on which deportations are too often ordered. Mrs. Stella Petrosky, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, came here from Poland in 1914 as a girl of fifteen. Three years later she married a coal miner and became the mother of eight native-born Americans; Petrosky was a good union man, but the lot of a coal miner is hard at best and by the time the depression had settled firmly on the mining community in which he and his family lived he had decamped, leaving his wife and children to subsist as best they could on $4 a week provided by the local Poor Board. Mrs. Petrosky, however, was not just another poor miner's wife with a houseful of kids whom she could not properly feed and clothe. She had served her apprenticeship on the picket line; she proceeded to reveal herself as that *bête noire* of relief stations—a protestant! Not only did she convince the Poor Board that nine persons could not subsist on $4 a week, but she encouraged other miners' wives to protest starvation relief; finally she committed the heinous crime of joining and actively taking part in the local Unemployment Council. And her children completed the family record of moral turpitude by taking part in a student protest strike and picketing with the striking miners of the United Anthracite Miners' Union. On April 25 Mrs. Petrosky was arrested as a dangerous alien and held in $1,000 bond. At her hearing in May she was specifically charged with "believing, advising, and advocating the destruction of property and being a member of, or affiliated with, an organization that advocates, advises, or teaches the overthrow of the government of the United States and of all forms of law by force and violence." This organization, it was brought out at the hearing, was the Communist Party, to which a corporal of the state police testified he "had heard" that Mrs. Petrosky belonged. A final hearing in the Petrosky case will be held on September 20; it will then be decided whether or not it is a crime involving moral turpitude to be an alleged member of a political party which duly appears on legal ballots every election day, and more horrendously whether or not it is a crime to take poor families to relief stations in an attempt to get relief for them. If it is a crime, Mrs. Petrosky will be deported to Poland, where she has no friends or relatives, and her eight minor children, deserted by their father, will be dependent on public relief.

The Petrosky case is not an isolated example of Department of Labor policy. Dozens of other similar cases could be adduced to show that there is no longer an asylum in the United States for aliens presumptuous enough to protest against exploitation and starvation. If human life and security were not involved, the Department of Labor in many instances would merely look foolish. As it is, the most vigorous protest is necessary on the part of American citizens who desire to safeguard elementary human rights.

Welcome to Our City

LAST week a four-line news dispatch announced the impending visit of the Messrs. Ilf and Petrov to the United States. It saddens us to think how few of even our readers know who these gentlemen are, but we shall proceed to tell them. In Russia they are widely famous as contributors to the comic journal the *Crocodile,* and in America they ought to be equally well known as the authors of a satiric novel translated under the title "The Little Golden Calf"—a work which, so far as our knowledge goes, deserves to be ranked as the finest comic romance of our time. Most of the comparatively few persons who read it when it was published two or three years ago immediately elected themselves members of a society for the promotion of Ilf and Petrov, but for some reason the great reading public was overtaken by a fit of stubbornness not unlike that which affected it twenty years ago when Mr. Maugham's

"Of Human Bondage" seemed destined to oblivion, despite all that its few readers could say. Recently, however, Carl Van Doren included the first chapter of "The Little Golden Calf" in his "Anthology of World Prose," and we take the fact as the first sign that the work in question (now unfortunately out of print) will sooner or later get the recognition it deserves.

From internal evidence it would be difficult to diagnose with confidence the exact state of the political convictions held by Ilf and Petrov. As satirists their chief concern is with the extravagances, the inconsistencies, and the absurdities of communism as it is actually functioning. Presumably, however, they are regarded by the authorities as usefully irritating fellow-travelers, even though "The Little Golden Calf" was forbidden publication as a book after it had been serialized, and even though the American edition was provided with an embarrassed preface by Lunacharsky, who—it is kindest to assume—had his tongue in his cheek. Actually, however, the question is of no great importance. The authors are concerned primarily with the imperfections of men, not with the defense of one political system as opposed to another, and their satire, while pointed enough, is far more often notable for its irrepressible high spirits than for venom. Their forte is a kind of farcical extravaganza which, for all its exuberance, never loses a recognizable connection with reality, and it is notable that in America, at least, some of their warmest admirers are among those sympathetically acquainted with Soviet life.

In "The Little Golden Calf" the rich, unflagging variety of the invention suggests "Don Quixote" and would be sufficient by itself to make the book one of the great comic romances. So solid is the texture that even if Soviet Russia had never existed the work could be read as a hilarious and engrossing account of life in some merely possible world. Naturally, however, it takes on a still greater significance by virtue of the rich, detailed realism of the background against which the extravagant action takes place. As for the comic adventures themselves, few readers will ever forget the moment when the two bogus sons of Lieutenant Schmitt watch the third being tossed out of the office of a provincial bureaucrat to whom they have just made a visit, or, to take two other examples, that in which the factory manager who has feigned madness to escape an inspection discovers that the cell mates of whom he is so much afraid are also malingerers, and the one in which the triumphant swindler, getting a day's start on the legitimate contenders, collects at the first village the honors, supplies, and viands prepared for the leader in a transcontinental automobile race. Even more memorable is the success with which, through a thousand details, the whole "feel" of life in a new and, to us, topsy-turvy society is communicated.

It is reported that while in this country Ilf and Petrov will send back to a Russian newspaper some sketches of life in America. If this is the plan, it is hard not to suspect in the Russian authorities some of the wisdom of the serpent. If the gentlemen have an unrestrainable tendency to see something funny wherever they look, it is to the advantage of Russian authorities to arrange that their looking shall not be exclusively confined to Soviet territory. In any event, and for the benefit of those familiar with "The Little Golden Calf," we predict that the first remark of the authors in New York will be, "This, also, is decidedly not Rio de Janeiro."

Tariff Discrimination

SECRETARY HULL'S announcement that Germany will not enjoy the benefits of the tariff concessions which have been or will be made in the Administration's reciprocal agreements is neither surprising nor of immediate significance. The action was virtually a foregone conclusion following the Reich's denunciation of the most-favored-nation clause in its commercial treaty with the United States. Obviously, Germany has no right to expect the American government to grant favors which it is unwilling to extend in return. And instead of protesting against our action, the chances are that Berlin will choose to ignore it as an idle gesture. For although fifteen months have elapsed since the signing of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act, only three pacts are actually in force—all of them of minor importance. While the products of two of the three countries with which negotiations have been concluded—Belgium and Sweden—compete to some extent with those of Germany, few of the competing articles are to be found among America's 100-odd concessions. With the Presidential campaign due to begin next spring, the possibility of a courageous reduction in the American tariff is so remote that Germany can well afford to scorn our attempted reprisal.

Unfortunately, however, the implications of our action are far more serious than its immediate effect on Germany would suggest. The attempt to bulldoze Germany into accepting our theory of trade relationships is a logical outgrowth of the bargaining psychology on which the Administration's program is based. As a measure designed—as Secretary Hull described it—"to break the log-jam of international trade," the present policy of retaliation is both shortsighted and dangerous. While reprisals occasionally achieve their objective, the history of commercial relations is dotted with instances in which they have only accentuated ill feeling and provoked counter-reprisals. We are in the paradoxical position of having adopted the two-schedule tariff system used in many European countries on the theory that this was the best means of persuading them to accept our single-schedule system.

It would be useless for Germany to deny that certain of its trade practices are discriminatory. But as a debtor country caught in the vise of the world depression, its actions have at least been defensible. Unable to pay all of its debts, one can readily understand why it should offer the most favorable arrangements for repayment to such countries as would grant an increased outlet for German exports. Whether these tactics have actually proved advantageous to Germany is beside the point; they appeared in the guise of defensive measures. The United States, however, has no such excuse for adopting a policy which, if effective, merely adds fuel to the fires of economic nationalism. For a creditor to take any step which restricts trade or creates international animosity is suicidal. If our government has been right in the past—as we believe it to have been—in insisting that the abolition of discriminatory treatment is the foundation-stone of sound commercial policy, it must not yield its position merely because others have done so. To reject that principle is to abandon all hope of achieving a revival of international trade.

Issues and Men

Terrifyingly Uncharted Paths

WHATEVER the outcome at Geneva—and as I write the issues are still trembling in the balance and Mussolini has not yet spoken—it is obvious that there lie before the nations in the League terrifyingly uncharted paths. The President himself admitted this when he skilfully fenced with the reporters who asked him what action he and the heads of other nations could take in the way of sanctions if Mussolini went ahead on his abominable course. He could only reply that the State Department was studying the situation. So are all the other foreign offices and so are the responsible leaders—wondering what in the world they can do to isolate the conflict, and to bring pressure to bear on Italy without thereby involving the whole world in another conflagration which it is in no condition to stand. The very word sanctions is so new in the vocabulary of man in its sense of international punishment that it illustrates in itself the staggering novelty of the situation which confronts us. The word was not, of course, coined at Versailles, but its use in this sense of punishment was never general until it was embodied in the peace-treaty covenant, and until it was utilized by the French when they undertook that indefensible invasion of the Ruhr which brought about inflation and gave Hitler his excuse and opportunity.

Perhaps I am wrong as to England. There was something so amazingly straightforward, so frank and open in Sir Samuel Hoare's speech to the Assembly that it is possible that the British Cabinet has already logically weighed the results of opposing Mussolini and made up its mind on what it was prepared to suggest if sanctions should become inevitable. Meanwhile, however, there is obviously no consensus of opinion about what can be undertaken, only speculation as to whether isolation can be attempted without provoking immediate hostilities. What economic pressure can be applied? If Italy is to be boycotted, what articles shall be declared contraband? Can an iron ring be drawn around Italy? And are those nations which depend so much upon their trade with her to subject themselves to immeasurable inconveniences for the sake of the general welfare?

To answer such questions, overpowering in their number and importance, the League ought to have months, if not years, in which to plan and to prepare. Perhaps it is just as well, however, that these questions must be met without delay. Planning in advance might send us on the rocks upon which have foundered so many international conferences, the rocks of rivalries, bureaucratic timidities, staunch devotion to precedents that could not apply here, interminable arguing and discussion.

How great is the risk of all this is so obvious as to forbid comment. One of the most dangerous phases is certainly the alarming British naval maneuvers in the Mediterranean, which are likely to invite reprisals in a sudden offensive on Italy's side; yet I cannot quite see the logic of the British Labor Party position, which is opposed (if the London dispatches are correct) to applying any sanctions to Italy. Surely if Mussolini goes ahead, it means the end of all the peace machinery created since the World War. True, this machinery has failed us before when the situation was not so desperate. But how can anyone deny that if some measure short of war cannot be devised to hold in check a crazy nation we are at the mercy of the creators of war? Of course I am well aware that boycotts and sanctions are acts of war and that they may well lead to war, but grave risks must plainly be taken in this situation. If Italy should attack Ethiopia it is hard to see how it would be more possible to isolate the war than it was to isolate the Austrian attack on Serbia. We shall have war, probably a long and bloody war, if Italy is allowed to go ahead, and no man can guess what effect it may have on the relations of the black and white races throughout the world. Is it or is it not worth while to set sail upon uncharted seas in the hope of uniting world opinion and power against Italy, in the hope of forcing her to end the struggle before long?

I hope that no one will write in and say, "So you have given up your pacifism!" Nothing of the kind. There has been no change in my belief that war is never justifiable, but the hour has come when the voice of reason seems unable to control, when we are being pushed over the abyss by the deeds of a madman. Without changing my belief that war is the sum of all evil, that it can never be anything else than a disaster, and never yet has produced good results, I feel that the nations involved are more than justified if they attempt now, even at the risk of war, to find a substitute for it in the economic boycott, in measures short of war, provided they go into the undertaking with the determination that they will refuse to be drawn into actual hostilities even in the face of overt attack. If a nation cannot conquer war, the time has come not only to inquire, as my friend Joseph Wood Krutch did recently, whether Europe is a success but also whether our civilization is a success. It is the most desperate and challenging of adventures which confronts the League. Must it not be entered upon?

In the background of it all lurks a far more sinister and dangerous figure than Mussolini himself, Adolf Hitler. He will be the chief beneficiary if Mussolini defies the League, gets away with it, and destroys Abyssinia to make it his own. It is more than possible that Hitler will burst out of his country within the next few years at the head of the most daring, best-equipped, and best-disciplined army that the world has ever seen if the example is not put before him of another dictator held in check by the moral opinion and the economic—not military—forces of the rest of the nations.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Dr. Huey and Mr. Long

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I. DEMOS AND DEMAGOGUE

HUEY LONG was too great a demagogue to be a mere charlatan. The difference seems small but it is important. The charlatan is never more than an amplifier of confusion, often quite "sincere" in confounding himself with his own noise. But the main characteristic of the political charlatan is his enormous activity in evading whatever real issues may come up. The New Deal charlatan, for instance, reconciles all the contradictions of our economy by proving, with fancy-fake statistics, that at bottom these contradictions are really complementary; and in administering these contradictions in a hundred bureaus he of course only deepens them. Upton Sinclair, who is as naive as Dostoevski's Idiot might be in American politics, would End Poverty in California, and elsewhere, by erecting a rag-tag economy within monopoly capitalism, and then wave the rag to frighten the House of Morgan. Father Coughlin, a definite fascist adventurer who fortunately is a fool, would abolish private credit, without which modern industry would bleed to death, yet he exalts capitalist production. And Doctor Townsend would give everybody over sixty $200 a month to start heavy industry going. Such quacks, of whom undoubtedly we shall have many more, may be as honest as was little Dr. Coué, though most of them are mere publicity hounds in public misery. They have no mass base in any class, no matter how high their temporary office or how many putative millions may follow them today only to turn tomorrow to some other barker.

Huey Long was not that kind. For all his "clownishness" he was not a loud-speaker of bunk. He was a far more dangerous man because he was an expert rider of our social chaos. He was a man of character and mind who despised the charlatans with whom he often dealt. "Coughlin," he said to me, "is just a political Kate Smith on the air. They'll get tired of him." Long used demagogy as an unscrupulous and dangerous art and not as a mere bag of tricks. He was far from being just an opportunist in the sense of jumping at every opportunity. He was a strategist of opportunism whose tactics can be studied in detail by his rise in Louisiana.

Indeed, he was the first American politician who knew how to make power just as our great "robber barons" knew how to make money. Unlike Roosevelt, he did not believe in "experimentation" for its own sake, in the pseudo-statecraft of "trial and error." His every trial was a bait for some error by his enemies, and nothing amused him as much as baiting the President, whom he came to hate with an almost insane bitterness and whom he outboxed in every round they had. It was he who framed the White House fumbling with the so-called soak-the-rich act. And even his last filibuster, which the editorial wiseacres so solemnly discussed as his "political suicide," was a brilliant bit of demagogic strategy. Long needed primarily the farmers of the country, especially in the cotton-planting South. Accordingly he stood up and seemed to fight their battle to the last breath of the adjourning Congress. And had he decided to run against Roosevelt next year, there would have been plenty of time to point out, with telling vituperation, that the deficiency bill which he thus killed meant next to nothing; that the President had billions from which to allocate the measly $76,000,000 which was needed to save "the aged, the crippled, and the widows"; that the President had indeed promised the Democratic Senate leaders that he would allocate this money, should the deficiency bill hold up adjournment; and that the whole social-security program of the Roosevelt Administration, anyway, violated every principle of social insurance.

Social chaos, which was Huey Long's natural habitat, results when in a period of intensifying class war there is no corresponding growth in class consciousness but in general confusion. And the demagogue is he who trades for personal power on such a widening public ignorance. Hence the demagogue cannot have an economic program, only a political strategy. Long was the perfect leader for such a period. He himself neither understood nor wished to know the fundamental class forces at work, of which his career was a profound expression. But he knew to perfection the lower-middle-class mentality which infects the whole of our American society with its bewilderment. He did not know the causes of our social anarchy but he could see through it like a cat through darkness. His economic program, which made no economic sense, made a great deal of political sense because it expressed the deepest wish of the average man in financial trouble. The American people do not crave New Deals, which they cannot understand, or Epics or Utopias or technocracies. They just want more money. Long's economic slogan expressed a simple wish of the common man—let's "share our wealth"; surely everybody is entitled to $5,000 of the world's wealth and to $2,500 a year per family in a land of unlimited abundance. Of course under finance capitalism this is impossible, and Huey Long, I'm sure, knew it only too well. But as a *political* slogan, it has an immense appeal to the lower middle class. The average American believes in such a seemingly reasonable program of "sharing wealth," and he will believe in it long after the Epic and Utopian dreams have disappeared. Incidentally, speaking of sound economics, Huey Long's share-our-wealth movement is quite as sound as the economics of the Brain Trusters, if anything even sounder. For though we cannot share our wealth under monopoly capitalism, we can under some form of socialism. The New Deal, however, makes no sense under any system, including cannibalism. All the New Deal has accomplished in its efforts to distribute the national income is to hand over to big finance almost thirteen billion dollars. At least Huey Long never went backward under the illusion that he was going full speed ahead.

"Will you kindly explain to me, Senator," I asked him at his Capitol, which was on the twelfth floor of the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, "how you can share wealth without socializing the productive process?"

"Never explain, my boy, never explain! For explana-

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tion is the mother of sectarianism." He laughed with enormous joy at his own brilliance. "But let's suppose," he continued, "just for the sake of argument, that you're right, that you can't share wealth without socializing its creation. That's socialism, isn't it? And will you please tell me what sense there is in running on a Socialist ticket in America today? What's the use of being right only to be defeated? First you must come into power—POWER—and then you do things." That of course is the eternal argument of every demagogue.

Long's own background reflected the bewilderment and anger of the lower middle class. He was a child of the nineteenth-century populism which began with Andrew Jackson and wound up with Bryan and with Debs. In the Long clan there had been Socialist voters, and his mother, Callie Long, was the professional radical in her community. Long sprang from the deep hill-billy revolt against the apathetic and grafting "aristocracy" which was in power in Louisiana before his dictatorship, a revolt which later on was also directed against the Northern monopolies. In short, Long represented and expressed our century-old populism, which now is deteriorating into the reactionary confusion of the lower middle class. In California this deterioration is assuming definitely fascist tendencies. Long showed all the psychological characteristics, bordering on monomania, of the effective leader of such class deterioration. His central drive was his lust for personal power, which was almost visibly lascivious. You just couldn't trust him, no matter how much you liked the color of his vitality. He once wrote a book which he called "Every Man a King"; and the subtitle, automatic as a reflex action, was "The Autobiography of Huey P. Long." Obviously he thought of democracy in terms of his personal dictatorship. And his political philosophy, for all his amazing political sophistication, was very simple. It was—more power to Huey Long!

His political passion expressed itself in an enormous capacity for sustained work and thoroughness. His power of work was a neurosis by which he was driven day and night. Of late years his working day began around nine in the morning and wound up in the early hours of the next day. Every minute was spent expertly and efficiently, and his power of decision was both astute and instantaneous. On his brief trips to Louisiana he would authorize the expenditure of millions of dollars for various projects, but never before he had completely grasped their technical nature and knew every detail of their cost.

In his drive to power he was utterly ruthless. His vindictiveness was one of his most formidable weapons, and his machine was built on fear no less than on patronage. Such political selfishness of course had its drawbacks. For one thing he could never tolerate men of great ability around him and he never delegated power. His influence was coextensive with his own energy, which is the reason why the shot which killed him also destroyed his machine. Furthermore, I do not think that he inspired a great personal loyalty in most of his henchmen, with the exception of his fellow-townsman, Governor Allen, who had "discovered" him and really loved the little Huey who was going to be in the White House some day. As one very wise old newspaperman in New Orleans explained to me, "You can't love a man whose face you have to watch for weeks before you decide that he is in the mood to take up what's on your mind; or who may insult you in front of everybody at any moment."

There has been much speculation about Long's intellectual qualities. The so-called "better elements" and the intelligentsia were rather condescending in their recognition of his mental discipline. The *New Republic,* for instance, began its editorial obituary of him as follows: "In the man there was one genuine thing, and that was his awe of book learning." The theory behind this estimate is that Huey Long was a self-taught country hick who through envy of his betters developed remarkable intellectual abilities. This Adlerian interpretation seems to me sheer nonsense. For one thing, Long was not at all self-educated. He went through high school and telescoped three years of law school into two. His record at Tulane is memorably brilliant. But the really important thing is that in the fields of law and of government Long did not think merely as an educated man but with a superb formal discipline. The late Chief Justice Taft and Justice Brandeis considered him one of the most brilliant constitutional lawyers who ever practiced before the United States Supreme Court. To be sure, Long was not a cultivated man and he was ignorant of almost anything which did not pertain to his intellectual interests. But so, for that matter, are most university professors. Long's conversation certainly was full of observations which were not merely natively shrewd but impossible in a man untrained in the formal literature of his subject. And his technical knowledge of government and administration was immense.

Fundamentally, however, Long's genius was his political realism. He was an instinctive Machiavellian who knew that absolute power is lawlessness legally intrenched. But he also knew that dictatorial power in America can be achieved only by perverting political democracy into a patronage dictatorship, which is exactly what he did.

II. THE SECOND LOUISIANA PURCHASE

Huey Long's rise in Louisiana is divisible into two parts. Until his threatened impeachment in 1929 he was primarily engaged in building his patronage machine. From 1929 on he was primarily engaged in integrating his power through his complete control of the legislature. On the whole, the Long machine was less corrupt than most other political machines. And through his legislative dictatorship Long could render almost anything he wanted technically honest. Also, his ambition to get into national prominence and power was so overwhelming that he carefully avoided all personal entanglements with the underworld of politics, though he had to grant considerable latitude in political ethics to some of his lieutenants. But fundamentally he rose through the bold use of patronage, encouraging in his officialdom the most outrageous nepotism. He always insisted that his machine be practically self-supporting, and that every little cog supply its own grease to keep from burning out.

Long's political career began in 1917 when he looked over the constitution of the state of Louisiana to find out to which major office a young man of twenty-four might be elected. He decided to become Railroad Commissioner, and he went about it with characteristic energy. At 2 or 3 a.m. he would land at some out-of-the-way farmhouse and wake up the folks to tell them how wonderful he was. He was elected. From 1917 until 1924 he was first Railroad Commissioner and then Public Service Commissioner, and it was in those days that he began his fight against Standard Oil and the various public utilities on which he built his reputation as an enemy of the interests, though his final compromises with them were often questionable.

In 1924 he decided to run for Governor, and the fire of his campaign he directed against the public utilities, though he did not hesitate to accept a $10,000 contribution from the Southwestern Gas and Electric Company. He lost the campaign, but he won a tremendous following. In 1926 he helped to elect Edwin S. Broussard to the United States Senate, thereby gaining heavy support among the Creole Catholics of southern Louisiana. He already controlled most of the Protestant hill-billy parishes (counties) in northern Louisiana where he was born, and in 1928 he was triumphantly elected to the governorship. It was then that he began to build his machine in earnest. With amazing audacity he began to fill every board, commission, and committee with his new henchmen, multiplying jobs like mushrooms. He converted the state highway patrol into a personal police force and turned the state militia more or less into his personal army. With the state militia he carried out a swift series of spectacular raids on vice and gambling houses, using the money thus confiscated to buy schoolbooks for free distribution.

His bold appropriation of the whole state apparatus and his brazen interference with the legislative process during the first year of his governorship frightened his various oppositions into a united front, and in 1929 they were under the impression that they had purchased the unwavering loyalty to democratic principles of enough state senators to get Huey impeached. But they had underestimated Huey's capacity to regain the prodigal Solons. He made a furious tour of the rural parishes, flooding them with his circulars accusing the various corporations of attempting to buy his impeachment. He pointed out to the electorate his vast program of highway construction and other public works which were just getting under way. But mainly he frightened enough senators with the threat of door-to-door campaigning against them personally in their constituencies, exposing their political records in detail. He also of course made counter-offers. "I bought them like a sack of potatoes," he subsequently said. At the crucial moment fifteen state senators, one more than needed, signed a round robin declaring that they would acquit Long regardless of any evidence presented.

His threatened impeachment was the major political crisis in Long's life. After that he "knew his friends from his enemies." From then on he encountered no major obstacles in forging the most daring dictatorship this country has ever known. He strengthened his political machine around the immediate group of men who had saved him. He proliferated his patronage throughout the state by his open control of the election boards, by creating hundreds of new jobs in connection with public works and services. And he gained popular support by his tangible results in highway and bridge building, by furnishing free textbooks and transportation for the schoolchildren, by abolishing the poll tax, beautifying the capital, and reducing to some degree public-utility rates. There can be little doubt that Long was by far the most socially-minded individual in public life in Louisiana, which before his rise to power was in many respects the most backward state in the Union. To be sure, Long did not trouble about social legislation any more than any of his predecessors. Nor did he ever do a thing for labor, but he did proffer to the A. F. of L. the eminently practical advice of organizing in order to make its influence felt.

One of Long's closest friends remarked to me, "The genius of Huey Long lies in his gift to exploit the misery and the confusion of the American people. And he will rise into national power because this misery is not regional but national." Whether this friend was right or wrong, there is little doubt that Huey Long was rapidly extending his national influence when he was shot down. The murder of Huey Long removed the ablest representative in public life of our lower middle classes. His whole career is an index and a warning of the type of leader who might forge his way to a national dictatorship.

Such a potential leader will have to be a monomaniac for personal power. He will have to represent the populist drive in American history, which is now decaying into lower-middle-class despair. He will have to integrate his dictatorship by perverting political democracy, not by abolishing it. And if such a man should ever come to power, no matter how benevolent his intentions, it is hard to see how he can ultimately keep from submitting to finance capital, as indeed Huey Long was beginning to do toward the end of his career. For a dictatorship, even more than any other form of government, which has no economic program must submit to those who control the economic order.

Contributors to This Issue

Benjamin Stolberg, coauthor with Warren Vinton of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal," recently visited Louisiana to collect material for a book on the American political situation.

Paul W. Ward is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

Zona Gale is the author of "Miss Lulu Bett," "Papa La Fleur," and many other books.

Alexander L. Crosby was chief editorial writer and news editor of the Staten Island *Advance* until he was dismissed for joining the Newspaper Guild. At present he is writing a book on the American newspaper in collaboration with Heywood Broun.

Clifton Reed is publicity director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

F. Stuart Chapin, professor of sociology at the University of Minnesota, is the author of "Field Work and Social Research," "Cultural Change," and other volumes.

Louis Kronenberger, editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse," is writing a book on life and manners in the eighteenth century.

Mark Van Doren is well known as critic, editor, and poet. His most recent books are "A Winter Diary, and Other Poems" and "The Transients," a novel.

Walter Millis is the author of "The Martial Spirit" and "Road to War."

Roosevelt Keeps His Vow

By PAUL W. WARD

WHEN Roosevelt entered the White House in March, 1933, he took an oath and made a heap of promises. He vowed he would "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." He promised a New Deal for the people—a redistribution of power, with property rights made subservient to human rights, and a reformation of the nation's economic structure so firm and fundamental as to preclude any future relapse into Old Deal ways and their consequences. Today, despite all the tortured screams of Liberty Leaguers and Republican shamans, the Constitution remains inviolate. He has kept his vow. It is his promises that have been broken.

There have been no fundamental changes. Worse yet, none has been attempted. The net result of more than two years of Roosevelt rule has been the bulwarking of Old Deal institutions and the piling up of a mountainous debt, both public and private, which promises to make the next downward plunge of finance capitalism's juggernaut more crushing to the bones and souls of men than any in the past. Beyond the slight rise just ahead lies a precipitous slide into fascism's abyss, and Roosevelt has greased the skids. It was bound to be so, although by even attempting to keep his promises he might have altered to some extent the channel of events. But he was bound psychically as well as morally to keep his oath, and his oath was incompatible with his promises. The Founding Fathers were not New Dealers, and the Constitution they fashioned was intended precisely to prevent the consummation of any such plans as those to which the hopeful phrase "New Deal" was fitted. Thus the liberals and quasi-radicals who scornfully lambasted tories for charging that Roosevelt's promises necessarily involved an assault upon the Constitution merely made themselves ridiculous, for the tories were right. On the other hand, the tories made themselves ridiculous by their vehement assumption that Roosevelt would undertake the assault.

He has been completely in earnest each time he has protested that the Constitution—deliberately drawn to prevent the establishment of democratic institutions and make the nation safe for stockjobbers, note-shavers, shysters, slave-traders, and other primordial profit-seekers—is safe in his care. He never has had the slightest intention of trying to alter the basic fabric of the nation's economy. He has gone out of his way to make clear that the profit motive is just as much a *sine qua non* with the Roosevelts as with the Morgans. What really ails the nation and the world, in his opinion, is simply that some of its leading citizens are gluttons or rogues, or both. He aspires merely to make life a little more decent, to provide the poor with more and better crumbs, and to make all the rich and powerful behave like gentlemen. His adumbrations on the More Abundant Life have been chiefly poll-parrotings of sentiments uttered in his presence, or written out for him, by Tugwell, Moley, Frankfurter, Wallace, and other scholastics, or else things learned as if by rote from his wife, who was soaking up Europe's heathen sociology when little Franklin still was busy learning nothing more important than how to sail a boat.

Most of the myths that have grown up about him are the products of the press. Like an actress who pitches her opening scene too high and must talk in climactic tones through all the scenes that follow, the press, carried away by the hysteria of the 1933 banking holiday, shouted itself hoarse in introducing the new President to the nation and has been in difficulties ever since. He was presented as a dazzling thinker, a crusading radical, a masterful politician, and a messiah. His subsequent description of himself as merely a quarterback, calling one play at a time and not deciding on the next until the current one has been completed, was received as a fetching bit of modesty. Succeeding events have proved not only its accuracy but also that such a quarterback is as ineffective in politics as he is on the gridiron. Nobody ever has improved on that "quarterback" description of the Roosevelt temperament, mentality, and technique unless it be to add that he has developed into the sort of quarterback who always punts on second down and that he seems to be playing without goal posts and sometimes without a ball.

Roosevelt is just a soft-hearted and rather charming man, with a restless disposition, a capricious intelligence, and a feverish desire to outshine that other Roosevelt who occupied the White House. His chief asset has been the fact that Hoover was his predecessor. Had Hoover been as much at ease in public and as articulate, had he had a tenth of Roosevelt's showmanship, Roosevelt would have been just another President. The chief difference between Roosevelt and Hoover is that the former has a genuine liking for all sorts and conditions of people, even though he is inclined to confuse the public pulse with the engine throbs of Vincent Astor's yacht. No more than Hoover, is Roosevelt a masterful politician when faced with a fight. Republican leaders in Congress under Hoover used to say a man would have to have St. Vitus's dance to stand behind him. Democratic leaders in Congress say the same thing of Roosevelt today. He has been known to receive opponents and proponents in concert and send both sides away claiming to have enlisted his support.

The myth that Roosevelt is a crusading radical is as empty as the masterful-politician myth. His radicalism consists of a thirst for novelty; anything that is "different" elicits his enthusiasm. His bona fide crusades are confined to attempts to crush and humiliate men he considers his personal enemies. He is not thin-skinned and can stand any measure of criticism of his Administration up to the point where criticism, in his opinion, becomes only a disguised attack on himself. His attack on the public utilities, though well-justified, apparently sprang from a belief that their leaders were his personal foes. In no other offensive was he so vigorous. In no other did he show such clear fixity of purpose as in his fight for the Wheeler-Rayburn holding-company bill. As for being a dazzling thinker, Roosevelt is on the contrary non-intellectual, a man who lives and thinks on the skin of things. His inability to grapple with abstract ideas has been impressed upon all members of the inner circle. His advisers have learned they must eschew generalizations and resort to exposition by example when laying new propositions before him.

His mastery of the press is another Roosevelt myth. He is supposed to be inordinately clever in dodging delicate questions and in supplying the press with only such information as he chooses to impart. It is true that he successfully dodges many delicate questions, and that whereas he provides White House correspondents with a superabundance of copy it is all tailored to fit his aspirations, but there is nothing particularly clever about the process. The cards are stacked in his favor. Even the size of his press conferences, which sometimes draw an attendance of 300 reporters, operates to his advantage by making each individual in his audience hesitant about asking questions lest the questioner seem to be taking up more than his share of the time. But more important is the fact that one does not cross-examine and attempt to pin down the President of the United States. Furthermore, nothing he says may be put in quotation marks without express permission, rarely given, and there is a wide range of answers which may not even be attributed to him, though they may be published as authoritative representations of the President's views. What distinguishes his press conferences from those of his predecessor is Roosevelt's cheerfulness and loquacity.

Like most New Dealers he is ready to air his views at length on many subjects and does so, though the results frequently are unhappy. In all this communicativeness there is a mixture of irresponsibility and self-righteousness. Roosevelt has not yet fully realized that, as one of his predecessors once said, any word from the President weighs a ton, and he is so supremely sure of his chastity of purpose in those cases that start his tongue to wagging freely that he has no fear of being trapped in his statements. When the case is otherwise, he dodges. In those instances he does an excessive amount of what vaudevillians call "mugging for a laugh"; that is to say, he grins and grimaces, tosses his head, and either chuckles loudly or guffaws. He enjoys his jokes and for a time most of his audience did, too, but these artful dodges have become increasingly a source of irritation to members of the corps.

Even Roosevelt's reputation for having substantially lifted the general level of federal office-holders is imponderable when one considers his Cabinet and secretariat. Both, to be sure, represent an improvement over the corresponding councils of the last few Administrations, but they fall far short of any standard represented by the term New Deal. Roosevelt's secretariat especially is second-rate and many of his shortcomings may be attributed to this fact. None of his secretaries is equipped to grapple with international or even national economic problems, and thus they fail to bring to Roosevelt's attention many matters of vital importance. There are three of them—Secretary Louis McHenry Howe and Assistant Secretaries Marvin Hunter McIntyre and Stephen Early—and they are men of small affairs. "Greeter" McIntyre, an inconstant nymph of fifty-seven summers, has the manner of a floorwalker and the yearnings of a ribbon clerk. He is the man who keeps the President's appointment schedules and passes upon those callers who shall or shall not be allowed to see the President. To a large extent he is blamed for the fact that less and less are the President's visitors men of the veritable New Deal stripe and more and more are they hard-shelled politicos and Old Deal buccaneers of finance and industry. McIntyre exercises no strict supervision over his own calling list. Almost every lobbyist in Washington can with some justice lay claim to being one of his best friends, and most of them do—to their profit. His free time is spent frolicking with these gentry in hotel rooms and at country clubs. He is well aware that many lobbyists have collected sizable fees as a result of being seen in public with him and of being able to reach him at any time. He even has helped them on occasion to impress their clients by ostentatious promises to lay their propositions before the President in person the first thing in the morning. Such qualms as he may have over all this business he brushes away with the assertion that if the lobbyists were not his friends they would pretend to be anyway, and the results would be no different.

McIntyre, a Kentuckian, was city editor of the Washington *Times* from 1909 to 1917, when he enlisted in George Creel's war-time propaganda bureau and was assigned to the Navy Department. It was there that he met Roosevelt, and when Roosevelt campaigned for the Vice-Presidency in 1920, McIntyre was his publicity man. Hard times fell upon him thereafter. He spent several years doing odd jobs in journalism. He picked up a precarious living writing articles on national-defense topics for the *Army and Navy Journal* and similar publications. Later he got a job with a newsreel outfit as a contact man whose business it was to arrange such matters as getting camera men aboard battleships at target practice. A merger squeezed him out of this berth and he was on his uppers when luck tossed him back into the Roosevelt entourage in 1932. Several journalists of prominence having rejected the offer, McIntyre was hired as Roosevelt's publicity man. Before the campaign ended, he was serving principally as business manager for the President's campaign train, his talents as a press liaison officer being more negative than positive. Nevertheless, he was slated to become Roosevelt's press liaison officer at the White House until, at the last moment, wiser counsels prevailed and the post was given to Early.

Early, who had been slated for the job McIntyre now holds, also had been with Roosevelt in the 1920 campaign, serving as his advance man. Born forty-six years ago in Virginia, he was educated in the public schools of Washington before he entered newspaper work there in 1908. After the World War, from which he emerged with a captaincy and a medal, he became press agent for the United States Chamber of Commerce, and after the 1920 Presidential campaign he returned to the Associated Press's Washington staff. He gave up newspaper work in 1927 to become Washington representative for one of the motion-picture and newsreel companies, and he left that post to join the White House secretariat at Roosevelt's bidding.

Despite his chronic surliness he is rated by reporters as the most expert press officer the White House has ever known. He is the White House spokesman on those days when there are no Presidential press conferences, and unlike his predecessors in the office he seldom makes the mistake of trying to guess what is in the President's mind.

He is loyal, efficient, unimaginative, but not so well-informed as he might be. There was, for example, the occasion when Roosevelt, pondering the prudence of truckling to Hearst and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association by clipping the wings of the National Labor Relations Board when it asserted jurisdiction over the newspaper industry, asked Miss Perkins whether there were any members of the American Newspaper Guild among the White House correspondents. The Guild presented the case on which the NLRB's jurisdictional claim was based. Miss Perkins referred the President's question to Early and Early replied with misinformation. That is to say, his answer to the President's question was in the negative and Roosevelt thereby was falsely assured that he could clip the NLRB's wings without arousing the press corps. It was, furthermore, a major error in press strategy, for it caused an almost universal doubt of the President's courage and sincerity among the correspondents, who until then had been willing to give him the benefit of all doubts.

Early, in addition to directing the White House's press relations, directs those of the Administration as a whole by virtue of the fact that he controls appointments to the press sections of all federal departments and agencies. There are several hundred men and women in these press sections, and together they form a propaganda machine without precedent in American government. There is little truth, however, in the charge that the Administration has seduced the press by buying up hundreds of its ablest reporters. In the first place, the great majority of the men and women so hired were out of work at the time and sought their federal berths; in the second place, only a handful of them are experts at their trade; and, in the third place, they have no substantial influence on the men who report the government's operations. To be sure, they attempt at all times to put their department's operations in the best possible light, but most of them are scrupulous about stating the facts when properly questioned. Many of them spend a large part of their time writing speeches for Congressmen, which the latter deliver, of course, without credit to the authors. The most questionable practice indulged in by these departmental press sections—and it is resorted to in only a few departments, such as the AAA and the PWA—is the preparation of magazine articles extolling the agency's virtues. These articles are discreetly offered to writers not on the federal payroll with the understanding that they are free to market them without change under their own signatures. By this device the free-lance journalist gets paid for writing he has not done, and the federal agency gets its arguments before the public without disclosing its hand.

Howe is the mystery man of the secretariat and the principal reason why it does not include any man capable of advising the President on matters of national policy. He would not stand for inclusion in the secretariat of a man who was his peer, and such are his claims upon the President that Howe's prejudice is law. Howe is a king-maker. It was he who stood by Roosevelt throughout his convalescence from poliomyelitis and who persuaded Roosevelt to return to public life. He began plotting to put Roosevelt in the White House back in the Wilson era, and far more than Jim Farley he was responsible for the political machinations through which Roosevelt obtained the nomination in 1932. Howe is a cunning politician and little more than that. He was raised at Saratoga, where the political bosses of New York State bury their dead, and when he was only seventeen years old he became the old New York *Herald's* correspondent there. His father was a newspaper publisher at Saratoga.

Later Howe absorbed further political training at Albany, where he represented both the *Herald* and the New York *Telegram* for fifteen years. He met Roosevelt when the latter was serving his first term as senator from Dutchess County and managed Roosevelt's campaign for reelection. When Roosevelt went to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Howe went along as his secretary. He has been with him ever since, playing a behind-the-scenes role so quietly that almost nothing is known about the man himself. The public has had only one intimate glimpse of him since he entered the White House with Roosevelt. That was the incident of the CCC toilet kits, the implications of which seemed so profane in those early sacred days of the New Deal that it was quickly hushed up. It seemed that a certain manufacturers' agent had some thousands of toilet kits he was anxious to sell to the CCC and that the agent, informed that the best way to sell things to the government was to establish contact in high places, sought the advice of Basil O'Connor, Roosevelt's law partner. It further appeared that O'Connor referred the agent to Louis Howe, that Howe besought the War Department's good offices for the agent, that the War Department immediately and without further question bought the agent's toilet kits, and that the agent's kits cost the CCC about twice as much as similar kits used by the army. The agent said the kits were better than those the army used and made the boys in CCC camps very happy.

Howe, a gnome-like figure with a marmoset face, emerged from his White House lair to explain to a House investigating committee that he merely had asked the War Department to examine the agent's kits; then he slipped back out of sight again. The only other public contretemps that has arisen to plague him was the credit heaped upon him by the A. N. P. A. for persuading Roosevelt to snatch the Jennings case away from the Biddle board. For many months he has had no active part in White House affairs. A complex of diseases has laid him low at sixty-four and he is today a bedridden invalid, confined to his room in the White House and forced to spend much of his time under an oxygen tent. His principal occupation is playing the races. A friend who recently sought to enlist his interest in a variety of political questions found Howe preoccupied and feignedly disgruntled because a local police campaign against gambling joints had left him without a bookie to whom he could telephone a bet.

With Howe's passing from the front-line trenches, Roosevelt has lost both drive and direction. Howe had kept Roosevelt's courage whipped up. He himself had few views outside the mechanics of politics, though he regarded himself as a fiery liberal and could grow heated in his denunciations of predatory wealth. On the other hand, he had a vast admiration for Owen D. Young and Gerard Swope, whom he considered outstanding examples of enlightened industrialists. He would have liked to see both in Roosevelt's Cabinet.

[This is the last article in Mr. Ward's series on F. D. R.—the Boss in the Back Room.]

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

By ZONA GALE

IN the long, slow development of our social consciousness, Charlotte Perkins Gilman flamed like a torch. This seems the right simile, for she burned her way about the world, one message blazing from her spoken and written words and from her living: "Life is for growth."

Anything which hampered or thwarted the growth, the expanding consciousness, the increasing cooperation of the Human Being, that Unit of Life, was to her the sin not so much unpardonable as incredible. For life is for growth. That was the brilliant common sense of her enormous awareness of the human scene.

Set against the simple tragedy, the simple ambition, even the simple aspiration of the individual life, this interpretation of hers raised living to new riches. It's not new to us now. We know about it. But when Charlotte Perkins began to understand it, most ethical concepts in America still had to do with individual morality and the hope of personal reward after death.

In the 1870's Arnold Toynbee had not yet begun to preach his "self-identification with the oppressed" in London, and Toynbee Hall, forerunner of Hull House, was not yet opened. But even if she had heard of this doctrine, it is doubtful whether it would have interested Charlotte Perkins. "What are you about, sitting there all oppressed?" she might have said. "Stand up and realize that you belong to the human race. And as for you who know better and live better, and are nothing loath to see or even to be oppressors, open your eyes! You belong to the human race too. What are you going to do about it?"

Man not so much his brother's keeper as his brother's brother. It was as simple as that. But it was still revolutionary then—as it remains still unpracticed now.

Especially the stunted developments of women aroused her passion and her pity and her protest. Women, "specialized to sex and to housework"; women, "confusing marriage with domestic service." She saw in women exquisite beings hardly more than potential in their powers; beings of delicate intuitions, sensitized to aspects of living not yet drawn through into experience—and they, dictated to by man's needs, his comforts, his passions, and these exclusively. "Every man," she stormed, "requires one whole woman to minister to him! There must be nothing left to her." And again: "What else can she do with her powers, her energies, her sense of social consciousness? No, for when he comes home, she must be *there!* And when they ask you to marry them they say: 'I need you so!' "

In the rich and shared living into which certain men and women have entered now, all this is a commonplace; and in certain bizarre extremes of today such a picture as she draws has long since passed. But in the 1870's this was heresy to which every sort of opprobrium was attached. The idea of any life for women besides that offered by sex and housework was then unthinkable, and the larger integration could not be visualized at all. That women had many another contribution to make which would enrich society and human growth; that women could be mothers to the race as well as to one family "around the evening lamp"; that unlimited child-bearing is immoral; that if a woman is equipped for or specialized to creative work, then to do housework alone, even her own, is against even the Hebrew Bible's injunction on the subject of the talents; that woman's share in living is as limitless as that of man—all this was new and heretical then, and today it still remains heretical to millions.

She never thought of suffrage for women as anything more than one iron in that fire. Useful, expectable, inevitable. That, of course. Then more, more! She had a thousand suggestions no less vital. Women must be released from drudgery. Gorgeous creatures they were, with power in music, in teaching, in nursing, in art, in a physician's ways; and they must be released from the individual kitchen. College education was just opening to women. But she longed for more. She longed for the release of the married—say, through central kitchens; no one could get decent ice cream, pastry, preserves, tinned stuffs in that day save through the individual kitchen, and the woman who stitched her husband's shirt-bosoms was much more highly appraised than the one whose husband bought his shirts, as was possible even then. A public laundry was disdainfully regarded no matter how well the work was done. As for cooked food ever being served from a central kitchen or ready-made dresses worn—either was ridiculed. "But," Charlotte Perkins would say, "a man does not build all of his own house any more, or make his own shoes, or his own suits. Why should a woman . . .?"

In the 1870's already she was as scornful of the woman who had to be "protected," who dared not walk alone on the streets at night, as is the woman of today. And once, when she had refused a man's "escort" to her home, he cried in bewilderment: "But any man would be glad to protect a woman. Man is a woman's natural protector!"

And she asked him: "Against whom?"

She was one of the first to stand for the use of her own name by the professional woman after marriage—or by any woman, if she so prefers; and one of the first to note that there exists no law whatever against this, but only a convention.

She stood always for equality of the moral standard for both men and women—but she expected that the level of the standard would be up to where she believed that women stood and not at a point which she believed to be down, where the lax and casual superseded the slow effort toward the understanding that life and its processes are probably more than that which we believe them to be. So that now, after all her prophetic thinking, it comes about that Mrs. Gilman is regarded by many of the new generation as reactionary, because of the impatience she showed at the useful bunglings of Freud, that husky bull in the Venetian-glass shop of certain still-veiled equilibriums.

One of her greatest social contributions was her interpretation of the needs of childhood. In her youth no one had ever heard of a nursery school. Kindergartens had not long arrived in this country. The whole duty of a mother was to give entire and ungraded instruction to her children. How did she know enough to do this? Well, wasn't she a mother? Did not God-given wisdom in how to do these things arrive with the baby? And so on. It seems strange now, in the light of the enormous literature on child psychology, on understanding children, on their development, to realize that "train" and "discipline" were the two words then most often applied to the growth of children. Human growth again. This hope, always in her thought, taught her that children were everywhere misunderstood and lied to and inhibited and repressed and crippled in mind and in energy by the terrible impress of the adult upon a consciousness of which, in a large measure of cases, that adult knew next to nothing. Some children, Charlotte Perkins saw, came through by the grace of God and by the circumstance of wise and understanding and intelligent parents. But by far the majority, she held, in literal numbers, were crossed and stunted and flawed in their growth by parental unwisdom, parental selfishness, masking too often as parental love—and usually totally unselfconscious.

So she preached that a majority of children under school age were being ruined in their homes. At this women, of course, turned to rend her. She advocated great airy nurseries where small children could be taken and developed, taught to *grow*, by women specialized and trained in this wisdom. Women called her an unnatural creature. Now, in the days of pre-kindergarten care, of the books on "newer ways with children," of the definite knowledge that children may be mentally scarred for life before they are five years old, all this objection to child development takes its place with the old cry against college education for women.

She was, all her life, a glorious companion to all who knew her. Her spirit, her zest ("zest—the last gift of the immortals," Edmund Clarence Stedman once said) are beyond anyone else's approach. Her physical energy as a girl was super-normal, super-natural, and her mental energy the same in later life. I can see her enunciating some new line of attack on some horizon, and ceasing, and laughing: "I'm a mile high, and shining!" She was—she is.

"Women and Economics," probably her greatest book, acclaimed in England even more favorably than in America, where it became a great textbook, will stand for many as the sum of her lifework. It lit to energy many thousands of the unaware, the indolent, the oblivious, and made of them socially conscious beings. You cannot say for a book more than this, unless you can also say that it kindled a spiritual energy. And the book did both. It does both now, and will continue to do so. It is a clear call to all women to be "a mile high, and shining."

[*Charlotte Perkins Gilman died on August 17 at the age of seventy-five. Miss Gale's article is from the preface to "The Living of Charlotte Perkins Gilman," to be published by the Appleton-Century Company in October.*]

The Meaning of the Modern Drama

IV. The New Dispensation

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN the course of the last article it was remarked that during something like ten years the American dramatist had tended to become less and less of a revolutionist—not because he had become, absolutely, more conservative, but because the ideas of his audience had gradually approximated more and more closely those for which the playwrights of the preceding generation had been compelled to fight. It was no longer necessary to argue because there was, broadly speaking, nothing more to argue about.

But this mere exhaustion of the subject matter of a controversy was not the only reason that the emphasis of the dramatic writer tended to shift; for as the excitement of the debate subsided, writers and public alike tended to become more aware of the interest and value inherent in the task to which literature more commonly addressed itself—the task, that is to say, of exploring the emotional quality of life as it is lived in a particular society.

Looking back upon the earlier "new drama" one can hardly fail to note the extraordinary faith which it implied, not only in the adequacy but also in the ultimate sufficiency of argument, and while its creators proclaimed that frankness and rationality were necessary they seemed to imply at the same time that nothing else was. The only things which stood between man and the Good Life were certain hypocrisies and certain injustices. All that reason needed was permission to attack them, and once it had done so, man would be ready to enter into a rational paradise.

But this age of faith in doubt—or, if one prefers to be less paradoxical, of faith in rationality—was succeeded by an age of despair even of doubt. In the field of the novel such writers as D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley represent a rediscovery of, or a reemphasis upon, certain human problems. They proclaim aloud their new awareness of the fact that it is not enough for man to understand his world; that he must also discover some way of making an emotional adjustment to it. In a sense they also proclaimed at the same time their impotence to achieve what is probably the chief function of literature, namely, the discovery of some such emotional adjustment.

Shakespeare did nothing to change the fundamental ideas of the Elizabethan man in the street. So far Shaw was right. But Shaw nowhere seems to admit that Shakespeare did something which may possibly be quite as important—he enormously developed and enriched those ideas. If he did not change the premises of the man in the street he did demonstrate to him how, upon the basis of those premises, life might come to seem engrossing, exciting, and grandiose. By the criteria which he proposed, Shaw's plays were "better than Shakespeare's," but there gradually emerged a growing, though not fully conscious, tendency to realize that what Shakespeare did supremely and Shaw very imperfectly was quite as important as what Shaw did so well and Shakespeare not at all. This realization might be based upon a certain loss of faith in the importance of social reform as such. But one does not need to be completely cynical in order to grant a great importance to the poet in the Shakespearean rather than the revolutionary sense. One need only realize that even in a society evolving in the direction of a possibly perfect future, men still are compelled to live, for the present, a life which can and should yield something in joy and beauty. One need only realize that while the most absorbed and devoted of zealots may possibly achieve an adjustment by referring everything to the future, the majority of even the "socially conscious" must, whatever they may profess, live a life in which the familiar desires and disappointments of the human being play an important role. Whatever may be happening to society, we still love and hate, succeed and fail. Jealousy is as real as it ever was to Iago, and the need, not only to work out our problems in accordance with our intellectual convictions, but also to fit our emotions into a pattern which we can respect, is as insistent as it was in Shakespeare's day.

Now the traditional forms of the drama—tragedy, comedy, and melodrama—are merely the forms into which it tends to fall whenever it is devoting itself chiefly to the task of exploring and justifying the experience of living in any given society. Melodrama, the simplest of the three, devises a series of incidents in which conventional virtue triumphs over conventional vice and by reference to the specific case suggests that such story-book solutions adequately represent the pattern of life. Comedy and tragedy, on the other hand, are alike in their assumption that the dissonances rather than the simple harmonies of existence furnish the problem to art, and each seeks in its own way a subtle resolution of these obvious dissonances—the first by suggesting how they may be discounted in terms of a wry common sense, the second by offering man some vision of grandeur by way of compensation for the failure of his desires to achieve fulfilment.

Moreover, the three methods have remained essentially the same from the days of the Greeks to the present. Only in the greatest works are the patterns perfectly achieved, but in so far as dramatic writing tends to be classical, just to that extent does it tend also to approximate the melodramatic, the tragic, or the comic genre. And from this point of view it makes not the slightest difference that the background of intellectual and moral convictions may vary from age to age almost as much as the outward incidents do. The definitions of virtue and vice accepted in a current melodrama like "Ceiling Zero" may be very different from those presented in the melodramas of a generation ago. The heroes of our smarter pieces are, for example, usually hard-boiled instead of sentimental, and they are usually cynical rather than edifyingly prosy. But that merely means that hard-boiledness and a certain superficial cynicism have become part of the current picture of a dashing hero. Melodrama is still melodrama so long as it achieves its solution by presenting the outward triumph of a conventional hero.

The simple case of melodrama will serve to suggest how analogous changes take place in the more complex structures of comedy and tragedy without changing the fundamental character of the pattern. Current conceptions of grandeur and common sense vary from time to time just as current conceptions of virtue do. There is something fundamentally archaic about the "Iliad," for example, because—to take a striking illustration which Shaw cited in another connection—the action of the hero in refusing decent burial to his enemy and in dragging the latter's body seven times around the walls of Troy under the eyes of a sorrowing widow does not strike us as particularly heroic. But the "Iliad" was a heroic poem because it presented life as justified by heroism as heroism was understood by the audience for which it was intended.

It is partly because of this process of often unconscious redefinition that comedies and tragedies and melodramas are continuously written. One of the functions of art is to reaffirm the validity of the comic or tragic adjustments to life in terms of the currently accepted definitions of virtue and vice, grandeur and heroism, common sense and sentimentality. And the point which has been labored repeatedly through this series of articles is just that the American drama of the past decade has been a drama whose main purpose was such reaffirmation in terms of the current "ideology" as well as in terms of the current scene.

For the purposes of the argument it is not necessary that we should agree whether this drama was conspicuously successful or unsuccessful. The intention is merely to define what kind of drama it was. And this definition is important, first, because there has been an almost universal failure on the part of commentators to make the important distinction, and, second, because it is extremely significant in connection with the new "revolutionary" movement in the theater.

I shall not attempt to assign credit to any particular writer for originating this movement. Perhaps it was Mr. Lawson or Mr. Rice who, in this country at least, first indicated to the revolutionary groups how they might use the theater in the interests of their enthusiasm. In any event the important point is that the movement manifested itself less as a new beginning than as a reversal in the direction of development. The American drama was on its way toward a kind of classicism. The more simply didactic elements were tending to disappear, when they were suddenly reemphasized by a group with new doctrines to teach. To anyone who has embraced Marxism as a complete philosophy of life it must seem obvious that the subject matter of the controversy carried on by Ibsen and Shaw was exhausted only because it was never very substantial. The task of the "revolutionary" dramatists, as they see it, is to take up the battle where it was dropped a decade or more ago and to carry to victory a war which had previously been fought upon only minor issues.

The extent to which this initial assumption of the Marxian dramatist is correct, must, of course, remain for the present a matter of opinion. But if, for the sake of argument, we grant his contention that a Marxian transvaluation of values affecting our attitude toward all human experience is inevitable and necessary, then he is obviously faced with a situation somewhat like that which Ibsen and Shaw were compelled to meet. Perhaps when both his interpretation of events and his standard of values have been established in the minds of the public, he may write a classic drama within the framework of a stable Marxian tradition; meanwhile he must labor as Ibsen did to establish his premises while condemning as both trivial and premature the work of those playwrights who attempt to build upon a culture destined to only a brief existence.

It is, however, interesting to note that even the dramatists of Soviet Russia are said to be finding it difficult to make the transition from the didactic to the classic style. One would suppose that in Russia, at least, the Marxian orthodoxy might safely be taken for granted and that by now all the arguments had been fully expressed, but Maxim Gorki recently remarked upon the inability of playwrights to deal with the great characters and great themes which, so he said, were everywhere about them. They continue, he complained, to harp instead upon the problem, now definitely passé, of the difficulties experienced by the individual in adapting himself to the new life, and it would appear that the writers cling to the fiction of a continuous civil war in order to give significance to the propagandist tendencies from which they cannot free themselves.

Two facts of which the American Marxist writer ought to be aware may possibly account for artistic difficulties greater in his case than they were in the case of the Shaw-Ibsen group. In the first place, he has far less opportunity than they had for originating ideas. A generation ago the "new dramatists" were in certain cases the original source of certain attitudes. Ibsenism was something which to no inconsiderable extent Ibsen created. But the Marxian dramatist inherits an ideological system; he is at the periphery, not the center, of "the movement"—a mere appendage to an intellectual development whose main front is the economic principle. In the second place, this ready-made system is so distressingly complete that, granted the desire for orthodoxy which seems to be usually his, he is limited very narrowly to the task of devising fables which will illustrate with almost mechanical accuracy the principles laid down in sacred writings.

A science may be more impressive and more valuable than such a loose aggregation of opinions, tastes, and preferences as constituted the backbone of the older "new drama." But a literature which confines itself to the illustration of "scientific truths" is likely to be a rather barren one for the simple reason that once a truth can be stated in scientific terms it is no longer worth while to state it in terms of art, whose chief function is to deal with those thoughts and feelings which elude scientific statement. In so far as the Marxian be granted his claim to have discovered a method of treating scientifically the entire life of the emotions, and to have made human character predictable by reference to known economic determinants, just so far has he rendered art unnecessary—or at least so restricted the scope of the artist as to leave him only two functions: the composition of didactic fables for the use of minds too primitive to grasp an abstract statement, and the creation of essentially oratorical works designed to arouse the enthusiasm of party members.

It is not, I think, unfair to say that most of the Marxist plays so far written in America tend to exhibit the defects inherent in this narrow conception of the playwright's business. On the intellectual side they seem less efforts to discover what *aperçus* the artist can add to the dialectician's formal scheme than attempts to devise puppet shows in the course of which stock figures, generalized almost to the point of allegory, are made to move precisely as the laws of the dialectician require that they should. On the emotional side, they tend to confine themselves to obvious appeals to partisan spirit and to indulge in red-flag waving of a sort which George M. Cohan might have approved of if Mr. Cohan had been a Communist, but which, artistically, does hardly more credit to communism than songs about the grand old rag did to the spirit of America. The performance of a new play at the Theater Union suggests nothing so much as a preelection rally, and even a piece as effective as "Waiting for Lefty" has a good deal of the pep talk in its method.

Up to the present, the enthusiasm of the revolutionary theater is obviously its greatest asset. Its future, of course, will depend in part upon the talent of the writers, but even if the existence of that talent be taken for granted, a fundamental question remains to be answered. We are not, of course, concerned here with the validity of the Marxian philosophy in the field of economics, but we are very much concerned with the question of its ability to displace, as completely as some of its proponents insist that it must, all other methods of presenting and interpreting the emotional life of man. So far, at least, no other philosophy, from Christian theology to Freudian psychology, has proved equal to the task. Almost always the great artist has been compelled to admit the existence of elements which eluded his philosophy and which had to be dealt with in that rather loose, unsystematic, and tentative manner which characterizes the method of the artist as distinguished from the method of the system builder. In all probability it was not, after all, Francis Bacon who wrote "Hamlet."

[*This is the concluding article of Mr. Krutch's series.*]

Correspondence

Academic Freedom in California

To the Editors of the Nation:

I do not know whether you have had occasion to refer in your columns to the case of Victor Jewett, a junior-high-school teacher of Eureka, California, who has been under fire for several years for alleged "radicalism." A long series of threats, accusations, discriminatory acts, including an arbitrary and illegal 20 per cent cut in his salary last May and numerous attacks leveled against him by the local newspapers, business men, and politicians, has recently culminated in his dismissal from the school under circumstances which appear to be a plain violation of his legal rights under the California Teachers' Tenure Act.

To the best of my knowledge Victor Jewett has never been officially charged with misconduct or any improper fulfilment of his duties which would warrant his dismissal. He has never been given an opportunity to defend himself against the many vicious attacks made upon him in the newspapers and over the radio. In August, 1934, he was suddenly transferred from his special subject, social studies, which he had taught exclusively for five years, to mathematics. The school authorities refused to give any reason. He was given no explanation for the discriminatory cut in his salary. The news of his dismissal by the Board of Education reached him not through an official communication but through an article in the Humboldt *Standard* of August 15.

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Mr. Jewett is charged with "unprofessional conduct." According to the Tenure Act, specific charges of unprofessional conduct must be made and verified, and the teacher must be given an opportunity to defend himself before May 15. When Mr. Jewett signed his contract last May for the school year 1935-36, there was no mention of any charges against him. On July 1 the board voted his dismissal. He was not officially notified of this action, which the board admitted to have been illegal by again voting his dismissal on August 14.

The dismissal of Mr. Jewett is coincident with the great Eureka lumber strike. Mr. Jewett's real crime, it appears, is twofold: first, in his course in social studies he urged such subversive ideals as scientifically planned production, minimum wages, low rent, social insurance; second, Mr. Jewett is sympathetic to labor. As a member of an American Federation of Teachers' local and of the Eureka Federated Trades and Labor Council, both affiliated with the A. F. of L., he considers himself a laborer. Before the recent clamor for his dismissal Mr. Jewett was regarded as a highly successful and stimulating teacher, and his work was praised by pupils, parents, and school administrators, from the vice-principal to the superintendent. In a highly laudatory letter of recommendation written last fall, Principal Glenn made the statement that Victor Jewett was a teacher whom any school should be proud to have on its staff.

On the basis of available evidence it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Jewett's dismissal is the direct result of pressure exerted by business interests upon the school administration. As it stands at present, the case can justifiably be construed as a serious violation of democratic rights. It is reasonable and fair to protest against what appears as evasive, secretive, arbitrary, irregular, and illegal tactics on the part of the Eureka Board of Education, to urge the board to make a full and open statement of its case against Mr. Jewett, and to sustain him in his defense of his legal rights.

Berkeley, Cal., September 7 HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

And in Omaha

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

That the dismissal of President W. E. Sealock of the Municipal University of Omaha was to some extent occasioned by James E. Davidson, president of the Nebraska Power Company and chairman of the University Board of Regents, seems clear from a letter which Dr. Sealock wrote to Senator George W. Norris a few hours before committing suicide. The letter was printed in part in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

While religious bigotry and a desire to prevent expansion of the university were probably the most important motives behind Dr. Sealock's dismissal, it is clearly evident that his defense of professors who touched upon the controversial power issue in class was also used against him. That Dr. Sealock refused to accept the dictates of the power trust as laid down by James E. Davidson is made plain by a few quotations from Dr. Sealock's letter to Senator Norris:

> I have been ousted from the Municipal University of Omaha, while absent on university business, and no reasons have been given, or apparently will be given, by the Board of Regents. This being true, it behooves me to state to the public at large the truth about the matter. Shortly before this, Mr. Davidson had called me informing me that my minister, the Reverend Laurance R. Plank of the Unitarian Church, had referred to the Nebraska Power Company in an uncomplimentary way. I suggested to him that he should have a talk with Dr. Plank if he felt that Dr. Plank had received information which was not correct, and set him right. In other words, I refused to call Dr. Plank down for making a statement about the Ne-

> braska Power Company, for I did not know whether it was true or not. I assumed, of course, that Dr. Plank had made a fair effort to get at the truth, for he is a scholar as well as an outstanding minister.
>
> Mr. James E. Davidson, who is president of the Nebraska Power Company, is the president of our Board of Regents. On April 4, 1935, while I was in his office discussing matters relative to the university he took rather violent exception to what he termed unjust and unfair teaching in the university by Dr. V. Royce West, one of our professors. . . . I wrote Mr. Davidson the next day, telling him exactly what had been done and calling attention to the fact that the TVA project and numerous other matters, economic and governmental, of necessity had to be discussed in university classes. I am confident that my defense of Dr. West was, in a large measure, the reason for Mr. Davidson's taking exception to my administration.
>
> Further it should be noted that the meeting of the board at which I was ousted was a secret one, held in the office of the Nebraska Power Company. You will thus see why I look upon the work of the Nebraska Power Company, with Mr. Davidson at its head, as the chief factor in my dismissal after a service of four years and a record of which I am actually proud.
>
> In brief, here is the situation in a nutshell. Mr. Davidson, as president of the Nebraska Power Company and president of the Board of Regents, is going to see to it, if possible, that no facts are presented in economics or government which will be unfriendly to the power trust. I am confident, as are my friends, Paul L. Martin, who has resigned from the Board of Regents, and William C. Ramsey, who also has resigned as a protest, that my defense of academic freedom and the right of professors to teach the truth in their classes is the reason for my ouster. I prefer dismissal to subservience to the power trust. . . .

In the light of Dr. Sealock's letter the writer and other friends of the University of Omaha can only retain and strengthen their conviction that Dr. Sealock was dealt with unjustly by the regents and particularly by Mr. Davidson.

Omaha, Neb., August 15 FRANKLIN M. BUXTON

Persecution of Prisoners

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May we call the attention of your readers to the persecution of four political prisoners at present serving sentences in the Lincoln Heights Jail of Los Angeles, California. For months Captain John L. Shand, who runs the prison, has deprived these men of all mail sent to them—letters, literature, and even money. The Prisoners' Relief Department of the International Labor Defense sends regular monthly relief to all long-term political prisoners. Letters containing these money orders have been returned unopened. A Weekly News Letter containing information gleaned from newspapers, sent out by the department, is banned from the jail. The *Labor Defender*, the official magazine of the I. L. D., comes back every month.

One of the most important phases of the work of our department is a constant campaign for the recognition of the status of political prisoners; as part of this campaign we ask that readers of *The Nation* write to Captain John L. Shand, Deputy Chief Los Angeles Jail Division, Los Angeles, California, urging improvement of the conditions of political prisoners confined in his institution. Letters from different parts of the country to petty tyrants of Shand's stamp have always produced favorable results.

New York, August 20

ROSE BARON, Secretary,
Prisoners' Relief Department,
International Labor Defense

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John K. Winkler's "The Dupont Dynasty"
Reviewed by Louis M. Hacker

Labor and Industry

Consumers' Research Fights the Union

By ALEXANDER L. CROSBY

Washington, New Jersey, September 16

THE scab drove up in a new sedan and stopped at the rope before the main building of Consumers' Research. A sheriff's deputy recognized him and approached, club in hand.

"You can't come in here," the deputy said.

"I've got some papers for the office and cigars for the police," the scab pleaded.

The deputy answered harshly: "I don't care what you have—you stay outside." The deputy happens to be president of the Warren County Unemployed Union.

This is a sample of the strange doings near the country town of Washington, New Jersey, where forty-five members of the Technical, Editorial, and Office Assistants' Union have closed the plant of Consumers' Research—an organization that has hitherto been a potent foe of the capitalist system and a constant champion of the housewife and workingman. When the strike began on September 4, half a dozen private constables were hired by Consumers' Research to protect strike-breakers and property. A week later Sheriff Doyle swore in sixteen deputies, all of them unemployed members of various unions and many of them active workers on the picket line. The armed constables were forced to retire inside the building while the friendly deputies took charge outdoors under orders to admit no strike-breakers.

This unique method of preventing strike violence cannot be attributed to the sheriff's Communist leanings, for Mr. Doyle doesn't lean that way. But the sheriff is a good politician in a county where union labor controls votes.

The immediate cause of the strike was the dismissal of three union members, including John Heasty, the president, just a few hours after the union submitted a contract. A secondary cause was the expulsion of Dewey H. Palmer from the board of directors after he protested against the firings. But the fundamental reason was a medieval employment policy that made jobs no more secure than snowflakes in July.

The setting for the strike is New Jersey farm country, the ultimate in rural loveliness. The CR plant, with its big, two-story stone building and the weathered laboratory across the brook, is like a barnyard in Sunday clothes. Down the stream at dawn each morning a dozen ducks parade to the cow pasture beyond the rutted country road, and chickens pursue grasshoppers along the picket line.

In this milieu a strike is as incongruous as the present attitude of CR executives against the background of their pro-labor protestations of the past. No one is making more vicious attempts at strike-breaking than J. B. Matthews, vice-president of CR, a man who was once too radical to stay in the Socialist Party. In his recent book, "Partners in Plunder," Matthews complained that the Department of Justice fails to suppress "big-corporation gangsterism," which, he said, is "carried out with the assistance of gunmen (often euphemistically called 'detectives') . . ." J. B. Matthews is now using the services of three hard and ugly giants from a Newark "detective" agency with a distinguished record in the Electric Auto-Lite strike at Toledo.

All the capitalist weapons in labor struggles are being used. The latest, an injunction against union members to prevent interference with strike-breakers, was no surprise. The injunction (to be argued in Newark on September 23) is not considered a serious handicap, since strike sympathizers outnumber union members on the picket line.

There has been violence on both sides. It began when two pickets were run down and injured by automobiles driven by strike-breakers. On September 10 a bus loaded with twenty-five "loyal workers" (New York *Herald Tribune* terminology) attempted to run the blockade. Three carloads of strikers and sympathizers chased the bus over a rough mountain road and finally overtook it on a state highway, where windows were smashed and the passengers persuaded to return home.

Not even the strike leaders can offer a full explanation for the amazing union-smashing tactics of CR officers. The best bet, ridiculous though it may seem in the face of the organization's former record of Hearst-hating, is the red scare. Schlink, who has always feared violence at the hands of reactionary business interests, now believes that the Communist Party wishes to hand over his plant as a Christmas present to Stalin, with an American Federation of Labor union in the role of messenger boy. Mrs. Schlink (a director under her maiden name of M. C. Phillips) and Matthews also profess to believe that the revolution about which they have so cheerfully talked in the past is now a-borning in their own back yard. Anyone who has attended union meetings and heard Schlink praised earnestly for his scientific genius and integrity—who has heard union members reiterate their faith in CR and their determination to preserve the organization for the good it has done and can do—would advise all three directors to quit reading the New York *Journal* and take a hot bath.

The union, a happy blend of college-trained technicians and plucky stenographers and clerks, is digging in for a long fight. There seems to be no immediate hope that the strikers' willingness to arbitrate will get a response from the dictator-minded directors. Both sides recognize that the 55,000 subscribers can determine the outcome. Hundreds have written letters of protest, or called in person at the home of the three recalcitrant directors. In New York Arthur Kallet (coauthor with Schlink of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs") is doing invaluable work in mobilizing subscriber opinion, with the help of many sympathizers and a hard-working secretarial staff. In Washington the CR directors have mailed to subscribers a four-page leaflet which concludes with the fantastic assertion that big business and the reds have joined together to destroy Consumers' Research.

In justice to the directors, it must be admitted that a careful listener on the picket line would find some evidence of subversive enterprise. A jolly union bartender from

BURLING
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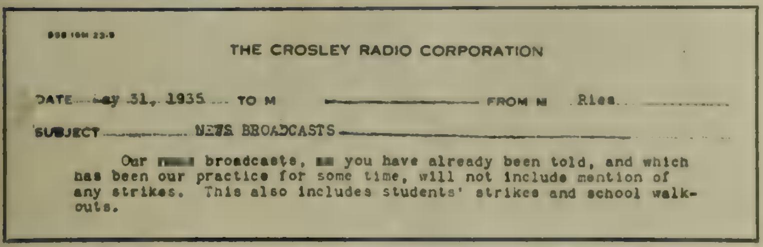
Easton, Pennsylvania, has given harmonica concerts on several mornings. His wide repertoire includes the "Sidewalks of New York," "School Days," and the "Internationale." Of the last he says, "Never mind the words. It's a fine tune."

Radio Censors Labor

By CLIFTON REED

ON the basis of the two confidential memoranda reproduced on this page, the American Civil Liberties Union recently charged the Crosley Radio Corporation, owners of radio stations WLW and WSAI in Cincinnati with unjustified and anti-labor censorship. WLW, which boasts of being "The Nation's Station," is with its 500 kilowatts of power the largest in the country. Only the Moscow station, RVI, is as large. An independent, WLW accepts programs from the National Broadcasting Company and the Mutual Broadcasting System, Inc. WSAI is a local station. They are both controlled by Powel Crosley, Jr., a wealthy manufacturer.



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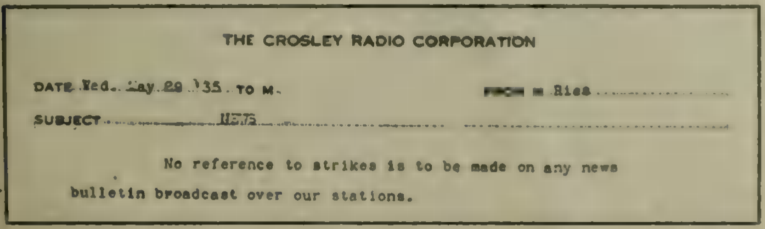
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION

DATE May 31, 1935 TO M FROM M Ries

SUBJECT NEWS BROADCASTS

Our news broadcasts, as you have already been told, and which has been our practice for some time, will not include mention of any strikes. This also includes students' strikes and school walk-outs.



THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION

DATE Wed. May 29 '35 TO M. FROM M Ries

SUBJECT NEWS

No reference to strikes is to be made on any news bulletin broadcast over our stations.

According to information secured by Minna F. Kassner, an attorney making a survey of radio censorship for the Civil Liberties Union, these two orders were issued to news commentators and announcers in May by Joseph Ries, director of the Cultural and Educational Department of the two stations. All data in the case were submitted by the A. C. L. U. to the Federal Communications Commission, and to Congressman William P. Connery of the House Committee on Labor, Congressman Joseph P. Monaghan, sponsor of a bill to nationalize radio, and William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor.

Before he knew that the Civil Liberties Union had these original orders in its files, John L. Clark, general manager of the two stations, issued an indignant and injured denial of all charges. A "great injustice" had been done. Mr. Clark cited his radio log to prove that strikes had been mentioned several times in broadcasts in the last two weeks. And in a long letter to the Union he declared that "competent newspapermen" had been hired to handle the news and that these men had received "no instructions whatsoever regarding the suppressing of any kind of news. The only instructions these men have is to broadcast news of national and international importance, and to broadcast all of it."

When photostats of the orders themselves were submitted to Mr. Clark with a request for an explanation of why they were issued and when the policy described in one of them as "our practice for some time" was reversed, a great silence descended on the station. Newspaper clippings from Cincinnati quote Mr. Clark as calling the matter a "closed incident" and refusing to discuss it further lest he give publicity to the Union and, presumably, to its charges.

The Federal Communications Commission, through its secretary, Herbert L. Pettey, in reply to the Union's letter said that the law prevented it "from exercising any power of censorship over radio communications, and consequently the commission is precluded from directing a station to accept or reject any particular program or from exercising any previous restraint over the material broadcast. The sole responsibility for the selection of its program material is placed upon the station licensee."

While legally correct, this application of the principles of freedom of the press to radio is of doubtful social validity. To grant to station owners the same freedom in the selection of material as to newspapers is to ignore the fact that broadcasters function only by virtue of a government license. If the station is large, as is WLW, and has the sole right to operate on one of the ninety available channels, it enjoys a lucrative monopoly. In return it has paid nothing. Its single obligation is to present programs in "the public interest, convenience, and necessity."

The only redress in such censorship cases, then, is for the attorneys for the Civil Liberties Union and the American Federation of Labor to oppose WLW's next application for a renewal of its license on the ground that its orders were not in the public interest. Station licenses must be renewed every six months. An exciting hearing might result, but it is hard to believe that the Crosley Radio Corporation would lose its license.

My Hundredth Birthday

By HEYWOOD BROUN

THE papers mentioned, a day or so ago, the birthday of an old lady of 100. Centenarians seem to grow more common. It may be that longevity increases, or possibly newspaper enterprise ferrets out a greater number of veterans. And, of course, there is always the factor that after a certain time of life people tend to forget dates.

But the old lady of whom I speak interested me because her span could hardly be ascribed to modern medicine or anything of the sort. It was reported that in her entire century of existence she had never ridden in an automobile and had seen a railroad train but once. The farmhouse in which the years flowed gently by was equipped with neither electric lights nor a radio.

Perhaps it isn't quite fair to assume that the rush of decades made no difference whatsoever in the life of the little lady in New Jersey. Although she had no personal share in telephone or motor car or radio, they must have colored life about her. Perhaps she sometimes saw a picture show. The story didn't say.

One development of civilization as we know it must have touched her. Nobody can live so far away from the trends of the day or be sufficiently aloof not to have encountered the tin can. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the can-opener plays an even wider part in daily life than the automobile, the radio, the telephone, or any of the other improvements of the last half-century.

I don't think I would like to be an old gentleman of 100 upon a remote Jersey farm. I've cursed the radio, the telephone, and the taxicab a score of times. It has never been proved beyond debate that invention has made men more happy. I don't know. But I will admit that after an individual has become accustomed to the gadgets of progress he will always find it hard to get along without them.

I don't think I would like to be an old gentleman of 100 years in either the country or the city. But if the issue ever comes up I could wish for a metropolitan decline. A club window is a more pleasant place in which to grow old than a back porch. There, at least, one can keep the illusion of being one of the boys.

It is not the aches and pains and the various infirmities of advancing years which terrify me. My dread accumulates against the day when those about me say, "What can you expect from an old reactionary like Heywood Broun?"

Against the fate of finding yourself a member of the fogies two remedies are possible. You may, if you choose, die young. I've thought of that and rejected the plan for something which seems to me much better.

It is possible for every one of us in youth or middle age to build within himself a fine, rousing fire of radicalism. And if the blaze is built of coal and other solid substance there may remain embers to warm you during the last chimney-corner days.

None have I ever known who did not find themselves edging toward the right in the years past sixty. Or if they did not edge toward conformity they were pushed.

One bright exception should be noted. Art Young is still what the world calls "a dangerous man." Certain respectables shudder as he passes by. Yet even Mr. Young, now that his hair begins to whiten, may be found at times in not altogether unfriendly debate even with liberals.

The radicalism of veterans comes to be accepted by the world at large as an eccentricity rather than a conviction. If it were not for the newspapers, growing old would be far more tragic than it is. As things stand, the hospitality of the front page, or thereabouts, is a refuge for those who linger on beyond their time. The simple matter of touching 100 years is enough to assure any dogged life-sitter of the privilege of an interview.

But this will be small comfort to me. If on the morning of my 100th birthday the nurse knocks upon the door to say, "The gentlemen of the press are waiting and would like to ask you a few questions," I shall reply with voice both shrill and tart, "Send them home!" For I will know that neither they nor the readers of their journals really care whether I made the trip on water or mixed spirits.

Men who outline the regime which brought them along so far are deceived. Not a soul is really interested to know whether it was cold baths or spinach. I'll take my secrets with me to the grave. Indeed, I won't even discuss with anybody the days of long ago when New York was a village of seven million people and Norman Thomas was considered way up town.

But perhaps there is an even better way. I heard of it the other day while I was a personal witness for the first time in my life of an actual red menace. Many times I have joked and stormed about "red scares," but this was authentic. It so happened that I was leaving the office of the *World-Telegram* and that I wanted to drop in and see a man on the *Daily Worker*. I really have a few Communist friends. I took a taxi to the *Worker*, which is perhaps unorthodox. When I mentioned the number, the driver's face lighted up. "I certainly know that place," he said, and he produced his membership card. Although the traffic was heavy on West Street we got to talking. The driver told me that until a year ago he had been a Democrat and that he voted for Mr. Roosevelt with great enthusiasm in 1932. He now felt that the President had not been wholly on the side of labor.

I admitted that there was something in what he said. He waxed more enthusiastic. He was, I judged, of Italian extraction though native born, and he needed both hands to make his points. Traffic was forgotten. He turned completely around to face me as he increased his argument and both hands were off the wheel as he said, "And who can deny today that the party line was right on the NRA?"

One truck missed us by a foot and another by three inches. All I could do was hang on to the straps and say in mollifying tones, "I quite agree with you."

But it wasn't really funny because my new friend said to me, "I've got a wife and five children. I've had a terrible time trying to make a living. Sometimes I thought I'd kill myself. But now that's over. I've got communism. It gives me something to think about and work for all day long. Now I know that all the days of my life I've got something to fight for and something to live for."

There may be something in what he said.

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Books and Drama

The Story of a Scamp

Richard Savage. By Gwyn Jones. The Viking Press. $2.50.

A RECENT work of fiction was described by an able and well-known reviewer as "the most useful novel" of the year. This rather odd praise succeeded an admission that the work in question lacked "two or three of the qualities of great fiction," and it left me, at least, a bit bewildered for the simple reason that I found it difficult to understand just how a novel which fell quite so short of great fiction could still be the "most useful" novel of the year. Literary criteria are evidently undergoing certain modifications which I find it difficult to keep up with, and I realize, accordingly, that it is hardly sufficient for me to say that Gwyn Jones's "Richard Savage" has at least one or two of the "qualities of great fiction." In order not to be misunderstood I must add that it is not in the slightest degree useful—unless, perchance, one assumes that one or two of the qualities of great fiction are useful *per se.*

In undertaking to employ for his own purposes the character of a scamp not unknown to history, Mr. Jones has, indeed, avoided even that kind of utility to which historical novels sometimes aspire. "Richard Savage" is not romantic after the manner of "Anthony Adverse" and neither is it a costume piece intended to provide in painless form an account of manners and customs in the Age of Pope. There does emerge, incidentally, a brilliant picture of eighteenth-century life, but the main stress is upon the swift, direct, and vigorous narration of striking events.

Even the partisan Dr. Johnson could not represent Savage, who may have been but probably was not the illegitimate son of Lady Macclesfield, as a wholly amiable person. Stronger characters than he might well have fallen into the habit of sponging on those whom pity or snobbery or the hope of ultimate profit predisposed to an interest in his claims, and Savage was, in addition, neither grateful nor loyal. He lived by his wits, and three-fourths of the time it was a case of what writers of adventure stories like to call "diamond cut diamond." The majority of his companions were nearly as unprincipled as he. Many of those he cheated would have been glad to cheat him, and often he betrayed those who were only awaiting an opportunity to betray him. Naturally the spectacle is not especially edifying, but it appeals to one of the strongest of primary interests, and exploits with fine skill the eternal rogue, who was, after all, the character in whose behalf prose fiction was invented.

Mr. Jones makes no parade of either depravity or his own detachment, but his avoidance of all attempt to make his central character a hero in any conventional sense is both psychologically and artistically right. To have involved us too deeply on the side of any one character would have been to destroy the effect, which depends so largely upon a sheer intellectual interest in a complicated and exciting intrigue. Our withers are unwrung. There is no anxiety that things should turn out this way or that. There is only a continuous and absorbing interest in the process by which they are turning out. Wisely, also, Mr. Jones makes no attempt to present elaborate psychological analyses. Most of his characters are fundamentally simple men, and for the kind of story he has to tell it is necessary only that they be credible. Even Richard Savage himself is not a very complicated person, but he is a vivid one and the springs of his character—sentimentality, selfishness, and self-pity—are clear.

To ask what rank such a book as this should be given is, I suppose, as irrelevant as to ask how "useful" it may be. But there is one fact worth remarking. If it is not "great fiction" it falls short only because of what it fails to undertake, not at all because of any positive defects. It may not call into play the highest faculties of the imagination, but it violates no canons of intelligence or taste. There is not a stupid sentence or an affront to the understanding in all its six hundred pages. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Synthesis

The History of Western Civilization. By Harry Elmer Barnes, with the Collaboration of Henry David. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two Volumes. $10.

HERE is a book in 2 volumes with 49 chapters that contain 443 topic headings, printed in over 2,000 pages in good 10-point type. A review of such a vast work is necessarily a bird's-eye view. But there are three tasks to be performed. They are to set forth in an unprejudiced way the content and point of view of the book, to orient the work within the literature of its field, and to criticize its most glaring faults and praise its chief contributions.

An exposition of the content of these interesting volumes carries the reader from the preliterate period of Egypt, Mesopotamia, and the Aegean to the classic culture of Greece, on through Roman times to the Western civilization of Gaul, thence to early German society, Byzantine civilization, Moslem civilization, and so to the Middle Ages. There follows an appraisal of the factors that characterize the transition to modern times and the rise of protestantism, capitalism, and nationalism; and so ends the first volume. Although the second volume concerns itself with the expansion of Europe, the complex of factors that gave rise to the modern period, the era of industrial capitalism, nationalism, democracy, imperialism, the industrial revolutions of recent times, finance capitalism, and the crisis of Western civilization, the intrinsic freshness of interest in these subjects does not lessen the attraction of the earlier portions of this work. The book flows along with effortless ease of presentation and carries a tone of tolerance and balance that gives to the entire work a suggestion of mellowed scholarship and interpretation not hitherto characteristic of this author's voluminous writings.

History is the study and interpretation of externally stored records which imply what sequences of mental images presumably moved through consciousness and within the pulsating life of human organisms which have turned to dust. For the most part individual experiences of only local and transitory sorts are found recorded in the medley of artifacts, implements, ancient stone structures, and the remnants of writing that survive. Consequently the most difficult accomplishment of the historian of *Homo sap.* is to free himself from the local, the incidental, the temporary, and to raise his eyes to a larger view of human development. This is what Professor Barnes has done with real success. Indications of the ways in which he has cut through the mists of modern *mores* that obscure the time perspective appear in such statements as: "The traditional view is that man was made by God in God's image. The historical fact is that God was made by man in terms of man's psychological imagery" (I, 107); ". . . the fundamental framework of Christian doctrine and practice had been worked out before the close of the so-called prehistoric period" (359); "Very significant also was the depersonalization of business forces and instruments. A real distinction gradually developed between the capital and assets of a business unit and the cap-

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The First Reviews

N. Y. TIMES: These two massive volumes represent both an impressive individual *tour de force* and an unusual range of scholarly cooperation . . . To say of a work that it is "monumental" or "provocative" is to use trite expressions, but no others seem to indicate so well the outstanding characteristics of Dr. Barnes's work . . . His aim has apparently been to reinforce knowledge in its task of overcoming the "cultural lag" which he sees clogging our present life and thought and darkening the immediate outlook of Western civilization with gloom. To the accomplishment of that task he is certainly to be credited with a contribution of high quality and exceptional interest.

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JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON, SATURDAY REVIEW: So far as the reviewer is aware there is no work superior or indeed equal to that in hand as an introduction to civilization as now understood and to the possibilities of future research.

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ital and assets of the individuals involved in it. Neither the Greeks nor the Florentines had ever been able to achieve this dissociation of personality from business" (II, 60); "The conception of the divine right of kings has come down to us in the form of the divine status and sanctity of constitutions" (136); "The production of goods for profit rather than wholesale legal robbery through financial manipulation was the dominant ideal of capitalistic society" (295); "Every important socio-economic system, if it has any duration, produces a compatible body of ideals designed to defend and justify it" (378); ". . . the town laborer of today in Western countries is often far better provided for than most scholars, statesmen, and diplomats of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries" (438); ". . . the conventional theory of ethical standards . . . which represents morality as almost wholly dictated by religion and limited to sex . . . is highly convenient to the plutocrat, since the reprehensible practices associated with finance capitalism and the theory of business enterprise thereby escape condemnation" (445); and ". . . most radical programs of social and economic reconstruction overlook the insuperable difficulties that reduce the practicability of their proposals. Bowley . . . proved quite satisfactorily that the only hope for any general prosperity lay in increased production and greater mass purchasing power. But the capitalists since the World War have seemed determined to prove that these can only be secured under collectivism" (973). Other equally provocative statements appear.

There are those who claim that the identification of critical scholarship with minute specialization eliminates the possibility of historical synthesis. Professor Barnes and his collaborator, Henry David, seem to have hit upon a common-sense resolution of this dilemma by the device of asking experts on special periods to read galley proofs of corresponding sections. This precaution to preserve historical accuracy is further strengthened by asking a second set of specialists to read the page proofs. Finally, or perhaps first, the original manuscript was read by competent scholars. These precautions seem adequate as an honest effort to place these volumes with reference to the specialized literature of the periods that have been treated.

Instead of categorical criticisms some qualified questions suggest themselves as indicating the inevitable lacks in any extensive historical treatment. Has not the remarkable progress of medical science been one of the rare cases in which humanitarian advance has been closely related to the development of capitalism? Should the institutional significance of poor-relief practices in their administrative and legal developments be passed over because of a praiseworthy preoccupation with preventive measures that claim the attention of social reformers today? Is it justifiable to believe that the external evidences of communistic planning are conscious and based on reflection, analysis, and forecast, or is it possible that the Communist state may be, as is usual, merely a new muddling through?

F. Stuart Chapin

Good Intentions

They Shall Inherit the Earth. By Morley Callaghan. Random House. $2.50.

MR. CALLAGHAN has set about writing this book with an unmistakable seriousness. He has chosen for his characters perturbed and frustrated people typical of our depression world, and to their anxieties as social creatures he has added further anxieties involving the family, the soul, and the conscience. By attempting so much, it is plain that Mr. Callaghan has plunged into the heart of life, where easy solutions are impossible to reach and where truth is no simple thing to determine. In other words this seriously conceived and carefully pondered book comes from a writer who is giving us his all. It is a book whose intentions we must respect and admire.

It is not, however, a very good book. Its central situation, that of a disrupted father-son relationship, fully maintains our interest and has at moments a painful sobriety and lifelikeness to which we respond. Then, too, the plot lends a hand, by making Andrew Aikenhead seem guilty of a murder which really involves his son. The whole situation is ingeniously worked up, and is valid and fruitful enough to beget a first-rate book. I can think of no better set of problems than these for a morally aware novelist to solve. I can think of no better characters than Aikenhead and Mike for solving them—only assuming that Aikenhead and Mike were a little better understood and a great deal better articulated.

But as it is, it strikes me that Mr. Callaghan plays such a waiting game with his chief characters that they shrivel up under his hands, and at length become commonplace and partly unrecognizable. Mr. Callaghan's ending is simplicity itself, but of a fatuous rather than inspired kind. Everybody is left as happy as the virtuous people in fairy tales, and everybody is left darn near as virtuous. Unemployment, the depression, communism, the nature of guilt, the problem of family obligation, all go sailing out of the window, to be recovered and used again, perhaps, some other time. The church alone, I should guess, is left holding the fort, which is fair enough, for it is only by church standards that Mr. Callaghan's problems have been "squarely" met.

Morley Callaghan is a painstaking and intelligent person, but he lacks a good many of the things that are most valuable to the novelist. His story is essentially undramatic; his style is entirely undynamic. He plods along with an interminable succession of sentences beginning with "so" or "and" and rising and falling with all the sprightliness of a sleeper's breathing. What is most unattractive about him, however, is that he so completely, and so noticeably, lacks a sense of humor. And by missing the comic sense of life, he misses equally the tragic sense: he sees things and people and their problems with that heavy earnestness which, in its desire to bring the light, is almost never illuminating.

Louis Kronenberger

A Connoisseur of Character

The Root and the Flower. By L. H. Myers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

IT is perhaps too early to judge Mr. Myers as a novelist, even though the present volume contains three long parts of the presumably endless work he is prepared to write about certain imaginary lives which were lived in sixteenth-century India during the reign of the Emperor Akbar. By ordinary standards the three novels printed here, "The Near and the Far," "Prince Jali," and "Rajah Amar," are superb. But Mr. Myers makes it clear in his preface that he does not want to be judged by ordinary standards; and in any event the thing he has set out to do is so delicate, so difficult, and so removed from the concerns of his contemporaries that he deserves a suspended judgment until he can say he is done. Meanwhile one can merely guess that the finished work will take its place among the finest examples of modern fiction.

To call the work philosophical, as Mr. Myers does in his preface, is not to mean that it is disembodied—a debate, for instance, or a schematic representation of some truth which the author holds captive at the back of his brain. Doubtless a problem of some sort is being worked out in these dazzling lives, and doubtless a scheme will in some future part make itself lucidly apparent. At present, however, the "meaning" remains properly obscure beneath the thousand and one things which are going on—the adulteries, the intrigues, the poisonings, the public rituals, the secret rites, the hates and the loves which one had expected to encounter at the Mogul court. These go on to the accompaniment of talk which is expressly philosophical; but the very men who talk are principals in the plot, so that at no time is it certain whether the events or the ideas are of the greater interest to Mr. Myers. Just as one is ready to suppose that the book has for its theme the opposition between the active and the contemplative life, and just as one begins to suspect that a decision has been made in favor of the latter, Gokal the Brahman takes a mistress; or Rajah Amar, who for five hundred pages has been preparing to retire from the world as a Buddhist monk, loses his temper and draws his sword; or Hari, a man who heretofore has stumbled from one blind passion into another, reveals in himself the materials of which both saints and philosophers are made.

This is to say, of course, that the work *is* philosophical in the only way proper to fiction. Principle and accident are thoroughly mixed, and men find themselves doing things which their conscious thought would never have permitted them to predict they would do. Nor is the result confusion, except in so far as life is confused. It is rather complexity, and a sense on the reader's part that the world is indeed the rich thing which great literature has always told him it was. For Mr. Myers, who dares to hope in his preface that he is a "connoisseur of character," knows what character is. He knows that it is determined at the center by forces of which its possessor cannot possibly be conscious, since they have to do with instinct and desire; but he knows just as well, what most of his contemporaries have forgotten, that its outline is drawn by reason and that its ultimate impression is made in terms of morality. Hence the presence here, among hundreds of cruel or vulgar persons who never quite shut them from our sight, of a few noble men—Gokal, Amar, Hari—such as have no counterpart in the comparable world of Proust, where everything is exquisite but nothing is great; or in the equally comparable world of Lady Murasaki, where there are persons as gentle as these three but none as profound. Nor are these three merely spectators of what goes on. They exist and suffer, as I have said, at the center of the vortex which Mr. Myers has set going. Their distinction is that they never cease to be conscious of themselves or to consider whether the things they do are wise. And since Mr. Myers himself is wise, it is his distinction to be engaged upon a book which, even were it to stop now, would be one book picked out of ten thousand.

MARK VAN DOREN

Scholarship at Its Best

Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences. Edwin R. A. Seligman, Editor-in-Chief; Alvin Johnson, Associate Editor. The Macmillan Company. Fifteen Volumes. $7.50 each.

THE appearance of the last of the fifteen volumes of the Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences affords an opportunity for a general appraisal of this monumental work. The project of such an encyclopedia was first launched in 1923 after a considerable amount of previous discussion of the idea, and the undertaking was definitely organized in the spring of 1927 under the sponsorship of the leading professional organizations in the social-science field. After three years' preparatory work the first volume of the encyclopedia was published in February, 1930. The rest have appeared as originally scheduled at approximately four-month intervals.

Taken as a whole the encyclopedia may be said to represent the highest standards of scholarship. While the contributors are frequently but not invariably the best-known men in their fields, it is apparent that a serious effort has been made to obtain persons who would turn out conscientious and thorough work, rather than merely a galaxy of "names." The result is that in the five years which have elapsed since publication of the early volumes, the reputation and the significance of the contributors have been enhanced rather than diminished. The permanent value of the work has been increased, moreover, by the fact that the editors were not ordinarily afraid to choose men who had been dubbed "radical" by those outside scholarly circles. This fact alone probably accounts for their success in preventing the earlier volumes from becoming hopelessly outdated by the unprecedented economic and political developments of the past five years.

An example of the difficulty of preparing a work that will meet the requirements of even the near future is to be found in the article on Fascism, which appeared in the volume published in December, 1931. The author, Edin von Beckerath of the University of Cologne, declares that "it is only when viewed as a peculiarly Italian phenomenon that the essence of fascism becomes clearly delineated." He goes on to point out that the ideology of fascism is a peculiar fusion of syndicalist theory and the doctrines of Italian nationalism. Unfortunately this observation, while historically accurate, throws little light on the economic and political forces working throughout the world toward the creation of institutions strikingly similar to those developed in Italy. It is one of the oddities of fate that Herr von Beckerath's own country should have been first caught in the maelstrom.

It is evident, however, that such contributions as those of Mary van Kleeck on Women in Industry, Sidney Hook on Violence, Sidney Fay on the World War, H. N. Brailsford on the Indian Question, and Harold Laski on the British Government are bound to be of more than transitory importance. A few of the writers are frankly Marxist in their approach to social and economic problems, and their contributions have a realism that is rarely exhibited by American scholars. The treatment of controversial political issues, is, on the whole, remarkably objective, though this objectivity has been achieved without completely crushing the individuality of the various writers. The bias, where there is one, is unmistakably liberal, in contrast to the strong conservative bias of all the standard encyclopedias.

Consideration of the merits of even the more important of the articles is, of course, impossible within the compass of a brief review. There is, as one would expect, a certain unevenness in the contributions. But the reviewer has failed to find one on a subject with which he is familiar which is not of a surprisingly high caliber. Occasionally, as in the article on Tariff, the author has confined himself to the more technical aspects of a question and has failed to discuss its more popular features and to integrate it with the larger problems in the field. But in the limited space at the disposal of a contributor it is inevitable that he should neglect some important phases of his subject. The remarkable thing is that this defect should occur so rarely.

The value of a work of this type is not, however, determined entirely by the merit of individual contributions. Its usefulness must also depend on the scope, balance, and interrelation of its material. Obviously a task of such magnitude could not be carried through without the active cooperation of a considerable group of scholars. Merely to reconcile the diverse approaches of the various social sciences to the problem of man and his environment must in itself have proved an exacting job. To the credit of Professor Seligman and his collaborators it must be said that this problem has been fairly met. While one might quarrel with the original decision to devote one-fifth of the space to biographical material, the apportionment of space tends to be both intelligent and fair. Viewed in its entirety the encyclopedia is the best possible refutation of those who say that the study of man cannot be scientific.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Bewildered Doughboys

Forward—March! The Photographic Record of America in the World War and the Post War Social Upheaval. By Frank J. Mackey and Marcus Wilson Jernegan. The Disabled American Veterans of the World War, Rehabilitation Division. Two Volumes. $29.50.

THE Disabled American Veterans have done their share of patrioteering in the post-war years, although considerably less of it than other professional veterans' organizations whose membership is not so narrowly confined to those who saw the fighting. In compiling these albums they have avoided pictures of mangled corpses or such "deliberately gruesome" selections as "might further distress Gold Star mothers"; and their inclusion of a final section on the "post-war social upheaval . . . leaving no doubt of the headway which communism has made in this country" would seem to promise another confident piece of militarist propaganda, ending up with a clarion call for bigger preparedness appropriations and to run the reds out of the country.

But their photographic history is something much more interesting than that. It is, to begin with, a real photographic history of the American participation in the conflict. The pictures are well selected and singularly impressive even after the other compilations of the sort. The corpses are largely absent, but the hospital trains are here, and sometimes they are quite enough. The sum effect is no nostalgic glorification of a boy scout's war, but a fair use of the wonderfully vivid material that the camera caught. The volumes are also, however, the record of a curious and significant mood—the mood of the American front-line soldier fifteen years afterward, looking back upon his great hour through all the incomprehensible doubts and disappointments that followed in its train.

The pictures record the vastness of the war effort, the concentration of purpose, the infinity of labor, boredom, excitement, pain and heroism, folly and sacrifice that went into it. The captions and the scattered bits of text record only a baffled inability to understand how it started or what it was about, to rationalize it in any adequate way, or to recapture the high sense of common effort and social service which is war's greatest attribute. All the slogans of 1918 are now rejected, but nothing has been found to replace them. "Forward—March!" The title rings with the fine unanimity and devotion of battle. But where to? To the Fish Committee report on Communist activities in the United States, about which even the authors have their doubts? Perhaps, they note, there should be more rigid anti-sedition laws, but "it behooves those Americans who are intent on saving our democracy to move cautiously and not permit hysteria to bring about the passage of laws which might create the very instruments to be employed in the destruction of free government." The great objective, it may be, is to preserve democracy; but the authors no longer believe that the war was one for democracy. The "prime task" is to prevent the recurrence of wars; but how is it to be done? The authors don't know; and they take refuge in the flight from Europe.

Here is the American ex-soldier trying in bewildered helplessness to recover the significance which the war gave him, the glory of communal effort which he felt through all his pain and weariness. But his mental background offers him no way of going about it, and society presents him with none

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By GEORGE KITCHIN. Joseph Barnes, reviewing this book in the Nation, says it does not present a true picture of Soviet prison life. Malcolm Cowley, in the New Republic, opposed to the idea of it, had to admit the facts were not exaggerated. So we suggest that you read the book to find out the truth for yourself about the appalling conditions in the Soviet Northern Penal Camps. $3.00

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but mean or shallow or destructive objectives. He is dissatisfied and adrift. There are some four million of him in the country, however; and a book like this may prove a valuable document for the understanding of contemporary currents in our history.

WALTER MILLIS

Drama

False Start

ONCE before, I believe, I protested against the fact that the so-called "dramatic season" is managed without any sense of drama. It ought to begin excitingly *in medias res* and it ought to end with a bang on something which would give the effect of a three-act curtain line. But of course what actually happens is that it peters out painfully in the late spring with a series of feeble efforts strung out in order of declining tolerableness until a point is reached beyond which the optimism of those writers who produce their own works can go no farther, and then it begins again in the fall with something which resembles a last rose of summer cruelly exposed to inclement weather. I suppose the appropriate remark would be that the condition is inevitable "under the capitalist system," but if ever the Managers' Protective Association should get a coordinator or a czar, I propose that he should see to it that things are ordered better, merely, if for no other reason, in order to coddle the spirits of those dramatic critics whose bilious temperaments so exercise the producers. Who knows how many of them have been turned permanently sour by the late-spring crop of plays-which-should-never-have-been-produced, which kept them away from farms they were itching to cultivate or from that novel they hoped to get done over the summer? Who knows how many eager desires to get back into the swing of things have been prematurely withered by the first two or three offerings, upon which the curtain would never have gone up if only the impresarios responsible had taken a little more time to think? By the time this notice appears we shall be in the midst of a week of six plays probably marking the real beginning of the season. Meanwhile we have all been slightly depressed by "Moon over Mulberry Street" (Lyceum) and "A Slight Case of Murder" (Forty-eighth Street Theater).

To the latter, however, I am mildly grateful for one bit of self-improvement which it has made possible. Let me explain. We dramatic critics have a way of speaking with casual condescension of "sure-fire stuff," "easy success," and "cheap theatrical devices." The implication is that they are literally cheap, easy, and sure fire. But we flatter ourselves; they are really only comparatively so. I have not changed my opinion that a "Hamlet" is more difficult to write than a "She Loves Me Not," or that Mr. O'Neill is a more remarkable phenomenon than the author of "Personal Appearance." But it is, alas, not true that "anyone could write that if he would only abandon himself to it." Had "A Slight Case of Murder" been really funny, I should doubtless have been among the first to speak condescendingly of it, but the fact that it so obviously tries after the second-rate virtues without achieving them gives me a new respect for even second-rate competence. What it actually demonstrates is, however, that sure-fire stuff isn't sure fire and that easy success isn't easy. Artistically and intellectually its intentions are of the worst, but it is merely leaden and forced.

Damon Runyon, the columnist, and his collaborator, Howard Lindsay, have concocted a tale about an ex-beer baron turned into an honest brewer by repeal and determined to keep straight despite constant wistful memories of the days when difficulties could be ironed out by methods more direct than legal ones. In an upstairs room of a house he has taken for the Saratoga races are discovered the corpses of four ex-enemies whom he might reasonably be suspected of having cause to bump off, and the story turns upon the events in the course of which he is able not only to extricate himself from the difficulty but to profit handsomely by the events. Only once did I find myself laughing spontaneously. It was when the baron's henchmen, having distributed the four embarrassing corpses to the respective doorsteps of persons whom they do not like very well, discover that there is a reward for each, "dead or alive," and set out to collect them again. Perhaps this only proves how easily I am amused. If so it also makes my point, which is that "A Slight Case of Murder" is not very funny.

As for "Moon over Mulberry Street," it is a guileless little piece about an Italian family into which a Park Avenue girl proposes to marry. It has a few—too few—moments of innocent merriment and innocent sentiment, but the most interesting thing about it is the fact that twelve hundred Italian Americans are said to have protested against it. All that the play seems to state is that somewhere in New York might be found a tenement-house janitor who speaks with an accent, dines without his collar, eats spaghetti with garlic in it, loves home-made red wine, and is a very fountain head of kindly wisdom. Which of these charges is supposed to constitute a libel on a great people I do not know.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

An Open Letter to Consumers' Research Subscribers:

The Board of Directors of Consumers' Research has circularized CR's subscription list with a 4,000-word defense of its actions in the strike of the union of 43 CR employees now going on. In this statement the Board says that it is willing to rest the strike case with subscribers.

The strikers' union, which has purchased this space through the Strike Aid Committee (out of funds contributed by sympathetic subscribers) is equally willing that CR subscribers be the court of appeal. It believes, however, that they should know the union's side of the story. They will not find it in the Board's statement.

Among other deliberate misrepresentations and distortions to be found in that statement is the charge that the union refuses to arbitrate. Actually, the union has publicly announced its eagerness to place the strike case before any impartial jury for settlement. And actually, Mr. Schlink and Miss Phillips (Mrs. Schlink) in the presence of four people stated that arbitration was out of the question, that "you can't arbitrate with unreasonable people."

The Board's statement makes no mention whatsoever of the very important point of Mr. Dewey Palmer's dismissal from the Board for his refusal to sign a document charging the union with "blackmail."

And all through the Board's statement runs the suggestion that the union wants to take over CR or, failing that, break it. This is viciously untrue. The union's strongest desire is to maintain CR, keep it functioning for the purposes it was set up to discharge. One of the reasons behind the strike was that CR's labor policies, notoriously tyrannical and productive of an inexcusably high labor turnover, had arrived at a point where continued efficient work was impossible.

Plainly, the union cannot in a small advertisement adequately answer a 4-page statement; and the union is allowed, of course, no access to the subscription list.

But it is imperative that subscribers know the whole story of the strike; know the gross fallacies and distortions in the Board's statement for what they are. A few of these have been indicated above. The union urges that all interested CR subscribers write in to the Consumers' Research Strike Aid Committee. They will be sent a complete, point-by-point answer to the Board's charges.

STRIKE AID COMMITTEE

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES—DOMESTIC: One Year $5; Two Years $8 Three Years $11. CANADIAN: 50 cents a year additional. FOREIGN: $1 a year additional. THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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THE WELKIN is not to ring with passionate campaign oratory when President Roosevelt makes his cross-continental journey. When the trip was planned, before the adjournment of Congress, the President was in a bellicose mood, and the left-wingers in Congress who were fighting loyally for New Deal legislation certainly expected this journey to be the start of the 1936 campaign and were confident it would be pitched in a recognizably radical key. Since then the President, in the letter to Roy Howard, has granted business a breathing spell. Since then, too, Senator Huey Long has departed the political stage, and the President need not intervene on behalf of his threatened staff officers, Senators Harrison and Robinson. With the pledge of peace to business the President implicitly promised not to raise new reform issues, and so considerably modified his campaign. He will have to stand on his record rather than produce it as the beginning of a program still to be completed. Three speeches will be enough for him to say all that he cares to about his record; at least that is the number so far arranged. He omits Arkansas and Mississippi from his itinerary. He will also drop his address to the American Legion, which suggests that a concession to bonus seekers if one is to be made, as predicted, will be thrown into the campaign at a later date. The President will find himself personally popular, particularly when he leaves the East. He came back from a similar trip last year encouraged to be more forcefully progressive. He may feel the same tonic from the present journey. Had it been made before he addressed himself to Mr. Howard he might have produced a different letter.

JAMES M. LANDIS, once the plumed knight defending investors against the dragons, has at last become chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, a position for which he was originally slated, only to give way to Joseph P. Kennedy. "A damn good man," Mr. Kennedy called him on resigning, adding as a personal guaranty: "I see no reason why any business interests need have the slightest misgivings that he will not give them the fairest and squarest deal a man can get." Judging from Mr. Landis's record as commissioner we must indorse this sentiment. Not that we have any but the highest regard for his purity of motive, but we do feel he will lean backward to give business the fairest and squarest deal possible, and we wish he might show that zeal instead in safeguarding investors. That is, we should like to invert Mr. Kennedy's indorsement thus: "I see no reason why any man need have the slightest misgivings that he [Landis] will not give him the fairest and squarest deal a business interest might get." After the securities act was passed, the Administration suddenly decided to suspend the crusade and devote a year to "selling" government control to Wall Street. For this mission of appeasement Mr. Kennedy was chosen. He performed it well, if it can be considered a public service to have convinced Wall Street that the crusade was over. It always was intended that Mr. Landis should follow Mr. Kennedy, and then the SEC would become what it started out to be. But in the meantime Mr. Landis has doffed his plume and armor and we shall be surprised if he is much more aggressive than Mr. Kennedy.

SECRETARY ROPER has waived the right of the government to collect a $1,000,000 fine from the International Mercantile Marine, which has failed to meet the terms of the Leviathan lay-up contract executed March 18. Under this contract, as readers of *The Nation* will recall, the I. M. M. was relieved of its obligation to run the Leviathan, and in return was supposed to put $500,000 toward "the immediate construction" of a sister ship to the Manhattan and Washington. That the contract was vastly against the government's interest was shown in a recent article which appeared in these pages. As window dressing—for it was confidently expected that the Copeland-Bland bill would become law and make possible a construction subsidy—there was inserted a penalty of $1,000,000 if a construction contract was not awarded by September 18. It was also specified that this deadline could be extended by the Secretary of Commerce. He has done just that, and extended it ninety days. But this time, he insists, he means business. Failure of the I. M. M. to act within ninety days "will mean that immediate demand must and shall be made for the $1,000,000 liquidated damages." Let us wait and see. In the meantime there are several questions which we should like to see answered. First, where was Roper with his bristling "must and shall" in the six long months between March 18 and September 18? Here was a splendid opportunity for him to make the best of a bad contract and recoup for the government one of the several millions of dollars that have been piped from the Treasury to the I. M. M.'s coffers. And second, why, when he announced the extension of the deadline, did he fail to mention that the I. M. M. had applied for it, and cloak it in a mandate that "with recent marine disasters as a guide, there shall be incorporated in the plans for the new ship . . . the latest developments in the art of ship construction," thus necessitating a revision of the plans which have already been drawn up? And why has it taken him a whole year since the burning of the Morro Castle to issue such an order?

THE PUBLIC will be mystified by the coal strike, after resting comfortably on the belief that the Guffey-Snyder act, whatever might be said against it, would at least maintain peace in the industry. In the final exchange of speeches before the breakdown of negotiations John L. Lewis charged openly that certain big interests did not want a settlement. He named Myron Taylor of United States Steel, "the Eugene Graces and the Weirs," the Mellon interests, the Berwind-White Company, the Pocohontas operators, and New York banks such as the First National, the Chase, the Manufacturers' Trust, and the Guaranty Trust. The negotiations broke down over a difference of three cents an hour in wages, which shows that peace would have been possible had it been desired. One result of the strike will be to bring firmer coal prices, without operators suffering the incalculable losses they are supposed to dread. The plight of the coal miners needs no reiteration, and the public should be startled to learn that the wages demanded at the present time would mean an annual income of $935.50, as against the $804 made possible by the increases in the 1934 agreement. The industry also is in a plight, partly because of the competition of oil and cheap power, partly because of internal competition. If all our national resources could be under social control and administered for the social good, and if the government had authority to take out of mining the men no longer needed there and fit them for other work, the problem could be solved. It does not appear that the Guffey-Snyder act will be enough.

CALIFORNIA is once more publicly entertaining its most famous prisoner, and with its usual courtesy. The Mooney hearings, in spite of the familiar perjuries, the familiar photographs, the often repeated story of a conviction on nothing but false evidence, have so far rather been going against Mooney—which after all is, in California, the most familiar part of the case. Attempts of defense attorneys to get the referee to rule on the admissibility of evidence were denied; a motion to bring Warren K. Billings into the courtroom was likewise refused, although it was later granted. In short, the same hostility to Mooney, whether or not he committed the crime for which he has now served eighteen years of a life sentence, is being displayed by the state authorities. It is quite likely that Mooney and his attorneys, Frank P. Walsh of New York and John Finerty of Washington, and his wife and sister, and everyone else close to the case expect just this hostility in San Francisco. When Mooney's petition for a writ of habeas corpus was considered by the United States Supreme Court a few months ago, he was told to exhaust every resource of the state courts before his case could be ruled on by the national tribunal. The present hearings are an attempt to do this; no one will be surprised if the writ he seeks is denied once more. And just as Mooney owes his life today to the intercession not of the Governor of California but of the President of the United States, so if he is finally freed it is probable that it will be at the hands of a higher power than that of his state. Mooney is California's bogy man extraordinary; the hysteria with which he is hated and feared is not amenable to reasoned argument.

THE SPECTACULAR RALLY of the Croix de Feu, held for the purpose of demonstrating "the organizing ability, fidelity to orders, and strength" of that extremist organization, did little to dispel the prevailing view that fascism is on the decline in France. While enthusiastic nationalist supporters claim that 80,000 men were gathered at Lizy-sur-Ourcq, on the outskirts of Paris, to hear the fiery exhortations of Colonel François de la Rocque, disinterested observers place the number at nearer 25,000. A dozen other rallies in widely separated parts of France were even less well attended. Impressive though they may have seemed to the participants, they contrasted sharply with the huge mass demonstration of 500,000 supporters of the Front Populaire described elsewhere in this issue. The anti-fascist united front, made up of parties ranging all the way from the middle-of-the-road Radical Socialists to the Communists, has been further strengthened recently by joint opposition to Laval's weak-kneed attitude toward Italian aggression in Ethiopia. As long as this organization holds intact, France may be counted on to remain a democracy.

WHILE HITLER is waving the swastika in the direction of Memel and German Jews are struggling to determine their status under the new laws proclaiming them aliens in the country of their birth, an ominous note is struck by the *Schwarz Korps*, organ of the Schutz Staffel. In a dispatch dated September 18 this newspaper is quoted as threatening reprisals against Jews in the Reich if boycotts against German goods in other countries, resulting from Nazi anti-Semitism, are not lifted. The dispatch continues: "*Der Führer* left no doubt in his speech before the Reichstag that in case the new law should provoke dissatisfaction there would be no recourse but to resort to additional far-reaching measures. The Jews had better take these words as a warning." It is hard to see how national meanness could go farther. The German Jews are completely at the mercy of the government: their fortunes and property can be seized; they are denied opportunity to practice their professions—Jewish doctors and lawyers may not have "Aryans" as patients or clients; their businesses are subject to violence by any storm trooper with a grudge; in many cases they are not even permitted to leave the country in which they are persecuted unless they go penniless. The new Ghetto is almost complete—the next step will probably be a Jewish costume, to match the Jewish flag which the Nazis gracefully permit to fly. The threat of further persecution in the event of continuing boycotts is no light one. The Committee of Jewish Delegations has issued an official protest to the League of Nations against the plight of Semites in Germany. Now that it has found its voice in the Italian-Ethiopian controversy, the League could make no better use of its freshly assumed authority than to make this protest felt.

THE NATIONAL UNIVERSITY of Mexico, oldest institution of higher learning on the American continent, is faced with the loss of its cherished autonomy as a result of its bitter opposition to the "socialist" education program of the Cárdenas government. Although seriously embarrassed for funds, the university council has resigned rather than accept a government subsidy on terms which it insists would infringe on its freedom of instruction. The council is particularly resentful of the demand that all students have at least three years' training in the official preparatory schools, where the curriculum is rigidly controlled by the state, claiming that students should have the benefit of five years of "freedom" under the supervision of the university. Thus the issue is precisely the reverse of that encountered in American universities. It happens that the reactionary and clerical elements which have long dominated the University of Mexico are the ones seeking "academic freedom," while progressive and liberal groups are among those insisting that "the state and the university should be complementary and not antagonistic." Were the government's program calculated to develop an alert social consciousness in the minds of Mexico's oncpming generations, the "liberal" thesis would be more intelligible. But with the Cárdenas regime exhibiting definite fascist tendencies, the value of genuine academic freedom can scarcely be overstated.

ADVICES FROM ARKANSAS would seem to indicate that the only thing to be recorded in favor of the appointment of Vincent Miles to the Social Security Board is that it removes him from Arkansas. His record in that state is related briefly as follows by a correspondent in whom we have much more faith than in Mr. Roosevelt's social-security program. Vincent Miles is state commander of the American Legion, which under his leadership is regarded as the most reactionary agency in Arkansas; he was one of the leading advocates of the anti-sedition bills in the state legislature and spoke in favor of them at the legislative hearing; he worked closely with the Chamber of Commerce and with the vigilante committee to break the relief strike at Fort Smith last winter; at the last state convention of the Arkansas Federation of Labor he was seated as a fraternal delegate although fraternal delegates from Commonwealth College, the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and the American Workers' Alliance were refused seats; he spoke from the platform following a red-baiting speech by David Fowler, John Lewis's choice for president of District 21 of the United Mine Workers of America, and began by saying that Mr. Fowler had made his speech for him—and then continued in the same vein. From other usually reliable sources comes the report that Mr. Roosevelt made this extraordinary appointment not to further the social security of the people but to bolster up the political security of Mr. Roosevelt. It seems that Mr. Miles was thinking of running against Senator Robinson in Arkansas. Senator Huey Long, the story continues, was going to help Mr. Miles. Rather than have Senator Robinson face this combination, the President found a place for Mr. Miles on the Social Security Board. If Huey Long had been shot earlier, the story concludes a bit ruefully, Miles would not have been appointed, for alone he was not considered a menace.

THE USE OF THE RADIO as an instrument for social good instead of a means of dispensing trivial and stereotyped "entertainment" was admirably illustrated by the first of the Thursday night programs sponsored by World Peaceways, with the cooperation of E. R. Squibb and Sons. In a world edging nearer war every day the strength of the sentiment for peace among peoples is increasingly evidenced. It is highly fitting that a great popular feeling should be reinforced and publicized by one of the great modern inventions for communication. In the event of war we know only too well how the conflict would be "sold" to the public: the resources of publicity, the press, and the radio would be called into service; we should eat war, read and feel war, dream of war, and war would literally fill the air. World Peaceways was started some years ago, based on the assumption that peace could be sold to the public in the same way. By magazine and newspaper advertising it has been presented from time to time; the radio broadcast is an attempt to gain even wider publicity for an idea—the necessity for world peace—which every last man and woman, from the manufacturer of munitions down to his most unwilling customer, will protest that he believes in with all his heart. But it cannot be insisted upon too often, it cannot be presented too often to a public that forgets easily and is responsive to every wind that blows. The field of battle, says World Peaceways, is the field of *dis*honor. If that slogan can appear in print and on the air enough times, not only the man in the street but governments may finally come to believe it.

AS THIS IS BEING WRITTEN, members of the American Newspaper Guild all over the country are balloting on the question of affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. Upon the results of the referendum hinges the future of the organization movement among white-collar workers. The Guild has acted honorably in its relations with the publishers and in the conduct of its few strikes, and in less than two years of existence has won both dignity and prestige. The Guild must survive. Yet it is difficult to see how it can continue to do so without joining forces with the rest of organized labor. The anti-Guild activities of the publishers and their editorial hirelings continue unrelentingly. Secession movements have been talked about in several cities, and a vote against affiliation would fan the fires of dissension. The Guild cannot continue as a group of isolated unions, "professional" societies, and drinking clubs, based on craft sympathy for striking workers. In its strikes it has proved that it knows the ABC's of trade unionism. Now it must learn to speak the language. *The Nation* hopes that the vote this week will produce the necessary two-thirds' majority for affiliation with the A. F. of L.

On the Brink of War

IN failing to reject unequivocally the peace plan drawn up by the League of Nations conciliation committee, the Italian government has shown the first signs of weakening since the Italo-Ethiopian controversy began nearly ten months ago. The odds are still strongly in favor of war, but there can be no doubt that Italy has been deeply perturbed by the unexpected strength of world opposition. Mussolini had obviously counted on the circumstances which led to the formation of the Stresa front preventing any strenuous objections to his Ethiopian adventure. He had a definite commitment from Laval allowing him a free hand in Africa, and he apparently believed that England could be appeased by minor concessions in the Lake Tana region. Being a thorough Machiavellian, it never occurred to him that principles could play a decisive role in international politics.

But events have moved too rapidly even for Mussolini. It has become evident that many months must pass before Hitler will be in a position to attempt his projected expansion toward the East. Meanwhile the necessity for preserving at least the rudiments of a system of collective security has forced France to reconsider its pledge to Italy and to move closer to Great Britain. Last but not least, peace sentiment in both England and France has compelled the governments of these countries to take a much firmer position than was thought possible last spring. The cry of war has been raised so frequently in the past few years that the world has been slow to recognize the gravity of the present crisis, but when the danger was finally realized, the strength of the anti-war reaction was unmistakable. Pacifism, despite the mockery of a Hitler and a Mussolini, still stands as a formidable obstacle to the ruthlessness of dictators.

Encouraging as has been the stand taken by the League powers during recent weeks, the effect has been largely offset by the shameless compromise offered to Mussolini. While it is doubtless true that substantial concessions were necessary if Italy was to be induced to abandon its war plans, the peace program drafted by the committee of five virtually bartered away the principles upon which the League is founded. Ethiopia was to retain its "sovereignty," but its police and gendarmerie were to be reorganized by "foreign" —presumably Italian—specialists. "Foreigners" were also to be given special privileges in the economic development of the country. Finances, justice, education, and public health were to be "reorganized" with outside aid. Italy was to be given a certain amount of Ethiopian territory in return for minor concessions of British and French Somaliland. Though these adjustments would be vastly more favorable to Ethiopia than the terms Italy would be likely to impose after a successful war, they play into Italy's hands by seeming to concede the fact that Ethiopia cannot manage its own affairs. The plan also seems to justify the suspicion that the powers are merely trying to get a finger in the Ethiopian pie.

The League appears to have failed in its first determined effort to curb the imperialistic designs of a major power. But this does not mean that the League is dead, or that the battle is lost. On the contrary, the real test of collective security and the League peace machinery will come when hostilities actually begin. In order to justify its existence the League must not only prevent the spark kindled at Ualual from spreading into international conflagration but demonstrate to the satisfaction of the entire world that a nation cannot repudiate its commitments under the Covenant with impunity. This, of course, is the function of sanctions. Mussolini, Hitler, and other would-be Napoleons must be shown that the day when might has the last word in international relationships is gone, and that any state which attempts to restore the law of the jungle must suffer the consequences. This may seem an unrealistic objective after Japan's success in North China. But the whole temper of international politics has undergone a change since 1932. The world has caught a glimpse of what it would mean to go back to the anarchy of pre-1914 days and has recoiled from the prospect. The League is considering a step that would have been unthinkable even six months ago—that of declaring sanctions against a great power. It is even possible that we shall see a determined effort to make these punitive measures effective.

The question then arises whether Italy can go ahead in spite of sanctions, win the war, and emerge the stronger for having defied the League. Much depends, of course, on the type of sanctions adopted. The most effective—closing the Suez Canal—involves such serious legal difficulties that it may not even be tried. Financial and commercial measures will not be immediately troublesome, because Italy has doubtless laid in large supplies of munitions and essential raw materials. Moreover, a war with Ethiopia need not entail the purchase of goods on anything like the scale necessary in a European conflict. Buoyed up by the easy victories which their armies will inevitably win in the early stages of the conflict, the Italian people will accept a certain amount of hardship without complaint. But if the war drags on for six months or a year, the pinch will begin to be felt. Without coal, iron ore, oil, or cotton—to say nothing of rubber, copper, tin, and other minerals—Italy's whole industrial structure will be menaced. And even if Italy pushes the war to an early and successful conclusion, the sanctions should be maintained as long as Italian troops remain on Ethiopian territory. Thus even commercial measures, courageously and persistently enforced, will probably suffice in time to bring Mussolini to terms and salvage the principle of collective organization.

Meanwhile, constant vigilance will be required to prevent collective action from degenerating into an imperialist squabble among the leading powers. At the moment the League powers are united in fighting for a principle the importance of which can scarcely be overstated. Circumstances have forced them to recognize that a collective system alone cannot give security if international injustice remains. Punitive sanctions against Italy can only gain universal support as long as this point of view is kept. Mussolini has staked everything on the belief that the normal jealousies and acquisitive desires of the powers will sooner or later regain ascendancy over moral principles. The future of civilization depends on proving him to be wrong.

A Conspiracy by Lawyers

PROPAGANDA can be legitimate and even desirable, but when disguised as objective service to the general interest it is a menace against which the public has little protection. Gratitude, therefore, is due to the Washington news men for tearing off the trumpery costumes of the corporation lawyers who prepared for the Liberty League a unanimous legal opinion that the national Labor Relations Act is unconstitutional. These lawyers paraded as objective judges, and as such they helped to impress the community. But the press conference at which the opinion was launched never got down to a discussion of the brief. Instead the Liberty League and its legal committee were occupied in resisting a barrage of questions as to the authorship of the brief and the right of the men who wrote it to be regarded as anything but special pleaders. These questions developed the fact that not a professor of law and not a lawyer distinguished for service to labor had been invited to join the committee. It was made up exclusively of lawyers known for their work for big corporations. The day before the press conference Paul Ward, in the Baltimore *Sun,* had published a dossier of most of the lawyers, and the Liberty League began its conference by issuing a statement trying to demonstrate the propriety of the action. That set the topic of the proceedings, and the brief was never reached. E. F. Reed, who wrote it, and who was counsel for the Weirton Steel Company in its fight against the government, finally formulated a principle which should not pass without comment: "When a lawyer," he said, "tells a client that a law is unconstitutional, it is then a nullity and he need no longer obey that law." If this is the ethics of the legal profession many lawyers will call for a drastic purge. We also should like to hear from the American Bar Association whether by the standards of that society fifty-eight lawyers may unite in a public incitation of employers to defy the law of the land. The brief against the labor law is one of a series which the Liberty League is having prepared against New Deal legislation. If lawyers turn themselves into an organized body dedicated to inciting the public to disobey the law, that is conspiracy.

The work of the Washington correspondents prevented the Liberty League brief from being published in the news as an objective opinion. But this could not defeat one of the league's objectives. It has prepared a brief which would have cost a single corporation at least $100,000, and distributed it among all manufacturers for their free use. A $50 lawyer may now file it in his local court. That is why the league printed a first edition of 40,000 and now has ordered a second large printing. Every little employer who might believe he had no chance of resisting the labor-relations law is given a cheap and effective entry into court.

The burden of the league brief is the now antiquated doctrine that the individual worker must have the right to make his personal contract with his employer, and that majority representation deprives him of it. The legal arguments used will not, we imagine, stampede a high court. The Adair and Coppage decisions, of which much use is made, were virtually overruled in Texas and New Orleans decisions. The bearing of the ruling of Justice Roberts in the New York milk case (Nebbia *vs.* New York) on the point of due process is ignored. No reference whatever is made to the most recent decision, covering most of the field of the Labor Relations Act, in the District Court of Virginia. This was the ruling of Judge Luther Way, passing on the Railroad Act of 1935, which sustained that act. The spirit of the brief is bourbon, and it tries to give the impression that the same spirit animates the whole of American jurisprudence. Chief Justice Taft, heaven knows, was no left-wing liberal, but the spirit of American law as to labor unions is certainly better expressed by him than by the corporation lawyers of the Liberty League. Of labor unions he said in the Tri-City case (257 U. S.):

> They were organized out of the necessities of the situation. A single employee was helpless in dealing with an employer. . . . If an employer refused to pay him the wages he thought fair he was nevertheless unable to leave the employ and resist arbitrary and unfair treatment. Union was essential to give laborers the opportunity to deal on equality with their employer. . . . The strike became a lawful instrument in a lawful economic struggle or competition between employer and employee as to the share or division between them of the joint produce of labor and capital. . . . To render this combination at all effective, employees must make their combination extend beyond one shop.

The real argument of the Liberty League is that the company union is the true protector of the individual. Chief Justice Taft's dissent is not quoted in the brief.

Are Newsreels News?

NEW THEATER, the left-wing journal of the dramatic arts, has recently devoted a good deal of space to the discussion of reactionary propaganda in popular movies. To us, however, it seems that comparatively little stress was laid upon the clearest and most obviously reprehensible cases of all—namely, those in which so-called "newsreels" arrange sequences of events in such a way as to point a definite moral while ostensibly confining themselves to the presentation of news.

We have no doubt that certain of the dramatic movies are produced with an eye to the axes which Mr. Hearst—who has heavy financial interests in production—wishes to grind. *New Theater* also quotes a remarkable statement made during the war by Cecil De Mille, in the course of which this distinguished religious leader declared that the most noteworthy accomplishment of the moving picture during the year had been its success in spreading government propaganda. But it is not always certain that the political implications of a story to which radicals object are devised with sinister premeditation. Melodrama generally tends to be conservative in politics as well as in morals, and we suspect that *New Theater* sometimes interprets mere dramatic clichés as fascist propaganda. There can, however, be no question concerning either the intention or the disingenuousness of certain newsreel sequences.

Two recent cases which we ourselves observed come immediately to mind. One was a little sermon on the Constitution, as blatantly demagogic as the speech of an Old Republican before the D. A. R. The other arose in connection with our recent interchange of notes with the Soviet government. Here the sequence ended with a series of flashes showing scenes of rioting accompanied by the suave voice of the commentator explaining that many of the disturbances were inspired by Communist propaganda. One need not, it seems to us, be pro-Communist in sympathy to find sickening the implication that industrial unrest in this country could be cured by getting rid of Moscow influence or to resent such infantile editorializing of what is supposed to be "news."

Theoretically there is, of course, no reason why an editorial on celluloid is not as legitimate as one on newsprint. The danger lies in the fact that every effort is made to convey the suggestion that no editorializing is intended. The editorials are sandwiched in between items of merely curious interest and the impression given is that everything has been caught by the undiscriminating eye of the camera. There is a great show of jolly news-hawking. The footloose photographer wanders here and there impartially recording everything from a surf-board wedding in California to the birthday of the quintuplets. And the fact that the longshoremen on the Pacific Coast would be perfectly happy if all the foreign agitators were sent back where they came from is merely mentioned in passing like any other bit of information.

Not all the newsreels are equally guilty. The Hearst Metrotone News seems to have been the worst offender, with Pathé News coming second, while casual observation leads one to conclude that Paramount News is far less given to propaganda. *New Theater* is urging a boycott of the Hearst weekly, and, indeed, several theaters—notably those at Amherst and Williams colleges—are said to have removed it from their program in response to student protests. Nevertheless, that boycott is a two-edged weapon which those who hope to use the movies for radical propaganda might well hesitate to invoke. We are, however, inclined to suspect that the theaters might be wise themselves to protest against the increasing tendency to editorialize the newsreels—not so much because of any interest which the owners may have in political doctrines as because patrons must certainly be catching on and will probably resent having things like some of the recent sequences foisted upon them.

The newsreels are enormously popular and they won their popularity largely because they seemed such a random sampling of the mad world. The French call them *actualités,* and though that happens to be only the usual French term for "news" it suggests better than any English word the quality which gave the cinema newspaper its appeal. One felt that one was getting a more direct contact with simple actuality than one could achieve in any other way. The camera seems almost moronically incapable of interpreting or revising. It seems to give events without even that degree of coloration inevitable when they are passed through the mind of the most factual reporter. But it is such untarnished records, not sermons from either the right or the left, which the newsreel patron usually wants, and we predict that the newsreel will lose its excuse for being when—to revise the ancient jest—the general public discovers that though photographs can't lie, liars certainly can photograph.

Living and Learning

DR. ALEXIS CARREL, returning from Europe the other day, touched on the subject of his recent book, "Man, the Unknown," the making of the superman. Briefly stated, Dr. Carrel's idea seems to be that superior individuals may be given a thorough scientific and speculative education over a period of twenty-five years of uninterrupted study, after which they will be in a far better position to understand, interpret, and direct the world than if they had spent the same years merely living in it and performing the ordinary motions of the ordinary citizen. By education Dr. Carrel means mastery of anatomy, physiology, biological chemistry, psychology, metaphysics, pathology, medicine; not to mention "a thorough acquaintance with genetics, nutrition, development, pedagogy, aesthetics, morals, religion, sociology, and economics."

This is a large order, and it has elicited loud horse laughs from several book reviewers, to whom it is an exquisite jest to think of a man absenting himself from the world and at the same time learning anything about it. "Life," says Mrs. Paterson of the ***Herald Tribune,*** "must be lived to learn it." And she adds that Dr. Carrel's comparison of his superman with the monks of the medieval religious orders is absurd, because the medievalists were thinking not about this world but the next. One need only remember Thomas Aquinas to realize the weakness of this objection; in the course of a lifetime of speculative thought and the most profound study St. Thomas educed a series of works that, while they were primarily concerned with man's relation to God, in the opinion of the medieval world the most practical and important aspect of his life, also took up in the minutest detail his relations with his fellow-men, political, aesthetic, domestic. His ideas presented the pattern in which the world could move. It would be rash to say that the world must move differently today, blessed as we are with the radio and the motion picture; but even admitting this possibility, it would be rasher still to assume that a man would learn more by twirling the dials of his radio and going regularly to the movies than by refraining from these matters while he studied and thought.

We are, of course, treated daily to the spectacle of a world governed by persons who have always lived in it. The pattern of society is a closed book to them; man's place in the universe, his function as an animal and as a rational human being, does not move them because they have never even begun to consider it. With no real knowledge, scientific or otherwise, to explain their behavior or that of their fellows, they proceed from day to day, making decisions, operating gadgets, experiencing sensations. The result is the world as we know it—not, as has been pointed out more than once, completely satisfactory from every angle! Our practical governors are men who have learned from experience, but it is not the experience of the race which guides them but that of the small group of which they are a part, the small geographic area in which they can find their way about, the small present they see, and the smaller past they can remember. Dr. Carrel's plan might be worth trying, for even if it meant flying to unknown evils, they could not be much worse than the evils of today.

Issues and Men

Suez Canal Blocked!

(A Great News Beat in Advance)

PORT SAID, November 1, 1935. The Suez Canal is hopelessly blocked—perhaps for weeks to come. Two American merchant ships came into collision while transiting the canal today. Their contact caused a heavy explosion on both ships with the result that they sank instantly, end to end, and have completely blocked the channel. Their names are Mississippi and City of Pueblo. It is said that they were headed for the Italian port of Massaua and that they were laden with explosives for the Italian army. Their situation is such that they have effectively cut the Italian line of communications with Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, and that for the first time England's direct communication with India has been interrupted.

Rome, November 1. In an exclusive interview given to the London *Daily Mail,* Mussolini today denounced the sinking of the American ships in the Suez Canal as a perfidious trick, "dangerously near an act of war," on the part of Great Britain. Il Duce raged up and down his long office like a wounded lion. Said he: "The might of the united Italian people will know how to deal with the authors of this infamous happening. An accident? How preposterous! Only once before has an accident of this kind occurred in the canal. Why should it happen again just now? Let Great Britain and the League explain."

London, November 1. The Foreign Office, the Admiralty, and the London Office of the Suez Canal Company all indignantly denied any knowledge of the Mississippi and the City of Pueblo and hotly resented Mussolini's charge that the British government was concerned with their sinking. The officials of the Foreign Office could not conceal their indignation, for before the report of Mussolini's interview no hint had come to it that the canal disaster was due to collusion or a conspiracy. They could not conceal their feeling that Mussolini's reckless and unfounded charges had brought war between England and Italy much nearer.

Port Said, November 2. What has happened to the crews of the Mississippi and City of Pueblo is not yet clear. Eyewitnesses state that immediately after the collision a motor boat containing only about five or six men left each ship. The explosions took place soon after. The occupants of the boats landed on Egyptian soil and were soon surrounded by a group of natives in the midst of whom they disappeared. Whether any lives were lost is still unknown.

Later. Part of the crews of the Mississippi and Pueblo, about sixty men all told, have been found in Port Said inns. They all claim to be Americans and say they deserted the ships under cover of darkness here because they were afraid of the cargoes. "We had fires aboard while crossing the Atlantic and we were afraid that the ships would blow up," said the first officer of the Pueblo. All of the men are now under arrest. They say the ships sailed from Portland, Maine, bound for Eritrea.

The mystery of the accident has been increased by the copies of the ships' manifests filed with the canal authorities before entering the canal. It would appear that they did not carry explosives but Portland cement. The canal engineers are utterly dismayed. They say that if the water is in the ships' holds, as it must be, the ships are now solid blocks of concrete which it will take months to blast out.

London, November 3. On leaving Buckingham Palace after a long interview with King George, Sir Samuel Hoare, head of the Foreign Office, declared tonight that he had made a full and detailed report of the occurrences in the canal to His Majesty, who was greatly impressed with the gravity of the crisis and filled with indignation at the charge that the blocking of the canal was the act of Englishmen. Speaking for himself, Sir Samuel declared that it seemed to him that nothing could be more ridiculous than to believe that England would deliberately cut her direct communications with India at this time, particularly in view of the alarming excitement among the peoples of India over the Italian attack upon Ethiopia. He added, "We have officially asked the Government of the United States to have the kindness to ascertain who chartered the ships and bought the cement."

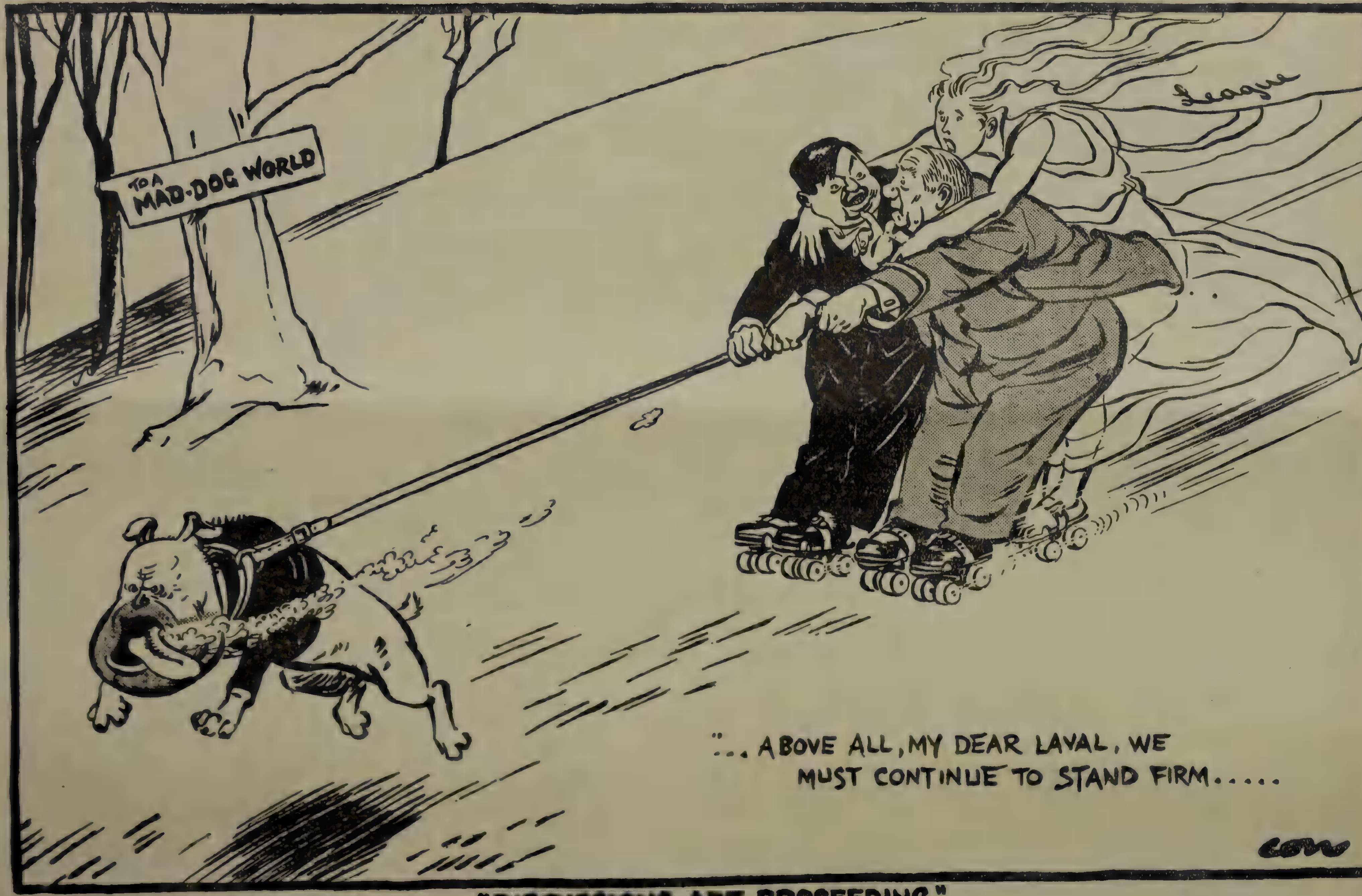
Washington, November 3. At the Treasury Department today Secretary Morgenthau indignantly denied the rumor which he declared was put out by the Republican National Committee that he and his father had bought the cement and chartered the ships that blocked the canal. Official inquiry shows that they were chartered by a man named Paul Brown, who paid cash for the charters and the cement, a proceeding that caused comment at the time. After the ships sailed, Mr. Brown, who registered at a local hotel as being from Denver, Colorado, left in his Ford roadster, which had a New York license. The Secret Service reported that there were thirty Paul Browns in Denver and that the G-men will have them all rounded up tonight.

Port Said, November 4. The police have discovered an important piece of evidence. Inside the lining of the cap of a mate of the Pueblo they found a clipping from a faded American newspaper, dated 1899 and reading as follows:

> DEAR MR. CREELMAN: I wish you would at once make preparations so that in case the Spanish fleet actually starts for Manila we can buy some big English steamer at the eastern end of the Mediterranean and take her to some part of the Suez Canal, where we can then sink her and obstruct the passage of the Spanish warships. I understand that if a British vessel were taken into the canal and sunk under the circumstances outlined above, the British government would not allow her to be blown up to clear a passage and it might take time enough to raise her to put Dewey in a safe position. W. R. HEARST

Oswald Garrison Villard

A Cartoon by LOW


TO A MAD-DOG WORLD
League
"... ABOVE ALL, MY DEAR LAVAL, WE MUST CONTINUE TO STAND FIRM.....
LOW

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"DISCUSSIONS ARE PROCEEDING"

The Supreme Court Aids the Utilities

By GEORGE and SAMUEL SLAFF

THE passage of the Wheeler-Rayburn bill, even with its modified "death-sentence" section, was widely acclaimed as a victory for the public over the utilities. But in the furor over the bill few persons noticed that the Supreme Court had invoked the Fourteenth Amendment once again to save the underlying operating companies from a new and effective method of regulation—a method which would have meant much more to the public than the holding-company bill even in its original form. While the new law will bring about some modification of the superstructure of holding companies, the Supreme Court has greatly reinforced the resistance of the operating companies to rate reductions. On the last decision day of the term the court handed down a decision in the case of West *vs.* the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Baltimore City which, if followed to its legalistically logical conclusion by courts and commissions, will practically make it impossible for consumer groups or state commissions to bring utility rates down to a level that even begins to approach the price level of other everyday necessities.

Through a long series of decisions capped by the O'Fallon case in 1929, the utilities had finally succeeded in fixing solidly in the law the principle that "reproduction cost" was the dominant element in the valuation of a company's property for rate-making purposes. They had accomplished this despite the valiant perpetual dissents of Mr. Justice Brandeis and his clear-cut exposition of the "prudent-investment" basis of valuation. However, the court, following its historic policy in utility matters of never definitely committing itself as to the particular methods which must be followed by the state, had never pointed out just how "reproduction cost" was to be determined. As a result, there were but two methods in use for arriving at reproduction cost, neither of which was of any particular aid to the consumers. One was to make an "inventory and appraisal" of the company's property. This, in effect, involves counting every single piece of property owned by the utility down to the last bolt and determining the price for each at the time of the valuation. It is an interminable task, requiring a corps of statisticians and engineers. The New York Public Service Commission, which is as efficient as any public-service commission and more so than most, began in 1930 to make an inventory and appraisal of the property of the Long Island Lighting Company—not an exceptionally large company—and today, five years later, it is still tangled up in the job.

The utilities, of course, welcome this method. It is a marvelous time-consumer, and during all the time consumed they continue to charge the rates previously in effect. But the cost is almost prohibitive as far as commissions are concerned. The Long Island case cost the New York commission $116,000 for the period 1930-34, in addition to the share of the commission's annual $1,000,000 appropriation for running expenses spent on the case. The companies can literally spend millions of dollars—as they do—and be not a penny out of pocket since they can pass the entire cost on to the consumers by charging it all to "operating expenses"—a device which has the benediction of the law. Up to the end of 1933 the Long Island Lighting Company had spent $1,763,974.79 for experts and lawyers engaged on the appraisal, and the total will doubtless run close to $2,500,000. Every cent of this will be reflected in the rates.

The other method of determining "reproduction cost" was to apply to the cost of the company's property as it appeared on the books indices showing the yearly price trend of the different elements which combined to make a going operating utility. This was supposed to show the present-day value of the company's property and of each year's addition to it. Such indices are readily obtainable—there are perhaps a half-dozen standard ones—but they too provide small solace for consumers since they are almost all prepared by engineers who make their living testifying for utility companies. For example, one of these standard indices is known as the Richey Index. This is prepared and kept up to date by Albert S. Richey, who in stating his qualifications as an expert for the company in the recent Public Service Corporation of New Jersey electric-rate case testified: "Since . . . 1905 I have practiced as a consulting engineer almost wholly in public-utility work . . . that practice has been almost wholly with utility companies." Richey also testified for the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois in a rate case initiated by the Illinois commission, and in its decision (May, 1934) the commission said: "As regards 'cost of financing' as defined by Mr. Richey, the courts have repeatedly held . . . that this charge is too conjectural and hypothetical to find any proper place in value for rate-making purposes." One would need the most naive trust in the complete disinterestedness of such experts to imagine that consumers would be aided in any material fashion by the indices turned out by them.

Consumers were thus faced with what seemed to be an inescapable dilemma. And when, after 1929, their incomes were cut almost to the vanishing-point and utility rates continued at substantially pre-depression heights, the pinch became much more severe. There were, however, signs that the attitude of the Supreme Court in utility matters was becoming more liberal and that the public might expect some relief from the court. In the Los Angeles Gas case, decided in 1933, the court spoke of the post-1929 period as "a period of such depression as to constitute 'a new experience to the present generation' . . . a changed economic level," and cited with approval its decision in a case a year earlier in which it had said that the change in economic conditions was "the outstanding contemporary fact, dominating thought and action throughout the country." The court did not stop with words, moreover. It upheld a rate-fixing decision of the California Railroad (Public Service) Commission in which the commission had made no separate allowance for "going-concern value" of the utility. Since the concept of "going-concern value" was one very dear to the hearts of the companies and had always been used to add theoretical millions to the physical value of their properties, this decision was hailed as the beginning of a more advanced point of view.

In 1934 the decision in the Lindheimer case, involving the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, was handed down. In this decision the court, apparently for the first time, recognized as incongruous the utilities' practice of making large annual charges to operating expenses for alleged depreciation expense and piling up huge depreciation reserves, and at the same time in a rate case staunchly maintaining that their physical property was in almost perfect condition and that only a small fraction of their depreciation reserve should be written off the valuation of the property for rate-making purposes. Before this decision the companies had successfully demonstrated that they—in distinction from everyone else—could eat their cake and have it too, without leaving a crumb for the hungry consumer. Now, however, they were forced either to decrease their annual charge for depreciation expense, with consequent lessened justification for their rates, or be faced with a larger deduction for depreciation in a valuation of their properties, with increased justification for lower rates. Again the court demonstrated that its approach to utility problems was a realistic one.

In January, 1935, the Supreme Court decided two cases involving orders of the Ohio Public Utilities Commission. Although the decisions reversed the order of the commission respecting rates which were to apply for a period of five years beginning in April, 1928, it was clear that the court recognized the relation between the economy of the times and the rate of return to be allowed a utility. The implication was overwhelming—much to the horror of the companies—that a return of 5.75 per cent was not to be considered confiscatory, even if it applied retroactively to a period before the depression, and that a rate of approximately 4.50 per cent might well be considered a fair return for a utility company in depression times. Thomas N. McCarter, president of the Edison Institute and of the Public Service of New Jersey, just a few months before had blusteringly informed the New Jersey commission from the witness stand that nothing less than an 8 per cent return would satisfy the requirements of the Constitution and of Public Service of New Jersey. It was not surprising, therefore, that utility executives began to wonder if their old reliable stand-by, the Fourteenth Amendment, was about to turn traitor to them.

Their qualms, however, have apparently been completely quieted by the decision of the Supreme Court—with the vigorous dissent of Justices Stone, Brandeis, and Cardozo—in the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone case. That case arose out of the fact that the Maryland Public Service Commission, convinced, as it stated in its decision, "that, in view of the general decline in value of all property, the public was entitled to a reduction in the rates charged by utilities generally and that such reductions should be based on the value of utility properties at present-day prices," had initiated in January, 1933, a rate case against the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Baltimore City. According to the commission's opinion, "both the company and the commission realized that to attempt to find the present-day fair value of the company's property by the usual method of taking an inventory of all items of property owned by the company and pricing out these items at present-day prices [the "inventory-and-appraisal" method referred to above] would not only take at least two years of constant work but would cost the company not less than $300,000 and cost the state a very substantial sum. It was agreed that index numbers should be used in arriving at present-day costs." The commission, however, was sufficiently informed to realize that if it had to depend on the usual "standard" utility indices alone, it might just as well save its time and effort, for from these quarters would come no relief of any consequence for the consumers. It also felt that there was a decided connection between the purchasing power of money and the rates to be charged by a utility.

It therefore assembled sixteen indices, chief among which was the United States Department of Labor Index of Wholesale Commodity Prices, admittedly the most accurate reflector of purchasing power we have, but which included as well several of the "standard" utility-construction indices. The Index of Wholesale Commodity Prices, prepared and kept up to date by the Department of Labor, covers the fluctuations in prices of some 800 different commodities, representing every possible type of commodity which enters into the life of the individual. It shows accurately the purchasing power of money at any given time compared with any year since 1913, when the index was first begun. Its importance in utility valuation for rate-making purposes lies in the fact that the utility investor is, according to the law of the land, entitled to—and practically guaranteed—a "fair return," and this index can measure with substantial accuracy what his return in dollars means in terms of his purchasing power.

Also included were the Interstate Commerce Commission Index of Telephone and Telegraph Line Prices, a special index of Baltimore wages prepared by the commission's staff, and an index based upon actual prices paid by the company to the Western Electric Company, its co-subsidiary of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, for materials furnished to it. The commission thereupon proceeded to "weight" these indices according to their relative importance, giving to the Labor Department Index of Wholesale Commodity Prices a "weight" of 4, to the I. C. C. Index of Telephone and Telegraph Line Prices a weight of 3, to the index reflecting prices paid by the company to Western Electric a weight of 3, to the Baltimore wages index a weight of 1.5, and so on. It thus arrived at a composite index which it proceeded to apply to the value of the company's property as it had been previously determined by the commission in 1923 and to the cost of the annual additions since that time.

As the commission stated, these indices and the final composite weighted index revealed "(1) present fair value, (2) reproduction cost, and (3) the purchasing power of income." It was a realistic, rational method of correlating economic actualities with utility rates. Substantially the same method was successfully used by Dr. John Bauer, expert for the consumers, in the Public Service of New Jersey case, except that Dr. Bauer, in relying solely on the Labor Department Index, was even more advanced than the Maryland Commission. By its technique the Maryland Commission did away with the involved, tortuous processes of the usual rate case—hearings were begun in May, 1933, and the case submitted to the commission for decision in September of the same year; it did away with complete reliance on utility indices; it introduced impartial indices into utility valuation; and it recognized the importance of actual purchasing power. The result was that the commission found the value of the company's property to be $32,621,190—in contrast to the company's claim of a valuation of $46,351,119—

Burlingame, Cal.

allowed 6 per cent as the rate of return, and ordered a reduction in rates of $1,000,000 annually.

Here, at last, by the introduction of indices other than the old-line utility indices, was a means of achieving some measure of justice for consumers, while at the same time recognizing the legitimate rights of utility investors. It was a profoundly important advance in rate-making. However, when the Supreme Court handed down its decision on June 3, 1935, reversing the order of the commission, the majority, speaking through Mr. Justice Roberts, after solemnly pointing out that "the established principle is that as the due-process clauses [Amendments V and XIV] safeguard private property against a taking for public use without just compensation, neither nation nor state may require the use of privately owned property without just compensation," proceeded, much to the relief of jittery utility magnates, to restore everything to its previous happy state by the unusually broad statement that "the method [of the commission] was inapt and improper, is not calculated to obtain a fair or accurate result, and should not be employed in the valuation of utility plants for rate-making purposes."

To say that the decision is a tremendous setback in the perpetual battle for decent utility rates is a mild euphemism. While the Labor Department Index of Wholesale Commodity Prices dropped precipitately after 1929 to a level lower than in 1913 (64.8 for the year 1932), the Handy Index, a "standard" utility index, was well over 90 for 1932, and well over 95 in January, 1934, when the Labor Department Index stood at 72.2. Yet state commissions in the future will be compelled to rely on one of the standard indices or become involved in "inventory and appraisal."

The minority opinion, written by Mr. Justice Stone, vigorously pointed out that the public was entitled to as much protection in depression times as the utilities received in boom days, observing that "historical cost appropriately adjusted by reasonable recognition of price trends appears to be quite as common-sense a method of arrival at a present theoretical value as any other. For a period of twenty years or more of rising prices, commissions and courts, including this one, have regarded price variations as persuasive evidence that present fair value was more than cost. I see no reason for concluding that they are of less weight in times of declining prices."

The majority decision, however, with Chief Justice Hughes and Mr. Justice Roberts coming to the aid of the traditional conservatives of the bench, apparently failed to see any connection between the consumer's much-reduced income and utility rates. It likewise refused to recognize the significance of the fact that today every dollar of the utility investor's return has a purchasing power approximately 25 per cent higher than its pre-depression purchasing power.

The outlook for the consumers is a gloomy one. They are evidently once again restricted to the old-line methods by which they have futilely pursued the will-o'-the-wisp of lower rates for so many disillusioning years. Their chief hope is that other commissions will not be deterred by the decision from finding the "fair value" of utility properties by the application of the U. S. L. D. Index of Wholesale Commodity Prices—a precise point upon which the court did not directly rule. At this moment, however, there is little prospect that their utility bills will be reduced materially in the near future.

The Price of the Hopkins Victory

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, September 23

HARDLY anyone in Washington is happy about the victory of Mr. Hopkins over Mr. Ickes. Quite aside from personal predilections, the prevailing view is that the President has pursued a line which has now landed him in a first-class mess, economically, politically, and socially. What bound him to Mr. Hopkins is that severest of masters, a foolhardy promise. Solemnly he told the country that by the end of this year he would remove 3,500,000 persons from relief and put them into useful work. At the time of this pledge he believed it would be easy to keep. So did Mr. Hopkins. It appeared to be dependent on a single consideration, administrative talent, and Mr. Hopkins could be sure of his gifts and the President could be sure of Mr. Hopkins. When the promise was made both the President and Mr. Hopkins were distressed over the effects of relief, and dreaded its becoming a permanent prop in the social structure. They saw that it was deteriorating the country's most precious resource, human beings. Nobody is going to doubt their sincerity. Two years had been frittered away on vast public spending with disappointing results. Congress was not in a mood to vote astronomical sums annually for idle persons, and there had to be a turning into a new road. Mr. Hopkins formulated the new objective, to "purge" the relief rolls. He believed he would be able to create enough work of a useful kind and to do it with the dispatch which Mr. Ickes had not demonstrated. So the $4,000,000,000 fund of 1935 was divided, first of all, to give Mr. Hopkins control over much the larger share, Mr. Ickes being left with the $900,000,000 allotted him by Congress. The President had not given up public works altogether, but they were slow, and they would not contribute directly to the "purge" of the relief rolls.

Probably the Hopkins scheme never could have succeeded. The relief rolls are not a cross-section of American labor, but rather a sediment. They contain more of the casualties of the depression than the unemployed not on relief. It is doubtful whether they number enough skilled men, able and fit to work, to carry out a vast program of public works, no matter how wisely administered. But whether or not the task was impossible under any conditions, it was made so by two decisions of policy. The first was by the President: he promised to pay a "security" wage on relief projects instead of the prevailing wage. The second was by Mr. Hopkins: projects would be selected for their low material cost.

At the time the security wage was first broached it was

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not what it has since become. The President's mind was full of an interesting and vital plan, to strike a blow at uneconomical high wage rates and to substitute for them a higher annual income. The idea was attractive, and promised, among other things, to rid the building industry of one of the chief obstructions to revival. The President conceived of the security wage as one which was somewhat lower than the prevailing wage, the difference to be counted as an insurance premium which a man paid for steady employment. This was spoken about at the time, but in the succeeding months it has been utterly forgotten. The security wage has come to be simply a relief payment which has to be worked for. Mr. Hopkins already had two million relief recipients on labor of one sort or another. Their status has changed in two particulars—they receive the somewhat better rates of the present set-up, and they are under the WPA instead of the FERA.

Thus has the problem been simplified as to wages. It has been simplified in another fatal respect. Mr. Hopkins took his appropriation and divided it by the 3,500,000 who had to be put to work to keep the President's pledge. And thereby he arrived at the figure of $1,040 per man-year, which could not be exceeded by any project. Subsequent calculations might make this figure even lower. Public works by long division, this can be called. The moment this method of calculation was adopted, Mr. Hopkins was forced to select projects using much labor and little material. He then could not go in for the construction on a large scale of capital assets, which the country would possess in return for its heavy outlays during the emergency. Obviously he had more or less to invent occupations for idle persons. This he is doing. And Washington is flooded with foreboding reports of the consequences. Workers on relief projects themselves are disgusted with many of the Hopkins-made jobs. They see how wasteful they are, how inefficiently managed, how degrading, and in essence how insulting. Cash relief may have been demoralizing, but it was better than mock work, obviously required of a man "for his own good." Much of the Hopkins program does not merit this criticism. But much of it does. And now that Hopkins will spend not only his share of the four billions but part of Mr. Ickes's money, there will be more such jobs, and there will be a rising tide of disgust.

The long-division method of selecting projects is foolish for two reasons. It leaves out of account the secondary effect of public works in creating employment. If a project uses much material it will spread the impetus of employment into many fields. For every man employed at least one, perhaps one and a half, perhaps two, possibly even three more men find work. If only those projects are chosen which require little material the secondary effect is correspondingly less. It may make sense on paper to say that Mr. Hopkins with his type of projects is employing more men than Mr. Ickes. In fact, he employs far fewer men. But Mr. Hopkins is not bothered, because his men come off relief rolls while most of Mr. Ickes's don't.

The second foolishness of the long-division method is that it leads to padding the labor requirements of projects. A job, normally reckoned, may need a hundred men, but at this figure it may work out to a man-year cost above $1,040. One need only add another hundred men arbitrarily to cut the man-year cost in half. The second hundred men may clutter up the job and produce hopeless inefficiency, but they make it possible for Mr. Hopkins to spend the money —and "purge" the rolls. This padding is going on all over the country. No matter how unethical it is or how glaringly it wastes public funds, once the long-division method has been adopted, padding becomes inevitable.

Attention has already been drawn in ***The Nation*** to the Alice in Wonderland spectacle of Mr. Hopkins bidding against Mr. Ickes for public-works projects. The Administration having decided that public works and work relief should live side by side, they were set in competition with each other. Mr. Hopkins had to land a certain proportion of sound public-works projects; otherwise there was something real in the cry of "boondoggling." So he went out into Mr. Ickes's market-place crying his wares. He couldn't promise to do as good work as Mr. Ickes, but he virtually gave his goods away. Mr. Ickes offered a dollar value for fifty-five cents, and it was a genuine dollar value. Mr. Hopkins offered a dollar value for five cents, two cents, or even nothing, but his dollar value wasn't reliable. That is, Mr. Ickes builds only if the local community puts up 55 per cent of the cost. Mr. Hopkins is ready to charge the entire bill to the federal taxpayer.

Mr. Ickes, in the meantime, was drumming up business with the expectation of spending his $900,000,000, inducing local communities to spend another $1,100,000,000, and thus giving the country a two-billion-dollar public-works program. Despite the Hopkins competition, he succeeded in filling his books. He found local communities which were ready to raise their share, and most of them went through the preliminaries to do so. But when the Ickes-Hopkins controversy went to Hyde Park this month, Mr. Hopkins had rejected more than a thousand of these projects because the man-year cost was too great. The President thereupon backed up Mr. Hopkins. He reduced to a third the $900,000,000 which Congress had allotted to public works, and the money now will be spent by Mr. Hopkins instead. In so doing he gave offense to every community which wanted an Ickes project and now is not to have it. And as in every instance local communities are governed by politicians, these have been affronted to an extent which is worrying Mr. Farley. The President's spending program is making enemies among both groups which ought to be its most ardent friends. Recipients of relief work are increasingly critical, and communities which hoped to add to their permanent capital assets are disappointed.

To recapitulate, the spending program is making enemies instead of friends, which is bad politically. It is spending federal funds on a 100 per cent basis instead of a 45 per cent, and on projects which do not have much effect in stimulating indirect employment. This is bad economically. It is aimed only at finding work for those already on relief; hence is a clear invitation to all the unemployed not on relief to get on the rolls if they want any benefit. And this is bad socially.

But there is still a further reason why the policy is unpopular in Washington. It is changing the country's conception of public works. The difference between the Public Works Administration and the Works Progress Administration appears to the uninstructed as a transference of only two letters. PWA and WPA are virtually the same. The country believes the New Deal has a public-works program. It also believes that a public-works program is wasteful, and that it is ineffectual as a means to recovery.

As a matter of fact, the trial of public works as a means to recovery has never been made in this country. We have spent billions; we loosely call the objects of expenditure public works. The NRA was originally sold to the public as a public-works program, of which self-government in industry was only a part. But of the $3,300,000,000 appropriated in the Recovery Act, to which $400,000,000 was added, only $934,000,000 was spent on non-federal projects by the PWA. And of this sum the greater part, or $725,000,000, was lent, not given away. Local communities spent, over and above their loans, $270,000,000 on these projects. So that the total genuine PWA program, before the present four-billion program was developed, was $1,213,000,000. And this cost federal taxpayers about $218,000,000, assuming that all loans are repaid. In addition certain federal projects must be considered genuine public works, for which the taxpayer footed the entire bill. Included in these are $400,000,000 for roads, $40,000,000 for forests, $105,000,000 for construction of dams and similar construction by the Interior Department, $346,405,000 for river and harbor improvements and flood control administered by the army, and $44,000,000 for post-office buildings. Some of these federal projects have been carried out regardless of the depression, and it is difficult to compile a figure which represents accurately the attempt of the New Deal to cope with unemployment and the depression by public works. But the total outlay on public works, whether by the PWA or other departments, was less than two-and-a-quarter billions, in over two years, and the cost to taxpayers was about half this amount, or $1,153,000,000. If, instead, we had spent six billions or, as some experts advised, eight or ten billions, we might today have been riding the crest of recovery without the cost to taxpayers being much greater than it is.

The Administration's policy is not like some of its other follies, which can be forgiven because of the real difficulties to be surmounted. When the President fails to induce a reactionary Congress to pass all his reform measures, and he has to snip and whittle from them to get them through, one may regret the necessity, or even doubt the advisability of compromise. But one recognizes that every battle cannot be won. Similarly when the President is confronted by a defiant business conmmunity, and decides that discretion is the better part of valor, criticism of compromise must necessarily be tempered. But Congress believed in public works, and the business community prayed for them. There never was any opposition to them on any front. The business community disliked the TVA and municipal power plants, but for a year it repeated in a chorus that the only hope for recovery was to stimulate the heavy industries. The difficulties in the way of public works have lain in the President's mind first of all, and to these he has added paralyzing strictures such as the security wage and the long-division method. These have not been errors of tactics but sheer economic incompetence.

A great danger now is that public works are so discredited in the mind of the average man that he may not be ready for orderly and constructive planning, by which a great public-works program remains ready to be expanded or contracted as the cycle of private business rises or falls. And without that reserve of public works the capitalist system may not be able to ride the cycles without going into deeper and still deeper depressions. The New Deal has missed making perhaps the simplest contribution it had to offer to its generation, a demonstration of intelligent control in an industrial civilization.

Sharing Vice and Votes

By CARLETON BEALS

HUEY P. LONG of Winn Parish, Louisiana, was raised a Baptist. His mother, Caledonia Long, made him attend Sunday School, morning and evening services, young people's league, Wednesday-night prayer meeting, every funeral within ten miles, and all the week-long revival meetings in improvised tabernacles among the loblolly pines. He became the greatest "Cain killed Abel . . . Go thou and do likewise" Bible quoter in America. And his message was frequently tinged with those bucolic utopian visions of fat herds which are scattered here and there in the Good Book.

In upstate Louisiana Bible quotations plus promises of an economic Utopia were sufficient to corral the votes of the people of what is the second or third most illiterate state in the Union. But New Orleans was a different nut to crack. And New Orleans, crossroads of the world, once the second port of the country, a place of great financial concentration, ran most of the politics of the state.

In New Orleans the Negroes are the religious folk. Though only a third of the population and in miserable circumstances, they own more than half the churches. But they have no vote. The whites, largely Catholic, are not good subjects for Protestant emotional revivalism. In addition New Orleans has always been one of the most corrupt cities in America. Its red-light district was long second only to the Barbary Coast, and the vice elements had even more political power than in San Francisco. In the good old days when the more enterprising brothels advertised with electric signs—"Mamie's" or "Magdalene's"—the police and politician rake-off was said to be at least $2,000,000 a year, a big item in a city whose tax returns were only about $5,000,000. Quite as important were the votes controlled, directly about 9,000, indirectly perhaps five times as many. The stock saying was that the vice crowd voted the St. Louis cemetery. Besides prostitution and gambling, another form of corruption was the lottery, offspring of carpetbag days. The famous *Times Picayune* began as the official organ of the Louisiana Lottery Company and ever since has been closely identified with "Old Ring" politics.

Founded upon these evil conditions, and allied with fruit and steamship companies, the Cotton Exchange, and the banks, the Old Ring under Martin Beherman had held unshakable power for more than thirty years. The official quarters of the Old Regular Democrats is the ancient two-story building on the corner of Lafayette Square, the Choctaw Club—an old landmark with its slightly sagging balconies, white paint, green shutters, and iron grills. Ever since the carpetbaggers and scalawags were run out of office after a pitched battle between the citizens' committee and the Negro police, the Choctaw Club, embracing the so-called "better elements," has ruled for the most part with undisputed sway. There distinguished visitors are entertained. There the fat matrons of a hot city maintain their unquenchable Mardi Gras spirit by bedecking themselves in chaplets of Indian feathers to la-la-la the praises of returning Senators and to rally behind Old Glory (secretly wishing it were the flag of the Confederacy) in memory of Iberville and Bienville. But the informal rendezvous for decades has been Stuber's saloon or Lulu White's dive down on Basin Street in the bowels of the red-light district, known to polite folks as Storeyville. In Stuber's the gangsters, criminals, and ward heelers were paid off. There, over absinthe or mint juleps, the bosses divided the swag, whispered about contracts, new school sites, jobs. In the petite gilded ballroom at Lulu's almost any night men influential in city politics could be seen along with gay young dogs frolicking with the half-clad girls, white and octaroon, dancing to the syncopated music of the baby grand hammered by big black Lulu's latest white paramour, and waiting for the midnight "circus," a nude debauchery famous half around the world.

With the cracking down on vice during the World War and later during the temporary pesudo-reform McShane administration, the ranks of the Old Ring and the vice elements became divided into the O'Keefe faction, the Walmsley faction, the Maloney faction, and, more or less apart, the New Regulars, led by John P. Sullivan, corporation lawyer, racetrack and gambling king, now recipient of federal patronage. In his unsuccessful campaign for the governorship in 1923-24 Long had tied up with the Independent Regulars, led by the two Catholic brothers Francis and Gus Williams, a relatively clean outfit. In the next campaign, 1927-28, he double-crossed the Williamses and lined up with the Sullivan New Regulars. Four years before he had said that both Sullivan and Old Ring Beherman were dictated to by the big interests. "Wall Street knows how to call them in and make them sleep in the same bed. . . If Beherman took a dose of laudanum, Sullivan would get sleepy in ten minutes." Huey now lay down in the same bed, and the *Times Picayune* at once caricatured the "Sullivan gambling interests" holding up a hot-air cushion on which was triumphantly poised snub-nosed Huey, brandishing "Muck" and "Bunk." Huey's campaign manager, Ellis, promptly resigned: Sullivan stood for three things, "racing, gambling, and whiskey"; with his support Huey could not give a clean or progressive administration.

To Huey's opening campaign meeting in Alexandria the Sullivan gambling crowd and a few Old Ring renegades ran a special train with 600 henchmen to shout for Huey. At subsequent meetings Sullivan could be seen busily checking up to see that his gang were all present.

But Huey, elected, was determined to be no mere puppet, and soon took drastic steps to get his own hands directly on the vice and corporation levers. He decided to call out the National Guard, despite the constitutional restriction, and raid gambling—a spectacular play for the hill-billies, the upstate Baptists, and the local moralists, designed to give the lie to the constant accusation that he was protecting Sullivan's gambling interests while whipping vote-controlling underworld elements into line.

The dice were clicking merrily and the roulette wheels flashing round day and night. In the Jai Alai Fronton and the Arabai Club on Friscoville Avenue in St. Bernard Parish, women and girls were thick at the tables. There were newspaper exposés, business protests.

After mollifying Sullivan by Levee Board and Jury Commission patronage, Long reached New Orleans late Saturday night, August 11, 1928, and imperiously ordered out the militia. Colonel E. P. Roy rose to Ciceronian eloquence, telling the boys to shoot without hesitation. "We are to deal with most desperate men. Remember you are soldiers and that you are engaged in a serious business for state and country. You are to enforce its laws [by breaking others]." At 1:30 in the morning armed uniformed members of the Headquarters Troop of the 108th Cavalry and Washington Artillery, Battery A, of the National Guard descended on the Arabai Club. The "desperate" lookout man, though armed with Springfield rifle, shotgun, and revolver, tamely submitted to arrest. Some 500 patrons were swarming about the tables in a bedlam. As the armed troopers crashed in, the patrons crowded to the exits. Rifles barred their way. The *Times Picayune* staff photographer, Neil Simes, was beaten up and had to be taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. More than $15,000 was seized on the tables and all paraphernalia was taken to Jackson barracks and burned. The onslaught on the Fronton was similar. To the press Long announced: "Gambling is halted in St. Bernard Parish. It's going to remain closed while I'm Governor." For several weeks there was not even an echo of a croupier's call.

In November Long, delighted with his new-found toy, the militia, again raided the dens, this time in Jefferson Parish. Once more he first mollified Sullivan by appointing him head of the New Orleans election supervisors. This time Battery B had its chance for glory. The national guardsmen swept down on Beverly Gardens, Metrairie Inn, and Fargo Grocery Store. In the last-named, where the patrons were in evening dress, $12,000 was found. Again the troopers made a merry bonfire.

The press was outraged by Long's use of the militia without the request of the civil authorities. Attorney General Percy Saint held star sessions with National Guard officers behind closed doors in the Civil Courts building, then accused Long of suppressing evidence instead of suppressing gambling, thus preventing proper prosecution. What right did Long have to make private deals with the gamblers? There was "no excuse for compromising with the violators of the law as Long had done." He was merely "playing to the galleries . . . a cheap boosting of cave-man methods."

In February Huey ordered new raids. On the eighth and thirteenth the militia swooped down on Rudy O'Dwyre's original Shreveport Club (said to have been even then protected by Long). In one drive $25,000 was found. But this time the guardsmen were careful to burn only old, worthless equipment.

On the evening of the thirteenth Huey dined with friends, then went to a party in the Vieux Carré at the "studio" of Alfred Danziger, head of the Young Men's Business Club. Huey became intoxicated, it was later testified, and indiscreetly gave out information which apparently resulted in a tip-off to the gamblers. In his hotel later that night Huey kept posted on the raids by telephone. Angered that the gamblers had got under cover, he dictatorially ordered that every guest be searched for chips or other evidence. Most of them submitted tamely, but Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Kriss flatly refused. Huey ordered them held all night in Jackson barracks. Forcibly searched in the morning, they were found free of incriminating evidence. Next day New Orleans was in an uproar. The press wept crocodile tears over the outrages suffered by the patrons. One woman claimed a guardsman had stolen her $500 purse. Huey loudly defended the honor of the Guard.

Colonel Robert Ewing's *Daily States* published the Krisses' pictures, commiserated them on their "martyrdom," and called Huey "the boon companion of indicted criminals, a chronic distorter of the facts, a habitual double-crosser, a traducer of character, a beneficiary of funds contributed by gamblers, a tyrant suffering from delusions of grandeur, and the singing fool of the New Orleans cabarets." Huey gave the press a police "mug" of Kriss and declared he was being attacked by a spokesman of gamblers and a friend of murderers and habitues of rogues' galleries; he demanded that Ewing resign as Democratic national committeeman.

Thus broke up Huey's alliance with the New Regulars. The Sullivanites, except those who declared openly for Huey, were kicked out of all their jobs. Sullivan and Ewing tried to scurry back to the Old Ring. Huey loudly denounced the merger.

By these raids and other maneuvers Huey was able to set up strong sub-dictatorships. Some of them ever since have returned more votes than the entire adult population. These tactics added greatly to Huey's spoils, gave much new patronage, and broke Old Ring control over several Congressional districts. If gambling flourishes in those parishes today, it is because Huey was willing for it to flourish. Except for short periods—and this to further his political plans—the dens there have stayed open from that day to this. Last March I was in the New Keno Palace, a gambling hall and lottery joint belonging to Freddy Rickerford, on a drawing night. Roulette and faro tables were going full blast, and the place was jammed with vendors waiting for pay-off. Rickerford, a big fellow in a Texas Stetson—an old-style gambler, "all bets on the barrel-head"—strode in with a gang of armed retainers. In April the joints were temporarily closed while Huey made militia drives to intimidate the federal-patronage boys and thus indirectly Judge Wayne Borah's court, which had taken over supervision of New Orleans finances, and the court of Judge Caige, a Negro-baiting Old Ring boss who was trying to block Huey's control of the police and fire departments. I went out to call on Rudy O'Dwyre and caught a glimpse of his atrociously gaudy home before being escorted off the premises by a polite Negro servant and a scowling gunman. A few days later I talked with one of Rudy's men in town. "Long is making it hot for you again, I see," I remarked.

"Now look here, sonny, we ain't got nothin' against the Senator. He treats us square."

A few months later Huey was saying over the radio—and the dens were once more wide open in his parishes—"If you folk down here are just born gamblers, I guess there's nothing I can do to stop you."

The enemy citadel was still the unconquered political machine of New Orleans. While at times Huey had had support there, for instance, from the Paul Maloney faction, he never got very far until 1932 when, to put O. K. Allen across as puppet governor, he patched up an alliance with the gang—Mayor Walmsley was on the spot for minor scandals, the city's finances were again in rotten shape, the country had hit the nadir of depression, even vice didn't pay. It was amusing then to see the politicians who hated Long, who in their own day of power had blithely accepted Old Ring support, come out in horrified tones about Huey's dirty machine alliance. Ex-Governor Parker, who had had exactly the same alliance, was particularly upset. "Do you intend by your votes," he harangued for two days over the radio, "to set the tiny feet of your children on the path that he [Long] has trod?"

The following year the Walmsley-Long alliance broke down and Huey in New Orleans took the licking of his life. He thereupon moved in upon this last citadel of opposition and repeated the tactics toward the underworld that had already given him absolute power in adjacent parishes. At a special legislative session a law was passed providing for a special vice investigation. Three weeks before election day Huey moved Hitler-like on the Crescent City with his National Guard, highway police, and state cossacks, the Bureau of Criminal Identification. The boys in uniform guarded his palatial home and sat in the office of the registrar of voters. Walmsley's special deputies squatted behind machine-guns across the way in the City Hall.

For three weeks the investigation commission pried into New Orleans vice; the news was blared into loud speakers throughout the city. As special prosecutor Huey artistically and profanely besmirched the Old Ring candidates, the Supreme Court, and the hostile Public Service Commission. While he was thus denouncing vice, his henchmen were promising the gang that if they got right, the investigation would be dropped after elections. They got right, and Huey's candidates went in with big majorities.

To make effective his new law taking over the police and fire departments in New Orleans, Huey staged new vice raids in the spring. The vice elements learned they would have no peace until they got 100 per cent right. Not even the efforts of the federal government, using its patronage and relief funds, to dust off the discredited Sullivan gambling crowd or its assistance to Walmsley and those doubtful elements whom Huey justly called "the Roosevelt boodle brigade in Louisiana" caused Huey to lose his grip on underworld finances and votes.

It has been an amusing spectacle recently to watch the changed roll of Walmsley, who has been mopping up on the vice elements which went into Long's camp and is now posing as a moralist himself. Neither Walmsley nor Sullivan is interested in ending vice or the rake-off system. It is just a sordid struggle for power. And if what happened in St. Bernard and Jefferson parishes was a sample, the underworld, with Walmsley out, would have had nothing to fear from the Baptist Kingfish. It will have even less to fear now that he is dead, and that the Old Ring is regaining control.

The Decline and Fall of French Fascism

By EMIL LENGYEL

Paris, September 15

NOT since the foundation of the Third Republic has a movement so swept France from the Ardennes to the Pyrenees as has the Front Populaire of all anti-fascists. Fascism, if it ever had a chance, has suffered a defeat which has already had resounding effects.

It was the French Front Populaire that induced the Seventh Congress of the Communist International in Moscow to pass the resolution calling upon all Communists to cooperate with Socialists and democrats in combating the fascist danger. As a result of the Comintern's action plans are already on foot to realize the common front of all anti-fascists irrespective of party affiliations. In certain regions of Germany the underground Socialist and Communist movements have already united, although the Socialist leaders in Prague still hold out against a general linking of the Marxian forces. Wilhelm Pieck, erstwhile leader of the Communist faction in the last Prussian Landtag, strengthened his arguments in his report to the Comintern by declaring that if such a union had been accomplished three years ago Adolf Hitler would not be in power today.

Immediately after the disorders of February 6, 1934, French Socialists and Communists formed a united front against fascist terror in the streets and against the threat of fascist control of the Chamber of Deputies. Although this union worked fairly well, it was felt that final victory could be assured only by finding a broader basis for all anti-fascist forces. The idea took root in the uncongenial soil of the elegant Fifth Arrondissement of Paris. It was presented by a committee of anti-fascist intellectuals who were successful in forming the nucleus of a Front Populaire of all liberals and Marxians by obtaining the cooperation of about two score district party offices.

This experiment was an instant success, and its proponents took the unusual step of inviting the leaders of all important left-wing parties to realize a similar union on a national scale. The invitation was accepted, and on the evening of June 28 the Palais de la Mutualité witnessed the unusual spectacle of Edouard Daladier, twice Prime Minister of France and leader of the left-wing of the largest party in the Chamber, the Radical Socialist Party, exchanging compliments with his most dangerous enemies in past years: Léon Blum, leader of the second largest party in the Chamber, the S. F. I. O., the French section of the Labor and Socialist International; and Maurice Thorez, spokesman of the Communists. That evening the Front Populaire was born. Its members pledged themselves to defend their rights against fascism and to work for a lasting peace.

The Paris *grande presse,* whose connections with some of the near-fascist organizations and their financial backers, the heavy industries, are well known, either ignored or ridiculed the rally at the Mutualité. Some of them, however, trained their guns on Daladier for what they described as treason to law and order and the bourgeoisie.

Not even the most optimistic prophets could foresee what fruits that rally would bear, and what a deeply felt need it would express. The test of its suddenly developed strength was the mass demonstration on Bastille Day, July 14. Never in its history has the population of Paris responded to a political call in such vast numbers. The organizers of the demonstration estimated the left-wing adherents who streamed from the Place de la Bastille toward Vincennes at about half a million. It was a delirious crowd which by its spontaneous action stamped the Front Populaire with success. Bourgeois fraternized with Communists, peasants joined hands with intellectuals, the French tricolor waved at the side of the red flag, and the band played the "Marseillaise" and "Internationale" alternately. Communists were heard shouting: "Daladier to power!"

The broad basis of the movement may be seen from the list of the organizations that took part in the demonstration: Radical Socialists, S. F. I. O., Communists, Republican Socialists, French Socialists, Socialists of France, National Syndicate of Teachers, National Peasant Confederation, Peasants of France, Red Republicans, League for the Rights of Man, Anti-Fascist Intellectuals, International Red Aid, International League of the Combatants of Peace, League of Women Intellectuals, Pacifist Youth, Free Thinkers of France, Revolutionary Free Masons, Revolutionary Cooperative Societies, Autonomous Federation of Public Officials, Federation of the Tenants of the Paris Region. Commenting upon the demonstration, Léon Blum wrote in the *Populaire,* "Today a new phase begins in history."

Overnight the Front Populaire became the most important political movement of France. The next task was to construct a platform that was strong enough to support so many parties. The temporary program which the Front Populaire adopted demanded the immediate disarming and dissolution of the armed fascist leagues and called upon the government to conclude mutual-assistance pacts on the pattern of the Franco-Soviet treaty, to be followed by general disarmament, and to prohibit the private manufacture and sale of arms. It also demanded that the feudal power of the Bank of France be ended, that trusts, banks, and large fortunes be controlled, and that strict measures be applied against fiscal frauds. The last point of the program demanded large-scale public works, a forty-hour week, and the end of the policy of deflation.

Since July 14 a commission has been at work on a more ambitious plan which, according to forecasts, will include a provision for the nationalization of credit and the key industries, and the establishment of a Supreme Economic Council, under labor control, to coordinate the economic activities of the state. The acceptance of this plan by the Radical Socialists of the Front Populaire will in itself be a revolutionary act, since that party has never subscribed to such a program.

The Front has a permanent parliamentary committee intrusted with keeping an eye on the government while the Chamber is on vacation. The Front is responsible for the declared intention of the Republican Socialist Party, the Socialist Party of France, and the French Socialist Party—

none of which is to be confused with the powerful S. F. I. O., or "big" Socialist Party—to merge into one organization. Tentative plans have also been made to bring the Socialist and Communist trade unions closer together. The Front has won three notable electoral victories in the last few weeks by concentrating on the defeat of reactionary candidates. It is particularly strong in the south of France, the stronghold of the left wing.

The man against whom the Front Populaire is largely directed is probably the most-talked-of person in France today —ex-Lieutenant-Colonel Marquis François de la Rocque, head of the Croix de Feu. It was he whom the hundreds of thousands of Bastille Day demonstrators accused in a new version of the old Carmagnole: "The Marquis de la Rocque wants to rob us of our freedom."

Originally an organization of decorated World War veterans, the Croix de Feu has become the largest reactionary political organization in France, claiming a membership of some 300,000 persons. It is the most important among the movements that the Front Populaire considers fascist, and it is spreading at the expense of smaller organizations with similar political creeds. On Bastile Day Colonel de la Rocque marched with some 30,000 men to the tomb of the unknown soldier in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe. The charge was made before the parliamentary commission which investigated the background of the troubles on February 6 that the Colonel's men are armed. Leaders of the Front Populaire have repeatedly asserted that the Croix de Feu has also tanks and airplanes, which, however, the Colonel denies.

De la Rocque is a military man from top to toe, with little of that political acumen that Mussolini displayed on reaching power. He saw nine years of military service in the African possessions of France. Wounded in an encounter with native forces during the World War, he asked to be sent to the Western front instead of the hospital. After the war he was assigned to the staff of Marshal Foch, was sent on a military mission to Poland, fought Abd-el-Krim in Morocco, and was transferred again to the staff of Foch. About seven years ago he resigned from service.

The program of De la Rocque consists of such generalities as "order, work, family, fatherland." Asked about his plans, he said to an interviewer: "Programs are deceptive. . . . There are too many ready-made ideas and doctrines in this world." In his speech at Mouvaix, near Tourcoing, on July 7 he came nearer to being specific: "Our first task is to create order, to take full command, and cast out all the disorderly elements . . . In order to do this we'll send this rotten parliament on a long vacation."

Before the Front Populaire appeared on the scene, the Croix de Feu went in more heavily for fascism. Last March it clamored for a corporative state à la Mussolini. It also wanted to trim the claws of the trade unions and to control industry. After the success of the Front Populaire became evident, Colonel de la Rocque declared: "Although I am deeply attached to tradition, I believe that progress lies to the left. . . . Our frontiers are monarchism to the right and communism to the left." At the same time the Colonel admitted that many monarchists have joined his movement, and a weekly newspaper of the Front Populaire, the *Lumière,* brought to light the fact that De la Rocque's two brothers are active in the French royalist movement and that the royalists encourage their followers to join the Croix de Feu.

The movement is supplied with money by some of the two hundred wealthy families which, as M. Daladier declared in his address at the Mutualité, direct the fate of France. The leaders of the Front Populaire have repeatedly declared that De la Rocque receives support from such men as François de Wendel, a regent of the Bank of France and chairman of the Comité des Forges, Baron Edouard de Rothschild, banker and railway magnate, and Ernest Mercier, electricity and chemical-products king. The press controlled by these men either directly or indirectly encourages the Croix de Feu. The staid *Temps,* which at first tried silence in its campaign against the Front Populaire, now devotes a vitriolic column to the anti-fascist movement nearly every day.

At the present moment the Front Populaire seems to be the victor all along the line. In this it has been unintentionally helped by the deflationary policy of the Laval government. Laval has put through drastic measures to decrease the budget deficit, which has increased during the last three years at the rate of seven billion francs annually. He has cut the wages, salaries, and pensions of government employees 10 per cent. This measure has helped to swell the ranks of the Front Populaire. Since the cost of living in France is still about 20 per cent higher than in the United States, discontent on account of *la vie chère* is strong among the small bourgeoisie.

The Croix de Feu, on the other hand, is unable to become the reservoir of discontent because of its commitments to the heavy industries and their satellites. By concentrating its attacks on the Front Populaire, it has assumed a negative and sterile attitude not in line with the needs of the French masses. The Front Populaire has established its supremacy in the streets of Paris, which for many years were at the mercy of a reactionary minority composed of royalists, hooligans, and the admirers of Italian fascism. The Front is making ready to challenge M. Laval when the Chamber convenes later in the autumn. If Daladier can sway that part of the Radical Socialist Party now under Herriot's influence, the Front Populaire will have a clear parliamentary majority. If he fails to achieve this purpose, he and his allies will have to take their case to the electorate next year, when the mandate of the present Chamber of Deputies expires. At any rate, the Front is determined not to let the right cheat the left, as it has done several times, by stirring up the country and setting the mob at the throat of leftist governments. The Front Populaire marches on, carried along by an elementary force, a powerful instrument in maintaining France as one of the last refuges of democracy.

Can We Have a Housing Program?

Two Articles by ALBERT MAYER

The Nation, October 9 and October 16

Correspondence

"Profitable Poverty"

To the Editors of The Nation:

In the Atlanta *Journal* of August 4 appeared an article, supplied by a syndicate I suppose, by Walter B. Pitkin. The article described a retreat into "Profitable Poverty" by an elderly lawyer and his wife, made destitute by the depression. Probably millions of people will read it with approval—clergymen, teachers, all the mass of white-collar people, constituting a vast majority of our population, who rejoice in such leadership as Mr. Pitkin's. For Mr. Pitkin is one of our spiritual leaders. In the pages of newspapers, magazines, and books he gives us vigorous, optimistic counsel about making the best of this best of all possible worlds. The secure, the comfortable Mr. Pitkin has no patience with pessimism. He has no patience with any of us who allow ourselves to be oppressed by the fact that about nine-tenths of the earth's inhabitants find it impossible to be secure and comfortable, find it impossible, indeed, under present economic conditions to be anything but wretchedly insecure and uncomfortable.

The article alluded to is a positive paean, a triumphant outpouring in the face of the dire plight of two members of the underprivileged nine-tenths of us. To be sure, Mr. Pitkin does not call it a plight, nor will his followers call it a plight. Relishing exceedingly, with Mr. Pitkin, such phrases of the old lawyer as ". . . the simple life of the country, a little place by the side of the winding road. . . . We took the holy vow of poverty right out in the moonlight. . . . We swore to get along with what we made or raised or found—until we got stuck"—relishing these phrases, Mr. Pitkin and his disciples forget these other phrases: "Gosh! Wasn't the first year awful! Especially the winter. I won't go into that winter. I hate to think of it. She almost turned up her toes trying to swing the family wash on the same day she set out 600 tomato plants. When you're past fifty your knees grow kinks if you stay on them too long."

Mr. Pitkin apparently forgets the anguish of the undernourished, scantily clothed, scantily warmed, overtired old bodies. He forgets the almost certain coming of illness, rheumatism, helplessness, lack of proper nursing, lack of money for doctors' fees. Clearly he forgets his love for the beauty and comfort of his own environment—its books, its pictures, its music, its association with congenial friends—as he describes in exalted strain the home of the dwellers in "Profitable Poverty":

> I went in and saw the plainest of plain little houses. Bare floors. No pictures on the walls. Not a trimming anywhere. Suddenly it flashed on me. A monastery! Cool, plain, austere . . . I looked back at the house . . . with something of a heart throb. . . . Surely this is "Profitable Poverty."

And, most tragic lapse of memory in a spiritual leader, Mr. Pitkin forgets that under a righteous social system, with present possibilities of production and distribution realized, the stress, the deprivation, about which he throws a haze of almost religious fervor would not exist.

In Mr. Pitkin's article is there any word of sympathy for the agony of that first winter, to say nothing of the certainty of suffering to come? No indeed! Mr. Pitkin is too busy with his attempt to camouflage for himself and his readers the cruelties of our present social order. Would he experience a blinding enlightenment if circumstances should force him to undergo with his wife the same experience of "Profitable Poverty"?

Iowa, Ga., August 6 Agnes Morgan

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Oregon Labor and the Townsend Plan

To the Editors of The Nation:

In *The Nation* of September 4 there appeared a misstatement relative to the convention of the Oregon State Federation of Labor. In enumerating the acts of the convention your editorial declared that it commended the principles of the Townsend old-age pension plan. The convention did exactly the opposite; it specifically denounced the transaction tax and refused to give indorsement to the plan in any manner.

Two resolutions on the Townsend plan were introduced in the convention—one approving and one denouncing the Townsend plan. The convention adopted the latter. Supporters of the Townsend plan, who were few in number, when they found that their resolution would be rejected, fought vainly to amend the other resolution so that it would vaguely approve the Townsend "principles."

In an effort to gain some slight recognition which might be interpreted as favoring the Townsend plan, the state manager of the Townsend forces sent credentials for a fraternal delegate to the convention. This trick was denounced on the floor, and the convention declined to receive the delegate. The convention was open to all visitors, yet when a motion was made to invite this Townsend delegate to remain as a visitor—a courtesy extended to everyone, friend or foe—the motion was adopted only by the narrow margin of two votes.

The convention did declare for an adequate old-age pension, as conventions of this federation had done long before Dr. Townsend ever thought of his scheme.

Portland, Ore., September 10 Kelly Loe

[We are glad to record the fact that the Oregon State Federation of Labor did not indorse the principles of the Townsend plan; that indorsement seemed to us a flaw in an otherwise intelligent and decisive program. We based our editorial comment on the following sentence taken from a report of the convention which appeared in the New York *Times* of August 25: "Another resolution was passed unanimously, commending the principle of the Townsend old-age pension plan, but stipulating that the Townsend transaction tax was a vicious burden on the poor and should be replaced by steeply graduated income levies."—Editors The Nation.]

In Defense of the O'Connors

To the Editors of The Nation:

I read with considerable interest an article appearing in *The Nation* of August 14 with reference to J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency. I do not believe that you are cognizant of certain pertinent facts in connection with the appointment of Mr. William O'Connor, brother of the Comptroller, to the post of receiver of the First National Bank in Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Here in Grand Forks we feel that William O'Connor is very well equipped for the job that he holds. Over 200 depositors of this particular bank wrote the Comptroller requesting that he be appointed; and to my knowledge, as a resident of Grand Forks, there has been no complaint from anyone as to the administration of the trust.

I happen to be a Republican by faith, still waiting for a Moses to come forth from the bulrushes, but I do not believe that unjust criticism of a competent official, no matter what his party affiliations may be, should pass unchallenged by a resident of the city wherein the officer in question resides, who has known him as a business man and banker for years.

Grand Forks, N. D., September 5 A. N. Cooper

To the Editors of The Nation:

. . . I have known J. F. T. O'Connor almost all his life. He was a power in politics when here. He ran for Senator and Governor against great odds. The Republican majority was over 65,000, O'Connor lost by around 2,000, and a change of one vote in each precinct would have elected him. Owing to the great work he did Roosevelt was able to carry the state. He was considered one of the best attorneys in the state, and is considered so in California.

The Honorable J. F. T. O'Connor is loved and respected by everyone in this state; from the time he enters its borders until he leaves he is besieged with invitations to speak. Two of the largest banquets ever given an individual were given him on his last visit to this state. The state university conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. His work in opening the new bank in this city and in paying a 50 per cent dividend to the depositors in the closed bank will cause his name to live forever in the hearts of the people of this city.

Grand Forks, N. D., September 5 Frank R. Ryan

Nancy and Her Father

To the Editors of The Nation:

Nancy Bedford-Jones is as refreshing as a buttercup in a snow bank at timberline. As youth stands before the quagmire created by well-meaning progenitors, nerves quiver at the sight of nowhere to go. Yet Nancy pushes on, doing what all youth is bound to do—trying to unfold the kinks of a rotten system.

Nancy's tender years indicate the obvious extent of the damage wrought by the society which her father defends so inadequately and which exists by preeminent right of "pledges." Youth, however, is not a matter of years. Youth is the symbol of progress, not the triumph of one generation over another.

It is not easy to defy one's father; but to defy by pointing a finger at a liar and to do it publicly at that—well, we can almost count the number of times Nancy must have swallowed that hard lump in her throat. In a world that has learned to impress young folk with the "honor" rule, we hail this youthful writer as one so courageous as to recognize dishonesty in any environment.

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Local 22

By GEORGE SIMPSON

THERE are about 85,000 dressmakers in New York City. In the spring of 1933 only 10,000 of them were organized in the Joint Board of Dressmakers, which consists of four locals. At that time the overwhelming majority of dressmakers were working in open shops—under sweatshop conditions, for miserable wages, at long hours. In one of the four locals, Local 22, the elections had resulted in a victory for the Dressmakers' Progressive Group, made up of anarchists, left-wing Socialists, militant non-partisans, and members of the Communist Opposition, the so-called Lovestonites. A member of the national executive committee of the last-named organization, Charles S. Zimmermann, had been elected secretary-manager. On taking office, the progressive administration of Local 22 attempted to have the Joint Board call a general strike in the dressmaking industry for the improvement of conditions. The proposal was at first turned down, but impetus was given to it when the NRA appeared in June of that year.

In August, 1933, the Joint Board called out its four locals in a strike which proved successful beyond even the fondest dreams of the progressives of Local 22: 70,000 dressmakers poured out into the streets of New York's garment district, and stayed out until they won. Within a week the smoke of the class struggle cleared and the workers discovered the fruits of organization and solidarity. They had turned into actuality the slogan under which the strike was carried on: "Make Your Code on the Picket Line." The demands they won—a thirty-five-hour week with no overtime, a guaranteed minimum-wage scale, and the security of the worker's job after he has worked thirty-five hours—formed the basis of the NRA code which was written in October, 1933. As a result, the membership of the Joint Board and of Local 22 soared. From 10,000 the Joint Board grew to 80,000, and from 3,000 Local 22 grew to 30,000. Ninety-five per cent of the dressmakers of New York were thus organized in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the parent organization.

One of the first steps taken by the progressives of Local 22, before the strike, was to call for unity with the dressmakers in the Needle Trades Workers' Industrial Union, which had been formed in 1929 by the official Communist Party. Dual unionism had been not the least of the issues which caused the split between the Stalinites and the Lovestonites. The Industrial Union before the strike had a greater membership among the dressmakers than the progressives had, and it seems probable that the Stalinites would have won control of Local 22 if they had then accepted. However, they refused. After the strike the dressmakers' division of the Industrial Union was a mere skeleton, and the progressives left it to perish of its own sectarianism. This it did last year when the Stalinites began to filter back into the A. F. of L. in all fields.

With the help of the extreme right wing the Stalinites have carried on campaigns, electoral and tactical, against the progressive administration, in a bloc known as the "left group." But they have never been able to win more than 30 per cent of the votes, even with the help of the news and editorial columns of the *Daily Worker*. Whether there will be unity between the Stalinites and the Lovestonites depends on the international situation in communism and not simply on the situation in the dressmaking industry.

The chief immediate aim of the progressives in Local 22 is the maintenance of the victories won in the strike of 1933. To that end they seem willing to ask for another strike if the employers break the agreement of 1933. In each shop there is a shop chairman who looks into violations of the agreement and discrimination against workers. The local has even called individual shop strikes or "stoppages" where it has felt that the employer could not be brought to terms by any other means. So untrustworthy do the workers deem the employers that they have forced them to agree to permit union accountants to investigate their books. As a result, Local 22 has succeeded this year in having paid to the workers more than $300,000 in back pay withheld through evasion of the wage scale by the employers.

Unlike those who advocate "pure and simple" unionism and fight only for higher pay and shorter hours the progressives consider the trade union a training school for workers. An educational campaign has been instituted which is rivaled in the labor movement only by that of the parent International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Nine schools in various parts of New York City have been established and fifty classes a week are given in English, Yiddish, and Spanish. Among the 30,000 members there are 2,500 Negroes and 2,000 Latin Americans. The greater portion of the membership is made up of women who have never had the advantages of school training. The educational department is giving them opportunities hitherto denied them and they are being made into a small class-conscious army which not only fights for its own rights but contributes to the strike funds of less fortunate unions struggling for better conditions. In New York City the union has been aiding unappointed teachers in their campaign for smaller classes and more jobs. At City College aid has been extended to students fighting the reactionary administration there.

Meanwhile its members have not neglected their own needs. On the basis of dues of thirty-five cents a week, free athletic and recreation facilities are provided, and for a small monthly fee a worker is entitled to sick and death benefits which would be otherwise far beyond his means.

The difference in the philosophy of trade unionism underlying the development of Local 22 since 1933 and that of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor was forcefully brought out last year by the general strike on the Pacific Coast. Green, it will be remembered, disowned that strike in the name of the A. F. of L. Zimmermann denounced him in a press conference, and pledged the aid of Local 22 to the West Coast strikers in their fierce fight. The president of the A. F. of L., much angered, sent Zimmermann a letter denouncing him as a Communist and a fomenter of labor troubles. Zimmermann, on receipt of the letter, took the opportunity to make a long, careful answer in which he opposed the class struggle to pure and simple trade unionism. "The policies of class collaboration," he wrote to Green, "of so-called peaceful partnership between employer and employee, which took such hold in the years before the crisis, are now admittedly bankrupt. They have shown that they can lead labor to nothing but disaster and defeat. Today a new spirit is spreading in the ranks of the labor movement. . . . The great need of the day, in my opinion, is for the official philosophy, methods, and tactics of the American Federation of Labor to be brought into line with this new spirit of progressivism and militancy."

The difference between the two philosophies was shown in action as well as in words when the Supreme Court voided the NRA. Green bewailed the fact and placed the hope of labor in the Wagner labor-disputes bill. Local 22, with the other three locals of the Joint Board of Dressmakers, called the workers out into the garment district one Saturday in early June to demonstrate against the decision and thus warn the dress manufacturers that they were ready to fight chiseling. This mass protest was the only one made in the country. Thus far the dressmakers have retained the gains of 1933 without resorting to large-scale strikes.

Within the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, Local 22 is something of a gadfly. At the last national convention of the union, the representatives of Local 22 offered thirty-two resolutions which they wished to have passed. These dealt with such questions as industrial unionism, a labor party, affiliation of the A. F. of L. with the International Federation of Trade Unions, and denunciation of the National Civic Federation, of which Matthew Woll is a chief officer. The I. L. G. W. U. has always been in the forefront of the fight for equality of Negroes in the American labor movement; Local 22 gave its parent a chance to show its position in Chicago at the convention. When the local's delegates arrived in the city, the Negro representatives were refused admission to the convention hotel, the Medinah Club. After a struggle they were housed—and then mistreated. The delegates of Local 22 succeeded in moving the entire convention to another hotel, where no discrimination was shown.

When William Green and Matthew Woll developed a red scare over the amalgamation of the official Communist furriers' union with the A. F. of L. union, Zimmermann, instead of using it as an opportunity to show his resentment against the Stalinites for their opposition to him, turned the other cheek and took issue with Green and Woll. He said that membership in a union depended on one's status as a worker and not on one's political beliefs. The *New Masses* hailed him for it without mentioning his politics.

The Progressive Group is not the property of any one radical faction. Working in harmony within it are individuals of varying shades of radicalism, some of whom are at complete variance with others on certain points. Thus, the anarchists and the Lovestonites have diametrically opposite views on the proletarian dictatorship in the Soviet Union. Yet they are able to work together not only within Local 22 but in several other unions having progressive groups. Their cooperation has been so fruitful that plans are now under way to form a progressive labor center with headquarters in New York.

Mixed Pickles

By HEYWOOD BROUN

A COMMITTEE of the New York Newspaper Guild called recently on Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the New York *Times,* for the purpose of collective bargaining. Mr. Sulzberger was extremely courteous but not disposed to grant the Guild proposals. Some of the debate was probably on subjects of local interest but at least one point came up which might be of concern to all newspaper readers as well as newspaper workers. Mr. Sulzberger undertook after the conference to sum up his position in writing. The rebuttal which is offered here is not my own but a contribution from a Guild member of the *Times.*

If the reason given by the New York *Times* for opposing the Guild came to be taken seriously by the Guild opposition generally and applied as a working proposition, it would lead to a revolution in our business so far-reaching that it would shake the foundations of every institution affected by public opinion.

Of course, no such thing is going to happen, but before going further into the matter let us examine the statement made to the Guild by the *Times* publisher:

"We are opposed to the principle of an organization such as we understand the Guild to be. Our objection to this idea lies not in organization *per se,* but because we fear a uniformity of viewpoint on the part of those persons who are intrusted with the responsibility of securing, writing, and editing the news. We raise no question as to any individual beliefs or predilections. We merely wish to see that all the members of our news department do not hold the same views. In that manner the human prejudices which we all possess are apt to be compensated for."

Thus does the greatest newspaper formulate the principle that it is its duty to see to it that the staff members hold views so diverging that they balance. How many Republicans, Democrats, Hitlerites, anti-Hitlerites, Holy Rollers, Free Thinkers, and so on does it take, and in what proportions, to make and maintain this mysterious balance? If the management of this great newspaper had elaborated on its policy it might well have become first-page news in every newspaper in the land.

To apply the policy a newspaper staff would be made somewhat in the manner of mulligan. And the day would come when a reporter who had seen a story from a totally different viewpoint than the editor's would be able to argue successfully that he had not fallen down on the story and refuse to change it on the ground that the management wanted compensating viewpoints (bad ones to compensate for good ones, perhaps) and that his was one of them.

I venture to say that the views of the *Times* staff are unanimous on simple arithmetic, the theory that the world is round, the propositions that a falling body gains momentum and that a rope is stronger than its individual strands. There is no need for any divergence of opinion on any of these matters except the last-mentioned, which comes perilously close to the idea that in union there is strength. If *Times* men blazon that proposition to the world, there must be compensating *Times* men to set down on paper that on the other hand a rope has weak strands, that indeed there is no such thing as a perfect rope; and, anyhow, why make a rope in these dark days when there is the possibility that one may hang oneself with it?

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Why should not the Guild test the devotion of the *Times* to this great new principle that will almost certainly become the device of other opposition publishers? Let it suggest to some of its unemployed friends that they approach the *Times* for jobs on the ground that they hold views not represented on the staff and that are genuinely compensatory for the known views of *Times* writers. Merely to state the proposition this way exposes its absurdity and suggests scenes that would fit in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera but not in the life of the workaday newspaper world, where most men who really have ideas that would compensate for many of those printed take good care to keep them under their hats.

If only the *Times* had submitted that statement of policy to its staff of many kinds of heads for rewriting, I venture to suggest that the processes of mulligan would have preserved only a single sentence of it, and to that three words would have been added so that the sentence would read: "We merely wish to see that all the members of our news department do not hold the same views—on the Guild."

Now I am entirely convinced that Mr. Sulzberger has succeeded in selling himself the idea that his opposition to the Guild is based on the highest ethical motives. At a conference last year he announced that while he did not deny the right of newspaper workers to organize he thought that they should foreswear organization in order to protect the highest standards of journalism.

It might be pointed out to Mr. Sulzberger that his notion that all Guild members are prone to think alike is utterly fantastic. One evening at a meeting of the representative assembly should convince him that it is the Guild itself which has achieved the utopian state of compensating for all prejudices by matching one against another.

It seems to me that sooner or later Mr. Sulzberger will have to face the realities of newspaper publishing in a competitive world. He longs for a news staff which holds no views in common. I can assure him that this is beyond the power of any publisher, even the publisher of the *Times,* to contrive. Every last man on his staff, or any other, would like higher wages and shorter hours. That very natural feeling cannot be eradicated by ukase. And since it exists, no permanent barrier can be maintained against organization, for organization provides the only effective way in which the mass desire can gain any part of its objectives.

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE and SAMUEL SLAFF are counsel for the Utility Users' Protective League of New Jersey.

CARLETON BEALS, author and journalist, contributes frequently to *The Nation.*

EMIL LENGYEL is the author of "The New Deal in Europe."

GEORGE SIMPSON is a sociologist who has contributed articles to the *Spectator* and other periodicals.

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, is the author of "Soviet Journey."

LOUIS M. HACKER is lecturer in economics at Columbia University.

ROBERT GIROUX is editor of the *Columbia Review* and moving-picture critic for the *Columbia Spectator.*

Books, Films, Drama

More Romains

The World from Below (*Men of Good Will*, Volume IV). By Jules Romains. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IN "A Letter to My American Readers," which his publishers saw fit to circulate before the appearance of this newest section of his work to be translated, M. Romains defends himself against those of his critics in this country who have dared to insinuate that Mr. Clifton Fadiman of the *New Yorker* was perhaps guilty of a libel on our grandchildren. Mr. Fadiman, it will be recalled, suggested that after the revolution the principal claim to distinction of the present generation will be that its members were the contemporaries of Jules Romains. The good-natured extravagance of this compliment was of course of a sort to prompt a corresponding bitterness of attack on the part of those reviewers who do not hold the same high opinion of M. Romains's qualities as a novelist. Mr. Robert Cantwell was prompted to discover in his work nothing less than a "prologue to fascism," and Mr. Malcolm Cowley nothing more than a pretentious revelation by a second-rate literary mind of its own worst limitations of imagination and taste. To these two critics, for obvious reasons, M. Romains addresses the larger part of his "Letter," which is in many respects one of his most successful exercises, comparable in effect to some of the best letters that pass between the characters in his novel. It takes up each of the objections raised against his work with a directness, an orderliness, and an evenness of temper that are a credit even to the tradition of French polemics. It is all in such superb good taste that one is almost ashamed to point out how much of it is sheer sophistry. For not one of the objections mentioned but is somehow misstated to be made to appear evidence of some profound lack or incapacity in the dissenting critic. Thus Mr. Cowley's quite legitimate complaint that much of Romains's lavish detail is not sufficiently relevant leads to the conclusion that this critic suffers from a reprehensible "blindness of the imagination." What is slurred over is that Mr. Cowley objected not so much to the use of detail in general as to its particular use or abuse in the work in question. But this obfuscation of the issue is surpassed by the eloquence with which M. Romains justifies his complete lack of what Mr. Cowley has referred to as "moral intensity." Here is invoked a formula so pale and shopworn that one had believed no writer born after Flaubert and the naturalists would ever have the face to use it again—the formula of "calm detachment."

The admission that such an attitude is what he is striving for is important to have from M. Romains's own pen because it saves us from the unkindness of naming what is the real trouble with his work to date. It provides the key to that combination of assiduity and relaxed imaginativeness which is coming more and more to be the peculiar effect of his writing. For it is possible for an artist to believe with his mind that an attitude of "calm detachment" is desirable and feasible at the same time that he demonstrates in his practice the inevitable consequences of its application. Unlike Flaubert, whose genius was stronger than his convictions, Romains has allowed an easy intellectual attitude to destroy the intensity of his feeling about experience—whether this be "moral intensity" or something else—to a point at which his work loses the dearest of all values to the literary artist, the value of *felt* experience. For the sake of covering a large canvas, a task dictated by the ambitious mind, he has undertaken to describe realms and modes of feeling with which he has all too obviously too little familiarity and for the plausible rendition of which he is able to summon too little interest. Everything can be set down in the preliminary *esquisse*, in the summaries at the close of each volume; but everything cannot so easily be realized in the corresponding chapters of the work.

An instructive parlor diversion might be arranged by selecting two or three bald sentences from one of these summaries, reading them aloud to a group of habitual novel readers, and then requesting that they be expanded or "filled in" with the appropriate action, dialogue, sentiments, and reflections. "Mionnet finally gets an interview with Mme de Quingey. The looks and manners of this lady. Mionnet points out to her the duty of Catholics in the imminent scandal. Mme de Quingey confides to him her spiritual uneasiness." It would only be necessary to explain that Mionnet is a scheming young ecclesiastic and that the lady referred to is a provincial bluestocking of the most typical sort. What such a test as has been suggested would probably establish is that Romains rarely adds anything but the most commonplace detail and analysis to the commonplace situations indicated in his summaries. The difference between the treatment and the bare summary would constitute the precise measure of his success or failure.

It is only fair to admit that this difference is always to the advantage of the treatment when, as in certain portions of the work, Romains is dealing with characters and events about which he happens to have a certain feeling. The letter of the obscure poetaster Strigelius to his sister, for example, is worth all the chapters describing the love affairs of Germaine Baader, the political campaign of the Marquis de Saint-Papoul, and the tramway scandal in Touraine. Here, as in the friendship between Jallez and Jerphanion, the superior warmth and color of the style reflect the fact that the writer is treating experience in which he has known some degree of participation. A fairer judgment of the Romains work at its present stage of development would perhaps give somewhat greater stress to these occasional triumphs over "calm detachment."

WILLIAM TROY

Chamberlin's History

The Russian Revolution 1917-1921. By William Henry Chamberlin. The Macmillan Company. Two Volumes. $10.

THIS book takes the reader from March, 1917—the overthrow of Czarism—to March, 1921, the proclamation of the New Economic Policy. After a brief sketch of the Romanov dynasty's career and a fine summary of the 1905 abortive revolution and of the pre-war era, the author attacks his main subject. The fall of the Czar, Kerensky's interregnum, and the rise of Bolshevism, events which in the hands of artists and eyewitnesses like John Reed and Leon Trotzky are alive with drama and excitement, become, under Mr. Chamberlin's pen, a slow chronicle recorded in monotone. We come, then, to an evaluation of Lenin, "the Genius of Revolution." This chapter is valuable to the extent that it reveals Mr. Chamberlin's mental processes and his approach to Russian problems. He says, for instance, "Among his [Lenin's] contemporaries Plekhanov surpassed him in breadth of historical judgment and erudition." Now where was the historical judgment of Plekhanov, the Marxist, when he supported Czarist Russia's role in the World War? Lenin's more accurate judgment told him that the war could be the beginning of a Marxist revolution. Mr. Chamberlin respects Plekhanov's erudition, forgetting that knowledge is lame if it does not help one to interpret the world. This is Mr. Chamberlin's failing too. He piles up a huge pyramid of facts in these two volumes. Most of them are correct; some are incorrect. But they do not contain much evidence of the author's understanding of the Soviet revolution. Take the essay on Lenin. Chamberlin writes: "Lenin staked his life on a mighty wager, a gigantic act of faith," faith in the establishment, through Bolshevism, of a "final stage of unimagined human welfare and prosperity." But the revolution was not a gamble. Its primary purpose was the transfer of power from the exploiting to the exploited classes. The toilers wanted to manage their own lives; this was reason enough for the revolution. Alone this would be an improvement. It was a certainty, not a gamble. When the masses, according to Chamberlin, took "the plunge into the unknown adventure of the Soviet regime, a regime that would indeed demand of them more sacrifices, perhaps, than Trotzky ever dreamed of," they knew that they would be sacrificing for what would be their own instead of suffering to perpetuate the misrule of others. This is the crux of the 1917-21 years, for very few workers hesitated about their allegiance in this period: they were with the Bolshevik Party because it was the party of the working class and not because it promised a paradise. The Bolsheviks before the revolution never promised much more than proletarian domination. Lenin fiercely opposed Utopian sketches of the future society and of "unimagined human welfare." To be sure, socialism would bring better living standards, but this is not what moved the Bolsheviks and the masses in 1917.

Here and in numerous other cases the author's fundamental difficulty is the absence of theory to guide him. Theory need not clutter up a book but it always directs a good historian's writing. This explains why Chamberlin has a scholastic worship of a principle instead of a dialectician's grasp of a living process. (The illustration will tell what dialectics is.) Lenin, soon after the Bolshevik revolution, declared, apropos of the peasants' desire to seize the land: "As a democratic government, we cannot disregard the decision of the masses, even if we disagree with it." Mr. Chamberlin comments: "This idea of letting the peasants settle their own affairs was scarcely in harmony with many subsequent phases of Bolshevik agrarian policy." Having thus annihilated Lenin with this thrust which has neither poison nor force, the historian lets the matter rest. But in an ever-changing world there are few eternal political principles, and Mr. Chamberlin should have stated, as he states nowhere in these two volumes, that in Lenin's view the Bolshevik revolution started out by being a bourgeois-democratic revolution. In that early stage the Bolsheviks allowed the peasants to destroy the landlords because the chief purpose of the bourgeois-democratic phase was to eradicate such remnants of feudalism as the monarchy, nobility, and estates. Then when the village civil war commenced, and especially when collectivization commenced, Moscow could not allow all the peasants to do as they pleased. It could give this privilege only to the pro-socialist section of the peasantry. For the peasants, without proletarian pressure, would have remained a capitalist class in a socialist country, and that Bolshevism could not tolerate. No betrayal of a principle is involved.

As one reads on, Mr. Chamberlin's array of data becomes as impressive as his lack of grasp of human motives in a revolution. He believes, for instance, that the poor city classes acted out of hatred, envy, and mistrust. This "feeling was ruthless, blind, and undiscriminating." Therefore "it did not spare the liberal or the moderate Socialist with a record of persecution under Tsarism." But maybe it was fine discrimination to distrust such moderate Socialists as Chernov and Gotz, who rushed to the staff headquarters of the Czarist army trying to find forces for the overthrow of Bolshevism. Maybe it was right to hate such liberals as Prince Lvov, Kerensky's Prime Minister, who later worked for the counter-revolutionaries, Denikin and Kolchak. Chamberlin knows the facts. They are in his pages. Yet the masses, to the intellectual, are blind. And if better evidence of a petty-bourgeois approach to revolution is wanted it will be found in these words: "Although he was one of the greatest of revolutionary leaders, Lenin abhorred disorder as a permanent state." Why "although"?

The episode of the convocation and dispersal of the Constituent Assembly in January, 1918, is treated with eminent fairness to show that Bolshevik acts "had robbed the deliberations of the assembly of most of their interest." A collation of some of the information from foreign and Russian sources on the Brest-Litovsk peace with the Kaiser and a large and valuable appendix of documents close the first volume.

The bulk of the second volume is filled with details of the civil war. Their quality will be weighed by the military expert, but their quantity is often confusing. Thus three pages are devoted to the details of an obscure military campaign in Dagestan but only one sentence, in all the two volumes, to Stalin's role in the civil war. Now in recent years mountains of material have been published in the U. S. S. R. on Stalin's significant role during the period covered by Mr. Chamberlin. It is known that at one time Trotzky was withdrawn from the southern anti-Denikin front and Stalin sent in his place on account of sharp difference of opinion in the Kremlin. Mr. Chamberlin omits this. Chamberlin could either have rejected the present thesis of Stalin's pivotal part in the civil war or he could have accepted it. But it looms too big in present-day Soviet politics to be entirely ignored. And it is inaccurate to ignore it. This brings me to my chief objection to Chamberlin's book: it contributes very little to an understanding of post-1921 events, and thus fails in one of the purposes of a history. I miss any discussion of Lenin's mistaken policy in sending the Red Army to Warsaw in 1920, of his admission of this error, and of his quarrel with Radek and Trotzky about it. Page after page is filled with details of military strategy by a layman, but there is no analysis of the political role of Menshevik Georgia which invited or welcomed German, British, and Turkish troops while calling itself "national" and "independent." We learn a great deal about the personalities of Makhno and Gregoriev but nothing about the personality of Stalin. Absolutely no attention is paid to artistic, literary, and scientific activity because Mr. Chamberlin very mistakenly believes that it was "in the main . . . largely paralyzed." As a result of overemphasis on military operations and legislation the creative spirit and creative work of this dynamic youthful period of the revolution are lost sight of. With this positive side of the revolution omitted, with party politics slurred over, and with the searchlight trained upon every anti-Soviet tendency on Soviet territory, Mr. Chamberlin's book becomes more a history of the counter-revolution than of the revolution. He is, incidentally, rather kind to the whites, and in a volume quite devoid of humor or emotion the only touch of sentiment is for the white General Denikin. Chamberlin eulogizes his "idealism" and "unselfish devotion" as witnessed by the fact that he acknowledged Kolchak's supreme authority. The fact is that the British, whose supplies made him, insisted on it. Denikin had no contact with Kolchak and believed, when he accepted his supremacy, that the admiral was still advancing.

The author's discussion of the terror is sane. He estimates with caution that the Cheka shot 50,000 counter-revolutionaries, and suggests, quite rightly, that the counter-revolutionaries' bag was at least as big. Besides, it contained 100,000 Jews slaughtered in white pogroms. Here, nevertheless, I regard it necessary to point out a few of the more important and easily demonstrable inaccuracies in Mr. Chamberlin's dif-

BURLINGAME

ficult task: Mr. Diamandi, the Rumanian Minister, was arrested after the Rumanian invasion of Bessarabia, not before. Commander-in-Chief Dukhonin was killed in Krylenko's presence, not after Krylenko had left. Krylenko's report to this effect and its confirmation by an anti-Bolshevik eyewitness have been published in "The Bolshevik Revolution" by Bunyan and Fisher. Mr. Chamberlin says there was no connection between the assassination of the German Ambassador Mirbach in Moscow on July 6, 1918, and Savinkov's insurrection in Yaroslavl on the same day. But Savinkov suspects there was. See the stenographic record of his trial. Also, an old book by Benes, Czech Foreign Minister, will show that Chamberlin is more Czech than the Czechs and has distorted the significant Czecho-Slovak episode in Russia.

The last subject treated by Mr. Chamberlin is the transfer from the war communism of 1917-21 to the New Economic Policy. The author undertakes to prove the failure and folly of war communism. Many Bolsheviks thought the same. Lenin wanted to scrap it in March, 1918, and said so, but Chamberlin does not quote him. The introduction of a new system impended at the Ninth Party Congress in 1920, but, as Lenin said on April 9, 1921, it had to be postponed on account of the Polish invasion. No reference to this either. There is far too little Lenin in the whole book. Some day, when more documents are available, a better history of the Soviet revolution will be written.

LOUIS FISCHER

The Pit

The Stars Look Down. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

IN "Hatter's Castle" and in "Three Loves" Dr. Cronin showed himself to be a novelist of considerable power with ability deftly to manipulate a group of characters. "The Stars Look Down" is no less strong, it is highly intelligent, and perhaps a score of persons emerge from it credible and life-size. The scene is a mining town in the north of England; the hero is the Pit—that dark, damp hole underground into which boys of fourteen vanish, and live most of their waking lives. The Pit claims the Fenwicks, miners for generations; Robert, the father of the family, and his son Hughie die there; David returns to it after a brief, passionate adherence to the Labor Party which forgot the miners it had been pledged to save; young Sammy is beginning his pit life when the novel closes. The mine owner, Richard Barras, in whom is concentrated all the power that wealth brings, cannot elude its grip; broken by it, sick and dying, he is on his way back to the pit mouth on his hands and knees when death captures him. Martha Fenwick, to whom the pit is as inevitable as the movement of the seasons, stays, above ground, magnificently preparing her men to enter it at dawn and ministering to them with hot water to clean them of its grime and with food to sustain them when they emerge at night. Even Joe Gowlan, one of the most thoroughgoing scoundrels in fiction, is drawn back to the scene of his youth when he stands for Parliament for Sleescale, triumphantly voted in by the very miners he helped to sell out.

If the Pit is Dr. Cronin's hero, it might be said that his theme is the triumph of vice over virtue. David Fenwick and Joe are the forces of good and evil between whom, from the beginning, the struggle takes place, and it is David who, because he has no other way to make a living, goes back underground and Joe who is the conquering hero in business, politics, and love. David's steady resolution is not broken; his integrity is unscathed by disappointment and betrayal; he preserves his illusions, his hope of ultimate betterment for the miner's lot. As it is for Martha, his mother, the Pit is as much a refuge for him as it is a foe. Virtue is crushed to earth, but David does not doubt that it will rise, if not through himself, then through some other instrument.

It will be seen that Dr. Cronin, with a very different *mise en scène,* has pointed the same moral, as he has covered almost the same period of time, as Miss Glasgow in her "Vein of Iron." It is inner virtue by which men will be saved; if they attain material success without it, they are nevertheless damned. More than Miss Glasgow, however, since he is dealing more specifically with public affairs as well as with the fortunes of private individuals, Dr. Cronin takes his David to the very edge of political revolution—and then returns him to the Pit. David perceives the injustice of the poverty and privation in which the miners live; he knows that nationalization of the industry is the only remedy; he is taken in by the promises of the Labor Party, as his mining constituents are, and with them he is cheated when the promises are not kept. But the brave new world that he feels must sometime materialize takes no concrete shape for him. "Perhaps one day he would rise again from the pit; one day, perhaps, help this plodding army toward a new freedom." Nothing more definite than that.

If his social philosophy is inconclusive, if David's integrity seems a little unsatisfying, Dr. Cronin has made up for it by the variety and strength of his characterizations. With the exception of Mr. Maugham's incomparable Mildred, Dr. Cronin's Jenny is unsurpassed for general meanness and worthlessness; Joe's complete blackguardism is less credible; but Arthur Barras, son of the mine-owner, is a compelling composite of weakness and strength; and the mine disaster, in which eighty-nine miners are drowned or are the victims of blackdamp suffocation and ten others die slowly of starvation, is one of the most admirably breath-taking and dreadful episodes of modern fiction.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

How Firm a Foundation!

The Du Pont Dynasty. By John K. Winkler. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

WITHIN a decade John K. Winkler has published seven biographies, of which six are concerned with the makers and masters of great American fortunes; there undoubtedly will be others, for Mr. Winkler has perfected a technique that allows for quantity production. This study of the Du Ponts has been preceded by books on Hearst, Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie, and the Stillmans of the National City Bank. We may anticipate, without any offense to Mr. Winkler, books, perhaps, on the Astors, the Fords, the Havemeyers, and so on and so on. These are the American great, and a hard-working and facile writer is not to be blamed for taking advantage of a reading public's perennial interest in the persons who rule it. If I seem to indicate that Mr. Winkler's achievement is of no particular importance, at the same time I do not feel that I am doing him an injustice; for, working at such speed and in so many diverse fields, he cannot be engaged in economic analysis or social criticism. Mr. Winkler seeks to furnish information of the more obvious kind and to provide entertainment.

For—shall we say?—the readers of the society notes and the financial gossip columns of our metropolitan newspapers Mr. Winkler's productions are quite adequate. They are written very smoothly; they are complete enough as regards biographical details; they contain satisfactory accounts of the outstanding family scandals; and they are—despite the author's free and easy air—properly respectful toward their powerful subjects. Nobody is seriously hurt; at any rate, nobody that still really counts. And Mr. Winkler's large reading public does come away from his books knowing how great the fortune for the moment being discussed actually is and a little something of how it was made. If it succeeds in learning nothing of the processes of monopoly development, the inevitable corruption of public servants, the links between industrial and finance capitalism, the ruthless exploitation of working populations, and the imperialist penetration of American capitalism into the far and shady corners of the earth, Mr. Winkler might very justly retort that neither do our scholars throw very much light on these questions.

All this is a great pity, for notably in the case of the Du Ponts there is a remarkable story to be told, nothing less than, in epitome, the whole history of American capitalist growth. The Du Ponts started in 1802 as manufacturers of explosives; not until 1899 did they enter the corporate stage, and even then their capitalization was only $12,000,000; yet by the 1930's they were lording it over industries, banks, and insurance companies with assets running into uncounted billions. During the brief life of two generations this mighty house had completed the cycle from slow industrial expansion through the creation of monopoly, establishment of alliances with European competitors, union with banking houses, to final emergence as a gigantic industrial and financial combine. Today the house of Du Pont has proliferations in innumerable heavy and light industries, stakes in virtually every land, and a great mass of liquid capital which, like the modern mechanized cavalry of the army, can be quickly thrown into those vulnerable industries where temporary distress makes the seizure of control easy. This is not only fascinating as history but it is significant for a proper understanding of our contemporary perplexities; and yet, to date, the only scholarly work on the story of the Du Ponts has been a single Ph.D. thesis of thirty-eight pages that was published in 1912.

Why can popularizers like Mr. Winkler get nowhere? The low estate of economic historical research in our universities is largely to blame. I wish to point out two of the reasons why the productions of our universities cannot hold a candle to the magnificent performances of the European graduate schools. We may note, first, that in those few American universities in which economic history is being seriously cultivated, as a rule direction is in the hands of professors of business administration established in schools of commerce. Closely bound by every tie of interest and loyalty to the present system as a result of such an affiliation, learned preceptors and their disciples necessarily move warily amid the dark jungles of current industrial and financial practices. How can one, in a historical setting, critically analyze the present-day methods of capitalist enterprise functioning as one does in a climate which is being regulated exactly to assure its continuance? For economic history to flourish it must be made a part of pure instead of applied research.

Second, we may note the absence of a general historical orientation among our scholars. Certainly it is not too much to expect of students of economic history that they possess a body of clearly defined ideas concerning the economic and social implications of the general system—that is to say, capitalism—whose particular phenomena they wish to examine. The only such frame of reference is historical materialism. Now, I am not saying that economic historians must be Marxists, but I am saying that unless they are fully aware of the teachings of Marxism as social philosophy and as method they can never be in a position to make contributions in their field that can be of any real significance. We have no scholars of the stature of the Englishmen Tawney and Lipson, the Frenchmen Sée and Mantoux, or the Germans Mehring and Sombart because these men have been familiar with the principles of historical materialism and as a result have been able to relate their researches to the dynamic flow of events. In our universities, on the other hand, our pragmatic blunderings have ended by stultifying investigation and preventing illumination.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Survival with Distinction

Pro Patria. By Ramon J. Sender. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IN his foreword the author disclaims all "literary and aesthetic prejudices," and he happily keeps his word. The agreeable thing about this book is its total lack of pretenses—sentimental, egotistic, social, or artistic. In fact, I recall no recent examples of war fiction in which there is so little attitude and so generous a permission to let bare incidents, within their context, speak for themselves. It is Sender's compliment to his subject to have realized that no inflation could make it more ghastly or render his hero more pitiable or more dignified.

This attests likewise to the quality of the style. Even in translation Sender appears as a quietly perspicacious, gently wise writer. His story has a factual and emotional unity that follows the arc transcribed by Viance's record of service in Morocco with the Spanish troops in the attempt to put down the revolt of Abd-el-Krim in 1921. This arc begins to rise as soon as Viance is introduced as the kind of man for whom living is a bitter yet never hollow experience. The abject poverty of his peasant home forces him as a child to become a blacksmith, a smith who has more brawn, more burns and cuts to show than others in the trade, a man who is called to military service just in time to lose his girl to his lieutenant and to be sent to the worst post of all, Africa. The tension rises as Viance shows his tenacious belief in his right to live, shows himself hardened, inarticulate, often blinded by his resentment yet with senses sharp enough to anticipate the rout of his regiment and to point the moment when escape may be made without dishonor.

In the chapters describing his ten days' flight across the waterless, foodless desert waste, where the corpses of men and horses scorch as soon as they are cut down by Moorish scimitars and the shallow empty river beds offer no protection to a fugitive from the moon's spotlight, where the only living things are stray madmen and officers fleeing before the enemy, unwilling to let a filthy, starving common soldier into their cars, human desperation and brutality are brought to a taut, nerve-racking peak. Events assume for the reader, as for Viance, the same fantastic resemblance to the real that is found in nightmares. Horror is its essence, yet the peculiar thing about the horror of Viance's torment is that it purifies rather than degrades. The thirstier Viance becomes, the hungrier he grows, the closer he is driven to madness, the more lucidly he sees himself, the world, and the relation between the two. His determination to live when death by slaughter is inevitable ends the nightmare. Here it is that Sender shows both taste and judgment as a writer. Instead of breaking off the story at this point, he avoids melodrama and continues the narrative to the silent, still defeat awaiting Viance upon his return as a civilian to Spain.

It is this ending and those flashes of insight and kindly human feeling by which Viance retains his self-respect and his sanity, those contrasts between action and reaction, which set the book apart from war novels that are only adventure stories or social tracts in disguise. It is true that the distance is not great or the position too pronounced, but the difference exists and is to be acknowledged. It is the advantage that the simple, naturally appropriate thing frequently has.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Shorter Notices

Primitives and the Supernatural. By Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

Dr. Lévy-Bruhl has for many years published compendiums of primitive behavior to illustrate the fact that their behavior differs from ours. He is not interested in using specific psychological criteria to discover the nature of these differences, but is content to identify our behavior in Western civilization in this century as logical, primitive man's as pre-logical. He uses chiefly illustrations of behavior motivated by magico-religious beliefs, and there is no manner of doubt that, whatever religions or systems of magic are under discussion, from whatever level of civilization, logic is not their strong point. They are interesting as different systems of illogical association of ideas, but the effort to find them logically grounded can be fairly ascribed to a habit of thought in our own culture which is certainly less than logical. In his most recent book Dr. Lévy-Bruhl has continued this compendium of illogicality under such headings as good and bad luck, "dispositions," ancestor worship, witchcraft, transgressions and purifications. By "dispositions" he means the will and intention animistically ascribed to the external world. There is a minimum of general discussion in the volume, and it proves to be a published card catalogue of items which, if they were to be meaningful, would have to be illuminated by more information about the culture from which the item is torn.

XXIV Elegies. By John Gould Fletcher. Writers' Editions, Santa Fé. Limited Edition. $2.50.

Mr. Fletcher is minutely interested in the world and highly perplexed by it. Like a chimpanzee, he has curiosity but no method. Lack of an adequate method characterizes both his verse and the intellect which it reveals. Although he was one of the original imagists, imagism for him meant only freedom to pursue his confused groping for expression without the restrictions of the old forms; it did not lead him, as it led some others who took that school as their point of departure, to a new clarity of vision and ultimately to new and more precise forms. The elegies in this volume cover a wide span of geography and a variety of subjects, including Edison, Napoleon, an Empty Skyscraper, a Civil War Cemetery, the Russian Revolution, Tintern Abbey, and the Last Judgment. Mr. Fletcher has surveyed them from all sides, read all relevant documents, and brooded upon them grimly. He has put his observations into fresh and sonorous English, with a wealth of agreeable imagery. But the poem rarely crystallizes about a sharp central impression, and his work does not embody a coherent attitude toward experience. After his travels the poet is merely rather frightened by the human scene:

> Rough winds and gold weeds in the sea,
> The strength of great rollers
> Mile long and twenty feet high,
> Breaking along a wide beach;
> These, these are better
> Than the endless human struggles,
> The insanity of sex,
> The madness of modern speech.

It is altogether fitting that he should have found retreat in the tenets of Southwestern regionalism.

Next Week: Joseph Wood Krutch
will review "Eugene O'Neill; A Poet's Quest,"
by Richard Dana Skinner.

Films

Taxidermy on the Screen

To call "Anna Karenina" a handsome production is to compliment the makers of Garbo's new picture as one might compliment the embalmers of a well-preserved corpse. It is undoubtedly one of the best-looking pictures of the year. If it is also one of the most lifeless, the fault is in no way Garbo's. She not only surmounts such minor distractions as weighty gowns and several styles of headdress, but with her great gifts of characterization she manages at times to suspend one's disinterest in the archaic plight of a woman victimized by a social situation which no longer exists. Those critics who attacked "Love," the screen version of "Anna Karenina" made in the late twenties, as a fantastic abridgment which completely ignored the social implications of Tolstoy's novel, were justified in so doing. But it is none the less true that the passionate Gilbert and Garbo picture was much more relevant to the era of Elinor Glyn and Clara Bow than the purity-sealed Garbo and March rendition is to ours. The new version includes the social implications of the novel, but the issues are now meaningless, dramatically at least, and the film is justified only as a museum piece.

That it is a handsome museum piece is due to tasteful settings and expert photography; in no sense is it due to distinguished direction. Clarence Brown capitalizes none of those few incidents in the picture which lend themselves to purely cinematic treatment. Only one scene, Anna's suicide, is effective as film, and this seems to owe as much to the imagination of the musical director, Herbert Stothart, as to anything else. As Anna stares at the grinding train wheels and they slowly increase in speed, the music joins in the chorus of sound until a crescendo of such loudness and discord is reached that one knows Anna must kill herself to stop the noise in her head. For the first time one is shaken out of one's lethargy; for the first time the film acts. This shocking suicide was the natural ending for a tragedy, but since it seems to be a tradition that Garbo's pictures end with her close-up, it was necessary to add an innocuous scene with Vronsky (Fredric March) remarking what a wonderful woman Anna was, after which the camera trains on the desk photo of a smiling and toothsome Greta and the picture ends on the note it maintains throughout. The mazurka scene, in which the emotional mix-ups of Vronsky, Anna, Kitty, and Levin are contrasted with a pattern of movement and sound, would have been meat for a first-rate director; in Brown's hands the scene is chaotic and ineffective. For the rest the picture is constructed as a play. It is essentially theatrical and is at its worst in such scenes as the lovers' flight to Venice, where Anna and Vronsky stand on the balcony and gaze at a fake moon, vowing their love in dialogue by S. N. Behrman.

Clemence Dane and Salka Viertel are responsible for the screen play. Excepting that of Miss Garbo, with her individual talents, there are no distinguished performances, though Reginald Denny is unexpectedly pleasing as Yashvin, Vronsky's worldly-wise friend. As Vronsky, Fredric March emphasizes by his dazed manner the essential lifelessness of the film, and Reginald Owen as the philandering Stiva does not even pretend to act.

Cecil De Mille's "The Crusades," at the Astor, is the love story of Loretta Young and Henry Wilcoxon. Why it was necessary to drag Christianity into the picture is not clear from anything on the screen. The one character with charity and greatness of spirit is the Sultan of Islam, Saladin, played by Ian Keith. Mr. Wilcoxon's Richard is a bully, Philip of France is a scoundrel ready to ruin the Crusades to avenge his jilted sister, and, as presented, Richard fights at Arsuf not for the true faith but for Loretta Young. The battles are exciting and spectacular because of effective cutting. De Mille directed the battles but his assistant, Anne Buchens, cut them, which puts Mr. De Mille somewhat in the position of a brickmaker and Miss Buchens in that of a builder.

"Peasants," at the Cameo, combines the best and the worst of the Soviet cinema. It is full of vitality, humor, and poignancy, and engages one's emotional interest by that sort of full-bodied characterization one finds in the best of the Russian novels. The faults are for the most part mechanical—bad cutting and poor lighting. There is little use of the dissolve, and unconnected shots follow one another so quickly that the spectator has difficulty in overcoming momentary confusion. Oddly enough, the mechanical defects lend a rawness to the film which enhances rather than hinders its naturalism. Two or three players are recognizable from other Russian films, Gardin in particular, who plays the bearded elder. "Peasants," if not great, is a good film. It is not so good as "Youth of Maxim" or "Chapayev" among the more recent Soviet importations, but of the films current on Broadway it is the most alive and offers the most satisfaction.

ROBERT GIROUX

[*The current films will be reviewed by Mr. Giroux until Mark Van Doren, who is to be* The Nation's *regular film critic, takes up the task later in the month.*]

Drama

Little Man, What Now?

"LIFE'S TOO SHORT" (Broadhurst Theater) is the first play of the new season to take itself very seriously either as comment or as drama. Jed Harris, the producer, appears to have counted very heavily indeed upon the appeal of the story, and under the circumstances it is a pity that the piece should have turned out as feeble as it undoubtedly is. There must be a play in the story of a typical white-collar man turned out of his job and coming only gradually to realize that the little world of which he seemed an indispensable part is no longer there. One way to write it must be the way which the authors of this rueful comedy chose when they made their hero-victim too unimaginative to understand what is really happening and incapable of interpreting his fate in any terms except those involving the machinations of enemies and the failure of the bosses to realize how indispensable he is. Indeed, there are a few moments when "Life's Too Short" seems almost that play; but for the most part it meanders uncertainly from scene to scene, sometimes losing its way among irrelevances, often lingering upon the development of incidents which the audience has already anticipated and the outcome of which it can foresee. For a time the course of events is so typical as to suggest a composite of case histories without any distinguishing feature, and then, as though the authors had come to realize that they had nothing to contribute to the deeper understanding of the situation, the play is turned into a triangle melodrama with the boss giving back a job to the husband whose wife he is trying to seduce.

Part comic, part pathetic, and occasionally verging on melodrama, "Life's Too Short" does not so much fall between two stools as sprawl helplessly among three or four. Despite occasional moments when it rings true, it lacks decisiveness and force and character. Probably these negative defects are the ones from which the others stem, but it is the shift of emphasis from the typical case of the jobless man to the very special case of the helpless husband wronged by his boss which breaks the back of the play and destroys all its unity of effect. One might have a story whose interest lay in the fact that its incidents were typical and that its hero assumed importance only because his story was the story of a hundred thousand like him. One might, on the other hand, center the interest in an individual tragedy based upon a triangular situation for which the depression furnished the local background. But the two things are not the same and the one gets in the way of the other. The typical story which the play seems to set out to tell demands that the solution should be typical also, and the shift from the very general to the very particular case leaves unsatisfied the desire which the first act has aroused to see what the typical outcome of a typical story may be. The hero is too much like many others to be the hero of an individual tragedy, but his fate is too individual to serve as the proper catastrophe for the story of his class. One remembers half a dozen telling moments like that at the very end when the central character straightens up his desk before leaving and turns over the leaf of a new day on the calendar pad before him. One remembers also Leslie Adams's brilliant playing of a scene in a restaurant in the course of which he manages, by the sheer force of his acting, to make real and human and credible that most stereotyped of all characters, the accomplished amorist. But not even the shrewd direction of Mr. Harris can make the play forceful as any kind of whole.

"At Home Abroad," a new revue with Beatrice Lillie, has doubtless by now settled down for the year at the Winter Garden. One can't ask everything in one such show and perhaps this lacks the sustained verve of, let us say, "Anything Goes." But it is far above the average, nevertheless, in several important respects. For one thing the *décor* is consistently beautiful with a style of its own and a way of employing the lavish splendors of light and color without degenerating into what, on the lower levels of the profession, is admiringly called "flash." In addition to the star it has Ethel Waters and one Paul Haakon, a really stunning dancer recently seen with the Fokine ballet. Miss Lillie grows steadily more restrained, and some customers were heard to wish for a bit more of her old-time extravagance. I confess, however, that though I sense the danger of over-subtlety in a clown I find nothing to complain of yet. She has raised to a high art her trick of the sudden lapse into awkwardness, either physical or spiritual, and she seems capable of almost infinite variations upon the theme. Her burlesque of romantic clichés has seldom been funnier than in the scene where she takes off a Vie Parisienne soubrette singing "L'Amour le Merrier," or in another where, as Mitzi, she is followed about the stage by an ardent chorus of guardsmen. In fact, the only complaint I should care to lodge against "At Home Abroad" is its unaccountable waste in leaving Herb Williams without much to do. He is sometimes one of the funniest men in the business.

As for "The Night of January 16" (Ambassador Theater), perhaps it is only decent to confess that I was interested enough to find myself surprised that eleven o'clock had arrived so quickly. I will add only that it is a courtroom melodrama in the course of which things happen calculated to give any judge apoplexy, and that the verdict is rendered by a jury drawn from the audience. "Few Are Chosen" (Fifty-eighth Street Theater) is a mild little play about some novices in a convent who behave in a manner startlingly like that of boarding-school girls. It is not unconvincing and not unentertaining in its quiet way but its qualities are hardly sufficient to create an audience for a play on a subject with which the general public is not, after all, very deeply concerned.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

THE ETHIOPIAN CRISIS has brought France and Britain to an approximation of the cooperation the French sought in the ill-fated protocol. Sir Samuel Hoare in his latest note does not explicitly pledge Britain to apply sanctions if Germany seizes Austria, but he reiterates the salient words of his historic Geneva speech backing the Covenant, and asserts that they mean precisely what they say. The French prefer pledges set down clearly in writing; the British prudently hold to abstractions which express present intentions without sacrificing altogether the liberty of future choice. But it is plain that Britain is now committed to defend Austria from unprovoked aggression, and France and Britain together are ready to become Austria's godfathers in place of Italy. This is important if League sanctions have to be applied against Mussolini. As Vienna now is oriented, Italy could count on receiving supplies from Austria, and through Austria from Germany and Hungary. The new Franco-British accord is developing organically in that military experts of the two countries are already discussing what concerted action to take under hypothetical conditions, presumably not alone against Italy. These are swift changes. Two months ago France had given up hope of obtaining Britain's support of collective security, and Laval's new friendship with the arch-realist Mussolini was the theme song of Paris. Britain was making the naval agreement with Hitler and presenting the Nazis with their greatest diplomatic triumph since Versailles. But already the Franco-Italian game is up, and the Anglo-German game too. Hitler is back in the diplomatic concentration camp, and can cement friendships only with Hungary and Poland. This he is doing, and the visit of Premier Gömbös to Berlin is preparatory to the formation of a bloc to offset the Little Entente and Russia's pact with Czecho-Slovakia. But this is a trifle compared with the importance of French and British cooperation and the revival of the League.

APPLICATION OF SANCTIONS against Italy if it attacks Ethiopia will not be anything like so drastic as a lay reading of Article XVI would seem to promise. There will be no automatic severance of diplomatic, financial, and economic relations between all members of the League and Italy. Instead, the powers will apply a principle of gradualism defined in little-remembered resolutions adopted by the League Assembly on October 4, 1921. Under these, the rupture of diplomatic relations may consist at first merely in the recall of the chiefs of missions at Rome. Economic sanctions likewise are to be gradual. The idea of the resolutions was that gentle sanctions were to be used first in the hope of accomplishing results, and should increase in intensity only if the recalcitrant state did not mend its ways. By these resolutions, too, it remains for members of the League to decide for themselves whether the Covenant has been broken. Thus it is certain that League sanctions will not be dramatic and impressive at first. And Mussolini no doubt is counting on a period of relative freedom from interference. The great problem no longer is to prevent the war, which appears inevitable, but to find a way of ending it at an early stage. Here the British and the French are trying to reach an understanding with Mussolini, who has whittled down his original demands to a remarkable degree. But as he still insists on a settlement based on the 1906 treaty, and includes the corridor from Eritrea to Italian Somaliland through Ethiopia west of Addis Ababa, the League is sure to reject it. Russia, Turkey, and Rumania voted against the Council adopting the Madariaga proposals as going too far toward placating Italy. The League will insist on a League settlement, which Mussolini simply cannot accept and remain in power. The peace may be even more dangerous for Mussolini than his war.

THE PROBABILITY that the League will ask American aid in applying non-military sanctions against Italy gives special importance to the study recently completed by the Geneva Research Center analyzing the types of cooperation possible under existing legislation. The study found that the neutrality act, despite the absence of the clause making its application optional with the President, would be an asset rather than a liability in case the United States decided to cooperate. Although the act must be applied both to Ethiopia and Italy in case of war, Italy alone is likely to be in the market for any considerable amount of war materials from the United States. The League powers would be not only free but in honor bound to take care of Ethiopia's legitimate demands, while Italy would be dependent solely on non-League states for essential supplies. America's embargo on munitions would be automatic under the neutrality legislation, and the crucial issue is whether Italy would be able to continue to purchase cotton, oil, scrap-iron, and other raw materials in this country. To what extent these commodities will be classified as "implements of war" under the act remains to be determined, but the report suggests that legally all might be included in the ban. The President also has the power to cooperate with the League in withdrawing diplomatic representatives from Rome and in non-recognition of any situation created by Italy in Ethiopia in violation of the Kellogg pact, and he could acquiesce in a League blockade. The Johnson act prevents Italy from floating loans in this country, though it does not rule out short-term credits. The one sanction that the United States could not apply without special legislation would be a boycott of Italian imports. If the League invokes this sanction, it is possible that the American public would back an unofficial boycott rather than shoulder the responsibility for the success of Italian aggression.

THE ANTHRACITE INSTITUTE, which practically governs the hard-coal industry, seems hardly grateful for a recent free lesson in economics. For five years there has been a trade in bootleg coal so thriving that this year its operations may reach $50,000,000. Miners thrown out of work by the closing of the big companies' shafts have squatted on the coal lands, dug their own small shafts, and taken out enough coal to earn a living. The bootleg-fuel industry, with its thousands of pits, its fleets of trucks, and its sales organizations, has assumed the proportions of a major business. Bootleg coal is sold from $2 to $4 a ton cheaper than legitimately mined anthracite. Coal companies, dealers, and railroads have used every means in their power to halt the traffic, but the unemployed miners and truckers have presented a formidable opposition, and have had the support of labor and at least the tacit encouragement of the Pinchot and Earle state administrations. Now, the mighty Anthracite Institute itself has entered the fight. Walter Gordon Merritt, its general counsel, has threatened "very drastic action," implying the use of force if necessary, to halt the "piracy."

WHATEVER the ethical implications of coal bootlegging, the Anthracite Institute chooses to ignore its economic significance. It is in large measure because of the outlaw coal traffic that anthracite conditions are at a six-year peak and that a new spirit of hope pervades the Pennsylvania fields. From Shamokin, the center of the bootlegging industry, it is reported that men working illegally on one coal company's land successfully negotiated the reopening of two abandoned slopes and are back at work, having given up their illicit business. At Centralia hundreds more will soon return to work under a similar arrangement. At Pottsville an independent company which grew out of bootleg operations has been granted an operating lease by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. In other words, the bootleg miners themselves, organized as independent companies, are taking over, and running at a profit, the abandoned holdings of the large companies. There has been a general reversion to small-scale mining, and while it is fairly certain that this situation cannot long endure, it has more than served its purpose by revitalizing the anthracite industry and giving employment to thousands of miners.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and the price-raising school of economists would do well to make a close study of recent economic developments in the Soviet Union. In the past year the benighted Bolsheviki, who doubtless have never heard of Professor Warren and think of Foster as the Communist candidate for the President of the United States, have recklessly cut prices on all their products. And instead of suffering from unemployment, wage reductions, and curtailed production, as everyone knows they should, they have been perverse enough to step production up 25 per cent above last year's level and increase the wage scales slightly. The result has been an unprecedented rise in living standards. Retail-trade turnover for the first half of 1935 was 34 per cent above that of the corresponding period of 1934. The abolition of the ration system—which has now just been completed by removing the restrictions on meat, fish, butter, and potatoes—has returned millions of rubles to circulation which were formerly hoarded in the villages, and made unnecessary the issuance of new money to take care of the growing trade turnover. Meanwhile, the railways, long the weakest link in the Soviet economy, have taken a new lease on life under the direction of Kaganovich. Car loadings in August averaged more than 70,000 a day and exceeded the plan by 5 per cent. During the first eight months of the year the railroads received 53,000 new cars, almost twice the number produced last year. Could it be possible, Mr. Roosevelt, that the only persons who really gain from rising prices are the entrepreneurs and speculators?

COTTON PICKERS ON STRIKE in Alabama—they are demanding a dollar for picking a hundred pounds of cotton—report eight known deaths among the members of the Share-Croppers' Union. Numerous persons are missing, many have been beaten, and about a hundred are in jail. In Arkansas, where the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, several thousand strong, called a strike beginning September 23, three men and one woman were jailed on the day the strike began "for agitating a strike of cotton pickers." The prisoners have not been allowed to communicate with union officials or attorneys and they will probably be charged with violating an Arkansas law against "inciting labor" which is designed to defeat just such movements as the present strike. In Arkansas, too, the demand for which the croppers are taking their lives and liberties into their hands is for one dollar a hundred pounds. Our readers are already familiar with the unbelievable conditions of poverty and terror under which the Southern cotton pickers live. They know too that the strikers in both Alabama and Arkansas need support and help of every sort. At this particular time we urge that telegrams and letters be sent to Governor Bibb Graves at Montgomery, Alabama, and to

Sheriff C. H. Wilson at Blytheville, Arkansas, protesting against the denial of civil rights and the outright gun play with which the cotton pickers' strike is being literally beaten down. Such protests do carry weight. In Birmingham the cases of Robert Wood and R. F. Hall, charged with violating the infamous Downs ordinance, have been dismissed for lack of evidence; in Bessemer, Alabama, Ed Sears, a Negro, sentenced to ten months on the Alabama chain gang and a fine of $100, has been freed by Judge Gardner Goodwin of the Circuit Court, who ruled the ordinance unconstitutional. The croppers can scarcely hope to come off with their lives, let alone obtain their meager demands, without outside help.

AFTER READING newspaper accounts of the latest American Legion convention one wonders just who these rowdy juveniles are who behave every year according to the same violent pattern. Thousands of them take possession of the favored city—and it is worth noting that competition for the honor is keen between rival communities—they shoot craps on street corners, they get vociferously drunk, they push each other off the running boards of automobiles, they drop furniture out of hotel windows, they become maudlin over the dear old flag, they pass resolutions against communism and un-Americanism, and they demand the bonus. One wonders who they are and then one admits, somewhat ruefully, that in real life they are ordinary, sober citizens. The legionnaires at St. Louis undoubtedly constituted a fairly representative cross-section of the American middle-class population. What a legionnaire thinks is thought every day by our old friend, the Man in the Street. He thinks about money, which is to say that he wants some, but does not allow his desires to be complicated by curiosity about where the money is to come from: the Legion bonus resolution called on Congress to consider the bonus question without reference to "issues of government finance or theories of currency with which the Legion does not intend to become involved." He thinks about reds and about patriotism: he would sever relations with Soviet Russia and fingerprint American citizens; he would have peace and a big army and navy. And he thinks about cutting loose and having a good time. Being safely away from home and out of the sight of neighbors and bosses, he whoops it up with his buddies in memory of the brave old days when leaving home was a patriotic duty.

KNICKERBOCKER VILLAGE in New York City, a limited-dividend housing project, was designed to substitute modern, low-rental apartments for the slums that had once occupied the same ground and to create a new type of community living. The tenants, taking these promises at their face value, organized a democratic tenants' group, the Knickerbocker Village Tenants' Association, to protect their joint interests and to create a genuine community life. They found it necessary to protest against refusal of the owners, the Fred F. French Company, to live up to the building specifications. Employing a policy of non-cooperation with the tenants' attempts to adopt an extensive social, recreational, and cultural program, the management has resorted to every destructive method, from arousing racial prejudices by whispering campaigns to physical intimidation. It has started a red scare, has sponsored rival tenant organizations, and has subsidized a paper that consistently attacked the first group. Now thirteen leaders of the association have been refused renewal of their leases, although each has satisfied the State Board of Housing, which supervises the renting, of his qualifications for tenancy. The board, which has not taken action in any of the many flagrant violations of tenants' interests until forced to it by tenant pressure, disclaims power to act in the present dispute. Supreme Court Justice Rosenman denied the K. V. T. A. appeal for a writ of mandamus to force the board to intervene; as a result the thirteen evicted tenants are being refused a hearing.

A LETTER from Langdon W. Post, chairman of the New York City Housing Authority, and subsequent information obtained at the Authority's offices necessitates several corrections in and additions to the editorial comment on the Astor housing project in *The Nation* for September 25. The project was one of renovating a group of old-law tenements in New York City; the aim that of determining whether or not renovation could be done more cheaply than new construction. The result will be a number of tenements almost entirely rebuilt from plans which adequately meet the requirements of modern multiple-dwelling construction—not from antiquated plans as we were erroneously informed—and, most important of all, at a rental of $6 a room. The cost of "renovation" was as high if not higher than if the buildings had been started on a vacant lot. The low rentals were made possible because the land was bought for considerably less than current lower East Side prices and because there was in effect no labor charge for the job, the work being done under relief auspices. The essential shortcomings of the project were that it was too small for satisfactory community housing and too limited to start any general break in land values. Considerable difficulties, moreover, arose from the fact that labor on the job was supplied under three jurisdictions—FERA, TERA, and New York City relief. Although the New York Housing Authority was not at fault, our assertion that bureaucratic red tape interfered with prompt and effective work appears to have been justified.

IN *THE NATION* for September 18 we printed an excellent review of George Seldes's "Freedom of the Press," by Alexander Crosby. A little later we were a bit surprised to see in the *Saturday Review of Literature* another review by Mr. Crosby of the same book, and we were still more surprised a few days afterward to discover a third in the *New Masses.* It was, however, only when we opened the *Guild Reporter* (organ of the Newspaper Guild) and found the initials A. C. affixed to a fourth extended notice of the Seldes book that we began to feel some absence of discretion in Mr. Crosby's zeal. Nor is the situation improved by the touch of irony incident to the fact that Mr. Crosby warmly supports the Seldes thesis concerning the tendency of monopoly to nullify the technical freedom of expression guaranteed by the Constitution; and we cannot but admit that if four unfavorable reviews by the same man had appeared in four reactionary publications we should have been among the first to protest. As a member of the Newspaper Guild, Mr. Crosby should at least be a bit more scrupulous about sharing a job!

Will Sanctions Lead to War?

IN voting to deal with the Italo-Ethiopian conflict under Article XVI of the Covenant, the League of Nations has taken what is everywhere admitted to be the most fateful step in its history. Should Mussolini proceed with his projected invasion of Ethiopia in defiance of the League, the application of the penalties specified in Article XVI will be automatic. An act of war against the African kingdom now becomes legally and irrevocably an act of war against every member of the League. Never before, not even in the case of Japan, has the League had the courage to take this action. In fact, it was generally believed before the inception of the present crisis that the punitive measures listed in Article XVI were wholly impractical, and it had been proposed that they be struck from the Covenant in the interest of realism.

Even today, with the preponderance of the peace sentiment of the world strongly behind the League, many sincere pacifists are seriously disturbed by the trend toward sanctions. The leadership of the British Labor Party, for example, has split three ways on the issue. Dissenting from the action taken by the majority at the recent Trades Union Congress, the party's parliamentary leader, George Lansbury—a life-long Christian pacifist—is against sanctions because they may involve the use of violence. Certain prominent members of the Socialist League, notably Sir Stafford Cripps, have opposed them in the present crisis on the ground that they merely tend to strengthen British as against Italian imperialism. Expressing a somewhat similar attitude Frank Simonds, in a letter printed elsewhere in this issue, denies that there is any moral distinction between the continuation of the British occupation of Egypt and Mussolini's threatened seizure of Ethiopia. Behind this lies the fundamental problem whether it is either ethical or desirable for the peace forces to throw their support to the great empires which are endeavoring, out of self-interest, to maintain the status quo.

We do not dispute the accuracy of the picture which Messrs. Cripps and Simonds have drawn. England's dramatic stand at Geneva has been by no means as disinterested as the speeches of its representatives would imply. But nothing that England has done or is doing in Egypt justifies Italian aggression. Nor because certain interests favor sanctions for selfish reasons does it follow that pacifists should reject the one device which offers hope of preserving peace. If the Japanese general staff had believed that the League would enforce Article XVI in 1931, there would be no Manchoukuo today. While fear of sanctions may not dissuade Mussolini at this late date, it is at least certain that no other step carries even a remote possibility of stopping Italian aggression. Moral force, world opinion, and the outlawry of war have little meaning to a dictator who prides himself on his scorn of all principles. To follow the advice of the cynic and do nothing not only would condemn ten million Ethiopians to the fate suffered by thirty million Chinese in Manchuria but would encourage similar international brigandage the world over. Sanctions fill the same position in the international sphere as the police and courts of justice occupy within the nation. They may not prevent all irresponsible acts of violence, but they can keep the guilty party from benefiting from conduct that is deliberately anti-social.

An instinctive mistrust of armed force is wholly justified even when the force is directed by an international agency. A war to preserve peace would probably be no less destructive and no less futile than a war to make the world safe for democracy. But does this mean that the multitude of men and women who desire to see war abolished are caught in an inescapable dilemma? Are military sanctions in support of the status quo the sole alternative to allowing dictators to overrun defenseless states and exploit millions of innocent and helpless persons? If these were the only possibilities, the choice would be difficult. But the dilemma is obviously a false one, calculated to beguile unwary pacifists into the same camp as their fascist enemies. Commercial and financial sanctions are not acts of violence, but if rigorously applied they would eventually be as effective against Italy as military action. Closing the Suez Canal would achieve the same objective in much less time. It is not necessary to deprive Italian women and children of essential foodstuffs, or even to establish a naval blockade. The type of control which most countries already exercise over foreign trade should furnish the groundwork for an effective administration of sanctions without the utilization of military or naval force.

Of course it is theoretically possible for Italy to resist an international embargo by declaring war against one or all of the states participating in the action. Mussolini's bold declaration that "sanctions mean war" has misled many persons who would otherwise be inclined to support international punitive measures. But to believe that he would actually carry out his threat is to assume that Il Duce has lost every vestige of the shrewd political sense which has maintained him in power for the past thirteen years. No dictator is likely to be mad enough to plunge his country into a war in which it must inevitably be defeated. The danger of war exists only when sanctions are applied by one or two countries—which is just the contingency the League is seeking to avoid through collective action. But even granting that the aggressor might retaliate under exceptional circumstances, the risk of a prolonged and general war would still be remote as compared to the danger that an illegal war would spread once it got started. Any community, national or international, which neglects law enforcement for fear of retaliation on the part of the lawless elements must pay the price in resultant anarchy.

Sanctions are not intended to solve the war problem in its entirety. They are of no assistance in eliminating the causes of international conflict. Nor are they in any sense a substitute for arbitration, conciliation, or agreements for the equitable distribution of raw materials and markets. Sanctions are valuable only in restraining countries from settling their disputes by armed force. But from the standpoint of this generation, nothing else is of such pressing importance. Neither peace nor justice is possible without law.

An Industrial-Union Victory

THE victory of the United Mine Workers, who won a $90,000,000 wage increase after a perfectly mobilized strike, is first of all the success of bread-and-butter unionism. John L. Lewis can boast that he has increased the wages of his bituminous workers by $350,000,000 in three years, and so has demonstrated to his membership that their union, from a purely business standpoint, is a remarkably profitable investment. His latest victory was possible because of his authority in the negotiations with the coal operators, and because when the strike was called it was completely effective. It was also the result of several other important factors, not the least of them being that the operators were unable to force their conflict into the White House and enlist the President as arbitrator. The President left negotiations where they belonged as long as the public interest was not more seriously jeopardized, in the Department of Labor, and there Assistant Secretary McGrady conducted them with signal skill. The coal operators, with lively memories of the President's intervention in the automobile crisis, had relied on their access to him when it came to resisting the union demands. Like most employers, they counted on government help when management faced a victory of its workers. But the coal strike was an economic struggle such as the Supreme Court has blessed. So the President wisely refrained from intervention and the strike was quickly won. The terms of the victory are not generous. The average annual income of miners is still low. The six-hour day is still to be won. But the union now is assured of eighteen months of an improved standard of life, and can go into the experiment of reorganizing the bituminous-coal industry with renewed courage and prestige.

This victory, on the eve of the American Federation of Labor convention at Atlantic City, brings to that meeting a message both of warning and of hope. It was a bread-and-butter victory, and the A. F. of L. is the stronghold of the bread-and-butter doctrine. But it was significantly something more, a victory of an industrial union on a scale that no craft union is able to duplicate in present-day America. John L. Lewis comes to Atlantic City as the most successful American labor leader of his time. He also is the outstanding critic of the federation's paralysis in organizing industrial unions in modern mass-production industries. He can demonstrate that the industrial union is a better instrument than the craft union for winning wage-and-hour victories. He also knows that the industrial union is the one hope of organizing and uniting labor in this country and giving it something like equal power as against management under modern conditions. We imagine that the rank and file of the craft unions would not be unresponsive to this persuasion, but the bureaucracy of the federation will be hard to convert. The success of industrial unionism would mean a new deal in the federation; it would mean that the power of the bureaucracy would pass to others. Though it is essential that there be a new deal and that the power should pass, the craft-union control will not be surrendered without a conflict. Lewis's victory is a warning that the conflict is now at hand. He towers above other leaders in the labor movement, and with his union solidly behind him and with ample financial resources, he must be understood as promising that the industrial union will come into its own, either through the A. F. of L. or without it. If the federation could lift its eyes from minor considerations and look to the plight of American workers in the machine age, it would see that the craft principle, however logical historically, is now a menace to labor as a whole. In the United Mine Workers the A. F. of L. possesses an experienced army, with plenty of staff officers to organize new industrial unions in a way the federation itself is unable to do. And within the federation are enough industrial unions, such as the needle trades, the lumber workers, and the brewery workers, around which newly organized industrial unions could rally. Here would be the nucleus of a genuine labor movement. Instead of groping forward toward this opportunity, the federation chiefs intend at Atlantic City to whittle down the San Francisco resolution committing them to organize new industrial unions. They are preparing to retreat from the compromise position they reluctantly adopted last year. For this reason Lewis in his new strength will stand as a warning which, for the sake of preserving the federation, we can only hope will be heeded.

Canada's New Deal

ON October 14 Canada will go to the polls and repudiate the Conservative government which has been in power for the past five years. This is as certain as was the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932, and for precisely the same reasons. The Conservatives have had the misfortune to be in power during practically the whole of the world depression. Although Premier Bennett is much more aggressive than former President Hoover, his political philosophy is practically identical with that of the Great Engineer. Like Hoover he is an extremely wealthy man for whom politics is an avocation, and his government has reflected his class interests. Both look upon the tariff as a panacea for all economic difficulties, and Bennett's treatment of the relief-camp strikers at Ottawa and Regina, described by James H. Gray elsewhere in this issue, has reacted against him in much the same manner as the massacre of the bonus marchers reacted against Hoover.

Since 1867 Canada has cast its vote on the pendulum principle—"the Conservatives have accomplished nothing for us, let us try the Liberals" and vice versa. With few exceptions, each five years has witnessed a change in government, and recent provincial elections make it plain that the swing is now definitely toward the Liberals. In the past few years all the provinces but two have turned out their Conservative governments and installed Liberal ones. The two exceptions are Manitoba, which is governed by a Progressive-Liberal coalition, and Alberta, where the new Social Credit Party recently won an astounding victory over the incumbent Farmer-Labor government.

Opposing Mr. Bennett in the national election are three national parties: the Liberals under former Premier MacKenzie King; the new Reconstruction Party headed by the former Conservative Minister of Trade, H. H. Stevens; and the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation under James Wadsworth. Although assured of an overwhelming victory because of the dissatisfaction with the present regime, the Liberals can scarcely be said to present a clear-cut alternative program. Traditionally, like the Democrats in the United States, they have stood for low tariffs, although like the Democrats they have done very little to bring about reductions when they have been in power. In line with this policy they have urged a reciprocal tariff agreement with the United States, together with a substantial British preference.

Mr. King is also entirely consistent with his laissez faire principles in opposing artificial price controls and agreements in restraint of trade. He falters somewhat, however, in advocating the nationalization of Canada's new central bank, in desiring to keep the Canadian National Railways in government hands instead of merging the system with the Canadian Pacific, and in favoring a national commission to administer unemployment relief, provide work, and supervise unemployment insurance. These and other economic inconsistencies in the Liberal platform can doubtless be explained by the fact that it has been drawn up chiefly with an eye to opposing the Conservatives on every issue.

The appeal of the Reconstruction Party centers around the admitted ability and integrity of Mr. Stevens, who has a large public following as a result of his courageous attack on certain of Canada's most powerful corporations in the price-spreads study which he made while a member of the Bennett Cabinet. An able speaker, he is accused by his enemies of demagoguery. Although he advocates the redistribution of wealth, he is no radical. He would salvage the national economy by highway construction, reforestation, housing, development of mineral wealth, and expansion of tourist traffic, and pledges his party to establish uniform wages and hours throughout the Dominion and to enact legislation incorporating the recommendations of his Price Spreads Commission.

Unless there is an unexpected shift in opinion between now and the elections, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, better known as the C. C. F., is expected to emerge as the official opposition party. Judging by the provincial elections, the Conservative representation in Parliament will be all but wiped out, and the Reconstruction Party is not expected to make much of a showing in its first campaign. Especially strong in western Canada, the C. C. F. is expected to win from thirty-five to forty seats in the national parliament of 245 members. The C. C. F. is definitely committed to socialism without the name. Formed on the basis of previously organized farm and labor groups, it has made its greatest progress in recent months among intellectuals. Though not opposed to private property as such, it would attain control over the big industries by democratic and constitutional means. It favors non-contributory unemployment, sickness, and old-age insurance, rigid regulation of wages and hours of work, and legislation giving workers a share in the management of industry. It also would encourage farmers' cooperatives to save the farmers from the banks and mortgage companies. Because of the striking similarity between the program of the C. C. F. and that of the American third-party movement, its vote will be followed with close interest on this side of the line.

Roosevelt in the West

THE President's Western trip is first of all an exploration to discover political temper. This imponderable is measured by the appearance and moods of railroad-station crowds and by reports brought to the Presidential train by local politicians. Until he left Washington and established these personal contacts the President could not be certain just where he stood. Now he is sure. His popularity remains. That is not to say that the enthusiasm for him is the same as three years ago. Then he was the crusader, promising to battle for human betterment. Now he has battled, and for the farm belt, at any rate, he has achieved something. The crowds he has been meeting are more prosperous and much more cheerful than when he saw them last. Whole towns are turning out to welcome him, and his reception is hearty enough to convince even the Republican newspaper correspondents. The President's informal speeches show him yielding to the allurement of speaking of the depression as being over. The temptation in the presence of farmers whose well-being to some extent has been redeemed must be great. And with industrial profits and government revenue rising, he obviously hopes to campaign with the argument, once a Republican monopoly, that business would be disturbed by a change of administration. He is not admitting to the farm belt that higher agricultural prices are due primarily to the drought and not to the AAA, and he makes no allusion to the alarming fact that business is settling down to make its higher profits in an economy in which unemployment is around a steady ten million.

His speeches have not been notably vigorous. The spectacle of Boulder Dam, one might have hoped, would have convinced the President of the future of public works, and of the duty of the state to continue to carry through enterprises beyond the scope of private initiative. Instead, he used his words of dedication to turn back to private business the responsibility of finding work for the country. "In two and a half years," he said, "we have come to the point where private industry must bear the principal responsibility of keeping the processes of greater employment moving forward with accelerated speed." What do these words mean? Are they merely exhortation? If so, does the President believe sweet tones from him will induce private industry to increase employment? Or is he giving up the responsibility of the government to create genuine work when private industry fails to assume its responsibilities? For he must know as well as anyone that business today gives little promise of bringing about an early and large increase in employment.

The budget message was released to coincide with this speech. It demonstrates that the deficit for the year is substantially less than had been forecast. As the savings are due primarily to the failure of spending agencies to get rid of money once allotted to them, they are not a convincing demonstration of economy, and the President can hardly hope to satisfy his critics that they are. But he is trying to convince business that the New Deal is safe and sane, which confirms the growing belief that the days of reform are past.

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Issues and Men

"If This Be Treason"

I AM not a dramatic critic and am, of course, leaving to Joseph Wood Krutch technical criticism of the new play "If This Be Treason," written by John Haynes Holmes and Reginald Lawrence, and produced by the Theater Guild at the Music Box Theater in New York City. But I cannot deny myself the opportunity of expressing my admiration for the excellence of the acting and the courage of the play and of calling attention to its extraordinary timeliness. There were moments when it stirred me as I have rarely been stirred at the theater. If the movement was not always as smooth as it might be; if there was, to me, considerable artificiality at points, the play still stands out in my mind as remarkably moving and as an honest, straightforward effort to portray dramatically the greatest problem which confronts the world. And this at the very moment when there is being fought out at Geneva the issue whether one nation shall or shall not be allowed deliberately to rob and despoil another nation and to murder its citizens by wholesale for the piratical purpose of adding to the attacker's land and riches.

It is easy to understand the indignation which "If This Be Treason" will arouse in many super-patriotic bosoms. If the Admiral commanding the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who so glibly urged in the Hearst papers not long ago our joining hands with the Germany of Hitler and with other countries to make war upon Russia, were to enter this theater he would have to be tied at the end of the first act. He would certainly call upon the heavens to fall and crush those who dare to portray a President of the United States as refusing to go to war with Japan after that country had attacked Manila and killed or wounded a thousand American sailors and marines. Others will seek to ridicule the whole thing and to declare that it is all preposterous. Its critics cannot, however, charge that the authors have failed to present the pro-war argument, for several of the characters in the play voice it in the fairest and most forceful manner. It is only the "unpatriotic" character of the play upon which they can dwell, the "impossibility" of the denouement, and the general lack of what they call reasonableness and sanity.

Yet the central thesis of the play is exactly that which we see being worked out in Geneva—that conferences between the heads of nations to make peace should be held before hostilities begin instead of afterward, when the multitudes have been slain, robbed of their lives, tortured to their last hours, without ever having been asked whether they were willing to make the sacrifice. If I remember rightly, in backing up the British government the other day President De Valera of the Irish Republic made exactly this same argument. The time to make peace is certainly when the battalions are marching, when the troop ships are on the tide with their holds jammed with death-dealing instruments. Mr. Holmes and Mr. Lawrence put their hero to the supreme test by having him sworn in as President just as Japan strikes, when the outgoing President has apparently enmeshed the country in the conflict, and Congress, stampeded by the warlike elements, is ready to declare war upon Japan. Whether the solution, the revolt of peoples against governments, is within the range of human possibility is the moot point. But however the people may decide the question for themselves, there was never a greater necessity for laying this problem before the American public than today, in view of the overwhelming vote in Congress for the neutrality legislation which the President first opposed and then grudgingly accepted. I am bold enough to believe that this play will meet with a popular response wherever it is shown, and I wish it could be put on in every city in the land. If the country had any sense of what is important and vital and true, all sorts of medals and honors would be showered upon the authors, and upon the actors, who add so much to the sincerity of the performance.

There are two aspects of the American war situation which have been strongly accented in this play. The first is the horrible ease with which men in high position forget the personal side of war when the crisis nears. They seem wholly to divest themselves of the ordinary emotions of humanity when the bands begin to play, and salve their consciences by prating the conventional arguments about national honor and the insults to the flag. When Woodrow Wilson addressed a great Red Cross meeting in Washington soon after the outbreak of war, there was a smile upon his face as he said to his audience that we had only just begun to fight, and had only just begun to receive the lists of dead and wounded. His mind was closed to any effort to realize the enormity of the suffering which he had inflicted upon individuals, upon families, by putting the country into war—after having told me and others that no matter what happened he never, never would do it. Somehow or other, pity, compassion, and mercy seemed to go out of this man and out of the souls of so many others in high office when war was declared. Hence, though one may doubt whether we could ever have such a brave and humane President as Mr. Holmes and Mr. Lawrence portray, one knows that the possibility of choosing such a President ought to be held up constantly to the American people.

Secondly, I come back to my old thesis that war has now become such a monstrous thing, so diabolical in all its aspects, and so certain, as we all now know, to ruin victors and vanquished alike, that no one man, no small group of men, no Congress should have the right to declare war. The Congress of the United States has lost the war-making power guaranteed to it by the Constitution; it has been usurped by the Executive. All the more reason that the Executive should be compelled to disgorge that power and that we should establish the rule that no war may be declared save by a referendum vote of the American people.

Oswald Garrison Villard

Can We Have a Housing Program? I.

By ALBERT MAYER

OUT of the Administration's semi-efforts at housing in the last two years, it has become quite clear that nothing significant will eventuate. The final stage has been President Roosevelt's recent decision, at the Hyde Park Hopkins-Ickes conference, to cut public housing funds still further. The public must dig beneath the glittering phrases still used by government officials and grasp that this is the virtual abandonment of low-rental housing.

The housing vagaries of the Administration result from the fact that it has never visualized housing as a central issue of vital importance in the life of the people, but only as one of many unrelated sources of emergency employment. Housing is an excellent means of steady employment, but the government through its blundering has never got far enough to find this out. We need not go over the well-known dreary statistics of the government's inaction and its inner contradictions, though it is useful to examine the reason for them. We must now look forward, reorient and revitalize housing thought, state the new objectives, and study how to achieve them. The need for thinking and action is urgent, for, paralleling the President's announcement, recent moves in Washington indicate that the Administration is turning to private residential construction to supply adequate reemployment and in some magic way to reach rentals and accomplish things that it has never been able to do here or in any other country.

In formulating a program a number of elements must be considered which are not new but which have hitherto been inadequately considered: the impending shortage of housing, which may well become so intense as to have all the dangerous possibilities that drove Europe into enormous housing activity after the war; the necessity for considering urban, suburban, and rural housing and planning as an interrelated whole instead of as a series of isolated incidents; the necessity for mobilizing and correlating all possible public and private agencies to undertake a really large program; the projection of these elements against national capacity to produce, with particular reference to preparation of a chaotic building industry for such a task; consideration of the cost of such a program and the taxation required to finance it; vigilance to prevent taxation for necessary subsidies for low-rental housing coming out of the pockets of those who require the subsidies; a solution of the legal problems, as between locality and central government, which have arisen during the two years of the emergency program.

There are three conceivable possibilities: first, to let purely private enterprise do what it is willing to do, with inducements from the government; second, a policy which would provide for subsidized public low-rental housing of a livable standard, while allotting to private enterprise all it could be expected to handle, in as orderly a way as possible under existing conditions; third, a program based on an untrammeled capacity to produce. The first can be shown to be not only wholly inadequate but ultimately disastrous. The second needs to be developed rather fully because it appears to be the most immediately feasible. Enough will be said of our capacity to produce housing to indicate what we may one day enjoy. Though there is no adequate solution for the housing problem within capitalism, yet I do not propose that we should all sit around writing essays until capitalism ends in this country. The example of Europe, especially that of England, where conditions are in so many respects like ours, shows that a great deal can be done.

We must understand that the reasons for the Administration's failure were largely gratuitous rather than inherent. Most important was the lack of first-rate housing minds to think a program through, and inattention to the advice of those who were there. Not the President, not Hopkins, not Ickes ever met any first-rate men intimately or talked with them long enough to get any comprehension of the problem. Moreover, the various isolated agencies which were created nullified one another's purposes. For instance, the Home Owners' Loan Corporation would bail out a mortgage and revivify the owner in some area where the PWA was trying to assemble land for slum clearance; the Federal Housing Administration might refuse a loan which it found had been accepted later by the Federal Home Loan Bank; the FHA might be insuring a modernization loan in a district where the PWA was trying to make an assemblage. Failure to coordinate the agencies is inevitable when they are basically incapable of coordination, established for purposes that are incompatible. And finally in the PWA, the agency charged with slum clearance and low-rental housing, there was an almost unbelievable series of gratuitous errors, sudden reversals of policy, petty bickerings, arguments about procedure. I as an architect can draw plans and write specifications as quickly for a public agency as for a private client. But if I don't get a contract, if I'm not told what to do, if I find out my client hasn't got the land yet and doesn't know what size and shape it is going to be, I'm licked. That sort of thing has been happening for two years in the PWA.

Housing, which can create regular reemployment and constitute a far greater stimulus to industry than any made-work project, has been so harried for instantaneous results that it has never got started at all. No one even in the government has ever known how much money it commanded, because varying amounts have been allotted, taken away, reallotted, and taken away once more. If architects and planners had been at work right along, a tremendous program could now be ready.

Failing to understand the purely adventitious reasons for its own failure, the government now plumps for private work. From the latest news, it has brought in Peter Grimm, an able real-estate broker, and Harold Riegelman, an able real-estate lawyer, who, sitting in with three or four building-material-supply men, will presumably formulate a new housing policy. At least for the next few days. While these men are no doubt able in their particular fields, it is downright ludicrous to expect that their experience or training fits them to deal with one of the most complicated and serious problems facing the nation today.

This failure to formulate clearly and then act has been due to the lack of important pressure for intelligent housing. The existing pressures are those of subdividers, building-and-loan associations, and the building-material industry. They have pushed the FHA, with its insured private loans and speculative building, into the foreground of Administration plans. To show how inadequate this will be, we must once more consider what housing is.

The slum and the blighted district—urban and rural—are only the most spectacular manifestations of the bad conditions under which almost all of us live. The people who live in slums can't afford to live in decent places. Those who can afford to don't get anything really satisfactory, unless they shift around with the shifting, sprawling city and suburb. Lack of play spaces and convenient parks, noise, exposure to traffic accidents, encroachment of business, overcrowded roads and streets and subways—these affect the well-to-do only in less degree than they afflict the poor. The well-to-do shift to new areas, and the poor move into the abandoned unsatisfactory areas. If this sounds an exaggeration to anyone, let him simply visit the derelict areas that were good neighborhoods twenty, fifteen, ten years ago.

Thus the housing problem is twofold. First, there is the lack of reasonable planning and stability which makes our entire physical environment unsatisfactory. Then there is the problem for something like two-thirds of our population who haven't the money to pay for physically decent housing—whose income or relief wage or relief dole is not enough to pay the sum of real-estate taxes, current interest and amortization on cost of land and building, and adequate maintenance. On top of these permanent elements there is the impending housing shortage, which will affect both groups. The problem of the two-thirds is bluntly one that involves redistribution of wealth. The physical solution is similar for all: planning and construction of projects on a sufficiently large scale so that they can be free from traffic dangers and extraneous noise, can contain facilities for recreational and community life, and can achieve the economies of large-scale planning and its amenities of proper orientation to air and sunlight. Such projects must be so related to the larger community of which they are a part that they are within convenient reach of daily work, of shopping districts, of larger recreational and park areas. They require continuity of physical existence instead of the present constant shifting—reasonable continuity of tenure by tenants and continuity of management.

Private enterprise as now constituted cannot alone cope with such a problem even on its purely physical side. It is essentially small-scale. It builds twenty houses here, forty houses there—each group vulnerable to any adjacent development because of its small size. It cannot provide the desirable group amenities because the overhead is too great for the relatively small number of houses. It cannot provide continuity because essentially its motive is to buy and sell quickly. Aside from its inability to create individual projects on an adequate scale, neither its technical personnel nor its available capital suffices to embark promptly on a large volume of work. It cannot supply a steady amount of employment, for it builds furiously in a boom market and stops completely in a depression.

A variation of private enterprise is the limited-dividend corporation which in Europe did a good deal of the housing for the top stratum of the lower-income group and for the middle-income group. Cooperatives, labor groups, industrial groups, and others, aided by government subsidies and rigidly controlled by the government, did much good work on a large scale. But it must be emphasized that even these agencies never reached 90 per cent of the low-income group, as England and Germany found, and they cannot do so here. Such corporations, building with even a 3 per cent mortgage rate, cannot provide a room rent of less than about $8 or an average monthly family rent of less than $28 including heat, or a yearly rent of less than $336. As one-fifth of income is the maximum that should be paid as rental by persons of low income, the limited-dividend corporation even with a low mortgage rate cannot properly house those with incomes of less than $1,680—which, on the basis of income figures available, shows that the lower two-thirds of the population cannot be reached without a much greater subsidy. Actual operating experience of the Hillside limited-dividend corporation in New York indicates that the $8 room rental is an understatement. With 70 cent land and a 4 per cent interest rate, rents are $11 a room. At a rate of 3 per cent, and assuming a little saving on land, rents would come to $9.80 a room. With all conceivable pinching, including smaller rooms, they might be got down to less than $9.

Let private enterprise have as large a part as it is capable of playing in a large construction program. In England, public and private housing enterprise are both at work in their respective fields, and private builders are unprecedentedly prosperous, despite the fearsome predictions often made here that the government would put private construction out of business. But the unfortunate results of trying to place it in the major or exclusive role can be seen in the operations of the FHA. This is the government agency which insures loans made by private institutions to private builders up to 80 per cent of appraised value. Originally its technicians worked out procedures for a sound program. However, the pressure to insure loans has been so great that these standards are either distorted or simply not observed. For instance, the FHA marks out "good areas" where the development seems satisfactory. In those good areas it insures loans to the builders of a few houses here and a few houses there—precisely the sort of spotty procedure that has always blighted originally good areas, and will do so again. Because of the 80 per cent loans, the shoestringers with land can get by with practically no capital of their own—the usual boom-and-collapse situation. I have seen some of the actual buildings insured by the FHA. The planning is not particularly different, the quality of construction no better than the usual speculative job—the first large development in Washington which the FHA has publicized as showing the speed of its work is particularly shoddy in quality.

As long as it bears the whole brunt of construction revival and is harried to make loans at an ever-accelerating pace, the FHA is inevitably doing the same kind of job that private lenders did under similar breakneck conditions in boom time, and it will achieve the same unstable results. But if it were considered only as one of several avenues for reviving building, if it could take the time and pains, it would have a unique chance, as the main source of funds, to improve the character of private work, though it could in no case meet the needs of the low-income group.

The new element in the situation which may force the government away from its preoccupation with private speculative building is the impending housing shortage, which may well result in a sudden upsurge that will more than supply the pressure hitherto lacking. In a price system, effective demand—that is, financially adequate demand—determines how much product will be made available. But this holds only to the point where human endurance breaks away. Ernst Kahn, certainly not an emotional or radical thinker, says, "A housing shortage, like the deprivation of any necessity, is a sizzling social and political bomb." This sudden demand or a more gradually accumulating powerful pressure we must develop if we want a housing program.

Consider the reasons we accept as sufficient to cause the formulation of a large interrelated housing policy and immediate program, and how they are answered by those unsympathetic. First there is an anticipated shortage, the reason for it being increasing number of families, high birthrate twenty years ago and consequently high marriage-rate now, marriages postponed because of depression, doubling up, six-year construction stoppage, normal elimination by fire, and so on. Various estimates indicate that a program of from 1,200,000 to 1,600,000 dwellings a year for the period 1935-45 would leave us in relatively the same position as in 1930. But the concept of shortage involves a concept of minimum standard. Standards of living and nutrition are far below 1930; why not those of housing? Shall we see simply more doubling up, more occupancy of shacks? Reemployment being the only objective, the Administration relies on the temporary volume of speculative housing for those who can afford it.

Another argument for our housing program is the social cost of bad housing in crime, in disease, in blighted lives, in gangsterism. The usual answer to this is that people with slum habits won't improve in new environments; and it would be unfair to those who invested their money in slums to stop subsidizing them by our taxes and to create good low-rental communities with the money. We must stress again the indisputable wastes of small-scale building as against large-scale community planning, both initially and in the creation and abandonment of successive ruined areas with their wasted streets and utilities. But stopping this would certainly lessen the scope of differential speculative opportunities, which would be un-American. A large steady housing program would mean a saving of money now spent on the dole. But some prefer the dole; others prefer constructing non-competitive roads, sweeping non-competitive leaves, making non-competitive surveys.

Thus the important arguments that appear self-evident to proponents are met with far different answers by opponents, by the exploiters of housing. These arguments are inherent in the formula, "Leave it to private enterprise"—a formula the government has come to adopt, retaining the verbal trimmings of better housing.

We must leave the ivory tower of good reasons, and mobilize the good reasons in terms of powerful pressure. I have indicated that I believe a sudden upsurge of such pressure is likely in the near future when physical overcrowding and misery burst the dam of economic inability. We must offer and push an immediately practicable program to provide the housing. In my next article I shall outline such a program.

[*Mr. Mayer's second article will appear next week.*]

Mussolini's Dream of Empire

A Review of the Italo-Ethiopian Crisis

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

A YEAR ago Ethiopia was only a name to most well-informed persons. They knew, perhaps, that it was the last surviving independent state in Africa, and possibly that it was the only kingdom in the world which could boast that it had never felt the imprint of a conqueror's heel. But beyond this the average man knew little and cared less. He was never quite certain whether Ethiopia or Abyssinia was the correct name for the country, or whether the two were adjoining nations. That most Ethiopians belonged to the oldest African Christian church—founded by Frumentius in the fourth century—that the emperor claimed to be descended from Solomon through the glamorous Makeda, Queen of Sheba, and that a large part of the country, though located within ten degrees of the Equator, was cool and suitable for European habitation were facts that were not known to one person in a thousand.

Today the attention of the civilized world is focused on this backward, poverty-stricken kingdom with its glorious past, not because of anything which it has achieved, but because one man in Rome has determined that it shall be free no longer. Whether Mussolini has been forced into his Abyssinian adventure by circumstances beyond his control or whether he has deliberately chosen Ethiopia as a place for Italy to seek its manifest destiny is, of course, impossible to determine; but the result as far as Ethiopia is concerned promises to be the same.

The first inkling that the outside world had of impending trouble was on December 5, 1934, when a serious clash was reported at Ualual in which 32 Italian and 110 Ethiopian soldiers were slain. Emperor Haile Selassie immediately accused Italy of having encroached upon Abyssinian territory, and asked that the dispute be arbitrated in accordance with the Italo-Ethiopian treaty of 1928. Mussolini replied with characteristic arrogance, refusing arbitration and insisting on satisfaction for the "unexpected aggression" of the Ethiopian troops. He demanded that Ethiopia apologize, salute the Italian flag, and pay a $100,000 indemnity. On December 14 the Ethiopian government officially called the attention of the League of Nations to the gravity of the affair; and on January 3, having received no satisfaction either from the League or from Rome, it invoked Article XI of the League Covenant and requested that immediate measures be taken to safeguard peace.

In the face of the conflicting stories told by the Ethiopians and the Italians, it has been difficult to ascertain exactly what happened at Ualual on December 5. Trouble is known to have started, however, when the Joint Anglo-Abyssinian Delimitation Commission, charged with demarcating the boundary between Ethiopia and British Somaliland, arrived in Ualual and found an Italian military force in charge of the wells. Confronted with an "unconciliatory and disobliging" attitude on the part of the Italian officer in charge, the British members of the commission decided that it had best withdraw, leaving its Ethiopian escort "in its position in order to avoid the appearance of a retreat, which might cause a rising among the population of Ogaden." What happened after the commission departed may never be clear, but it is reasonable to suppose that there was provocation on both sides. No one knows who fired the first shot, but the fact that Ualual lay at least a hundred miles inside Ethiopian territory had never been disputed by the Italian government prior to the outbreak, though it subsequently attempted to establish an Italian claim to the region. As late as December 16, 1934, the *Stampa,* a Turin paper, carried a map showing Ualual in Ethiopia—a slip which was remedied on December 25 when it published another map showing the town in Italian Somaliland. The library of the League of Nations contains a 1925 Italian map, which, on the basis of the 1908 boundary changes, shows Ualual to be a hundred miles from the Somaliland border. Needless to say, these maps have no juridical value and their existence does not necessarily imply that Mussolini was untruthful in asserting that Italian troops had occupied the oasis for five years without protest. However, Italy has never offered any explanation of why this border incident, differing little from many which had occurred in the past, should have been made the basis for extreme demands against Ethiopia. The suspicion that it was merely seized upon as a pretext to justify prearranged plans for the conquest of the African kingdom is deepened by the report—first published by Vernon Bartlett in the London *News-Chronicle* —that as early as July, 1934, Signor Mussolini had commissioned General Badoglio with the task of investigating the cost and nature of a campaign against Abyssinia.

Accusations of this sort cannot, of course, be definitely proved, but there is no other hypothesis which so completely fits all the known facts. In the first place, it is consistent with Mussolini's avowed political philosophy. For years he has been telling the Italian people of the necessity of colonial expansion. He has glorified the sword, and heaped derision on those who placed principle above expediency. Ethiopia appeared to be the one country where these megalomaniacal cravings could be satisfied without too great risk of defeat. Moreover, some means had to be found to overcome the growing severity of Italy's economic crisis. In each of the past three winters there have been more than a million unemployed—a tremendous number for a country with as little industry as Italy. Drastic deflation has caused a sharp decline in wholesale prices and successive reductions in wages without bringing a corresponding decline in the cost of living. In order to protect its trade balance, the Fascist government instituted a series of import restrictions which has resulted in a grave shortage of foreign supplies. The national budget has shown large deficits annually since 1930-31, and the gold reserves have been severely depleted.

Conquest of Ethiopia promised not only to divert public attention from these immediate hardships but also to yield some of the basic raw materials which Italy so seriously lacks. While Ethiopia's resources are in the main uncharted, it is known to possess coal, iron, and possibly oil—elements essential to industrial development which are almost wholly absent in Italy. Haile Selassie's domain is also well-adapted to the growth of high-quality, long-staple cotton, which Italy now obtains almost exclusively from foreign countries. To develop these resources would require a considerable amount of capital—more than Italy has readily available—but a country that is dazed by the glitter of prospective riches can scarcely be expected to count the cost. Meanwhile, war preparations have speeded up domestic industrial activity and greatly reduced unemployment. Some months will probably elapse before the Italian people, buoyed up by the propaganda and war psychology, realize that this "prosperity" must be paid for in reduced living standards.

At Ethiopia's urgent request the League Council placed the Ualual dispute on its agenda for the January session. But after much maneuvering behind the scenes, the powers persuaded Italy to agree "in principle" to arbitration as provided by the 1928 treaty, and thereupon postponed official action until the May session of the Council. The League had scarcely adjourned before another frontier clash occurred in the vicinity of Ualual, costing the lives of five Italian Somali soldiers. It soon developed, moreover, that fundamental difficulties still stood in the way of arbitration. Italy insisted that the arbitrators be limited to the attempt to discover responsibility for the Ualual outbreak, and refused to allow the question of boundaries to be discussed. Rome also objected to the appointment of foreign legal authorities as Ethiopia's representatives on the arbitration commission.

As the weeks dragged on without a prospect of settlement, both countries began to arm themselves while protesting against the other's warlike preparations. Italy, especially, made it plain that it was ready for any eventuality. The first special detachment sailed from Italian ports in the middle of February, and by July over 100,000 soldiers had passed through the Suez Canal bound for the Italian colonies. Including the portion of the army normally on duty in Eritrea and Somaliland, together with native troops, Mussolini had close to 300,000 men in East Africa by the end of August. The Ethiopian army—counting reserves—is believed to be about twice this size, but not more than 100,000 possess modern military equipment.

Alarmed by the steadily increasing number of Italian troops massed on the Ethiopian frontier, Haile Selassie invoked Articles X and XV of the Covenant. The League, however, continued to ignore the issue, chiefly because the powers could not envision any action which would not involve unfortunate repercussions on the European situation. Events had played into Mussolini's hands, and he was quick to take advantage of them. Hitler's bold announcement of German rearmament had centered the attention of the world on Central Europe. At the Stresa conference in April and the subsequent special session of the League Council, France was interested primarily in cementing Italian support against Germany. To assure this it made no move to take back the promise of a free hand in Africa which it had made in January. The British government is known to have taken its expert on Ethiopia to Stresa, but does not seem to have had the courage to broach the subject to the Duce. It was not until the regular session of the Council in May that the Ethiopian question finally received consideration. And then the time appears to have been spent mainly in an effort to devise a formula which would not offend Mussolini. This was finally achieved, and the Council adjourned after passing two resolutions. The first called attention to the fact that arbitrators had just been named to settle the Ualual incident and that both disputants had agreed to fix August 25 as the date on which the procedure of conciliation and arbitration should be concluded. The second provided for summoning the Council on July 25 if the four arbitrators found themselves unable either to settle the main issues or reach an agreement on the selection of a fifth arbitrator, and on August 25 if a final settlement had not been achieved by that date. No attempt was made to halt Italian war preparations during the interval, as had been specifically requested in Emperor Haile Selassie's appeal of May 20.

The conciliation commission met at Scheveningen on June 25, but after two weeks of futile discussion it suspended its sessions, being unable to agree on the scope of its reference. The Italian members of the commission continued to insist that the arbitrators be limited to the Ualual incident, while the Ethiopian representatives wished to discuss the larger aspects of the controversy, including the boundary problem. As the commission deadlock was still unbroken on July 25, the League Council was again called into session. Finding Mussolini absolutely intransigent on the question of the scope of arbitration, the League yielded and instructed the commission to proceed without delay to designate the fifth arbitrator. The larger issues concerning the fate of Ethiopia were left to a subsequent meeting in Paris which—again at Mussolini's insistence—was to be attended only by Great Britain, France, and Italy, the signatories of the tripartite treaty of 1906. This treaty, a relic of the pre-war imperialist scramble, delimited the sphere of interest of each of the three powers in Ethiopia and provided that no one of them was to interfere in Ethiopian affairs "except in agreement with the other two."

But old-fashioned diplomacy proved no more successful than the League had been in finding a way out of the impasse. Although England and France went so far as to offer Italy control of the Ethiopian gendarmerie, communications, and post office, together with substantial economic and territorial concessions, the proffer was emphatically turned down by Mussolini. Il Duce's blunt rejection had at least the merit of destroying any illusions regarding the nature of Italy's aspirations. For the first time the world realized that war was practically inevitable. England was the first to react. The members of the British Cabinet were summoned from their vacations to consider what Mr. MacDonald described as "the gravest crisis since 1914." While the exact nature of the policies agreed upon at that extraordinary session was never announced, the British attitude at Geneva showed unmistakable signs of stiffening, and was backed by a series of "precautionary" military and naval moves. Reinforcements were dispatched to Malta, additional aircraft were sent to Egypt, and various units of the Atlantic fleet were shifted to the Mediterranean.

Since two-thirds of Abyssinia's frontiers border British territory, London is naturally intimately concerned with the outcome of the present crisis. For more than thirty years Britain has had an understanding with the Ethiopian government that a dam should eventually be built at Lake Tana as an aid to irrigation in Egypt and the Sudan, and the entire region surrounding this lake was recognized as a British sphere of interest in the tripartite agreement of 1906. Tory opinion is greatly exercised, furthermore, by fear lest the establishment of a strong Italian military and air base in Ethiopia may endanger the road to India. The 10,000,000 votes rolled up for sanctions in the recent peace ballot have probably also contributed to the strengthening of British policy at Geneva. England was apparently first to realize that failure to curb Mussolini would destroy all moral grounds for collective action against possible Nazi aggression.

By the time the League Council assembled on September 4 to make a final effort to settle the controversy, it was evident that only the most vigorous measures would halt Mussolini in his bid for empire. The report of the arbitration commission, unanimously declaring that neither Italy nor Ethiopia could be held responsible for the clash at Ualual on December 5, forced Italy to relinquish its claims for an apology and an indemnity, but had no effect on any of its major demands against Abyssinia. At the opening session of the Council the Italian representative, Baron Aloisi, presented an elaborate dossier accusing Ethiopia of having violated its treaty obligations and having failed to keep the promises made when it joined the League in 1923. He pointed to the existence of slavery as proof that Ethiopia was not worthy to associate on equal terms with the "civilized" members of the League, and declared that under the circumstances Italy must reserve "full liberty of action" for the security of its colonies.

The slavery issue had been previously exploited in the Italian press to illustrate the necessity for bestowing the benefits of Italian civilization on the backward Abyssinians. But this was the first time that Mussolini had had the audacity to ask that the League sanction his projected Ethiopian campaign on grounds of international morality. It is true that a form of serfdom exists in Ethiopia, but steady progress is being made toward its elimination. Edicts were issued in 1924 and 1931 prohibiting slave trading, freeing all children born of slave parents, and providing for the liberation of all slaves on the death of their masters. While it has proved impossible to enforce these regulations in many of the more remote portions of the country, the same thing might be said of similar laws in the neighboring French, British, and Italian colonies. The Slavery Report of the League (1935) gives Ethiopia credit for its achievements in recent years and condemns practices closely akin to slavery which prevail in Eritrea. Incidentally, Mussolini was one of the few strong supporters of Ethiopia's entry into the League in 1923, when Great Britain was inclined to oppose it on account of the slave traffic.

Continuing the effort to find some basis for compromise which would satisfy Mussolini's ambitions and at the same time not do too great violence to the Covenant, the League Council voted on September 6 to establish a conciliation committee consisting of representatives of Britain, France, Spain, Poland, and Turkey. The plan drafted by this commission went even farther than the compromise offered Mussolini at Paris. It provided for a reorganization of the police and gendarmerie by "a mission of foreign specialists," for similar "reorganization" in the field of finances, justice, public health, and education, and for opportunities to "foreigners" to participate in the economic development of the country. The commission also suggested that England and France make minor territorial adjustments to compensate Ethiopia for land which it might cede to Italy.

Faced with the prospect of sanctions if he should unequivocally reject the League's proposals, Mussolini wavered for the first time. While he rejected the commission's plan as not offering "a minimum basis" for the realization of Italy's aims, the door was left open for further negotiations. The chance of hostilities being averted at this late date is indeed very slim. Il Duce has gone too far along the road which leads to war to find it easy to retrace his steps even if he should so desire. But if the powers remain firm in their determination to apply sanctions, and if the present generation of Ethiopians show half the fighting skill that their fathers displayed at Adowa, Mussolini may find that war gives neither the prestige, the riches, nor the power of which he has dreamed.

Public Enemy No. 64B

The Football Broadcaster

By LEFT WING

"HULLO there you football fans, this is Jerry Morgan your All America football reporter talking. Mighty glad to be with you again at the start of another season through the courtesy of Bubblo the gasoline that walks by itself. And what a rip-roaring hectic smashing crashing football session our great nation enjoyed today, yes sir, get an earful you folks, draw up the old armchair because this has been one grand and glorious afternoon for wearers of the cleats while all over this broad land, believe you me, thousands of frantic fans cheered and thrilled at forward passes blocked punts and long runs for touchdowns.

"First of all you red-blooded Americans who love this great old game and who doesn't just a word about a few of the day's gridiron heroes. Hats off folks to McMurdo of Noter Dame playing a roving center and a gridiron croix de guerre to that rearing raging tackle Catfish Simpson of Indiana, to Mickelwichtz, Bonacossa, and McGillcuddy, the Irishmen who stripped the Leopard in his lair, to Wisniski of Catawba, who ran wild among the Mountaineers of Oklahoma, to Jumbo Murphy of Montezuma, a two-fisted hell-bent buckaroo, to that raw-boned cowboy Goldstein of Utah Aggies . . . hats off folks to these heroes to their courage and vigor and skill and determination. So gather round you red-blooded fans who want the low-down on the upsets that took place upon the flaming gridirons of the country from east to west and north to south gather round and absorb this live football dope coming to you from Jerry Morgan your All America football reporter thanks to the courtesy of Bubblo the gasoline that walks by itself.

"As I predicted to you fans last night the Bisons sounded the keynote of the season by ripping tearing crawling and lunging through Southwestern by a score of . . . by a score of . . . got that score there . . . oh, yes, by a score of 3 to 0. Believe you me fans Head Coach Bozo Devine was more than a little worried about that one. The Bobcats had a hectic afternoon with the Hornets and finally came out on the short end; 43 to 0. Over in western Pennsylvania Iron Man Jim McNulty of West Stroudsburg Tech 165 pounds of brain and brawn ran back a kick-off 26 yards against New Jersey State and helped his side win 59 to 0. That's teamplay you fans that is. And out there in the West where the sun never sets on a football gridiron St. Francis beat up St. Mary . . . wow and is this a score get an earful of this folks, 47 to 7. In the Middle West that phenomenal field general Puds Wurtzheimer of Millsaps kicked five field goals against Tuscaloosa and that's a record . . . well almost a record anyhow remember folks this is coming to you from Jerry Morgan your All American football reporter through the courtesy of Bubblo the gasoline that walks by itself.

"Some more scores folks. The Bengals gobbled up the Lizards . . . 6 to 0. Those Tigers sure are a power to be reckoned with this season believe you me and out there in the Smoky Mountain Conference the Blue Devils of Wissahickon conquered Decatur 88 to 0. What a game that must have been! Yaginski of F. and M. ran rings round T. and L. Final score F. and M. 18, T. and L. 6. The gallant warriors of Oswego turned back the best offerings of Newbury with a wave of off-tackle plays double-wing back formations and forward passes that swamped the lads from beyond the Monongahela 7 to 6. The Seals beat up the Janissaries as I predicted last week and Pop Thompson the Old Fox watched his Silver Cyclones shatter that Gopher jinx in a hectic thrilling session the Skibo crashing through in a desperate rally as the ball arched high over the goal posts in the last minute of play. Believe you me folks that was a game. Some more scores: Texas A. and M. 9, Texas F. of L. 9. Hillsdale 28 Dennison 0. How's that for intersectional flavor you fans huh? The Rams beat the Water Buffalos 64 to 12 and don't forget folks this is coming to you from Jerry Morgan your All American football reporter through the courtesy of Bubblo the gasoline that walks by itself.

"Yes sir you fans this sure was a great football afternoon and out of the sweep and surge, out of the whirl and whistle several stars stand emblazoned with the gridiron croix de guerre. Don't overlook Boots Blackjack of Appalachian who converted a ten-yard loss into a touchdown against Valparaiso or Captain Sebastian Drake the pride of the Big Eight for his sterling line play in the mud and rain at Pittsburgh or Snooks Hogan star at U. of S. whose crashing relentless game and piercing forward passes almost torpedoed the Navy Dreadnaught and here folks, here are one or two late scores, those fiery hotspurs the Bisons beat the Chameleons 14 to 7. At the end of the third quarter,

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC

Erskine 0, Jamestown 0, believe you me folks that was a real gridiron classic and the Panthers came out of their cave to crush the boys from the banks of the Wabash 55 to 6 and what a game that must have been.

"Way down in Dixie folks where the spirit of the Confederacy still flames high on Southern gridirons there was one surprise that stunned the football world this afternoon yes sir the Geneva Alligators in case you don't know tamed the flaming flash of conquest coursing through the veins of the Tennessee Mountaineers by a score of 16 to 5. Why folks that gang of Mountaineers packed more dynamite than a New York traffic cop. Next . . . oh yes . . . no score in the MacKendry-MacPherson game and here's a real upset, Kalamazoo 65, Kingfisher 6. That Kalamazoo team sure does pack a wallop and Coach Gus Schwartz had better look out next week for Dynamite Dave Divine and his boys. Gustavus Adolphus 16, Oshkosh Normal 10. A hectic game that was, and that rip-rending fullback Henry B. (Hardtack) Hudson stormed and swept singlehanded through the U. of H. he'll be All American this year or I miss my guess no score in the Ursinus-West Libery game at the end of the third quarter . . . well folks I see my time is up this is Jerry Morgan your All American football reporter coming to you through the courtesy of Bubblo the gasoline that walks by itself. So until next Saturday folks, until next Saturday then you football fans, Cheerio."

Canada Flirts with Fascism

By JAMES H. GRAY

THAT Canada, under its multimillionaire Premier, Richard B. Bennett, was in June of this year speeding toward a fascist dictatorship is conceded by no one in Canada save a few Communists. True, the leader of the Liberal Party, W. L. MacKenzie King, who is determined to make civil liberties the issue in the national election, has accused Bennett of crimes against the civil and personal rights of the Canadian people, but his followers laugh privately at the idea that Bennett has been trying to establish a dictatorship with himself as the man on horseback.

Yet when all the apparently unrelated minor incidents and outstanding acts of his rule are brought together, the only explanation that makes sense is that Bennett, about to be booted into oblivion by an outraged people, was trying to escape from this fate by the dictatorship route. If the ruthlessness of his actions while Premier is any criterion, it would have been anything but a pleasant experience for those who opposed his will. That he failed, temporarily at least, may be attributed to the patience of the leaders of the great relief-strike army, who refused to allow him to provoke their followers into acts of violence which would have given him an excuse to declare a state of national emergency, prorogue Parliament, and remain in office for another year or two.

Bennett has every characteristic of a dictator. A millionaire many times over, he dug deep into his pocket to finance the Conservative Party's election campaign in 1930, and by employing all the tricks of a mountebank sent his party into power with an overwhelming majority and himself into office as Premier of Canada. Having paid the shot and called the tune, he assumed, with some logic, that the Conservative Party belonged to him. An arrogant egotist, he soon made it plain that he had no more tolerance for criticism, or even advice, from members of his own party than from the opposition.

Bennett's dictatorial ambitions were quickly manifest, although they were not recognized as such at the time, owing, no doubt, to the nature of the campaign he conducted. He was the first politician in the world to guarantee to cure the present depression. During the 1930 elections he loudly lamented the 100,000 unemployed. This situation he promised to remedy in short order. The Canadian voters, who, until Bennett brought it to their attention, had never heard of the depression, were impressed by his calamity howling and indignantly turned the Liberal Party out of office. Having called attention to the plight of the unemployed, Bennett assembled a special session of Parliament to inaugurate a comprehensive system of state relief, for which the jobless have reason to be grateful, pending the recovery that was to result from his high-tariff policy.

But instead of bringing his budget before the house in the traditionally detailed manner, the new Premier merely asked for what is now referred to as his blank-check legislation. He demanded and got authority to spend all the money he wanted in any manner he thought fit, and, far more important, he was authorized to take any steps he considered necessary to preserve law, order, and good government in Canada.

Simultaneously with the passage of the blank-check legislation, the red-hunters were turned loose. Section 98 of the criminal code, which anticipated by sixteen years the vicious anti-labor legislation now being enacted in various parts of the United States, was invoked against the Communist Party; the party was outlawed and eight of its leaders were sent to jail for long prison terms. This amendment to the Canadian criminal code was passed during a twenty-minute session of the Cabinet in June, 1919, when general strikes led by the militant One Big Union were giving the Conservative government of the day no little concern. One of its clauses makes it possible for a person to be arrested as a member of an unlawful association—before the association is declared unlawful—and subject to all the awful penalties of the act if it can be shown that he has attended a single meeting of that association. Not only was this law inoperative under the Liberal government; it was repealed by the House of Commons on six occasions between 1921 and 1930. On each occasion the Conservative-dominated Senate rejected the repeal.

The Communists who went to prison, however, had at least the benefit of a trial by jury, which was more than was granted their fellow-radicals whom Bennett wished to be rid of. For them a wholesale kidnapping was planned. Royal Canadian Mounted Police, acting under the orders of the Immigration Department, were given a list of suspected alien Communists. The procedure was for the

Mounties to invade the home of one of these workers in the middle of the night, arrest their man, hurry him to the railway station, and place him upon an eastbound train for Halifax. Here he was given a star-chamber hearing before an employee of the Immigration Department and summarily deported, often to certain death in fascist countries. Many of the victims were of British birth, many were dragged out of bed without a moment's notice; in cases where the kidnapping became known to their friends they were spirited out of town and hidden away so that habeas corpus proceedings could not effect their release. How many were victimized by such action will probably never be known.

These three major crimes against the bill of rights brought forth a loud protest in the liberal newspapers, but the transformation of the Mounted Police from a small federal police force into a strong private army did not. Prior to 1930 Canada had three sets of policemen—the municipal, the provincial, and the Royal Canadian Mounted. The Mounties, a federal force under the jurisdiction of the Minister of Justice, looked after the prevention of smuggling and rum running, the policing of the Northwest territories, and the enforcement of laws against the drug traffic. With unemployment increasing steadily, provincial governments were in desperate straits to balance their budgets. When Bennett made the proposal, therefore, that the provincial police, who patrolled roads, hunted bootleg stills, and did other miscellaneous chores, could be merged with the Mounties, thus removing duplication and saving money, the western provinces fell in with the idea. The Mounted Police was then expanded and assigned to the policing of the provinces. The agreement between the governments said that the force was to be under the control of the Minister of Justice at all times except when the provincial attorneys general had need of it. The result was that Bennett became the owner of a private army of storm troopers which could be sent from one part of the country to another more quickly than the regular army.

Bennett's attitude toward the spectacular box-car trek of 2,000 relief-camp strikers from Vancouver to Regina made clear his dictatorial ambitions. The relief camps were organized in 1932, somewhat in the style of the American CCC camps, to take young, single unemployed men off the streets. But while American CCC youths earn a dollar a day and their keep, the Canadian camp workers were paid twenty cents a day, less deductions. Hundreds of young Canadians now cherish as souvenirs checks for one, two, or three cents which they received in payment for a month's work. And while the men worked for starvation wages they were subjected to a myriad concentration-camp regulations. Even grievance committees were outlawed, and if conditions became too unbearable the men were forced to approach a straw boss individually and complain to him. Individual complainers soon learned the folly of such action; they were expelled from camp and blacklisted, as were labor organizers who attempted to form unions in the camps.

But bad food, unsanitary working conditions, and the hopelessness of their lot combined to force the workers into a union. After several tests of strength 3,000 camp workers went on strike in British Columbia early in April. Declaring that they were through with "slave camps," they marched into Vancouver and demanded work with wages, the right to vote, collective bargaining, compensation for injuries sustained during employment in the camps, and removal of the camps from the jurisdiction of the department of national defense—the military. Though riots ensued and the city was in turmoil, the citizens of Vancouver rallied to their support. The Communists, Socialists, and labor groups organized a united front to support the strikers. But Bennett refused even to consider the demands of the men. Through his acting prime minister, he replied to an urgent request from the Mayor of Vancouver for financial aid to feed the strikers by offering to send sufficient soldiers to run the men out of town, but he refused to grant a dollar for their sustenance.

After two months of buck-passing, the men lost patience with the officials with whom they were dealing and decided to move en masse on Ottawa, 2,500 miles away, to present their case. On June 3 an army of 700 relief strikers boarded a freight train and headed eastward. Under rigid self-discipline, it moved east without interference; indeed, on more than one occasion the police actually held up the train until all were safely aboard. They were enthusiastically welcomed wherever they stopped and recruits from the camps en route enlisted in droves. By the time they reached Regina they were over 2,000 strong. But their movement toward Ottawa was necessarily slow, and while they were going through the Rockies, Bennett's storm troops were being collected in eastern Canada and rushed to Regina to halt the march there. When after a four-day rest in Regina the men announced that they were going to move on, the commander of the 400 storm troops forbade them to entrain. The men, however, were determined to go and over 5,000 Regina citizens went to the railway yards to put them on the train. Then, at the last minute, a wire was received from Ottawa telling the men that two Cabinet ministers were being sent west to negotiate with them and that they should await their arrival in Regina. The men waited; Bennett's straw men arrived, heard their demands, pronounced them reasonable, and suggested that, as they had no power to grant them, the army stay in Regina at government expense and send a delegation of eight to Ottawa to negotiate with the Premier. The offer was accepted.

The halt of the men at Regina precipitated an outburst from the provincial government, which wired Bennett that the Mounted Police were supposed to be under orders from the attorney general and that Bennett had no right to interfere. Bennett, acting through his number one straw man, the Honorable Hugh Guthrie, Minister of Justice, ignored the telegrams of protest and ordered his storm troopers about as he saw fit. The relief-camp strikers had provided him with an opportunity of staving off the election and, if handled rightly, of grasping the dictatorship. To accomplish this he must obviously stand firm, refuse their demands, and try to provoke them into some act of violence which could be construed as a revolutionary uprising.

The delegates arrived at Ottawa, where an attempt was made to stall them off for several days. When this failed, a conference was held that made a mockery of the word negotiate. Bennett, in a manner typically insolent and overbearing, launched into a diatribe against the leaders of the strike, denounced the head of the delegation as a thief, and ended the conference by telling the members to go back to their camps and wait until prosperity returned, when they would be given jobs.

The delegation returned to Regina and the trek was on. The men showed their desire to stay within the law by going to the provincial government and getting permission to travel in trucks over the highways to Manitoba. A call for trucks went out, permits were obtained, and a test run started. Bennett, however, ordered his storm troopers to arrest all car or truck drivers who attempted to take the men out of Regina and to confiscate their trucks. The trucks were stopped and the drivers and passengers arrested under Section 98. Called on by Parliament to defend his high-handed tactics, Bennett now conjured up the red terror, and declared that the relief-camp strike was a part of a gigantic world-wide Communist plot to overthrow existing governments by force.

While the delegation was in Ottawa, Bennett broke his promise to the men that no attempt would be made to disrupt the army during the absence of the leaders. He built a concentration camp outside Regina, and offered free transportation home to every striker who would quit the army and enter the camp. He got less than a dozen deserters.

Exasperated as they were by Bennett's lawless tactics, the strikers refused to be provoked. A tight blockade had been thrown around the city, they could neither go ahead nor retreat, and they could not stay in Regina since their food had been cut off. To attempt to run the blockade eastward would undoubtedly have led to bloodshed. The men recognized this and offered to return to Vancouver as they had come—atop a freight train under their own organization. Bennett refused to permit them to leave. Stool pigeons in the ranks sent out word that the men were going to set up their own camp in the country and beg for food pending the declaration of peace. Bennett issued a stern warning that anyone who supplied the men with food or shelter or allowed them the use of land on which to make a camp would be arrested and imprisoned under Section 98.

These men, it should be emphasized, had spent several years in relief camps; they were destitute and had nothing to lose. Yet in the face of tyrannical orders and slow starvation they somehow managed to keep their heads, while they steadfastly refused to enter Bennett's concentration camp. Knowing that to stay on in Regina would ultimately lead to disaster, the leaders went to the provincial government and asked that it take charge and disband the army and send the men back to Vancouver or to their homes. By the afternoon of July 1 arrangements were almost completed. A mass-meeting of about 500 strikers and 2,500 Regina citizens was called for that evening. It was a peaceful meeting, just as all previous mass-meetings had been peaceful. A speaker outlined what steps had been taken and asked for the continued support of the strikers. Suddenly a piercing whistle was heard, and 400 storm troopers and Regina city police, armed with clubs, guns, and tear gas, charged into the crowd of defenseless men, women, and children. One of the bloodiest riots in Canadian history followed: clubs and rocks were used against clubs, guns, and blackjacks; one Regina policeman was killed; more than 40 Regina citizens were injured, and 100 persons were arrested after the riot, which lasted more than four hours.

The police said they had received orders from Ottawa to arrest the strike leaders and thought that that was the best way to get them. Unfortunately for Bennett, Regina's Market Square was alive that night with honest newspapermen who filed eyewitness stories that made it impossible for him to claim the strikers had started the riot. The ensuing uproar against him in the newspapers was impressive, and so was the indignation expressed by the public from one end of the country to the other. Bennett had gambled and lost.

Correspondence

Imperialism and Security

To the Editors of The Nation:

May I venture to dissent from the views of *The Nation* and of my friend Mr. Villard in respect of the Anglo-Italian crisis, as these were expressed in your issue of September 25. In my judgment if the ideas therein expressed are to prevail among liberals and Socialists, both must presently find themselves confronted by precisely the same bankruptcy which overtook them in 1914, at the onset of the World War.

In the contemporary crisis two imperialisms, the British and the Italian, are in shock. The former is sated and therefore on the defensive; the latter is hungry and thus on the offensive. One is seeking to protect an empire created by conquest; the other is striving by conquest to create an empire. Under these circumstances the League of Nations and every other instrument designed to forward collective action to restrain aggression become automatically the weapon of the satisfied imperialism.

What, in effect, liberals and Socialists are now asked to do is to defend an old imperialism against a new. Because the new cannot realize its aims save by war, the old is able to mobilize to its own ends, which have nothing whatever to do with real peace, the thoughtless friends of peace all over the world. And because the present aggression is the work of fascists, there is an additional incentive to liberals and Socialists to join in the effort to restrain Italy.

Nevertheless, there is no more reason that Great Britain should stay in Egypt or the Sudan than that Italy should seize Ethiopia. If you reject the whole thesis of imperialism you cannot, even as a matter of expediency, side with one against the other at any given moment. And if you are opposed to war as a matter of principle, you cannot consistently support war in the present or any similar circumstances.

If in the Ethiopian crisis the British are able to mobilize against Italy the opponents of war in the world and if, as seems likely, to accomplish their ends they also promise to help France in a similar mobilization of world opinion against Germany should she resort to force to change the status quo of Versailles, then the result must be to perpetuate injustice in the name of peace and to make impossible any future adjustments such as can alone prevent eventual conflict.

What is happening today, in my judgment, is what Ponsonby, Cripps, and Morrison of the British Labor Party have somewhat tardily realized. In a word, the British Tory government is exploiting the British peace sentiment to smash the inconvenient undertaking of Italian imperialism. It is ready to risk and even to make war because the recent plebiscite in England provided it with a mandate to use force, if necessary, to restrain any nation guilty of aggression. But its object will not be to serve the cause of peace but that of imperial security.

If, moreover, war results, Italy will presumably be crushed and the repercussions of this war for peace will be felt all over Europe, Asia, and Africa. Once Italy is broken and can no longer play a role in Austria, Germany will certainly move again, and then the same question which arose out of the Ethiopian affair will reappear in an Austrian crisis. And with precisely as much justice as in the present case, the friends of peace the world over will be called upon to defend the status quo on the Continent, this time by the French.

In one word, the collective system constitutes a deadly peril for the friends of peace because it inevitably involves them in a series of operations which not merely must end in war but also must compel them to give their approval of war. When Mr. Villard argues that countries should join in sanctions but at the same time stick to the resolution not to resort to hostilities, even in the face of an overt act, he is, in my humble judgment, talking nonsense. If, for example, Britain closed the Suez Canal and Italy retaliated by bombing Malta, does anyone imagine the British would take such an injury lying down?

Every collective action must come either to futility or to war in the face of any nation resolved to modify the status quo at all costs. The status quo of today is, moreover, such, both territorially and economically, that at least three great powers have resolved to achieve revision, even at the cost of war. And Japan has already accomplished this purpose. She did it with impunity, too, because the material interests of other nations did not in their eyes justify resort to war to halt an armed country which could not otherwise be stopped.

The moment liberals and Socialists begin to compromise with principle, the very instant they permit temporary emotions and sympathies to persuade them to adopt a course of expediency, they are lost. Either they are against war or they are for it. Either they believe all wars are bad or they are the assured victims of sated imperialisms which have no other object than to make the League and all of its works the moral façade for their edifices based upon past wars of plunder and aggression. Once the British Tories, for example, saw the British peacemakers committed to the use of sanctions, which inescapably involved war, then they could safely mobilize their fleets and concentrate their troops in the Mediterranean, and the world was again on the edge of a first-class war. Then, all of a sudden, we were back in the atmosphere of 1914 and liberalism and socialism were once more in disarray.

To prevent Italy from indulging in an act of pure aggression against Ethiopia, liberals and Socialists found themselves condemned to approve a British project of coercion conceived as a means of preserving the security of the vital lines of imperial communication running through the Red Sea to India. To me it seems incredible that American liberals should have failed to grasp this truth ultimately or that British Labor leaders should have been slow in discovering the fix into which they have permitted themselves to be maneuvered.

The war to end war proved an utter futility. Does anyone believe a war to prevent war would be less a folly? And does anyone think that if liberalism and socialism allow themselves to be the accessories before the fact of a new war born of conflicting imperialisms, they will find themselves in better stead at its end than after the World War? No one can view fascism, whether Italian or German, with greater distaste than I do. But much as I hate these forms of violence I love peace more and am unwilling to make war upon them to serve the ends of either British or French imperialism.

The collective system means war. More than that, it means a war in which the profits must, if the collective action prove successful, belong to the older imperialisms, which at long last have been able to dispense with aggression because they have achieved satiety. But in such a gallery what place is there for any real liberal, any true Socialist, any sincere friend of peace? Therefore as one who loves peace and hates war I rejoice that—late but not too late perhaps—British Labor has identified the booby trap which the British Tories have prepared for it, and sorrow because *The Nation* and Mr. Villard are still on the side of the Angles and not of the angels.

Snowville, N. H., September 26 Frank H. Simonds

The Alabama Suppression Bill

To the Editors of The Nation:

Since publication in *The Nation* of my article Bullets Fell on Alabama, I have learned that although the Alabama legislature has repealed the Street anti-sedition law, the state has a similar anti-sedition law, passed in 1923, that makes violation of it a felony with a maximum penalty of ten years' imprisonment and a fine of $5,000.

Writing about this law, Julian Hall, editor of the Dothan *Eagle,* who challenged the law that was repealed, makes the following comment: "It was and is next to impossible to obtain convictions under this law passed in 1923, and for that reason the Street law was passed making violation a misdemeanor. The coal-and-iron operators of Alabama hatched the idea, and now that the Street bill has been bounced back, the legislature should repeal the act of 1923. It is utterly foreign to the philosophy of a free and democratic people."

In short, it was because convictions were impossible under the first law that the Street bill was passed. But this fact should be borne in mind, by Mr. Hall as well as by liberals generally: convictions are not necessary to discourage militant labor activity; merely arresting workers or their leaders tends to prevent effective organization by them. For this reason the 1923 law should, as Mr. Hall says, be repealed.

Norton, Va., September 19 Bruce Crawford

Refuge for Jews

To the Editors of The Nation:

Ludwig Lewisohn takes exception to the statement by Oswald Garrison Villard in his Russia Aids the Jews that "the significance of this promise of a future Jewish republic can best be understood if one realizes the limitations of Palestine. . . ."

Without any desire to enter into a discussion of the moot point of the capacity of Palestine to absorb the Jews, may we point out that on account of the immigration restrictions and the high cost many thousands of destitute and persecuted Jews in Eastern Europe are and for many years will be unable to emigrate to Palestine? Striking confirmation of the fact that many of these are looking toward the U. S. S. R. for a haven of refuge is furnished by the thousands of Jews in Poland and contiguous countries who have made application to go to the autonomous Jewish territory of Biro-Bidjan since the Soviet government announced a few months ago that non-Russian Jews will be admitted into the territory.

The American Committee for the Settlement of Jews in Biro-Bidjan, the honorary chairman of which is Lord Marley and the chairman the Honorable William W. Cohen, has dedicated itself to the task of helping those European Jews whose hopeless condition makes it imperative for them to leave their present habitation to settle in Biro-Bidjan. We have been given to understand that the Soviet government will shortly announce definite regulations under which this immigration will be systematically carried on. The settlers will be aided in establishing themselves in a territory where their own language—Yiddish—is the official one, where anti-Semitism is prosecuted as a crime, where they will have cultural as well as local autonomy, and where they will be enabled to rebuild their lives as farmers and artisans, free from persecution and harassment.

We welcome inquires from all those who may be interested in this work. Our address is 285 Madison Avenue.

New York, September 16 John Lyons,
Executive Secretary

Labor and Industry

Crisis in the Teachers' Union

The Case for the Union

By ABRAHAM LEFKOWITZ

AMERICA'S foremost fighting teacher organization—the Teachers' Union—which won an enviable reputation under the militant and far-visioned leadership of President Henry R. Linville, now lies prostrate and discredited. Torn by internecine wars, the tolerant, democratic liberalism and radicalism of its leaders proved no match for the left-wing tactics of (1) the rank-and-filers, led by Isidore Begun, Communist Party leader; (2) the progressives, headed by Ben Davidson, under the leadership of the Communist Party Opposition; and (3) union-loving sentimentalists—the militant Socialists, led by Charles J. Hendley. Why have the union leaders and several hundred members resigned in disgust from an organization to which they had dedicated their lives? Why have these militant and experienced leaders, who have been in the forefront of almost every important struggle for human betterment, been forced to surrender the organization it took them a lifetime to build?

Readers of *The Nation* know that radical A. F. of L. unions have been rent asunder by factional differences among their members, led by persons who consider their allegiance primarily due to the Communist Party or to the Communist Party Opposition. The political differences that divided these groups were early injected into the daily affairs of the Teachers' Union, so that the major time, energy, and thought of the union had to be devoted not to the educational and economic problems facing the teachers but rather to the conflicting political ideologies of these groups. This was bad enough. But when these groups followed the studied policy of sabotage and of misleading our members—especially the younger and less well-informed ones—then life for the active leaders of the union became intolerable.

The real issue is: Can the Teachers' Union continue to advance the best interests of labor, the teachers, and public education if its efforts are continually interfered with or frustrated by these factional, politically disciplined groups that use left-wing tactics, policies, and ideology, that pursue a policy of calculated and organized misrepresentation and sabotage, and that at public mass-meetings of the union are guilty of conduct which brings the union into disrepute, thus destroying the good-will won through twenty years of militant fighting? The issue is clearly and unequivocally one of tactics and conduct, not one of belief or political affiliation, except in so far as the latter helps to explain the conduct which tended to wreck the union.

The report of a committee of the union headed by Professor John Dewey, made after months of careful investigation, clearly indicates that the issue is not the one of "red-baiting" so cleverly but dishonestly put forward by our left-wing elements to confuse naive radicals and liberals. It is not one of job-holding, since Dr. Linville, the president, has risked the loss of his only source of income in order to carry on the work of the organization. Nor is it one of control, as the New York *Post* so dishonestly stated, since the officers who resigned had been recently elected by an overwhelming majority of the members and have since been repeatedly besieged, even by extreme left-wingers, to continue their leadership. The Dewey report points out that the evidence showed conclusively that the left-wing leaders sought to conceal their political affiliation and objectives by unscrupulous attacks upon the officers as "labor fakers," "traitors," and "red-baiters"; that the unfounded charge of lack of democracy was based not upon any concept of democracy commonly accepted, or upon the provisions of our constitution, but upon the refusal of the officers to follow the "correct line," that is, the Communist line.

Space prevents citing of the record to show the attempts of these groups to tie the union to Communist-dominated affiliates like the so-called A. F. of L. Committee on Unemployment Insurance, and to discredit labor's basic legislation or subordinate it to measures supported by Communists, thus endangering our labor affiliation. Only two votes saved the union from being lined up with the Manufacturers' Association and the Communist Party against labor's unemployment measure—the Byrne-Killgrew bill. In the face of such tactics how could our extremists continue to expect the full support of labor—a support that in the past has made possible many of the outstanding victories of the union?

How easy it is for radicals who may enjoy their labor affiliation in an atmosphere of academic aloofness to say: "Union leaders must bear with obstructionists, and must carry on!" Those who have had their health wrecked by the antics of our left-wingers are not impressed. No human machine can be the victim of such conduct and tactics without collapse. For thirteen years the officers lived in a union hell and carried on in the face of overwhelming odds when others might have retired. During this time the union leaders defended left-wingers whose infantile concept of revolutionary and labor tactics brought them into conflict with the educational authorities. Repeatedly left-wingers exposed themselves to official reprisal by indorsing Communist Party candidates, by issuing factional attacks upon each other, and by other similar methods. The leaders even defended the outstanding rank-and-file leader whom the union had been forced to suspend for a year for his sabotaging, anti-labor, and disruptive tactics. Surely those liberals who live their radicalism and labor affiliation vicariously cannot expect more tolerance and patience than the union leaders displayed for thirteen years.

The tragedy of the union is a fact. The onus for this tragedy must rest squarely upon the following elements: (1) the politically controlled left-wing groups that subordinated the well-being of the union to their concept of primary allegiance to a political party and its tactics; (2) naive but well-intentioned liberals and radicals who acted as "window-dressing" for the left-wingers, enabling them to mislead an uninformed public; (3) the militant Socialists in alliance with reactionaries in our national organization; (4) union members who believed their full duty performed when they had paid their dues and permitted the over-faithful few to bear the brunt of the battle. It is the hope of the writer that out of this major tragedy the radical intellectual forces of America may learn enough to prevent similar catastrophes.

The Opposition Replies

TO understand how Dr. Lefkowitz and Dr. Linville have come to attack the organizations to which they belonged for years, the Teachers' Union of New York and the American Federation of Teachers, with the demagogic cry that they are at once left-wing and reactionary, and to commit the anti-union crime of setting up a dual organization outside the American Federation of Labor, the dynamics of contending forces within the Teachers' Union must be reviewed. For years individuals who had acquired a reputation for energetic, progressive personal conduct in behalf of teachers were regularly reelected to the administrative posts on the basis of personal prestige. They acted as an aristocracy which alone could perform the functions of the union by quiet lobbying, an occasional press release, personal contacts with officials, and formal protests. The members at large, however, were never given a concrete program or activity; they did not act as organizers. The union stagnated.

With the depression, attacks upon the position of teachers in New York became ever more intense. This situation brought into being several groups of members which insisted that the defense of teachers' interests demanded a new line of action. While they differed with one another in regard to the internal policy of the union, these opposition groups were substantially in agreement upon external policy, that is, methods of presenting the case for public education and the teachers before the public, of reaching governmental agencies, of defending teachers' rights in specific instances, and of enlarging the union. Their program included, among other things, lowering of dues to facilitate increasing membership; organizing all teachers into a single union, with full membership rights at lowered dues for unemployed teachers, substitutes, teachers in training, and so forth; complete democratization of union machinery; active support of progressive social objectives, such as a genuine program of social security, the defense of political prisoners, and active anti-war work; unyielding opposition to educational curtailment and retrenchment, salary reductions, coerced "voluntary" contributions by teachers, and company unionism.

On the basis of this program, the opposition increasingly gained adherents. The administration thereupon sought to curtail democratic rights and to concentrate more power in its own hands, and succeeded in so doing on the strength of its personal prestige and by charging its opponents with obstructionism, character assassination, and communism. Far from defending the teachers' academic freedom against business interests which were engaged in red-baiting for the purpose of discrediting public education, it allowed itself to be led into raising a hysterical red-scare within the union itself in order to defend itself against the inroads which the opposition program was making among its following. It not only misrepresented opposition views but exposed them to suspicion and attack by the authorities. It threw the union into convulsions over expulsion proceedings against a list of its opponents, which the membership refused to sustain. It then abolished membership meetings and set up a Delegate Assembly which it hoped to dominate and whose deliberations it restricted in various ways—by limiting discussion on the report of the executive committee to a half-hour, by controlling the agenda, by arbitrary use of the power of the chair, by points of order and other parliamentary devices.

Professor Niebuhr recently said, "Since I got into these issues this summer I have seen how frequently minority rights were outraged." The administration failed, by postponement and neglect, to effectuate the decisions of this Delegate Assembly on the defense of victimized teachers. Finally, finding that even the Delegate Assembly was increasingly supporting the position presented by the opposition forces, the administration turned upon this body, attacked it in unauthorized statements to the membership, and prepared the basis for a campaign to expel the entire opposition and split the union.

The United Committee to Save the Union was set up to oppose expulsions and splits and to democratize the union apparatus. It consisted not only of the opposition groups but also of various independent forces and former administration supporters, who saw that the dynamics of the struggle within the union had driven the administration to maintaining an autocratic and anti-union policy. In the election of May, 1935, the opposition forces won a combined vote of 42 per cent of the membership in contrast with 5 per cent several years earlier. The administration, apparently aware that it was waging a losing battle within the local, characterized the situation as "intolerable" and had the Executive Board, which was controlled by the administration, invite, without consulting either the Delegate Assembly or the membership, an investigation by a special committee of the American Federation. This was a maneuver in a calculated plan, which it concealed from the membership, the Delegate Assembly, and the Executive Board, to call for a revocation of the charter of the Teachers' Union by the American Federation of Teachers at its Cleveland convention, for the purpose of reorganizing the union with the opposition elements excluded. The United Committee to Save the Union offered proposals for conciliation and compromise to the officers through Dr. Counts and Dr. Niebuhr as mediators. The administration of the union rejected all overtures. Likewise at the Cleveland convention held in August, Dr. Lefkowitz and Dr. Linville stubbornly refused to entertain the compromise proposals of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Teachers. They insisted that they would be satisfied with nothing short of charter revocation. They instigated a telegram from Mr. Green demanding that the convention revoke the charter of Local 5, charging that the New York union was dominated by Communists, and stating that failure to comply with his demand would jeopardize the status of the American Federation of Teachers in the American Federation of Labor. Despite this intimidation, the convention voted to reject the demand for charter revocation. The next day the delegates representing the administration of the Teachers' Union of New York withdrew from the convention. On their return to New York they issued a barrage of attacks in the public press upon the convention and the new officers and Executive Council elected by it, designed to discredit both the local and national bodies and prepare a split in the American Federation of Teachers.

We cannot here attempt to answer all the petty charges made by Dr. Lefkowitz against the American Federation of Teachers and Local 5. These have been and will be refuted in the daily press and the columns of liberal periodicals.

Dr. Lefkowitz's "rule or ruin" policy in Local 5, his red-baiting attacks in his own local, his effort to split the American Federation of Teachers, to discredit its duly elected officers, to set up a dual organization, have met with almost universal condemnation. The extent to which Dr. Lefkowitz has been repudiated by the membership is clearly indicated by the following: On three days' notice 1,200 members rallied to a mass-meeting called by the United Committee to pledge their loyalty to Local 5 and the American Federation of Teachers. This constituted a majority of the membership and was much larger than any regular meeting the union had ever held.

UNITED COMMITTEE TO SAVE THE UNION

Two Defeats for William Green

By B. J. WIDICK

Akron, Ohio, September 25

WHEN William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, journeyed West to form in the automobile and rubber industries the 106th and 107th international unions to be affiliated with the A. F. of L., he carried charters granted by the executive council which excluded all craft-union members—there are twenty-two craft unions in automobiles and seven in rubber. He also held mandates giving him power to appoint all officers of the newly created unions; his primary object in this, observers believe, was to build up support for his regime at the coming national convention of the A. F. of L.

At Detroit Green succeeded in appointing his organizer, Francis J. Dillon, as president of the new auto workers' international union over the protests of a good majority of the 275 delegates, and he forced acceptance of the charter by bluntly telling the delegates, "Take this or nothing." He chose the entire executive board of the union—it is not surprising that it includes not one of the leaders who have distinguished themselves in the strikes of the past two years. When the delegates voted 164 to 112 against a resolution approving his appointment of officers, he disregarded it. And not until rank-and-filers succeeded in setting up a committee of seven to carry an appeal to the national convention against his dictatorial methods did he realize that instead of building up support he was only crystallizing opposition.

Least of all did Green foresee the effect of his Detroit acts on the rubber workers, who were gathering in Akron from points as far apart as Los Angeles, California, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, to realize an ambition of two years' standing—the building of an international union. There had been an abortive attempt in 1933; and a convention in 1934 had established the United Rubber Workers' Council, craft-controlled, as governing body in the rubber industry. The story of Green's tactics at the auto workers' convention served to swing the rubber workers' delegates to support the slogan of democracy and gave the progressives control of the convention.

When Green arrived, the progressives, taking the offensive, presented him with a petition signed by forty of the first forty-seven delegates asking for "democratic procedure" and the right to elect all officers. This attack, neatly timed by Thomas Burns, brilliant young ex-organizer for the A. F. of L. from Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, gave the progressives the first break in news; and such headlines as "Progressives Fight for Democracy Against Green Dictatorship" made Green's job extremely difficult. None the less, when he presented the charter excluding craft unionists, he said to protesting delegates, "You can neither accept, nor reject, nor change any of this charter. I confer it on you. That's why you're here!" A fiery fighter for democracy, Salvatore Camelio of Cambridge, Massachusetts, asked Green if this gave him, Green, the right to appoint officers as it did the right to segregate and separate the workers, to which Green, avoiding a direct answer, replied: "I'll study the situation and then decide my course." Camelio had the last word: "We want to elect our officers," he said; "we'll fight for democracy here." The delegates cheered.

Hostility marked the next two days of the convention. The progressives caucused openly for their move to obtain election of officers, ignoring Green completely. The undercurrent of criticism of Green and of Coleman C. Claherty, organizer and A. F. of L. choice for president, became so sharp that delegates under Claherty's thumb brought in a compromise resolution asking Green to appoint Claherty as president and allow election of all other officers. The resolution also carried a provision asking financial aid from the A. F. of L. It was introduced first although it was numbered 21. Green ruled it was in order and proceeded to speak for its adoption. He said to the convention: "Even if you don't pass this resolution, I can still appoint officers. I have a mandate." He threatened withdrawal of A. F. of L. financial support if the resolution was defeated. "It contains a clause," he said, "asking our money and if you defeat it, you'll have to make your own way." Camelio took the floor and criticized Green for "trying to withhold money when that isn't the question now. We want to elect our officers. That's the argument."

Then Green changed his tactics and turned on Burns, the floor leader of the progressives, accusing him of associating with a dual-union movement in the past and of criticizing the A. F. of L. in Akron meetings. He ordered Burns to stand and answer the charges. The meeting was tense; if Green could defeat Burns and ruin him, the spearhead of the progressive bloc would be blunted. But Burns was more than equal to the test. In a brilliant and daring move Burns brought out by questioning Green that Green himself had appointed a dual unionist, F. L. Phillips, to a high post. Burns flatly denied speaking against the A. F.

of L. Sherman H. Dalrymple, an outstanding Akron labor leader, president of the Goodrich local and now president of the rubber workers' international, rose to Burns's defense, branding Green's charges as false and making an eloquent plea for democracy. Other speakers kept the session in turmoil as Green retreated. The roll-call vote defeated the resolution, forty-four to nine, an overwhelming blow to Green and a repudiation of Claherty. Green left the room in a fury.

One last move was made by Claherty to regain control of the convention. He ruled that the resolution asking the A. F. of L. for financial help was out of order unless Resolution 21—his "death warrant" was voted on again. As Claherty's supporters had told the delegates after Green left that they were without financial support, dismay was evident everywhere. Camelio saved the day. "If we do that," he shouted, "Green will be here in five minutes and take control from us. Don't do anything." The question was left undecided.

The election was a landslide for the progressive slate. Dalrymple, a sturdy, level-headed tire builder, became president. Burns received a tremendous ovation when chosen as vice-president. Frank Grillo of Los Angeles, a fairly young militant unionist, was made secretary-treasurer. Five of the six executive posts were won by the progressives—N. H. Eagle of the Mohawk local, long an opponent of Claherty and his policies and easily the most progressive delegate, receiving the highest vote. To add to Green's defeat, one of Akron's powerful unions, the Typographical Union, passed a resolution sharply condemning Green and Claherty and requesting their national officers to fight in the executive council for financial aid to the new union, which will be known as the United Rubber Workers of America.

How was it possible for the rubber workers, whose unions have declined in strength from tens of thousands to a few thousand and who are largely inexperienced in the labor movement, to defeat old-time strategists like Green and Claherty? A left-winger, member of the Workers' Party, who appears to be in very close touch with the rubber workers, explained it: "Two years of defeat under Claherty, two years of bitter experience with the antiquated leadership, constant education from the so-called left-wingers, and the fundamental and natural growth of leadership from the ranks of the workers are reasons that must be borne in mind." Do the rubber workers realize the significance of their victory over Green? Listen to Eagle of the Mohawk local: "We are opening a new era for organization in the basic industries. We have created another dent in the craft-union base of the A. F. of L." Can immediate results be expected? Dalrymple told the delegates: "Already I've received ten phone calls from former members who said they'd be with us until death, now that we have autonomy." The organization of workers in the rubber industry, hitherto a stronghold of the open shop, seems probable.

The progressiveness of the rubber workers who outmaneuvered and outvoted the Green machine can perhaps be best judged by the auxiliary work they accomplished during the one-week convention. They forced into the wastebasket a Claherty-sponsored resolution in the constitution that "members of a Communist Party, I. W. W., or other dual-policy organization be expelled." They secured the adoption of a preamble recognizing the existence of the class struggle and the necessity of replacing capitalism. German fascism and Italian fascist aggression in Ethiopia were strongly condemned, and a boycott was pledged against the two countries.

The Higher History

By HEYWOOD BROUN

CHARLES ANGOFF, in the current issue of the *American Spectator,* mentions me in a piece and says that even Broun's best friends are often embarrassed by his ignorance of history and literature. Now, this is an accurate and discerning criticism, and my only apology can be that the little I learned of history in school seems now highly inaccurate. If I had learned more I'd be even farther from the facts as they are being disseminated by our leading publicists and politicians.

For instance, take the case of Thomas Jefferson. I'm sure Miss Calhoun in the seventh grade and Miss Hotchkiss in the eighth mentioned that name to me from time to time, and I have a hazy recollection of the character which they assigned to him. But they were all wrong. I learn now from the speeches of Herbert Hoover and others that Thomas Jefferson was the founder of the Republican Party and that he enunciated a doctrine called "state's rights" which has always been the priceless heritage of the G. O. P.

And then, in the writings of William Randolph Hearst I find it pointed out that Thomas Jefferson was a man who devoted his lifetime to fighting an increase in the income-tax rates in the higher brackets. Jefferson, if I am to believe these later scholars, was insistent that the reds should be driven out of every college and schoolhouse in the country. He was, it seems, the man around whose philosophy Mr. Hearst has patterned his editorial policy.

In kidnapping Jefferson the Republicans seem to have abandoned one of the most famous of the founding fathers. I'm quite sure that in school we heard the name of Hamilton in connection with the Constitution of the United States. Jefferson was across the water and the Atlantic was somewhat broader in those days. But now neither Hearst nor the Republicans have very much to say about Hamilton because he seems to have thrown his weight behind the theory of a highly centralized government. It is true, to be sure, that Republican spokesmen want a strong federal government in such matters as subsidies and other privileges. It is only when the rights of labor are involved that the cry is raised, "'Each man for himself!' Back to Jefferson."

I don't know exactly when Jefferson said that. We didn't get it in my course in American history. The economics of William Randolph Hearst are also puzzling to an indifferent scholar who may have missed much of the shrewd theorizing of our famous ancestors. As far as I can make out, the heart of Hearst bleeds for the toiling masses, particularly for those millions who are unemployed. He wishes they would get well—or something.

In Horace Mann, back in 1906, George Washington was pictured to us as a man of resolute character and as a military and political leader who gained his ends by his tenacity. But nobody ever told us that George Washington was so profound a student of international affairs that his slightest word concerning foreign entanglements should govern our State Department to the end of time.

In our day there weren't any Communists, and I never heard either Miss Hotchkiss or Miss Calhoun called a red or an alien agitator. And yet I distinctly recollect that we were taught that the great men of America were fallible human beings, that they were not beyond the influence of their social and economic background, and that their decisions were often governed by the immediate local situation. In this very point it seems now my education was deficient.

I gather from the leaders in the Hearst papers that all the founding fathers were giants in stature and in intellect. They spoke, and wrote, and thought under divine inspiration. They foresaw the coming of the aeroplane and the railroad, and established the organic law of the nation accordingly. Anybody who attempts to pick a single flaw in the men of the Constitutional Convention must be the paid agent of Moscow. As a matter of fact, we did have one course not unlike that which is included in the higher learning dispensed by Hearst. Only we didn't call it American history. It was called mythology.

Some of the most conservative people in this country are urging now the teaching of the American Constitution as a mandatory subject in all schools. But they don't say just which kind of constitutional history they mean to teach, and in all fairness it ought to be said that those who speak from the left are possibly equally dogmatic in insisting upon a certain philosophic concept of past events.

Now, it is entirely possible that there is no such thing as utterly scientific history. Human conduct will not fit into the neat categories of the chemist or the physicist. But without wishing to straddle, I wonder whether the preliminary courses, at any rate, might not be governed more by consideration of the incidents involved than by the economic interpretation. The great historian, of course, is no mere reporter. After all, even in the selection of facts he must betray his own particular point of view. He cannot be content to set down "what" and stop at that. He will, if he is a scholar, reach out for the eternal "why."

Still there is something to be said for a detached sort of liberalism in the schooling of the very young. My radical friends assure me that sooner or later each of us must make his choice between communism and fascism. But I still deny that each little boy or girl born alive must be from the very beginning a revolutionary or a reactionary.

At the moment the flaws in the teaching of history lie with the conservatives. The radicals haven't had any actual chance at indoctrination in spite of the loud outcries of Mr. Hearst. A teacher, like a historian, can hardly be an entirely neutral person. The man or woman in the classroom gives out much of himself. It is silly to talk against indoctrination without admitting that it has been going on for a great many years in our schools, and it has been, up to now, 99½ per cent an indoctrination toward the right.

If I had my life to live over again I would gladly study more history, but I would also ask the historians to live their lives over again. I cannot think of a single accepted author who has approached the chronicle of our nation wholly in the humble spirit of the inquiring scientist.

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— and —

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Books and Drama

Poet's Quest

Eugene O'Neill: A Poet's Quest. By Richard Dana Skinner. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

WHEN Eugene O'Neill produced his latest play, "Days Without End," Roman Catholic critics were not unnaturally inclined to accept it as a literal confession of faith and to hail with enthusiasm what they regarded as a sign of its author's conversion. Now Mr. Skinner, formerly dramatic critic of the *Commonweal,* has proceeded to analyze the entire body of O'Neill's work in the light of this assumption and has produced an interesting little study in which the dramatist's development is likened to that of the saint who passes through his periods of despair, suffers regressions from those states of peace which he is able to achieve, and finally wins through to faith.

Obviously such a scheme of treatment is based upon the assumption that "Days Without End" foreshadows the whole future course of the author's development. Personally, I have some reason to doubt that the assumption is justified, and I must also say that one of the weaknesses of Mr. Skinner's method seems to me to be revealed in the fact that it tends inevitably to push into the foreground plays like "Days Without End" and "The Straw," which are relatively unimportant from the dramatic standpoint, while treating "Desire Under the Elms," "Strange Interlude," and "Mourning Becomes Electra" under the general head "Regression." But whatever may be said against the treatment, at least this important virtue must be granted it: the problems and the conflicts central to O'Neill's dramatic work are problems and conflicts to the analysis of which Mr. Skinner's categories and points of reference are very decidedly relevant.

O'Neill, as he points out, is essentially a moralist and a mystic. As O'Neill himself, speaking in figurative language, has said, his interest is in "the relation between man and God" rather than in that between man and man, or man and society. The local habitation which he gives to his characters is usually of only very secondary importance. The essential thing is not the way in which the manners of one time or place differ from those of another but the fact that two phenomena—the conflict between good and evil and man's desire to feel himself in harmony with something outside himself—eternally reappear. Most of his important characters are obsessed with the two ideas—the sense of sin and the sense that they either do or do not, in the word of the Hairy Ape, "belong." It is this fact more than anything else which explains why to some O'Neill seems so obviously the most considerable of our dramatic writers while to others, with nothing of the moralist or the mystic in them, he seems only irritatingly irrelevant to those discussions of the relation of man to man which seem to them the only significant ones. It is because of this fact also that, although one can dismiss O'Neill in various ways, one cannot actually come to grips with his problems except in terms something like those which Mr. Skinner uses.

Whether or not one believes precisely those terms to be the best must depend in the end upon one's attitude toward the church and its claims. If one assumes that the Catholic formulation of the problems and its solution of them is correct and final, then of course they impose themselves and must be applied to the measurement of any man's work. But if, on the contrary, one assumes that they represent only one of the attempts to formulate and solve problems more universal even than Catholic theology, then one may assume not only that its terms are not necessarily the most appropriate to O'Neill, but also that his own most significant treatments of his themes have been those in which he seemed to be formulating and either solving or failing to solve problems in a highly original way, rather than that single play where he seemed to bring himself at last to the acceptance of a ready-made solution many times previously rejected.

If it be taken for granted that a Catholic would naturally find the orthodox solution the most significant possible one, it may be taken no less for granted that a non-Catholic would dissent; but if my dissent is forgone I should at least like to assign a local reason for it and to rest my case on the simple contention that a critical approach cannot be the very best one if it leads to the conclusion that "Days Without End" must rank above "Mourning Becomes Electra."

To me the latter play is not only one of the best but also, among all the others, that which most clearly reveals the central effort and the central accomplishment of the author. His determination to retell in modern terms a great tale of the past, far from being the result of a mere desire to perform a stunt, was dictated by a wise desire to compare in this way the spiritual resources of two civilizations. We know what this particular series of events was made by the Greeks to yield. If we can discover the most that the same events can be made to produce in the atmosphere of our own civilization, then we shall have a comparative measure of its resources; and just in so far as we approach the richness and dignity of the Greek story, just in so far do we prove our culture capable of approaching theirs in the richness of its possible emotional life.

The story of Clytemnestra, Orestes, and the rest could, of course, be told in terms of tabloid journalism. Doubtless it has been told many times by police reporters, and we are sometimes inclined to assume that the terms of such a police reporter are the ones to which it has inevitably been reduced by the rationalizing tendency of modern thought. But O'Neill is moved by the conviction that this debasement of a story of passion and crime to the police-court level is not inevitable, that there remain to us depths and dignities which could lift the story into another realm if they were properly exploited. And "Mourning Becomes Electra" is precisely the effort to exploit them. It does not rest upon Greek convictions or upon Catholic ones. For the purposes of the play, at least, it assumes that both are lost as possible sources for either a sense of the weightiness of human actions or a sense of "belonging" to something. On the contrary the play attempts, by the sheer intensity with which it presents strength of character and high passion, to make these things seem sufficient in themselves to demonstrate that the possibility of emotional greatness has not departed from us. It is, in effect, the tragic poet's answer to the charge that both the sense of sin and the sense of greatness have disappeared from the human consciousness along with the religious sanctions which supported them.

Perhaps the distance between Sophocles and O'Neill is some sort of measure of the extent to which the weakening of the sanctions has weakened the emotions which they strengthened if they did not create; but the distance is not as immeasurably great as it may have sometimes seemed when we were in the presence of tale-tellers who accepted too easily the police-court view of human nature, and that is the measure of the play's importance. In such a work the author's affirmation is, of course, less definitely formulated than in "Days Without End." He lacked the words which a theology supplies to name his mystic and moral convictions. But this very stopping short of a word which would specify too closely to win the assent of many is perhaps rather a strength than a weakness. Because of it "Mourning Becomes Electra" is more "universal" than "Days Without End."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Milestone in Popular Education

War Tomorrow—Will We Keep Out? Headline Books No. 1. Edited by Ryllis Alexander Goslin. Foreign Policy Association. 35 cents.

THE publication of the first of the Foreign Policy Association's new series of popular booklets could hardly be more timely. Faced by the danger that the Italo-Ethiopian conflict may spread throughout the entire world, Americans everywhere are anxiously asking whether it will be possible for the United States to stay out of war. To the extent to which the pressure of an enlightened opinion may be useful in preserving peace, the question boils down to the possibility of finding some technique for counteracting the propaganda of Hearst and the reactionary press among the rank and file of the population. Heretofore the activities of the peace movement have been of two types, neither of which has been adequate to offset the skilful campaign of the jingoist elements. Most of the material sent out by the various peace organizations has been of a propaganda nature, dwelling on the horrors of modern warfare and giving little consideration to its underlying causes. In addition, there has been a small amount of thorough research work—such as that carried on by the Foreign Policy Association—which has been presented in a form suitable only for persons who possess a broad background in world affairs. The great majority of the working class and millions in the middle class—club women, high-school students, the bulk of the readers of our newspapers and popular magazines—have had no way of obtaining accurate and assimilable information on the most important problem before America today.

Too high praise can scarcely be given for the technique employed in "War Tomorrow" for reaching these latter groups. The style is vivid, lucid, and simple—so simple in fact that it could readily be used in the elementary schools. The appeal is enhanced by the liberal use of Neurath symbols for presenting factual material. Beautifully printed, the booklet should appeal not only to persons who have neither the time nor the inclination to read books but also to those who would ordinarily scorn a pamphlet.

In contrast to most attempts at popularization, simplicity has been achieved without sacrifice of accuracy or perspective. While the book appears to lay undue stress on the last war and to be too little concerned with means for preventing the next one, its analysis is intelligent and reasonably well balanced. It places the chief emphasis very properly on the economic causes of war, though it ignores two of the most important of these factors—the growth of economic nationalism, and pressure of surpluses arising out of the maldistribution of wealth. The racial, political, and psychological forces making for war are given relatively meager consideration, but the interrelation of the various factors is brilliantly portrayed. Greater realism would be obtained in the concluding section if less stress were placed on the revision of our neutrality laws and greater attention given to the problem of sanctions.

The fact that one might prefer a shift of emphasis does not, however, detract from the significance of the book as an experiment in popular education. If democracy is to be made even reasonably workable in this complex age, an effective antidote to demogoguery will have to be worked out. The Headline Books are the most promising attempt in this direction yet made, and it is to be hoped that their cost will not stand in the way of the mass distribution which they deserve.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Revolutionary Fiction

Mr. Aristotle. By Ignazio Silone. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

THERE is a wholesome lesson in observing how easily great revolutionary literature cuts through nine-tenths of the critical chatter about "proletarian novels," "communism and art," and the rest of it. I do not mean that such critical discussion is, or need be, a worthless pursuit. But the truth is that during its recent vogue the discussion has been conducted on an intellectual level far below that of great literature and, consequently, below that of a criticism fitted to deal with great literature. There is something naive and crude in the long arguments about whether propaganda is compatible with art, whether individual heroes are permissible in a proletarian novel, whether a proletarian writer must be a communist. Distinctions have been drawn with a mechanistic simplicity irrelevant to the kind of thing—the organized whole—that a good novel is.

No further proof of this is needed than to read, for example, Malraux's "Man's Fate" or Silone's "Fontamara"—the two finest revolutionary novels that I know. In both we find a revolutionary view of the world and of men so integrally fused into the structure of the novels that the primitive antagonisms and oppositions—propaganda versus art, class versus individuals, and so on—do not even raise problems. Nor do these writers, as is the habit of our young Americans, find it necessary to protest their Marxian orthodoxy through their characters and their side remarks; they have the assured confidence of the genuine artist in their own integrity.

I had hoped that Silone's next book would be another novel, a longer novel than "Fontamara," extending and deepening the technique which made that first remarkable and terrible book. "Mr. Aristotle" is, however, a group of five short stories. They give what might be called the elements of what went into "Fontamara."

The short story is an inadequate art form, not being able to compensate by the intensity of verse for its inability to expand as a novel. For this reason, short stories which try to be "complete"— try, that is, to be something other than sketches or studies or reflections of a single mood or feeling—almost always resort to technical tricks to hold together the scaffolding. This is true of the first three stories in "Mr. Aristotle," especially of The Trap, the plot of which is built on a conventional movie type of coincidence. But even in these the trick is so minor a factor in the entire effect as to be easily dismissed. The last two stories are entirely successful, and successful strictly as short stories, complete in themselves.

Silone writes here, as in "Fontamara," almost exclusively about Italian peasants and farm laborers. In terms of their lives, concretely and impersonally, the tortured actuality of contemporary Italy is given. There is no sentimentalization whatever, no attempt to excite a false admiration for the noble peasant-hero or false pity for the sacrificial peasant-victim. His treatment of his peasants, without being mere localized naturalistic descriptions of individuals, reveals them simply as they are: stupid, often brutal, ignorant of the meaning of their lives, chained in the mesh of their prejudices, coarsely humorous. And being what they are, they are also something more than this: their prejudices are being smashed by the social conflicts of modern Italy, the shell of their traditions is being cracked open, and the peasants themselves, without consciousness or guidance, are in a surging, blind motion. The motion is without direction, returning on itself, beaten back from whatever direction it takes by the social forces it does not understand and therefore cannot cope with. Fascism—seldom explicitly

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referred to, and then only in passing—marking the extreme heightening of the conflicts of modern society, becomes a corrosive acid, destroying with its deadly touch all of the old life of the people; but in this destruction, with the vast misery it brings to the peasantry, is the preparation for the new metal that is to be forged. What is destroyed is also the bond that paralyzes the actions of the masses. With the old forms of life eaten away, the choice is annihilation or the new life. Thus in Silone suffering and misery, in their final implications, are never sterile. They are the birth pangs of history. His peasants in their blind movement are waiting and preparing—waiting for consciousness, for leadership; even demanding leadership, as in the story Simplicio, where, having no other guidance in their struggle against the well-to-do of New Town, they turn an old mildly anarchic carpenter into their leader by the projection of their own unformed hates and wishes and hopes.

To write about Silone's work in terms of "social implications" is necessarily misleading. It does grave injustice to his complete rejection of didacticism, to his satire and rich humor, and to his resolute insistence on communicating entirely through the concrete means of his narrative and his characters. But this is only to make clear that, in him, revolutionary passion and understanding are one with the artist.

JAMES BURNHAM

The Holy Blisful Martir

Murder in the Cathedral. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

IT is only in a minor sense that the action of Mr. Eliot's play can be understood as taking place at Canterbury. The stage directions put it there; the chorus is composed of women from the town; the Archbishop stands and talks in his own hall, and at the end is murdered by four English knights while he prays before the cathedral altar; and the date, 1170, is displayed with sufficient prominence. But the peculiar merit of the poem has little to do with all this. It has rather to do with the fact that Mr. Eliot has confined himself with a strict and icy purity to the one aspect of the story which he was equipped to treat. This aspect is such as not even to suggest a comparison with Shakespeare, whose kind of humanity Mr. Eliot nowhere attempts. It suggests only Mr. Eliot, who achieves perfection here to the degree that he explores his own mind and employs his own art.

He is concerned first and last with the morality, or perhaps it is the theology, of martyrdom. Chaucer's "holy blisful martir" is so far from blissful in these pages as to strike a kind of silent terror in the spectator's heart through the spectacle of his bleak and puzzled loneliness. And as for his holiness—ah, that is a question which Mr. Eliot is unable to answer. Indeed the impossibility of answering it is the theme of the play. For who can say that Thomas Becket was without spiritual pride when he determined to obey his instinct of martyrdom? Who can say that he exposed himself to the swords for any better reason than a certain tempter gave him—this tempter being the last of four, and the most deadly of them because he urges "the right deed," namely martyrdom, for "the wrong reason," namely glory? The point is plainly made that if Thomas suffered death for the sake of power and glory he was not holy; and there is abundant evidence, both before and after the catastrophe at the altar, that most of England felt a fanaticism in his final act. But the point is as plainly made that this particular martyrdom may have been designed in heaven, where "the Saints are most high, having made themselves most low." As for an earthly solution to the problem, there is and can be none; nor can Thomas's own words to himself be taken as testimony, since he dies a man and not a saint, and speaks accordingly—as one, that is to say, who desires to know rather than knows.

"Murder in the Cathedral" has been compared with "Saint Joan," but it is both higher and thinner than that; higher because it rises above the merely political problem of obedience to authority, and thinner because theology must always be thin on any stage, even the stage to which Mr. Eliot adapts himself with such dignity, simplicity, and skill. Within its limits the play is a masterpiece, a thing of crystal whose appearance of flawlessness is not altered by the weird reality of the four speeches in prose delivered by the murderers after their job is done. For the irony which tinkles through those speeches is merely the accompaniment of an irony pervading the whole, and reaching its deepest tones in the last words of Becket. Mr. Eliot has written no better poem than this, and none which seems simpler. It is of course not simple; but that is another of its ironies.

MARK VAN DOREN

Two Proletarian Novels

The Green Corn Rebellion. By William Cunningham. The Vanguard Press. $2.

Horse-Shoe Bottoms. By Tom Tippet. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

TO be thoroughly convincing, a proletarian novel needs more than a social thesis or a sincere belief in one; it needs some of the two-fisted vitality, the hard integrity of the material with which it deals. But this is merely another way of saying that it must be the work of an artist. Mr. Cunningham's novel is such a work—written in a lean, dynamic style that reflects the tenseness of its situations and echoes the natural rhythm of human speech. Mr. Tippet's novel, on the other hand, is a slow-moving narrative which, for all the author's earnestness, fails to realize the naked vigor, the great possibilities for drama contained in its theme.

"The Green Corn Rebellion" is concerned with a small group of poor farmers who in the early days of the war planned to march on Washington and overthrow the government. The heroic but naive little movement never got to first base: physically the men were outnumbered by their patriotic and more resourceful fellow-citizens; psychologically their purpose was overwhelmed in the wave of war-time hysteria that was sweeping the country. So much for the book's major issue; there is a minor issue that serves at all times to sharpen rather than confuse it. Jim Tetlow, a farmer who joins the rebellion, has a wife who is expecting a baby. Drudgery and the bleakness of farm life have prematurely aged her; and Jim finds himself, against his will, being drawn into an affair with her more attractive sister, Happy. Happy becomes pregnant, but she suspects one of the town boys of being the father of her child; she writes to him but he refuses to see her. Seeing no way out of the tragedy, she kills herself. The social and domestic issues of the book reach a common culmination at the end when Jim's patriotic brother, Ted, offers him his choice of enlisting or of having the town inform his father-in-law—one of the leaders of the rebellion—that he is responsible for Happy's death. Rather than hurt the old man, who is on his way to Leavenworth, Jim enlists: overnight he becomes a hero, but he feels like a traitor.

Vital and convincing as these situations are, they are not developed to their full extent in the minds and emotions of the characters—a fault that detracts to some degree from their tragic importance. This, it seems to me, is a valid objection; yet it is to Mr. Cunningham's credit that it does not affect our judgment of his book as a whole. "The Green Corn Rebellion" falls easily into the best class of proletarian fiction. It is excellently constructed; the characters are consistently if lightly drawn; the hopelessness of their lives is conveyed in a few strokes but with vigor and precision.

"Horse-Shoe Bottoms" deals with the long, hard fight of a small group of miners to establish a union of their own. Dramatic as such a theme essentially is, the flatness of Mr. Tippet's style and the unimaginative quality of his treatment do it little justice. The characters are types patterned after the most obvious of literary conventions. John Stafford, the hero, is noble, fearless, and true; he utters a few damns when things get too much for him, but aside from these pardonable lapses from virtue he is everything that we should expect of an adult Frank Merriwell. Mr. Tippet has an enlightened sense of social right and wrong, but so far as character portrayal and situation sense are concerned, he is still in the grip of Victorian values. Yet sentimental and banal as his book is, it never becomes cheap or offensive. It even has a certain dignity—no doubt because Mr. Tippet himself is in such deadly earnest.

HELEN NEVILLE

American English

A Dictionary of Modern American Usage. By H. W. Horwill. Oxford University Press. $3.25.

MR. HORWILL, a veteran English journalist who for many years has been writing on English topics for American papers and on American topics for English papers, has had abundant opportunity and a compelling private incentive to study the numerous variations between the English language of the United States and that of Great Britain. For more than thirty years he has thumbed dictionaries and made notes of his personal discoveries.

Several glossaries of current Americanisms have already been compiled for the use of Englishmen and foreigners, but Mr. Horwill has broken new ground. Excluding from his view all indubitable slang and words of purely American coinage or adoption, he has centered his attention on words that are common to the vocabularies of both British and American English, but which in America have developed a somewhat different configuration of their "areas of meaning." Such words are obviously the potential trouble-makers, for they look familiar but are not. The peculiar American uses of these words Mr. Horwill discusses sometimes at considerable length, illustrating them by copious quotations from books and newspapers. The terms "politician" and "politics," to choose a conspicuous example, receive over two pages of explanation and exemplification. A full page is needed to clear up the difficulties lurking in the word "visit." Numerous other words receive as much attention, but most of the articles are, of course, considerably shorter. The work is addressed primarily to Englishmen who need assistance in reading American books, conversing with their American friends, or comprehending American "talkies," but its cisatlantic usefulness is far from small.

Mr. Horwill, having done so much, should not be reproached for his failure to do more. Despite his six years' residence in the country and his remarkably wide reading in American books, however, he does not have an inerrant feeling for American idiom or a perfect knowledge of all things American. The book is flecked with minor errors. He has only a vague notion of what a club sandwich is made of; he is equally hazy on the subject of bob veal, and he is positively wrong about blind baggage. "Truck," in the sense of "garden produce," has developed a noun of agent, "trucker," and a verbal noun, "trucking," but it has not yet become a verb. Here it is his terminology rather than his observation that is at fault. He also makes some strange generalizations. It is not true that in America "Gentile" usually means a "non-Mormon," or that "vet" is used as a colloquial abbreviation for "veterinary surgeon" in England but for "veteran" in America. The "vet"—everywhere in the United States—may be an old soldier, an ex-soldier, or a horse doctor. Wherever the language possesses two established words or phrases of equivalent meaning, it is rash to assert that one of them is exclusively English and the other exclusively American. In most instances both are in regular use in America.

Finally, to make an end of the strictures on a work that I have enjoyed and profited by, Mr. Horwill makes little effort to discriminate the various levels of usage in American English. He is well aware of certain regional variations; it is the social stratification of our linguistic habits that he fails to consider. So far as Americans themselves are aware of any standard of usage, it is an educational standard: good American English is the English of Americans who have attained a certain degree of taste and skill in their use of language. But who are these educated Americans that set the standard? It is a tough question. Mr. Horwill, trying to draw the line between slang and accepted usage, decided that "words used in serious treatises by university professors" should be considered as acceptable. Little does Mr. Horwill know our university professors. That decision opened the door to a whole Noah's ark of uncouth, strange-smelling linguistic beasts. No doubt such curiosities need to be glossed for the benefit of foreign readers, but their actual status ought to be indicated. A professor of history in an American university may write, "He appreciated that the existing laws . . . were working an economic injustice," and the Honorable J. M. Beck may commit the same solecism; it is still a solecism. Theodore Roosevelt and John Hay might write "derelict" as if it meant "delinquent"; their aberration has not established the usage. Mr. and Mrs. Beard, even with the cooperation of other historians, cannot make good American English out of "illy." Printed and published slovenliness is not good American English. Newspaper headlines, which are sometimes made deliberately fantastic, and excerpts from advertisements, also, should not be treated as examples of standard American English.

For American readers, however, these errors and shortcomings are of little moment, detracting nothing from the interest and little from the value of the work. Until recently Englishmen have been inclined to regard American English as a jest or a misdemeanor and in either case as beneath serious consideration. The publication of this book points to a wholesome change of sentiment.

GEORGE GENZMER

Shorter Notices

Cicero. The Fall of a Republic. By G. C. Richards. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

It is easy to overwork the parallels of history and particularly fallacious to assume that because Rome succumbed to dictatorship we also must perish; yet just as Lenin evolved his technique for revolution from a study of the failures of the French Revolution, so, Mr. Richards plainly hopes, we may evolve means of saving our democracy from a study of Rome's failure to do so. The two protagonists of the death struggle of the republic, Caesar and Cicero, so greatly surpassed all their contemporaries that they alone were able to understand each other and were constantly drawn to each other in spite of their fundamental differences. Cicero was a wit, orator, bon viveur, statesman, philosopher, an incomparable master of prose, the most completely civilized man of his day. Yet it was unfortunate that in one of the many crises which befell the Roman republic he should have been its chief defender, for Caesar was his superior as a tactician and in singleness of aim. Cicero wished to preserve the republic, but he also wished to preserve many of the glaring inequities that were undermining it. He had no comprehensive scheme of social change to oppose to Caesar's demagogic appeals, and Mr. Richards's attempt to vindicate his character from the aspersions of Mommsen and Froude, now generally regarded as baseless by scholars, leaves out of account this crucial lack in Cicero as a statesman. It also falls between two stools: it will afford little new information to the Latin scholar, and it is so unnecessarily dull and ill-arranged that it will seduce the attention of few laymen. Cicero wrote more freely about himself than any other man whose works have come down to us. Beside his self-revelations, those of Rousseau are merely special pleadings. He shouldn't have been a hero to his valet. But he was. His slaves risked their lives to save him after his proscription. His secretary devoted the remainder of his life to publishing his works. His friends sorrowed and the republic fell. It is unfortunate that Mr. Richards should have had at his command only indifferent English in which to celebrate Cicero's magnificent career and what Erasmus called "the divine felicity of his style."

The Regional Approach to National Social Planning. By Howard W. Odum.

Regional Reconstruction: A Way Out for the South. By Rupert B. Vance. Published by the Foreign Policy Association and the University of North Carolina Press.

Both Dr. Odum, who is director of the Institute for Research in Social Science of the University of North Carolina in addition to his other distinctions, and Dr. Vance, who is the author of that immensely interesting and valuable volume "Human Geography of the South," understand economic principles and are thoroughly acquainted with the South. One recognizes their competence but at the same time feels that there may not be time for their recommendations to be carried out. As Dr. Odum says, national social planning is an alternative to chaos, revolution, industrial oligarchy, or fascism. One asks whether one of these might not be a more desirable alternative, and also whether it is not too late for any choice to be made at all. Begging these questions, the authors argue well the case for regional, as against national or sectional, planning. And no region is better adapted to such social planning or needs it more than the portion of the South consisting of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Arkansas. Dr. Vance's survey is of the utmost value to anybody concerned with the social problems that have grown up about the share-cropping system of the cotton belt. Dr. Odum proposes only, as the first step, "two six-year priority schedules, practically geared to regional adaptations, not only stressing natural resources and public works but featuring cultural backgrounds as well." Dr. Vance, looking beyond this, advocates "farm ownership and the abandonment of monoculture, the one-crop system." Neither study goes far enough; but both make it clear that something must be done, and at once.

The Lincoln Legend. By Roy P. Basler. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

In this book Mr. Basler has made a short but interesting excursion into the field of historical criticism. Lincoln, he believes, still "lives in the mind of the average American" largely as a myth, and abroad, among the more aspiring, he symbolizes freedom, and triumph over poverty and difficulties. Mr. Basler's critiques of biographies from Holland and Herndon to Barton and Beveridge are sufficiently convincing to justify his conclusion that Lincoln is still unrevealed and that his biography is still to be written. Partly, this is because history "is a strange creation." Given a "sufficiently large sequence of facts to choose from, the historian can prove anything that seems true." With regard to Lincoln, Mr. Basler's thesis is especially important. The same legend-making forces among the people that have buried the real Lincoln "under a mass of untruths" have also clothed him in truths that a study of the facts of his life could not have disclosed. This special point of view has not been grasped by other writers on Lincoln with the clarity of the author of this book. Nor, in the opinion of the present reviewer, has the genius of Lincoln had as competent treatment elsewhere as it is given in Mr. Basler's compact summary of the positive and negative impressions which Lincoln's personality awakened in those who have spoken and written about him.

Contributors to This Issue

ALBERT MAYER is a New York architect who has long been interested in the housing problem.

JAMES H. GRAY is a Canadian newspaperman.

ABRAHAM LEFKOWITZ has recently resigned as legislative representative of the Teachers' Union.

B. J. WIDICK is an Akron newspaperman.

JAMES BURNHAM is professor of philosophy at Washington Square College, New York University.

MARK VAN DOREN is well known as poet and critic.

GEORGE GENZMER is lecturer in English and librarian at Bard College, Columbia University.

ERSKINE CALDWELL Says:

"There is no magazine in which I would rather appear than The ANVIL!"

The ANVIL

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CONTRIBUTORS

NELSON ALGREN
BENJAMIN APPEL
SANORA BABB
J. S. BALCH
ERSKINE CALDWELL
A. E. CLEMENTS
BEN FIELD
JAMES T. FARRELL
LANGSTON HUGHES
JOSEPHINE JOHNSON
JOSEPH KALAR
HARRY KERMIT
TILLIE LERNER
MERIDEL LE SUEUR
SAUL LEVITT
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Drama

An American Tragedy

AT "Winterset" (Martin Beck Theater) the curtain rises on a stage of somber but breath-taking beauty. To the right the huge concrete pier of a bridge lifts itself sheer into the darkness above, and to the left a sullen block of tenements balances the opposing mass. In the remote gloom of these lower depths the solid foundation of the proud bridge equates itself with the dismal despair of the tenements, and the fact adds meaning to the pure plastic beauty of the forms. Physically and spiritually the foundations upon which the city rests are seen from the perspective of those who crawl about their bases, and it is not often that the creative possibilities of stage design have been so convincingly demonstrated.

During the three or four seconds which immediately succeeded the rising of the curtain, many spectators must have had time to reflect that if Maxwell Anderson's play could live up to the promise of Jo Mielziner's set it would win for itself a very high place in our dramatic literature. Long before the final curtain went down, the audience had divided itself into two camps, and I have no doubt that critical opinions on this play will be as fiercely irreconcilable as they were last year during the discussion of Mr. O'Casey's "Within the Gates." Then I was among those who turned thumbs down, and in recent years I have also been among those who found in Mr. Anderson's romantic historical dramas something pretentiously literary. But in the present case I have no desire to hedge. "Winterset" seems to me bold, original, and engrossing. In its most general aspect the play might be described as an attempt to treat some of the material of contemporary life in a manner more richly imaginative than the method of realism permits. Thus, while the time is the present and the plot one which might serve for a tragic melodrama, the whole emphasis of the treatment is such as to stress the eternal rather than the local aspects of the passions involved and to lay the emphasis less upon the action itself than upon its reverberations in the souls.

Long before the play begins, a radical agitator (vaguely reminiscent of Vanzetti) has been railroaded to death by a court which shared the popular determination to fix the guilt of murder upon a man whom it had other reasons to hate. More recently, a college professor, reopening the case, has pointed the finger of suspicion at a gangster just released from prison, and thus a ghost has been raised to plague those who had had a part in the now almost forgotten events. The key to the mystery is held by a young witness lost in the obscurity of the lower depths, and upon him converge all those most deeply concerned—the actual murderer, determined at all cost to prevent the truth from coming to light, the outcast son of the man who paid the penalty for the crime he did not commit, and, finally, the presiding judge, now driven out of his wits by the unsuccessful effort to convince himself that he had done only what duty compelled him to do. Obviously there is in all this no lack of exciting action or of opportunities for direct socio-political argument. But both are subordinated as they would be in a classic tragedy to a brooding and poetic treatment of the themes which the action suggests—namely, the nature of guilt and of justice and the meaning of revenge.

Much of the dialogue is cast in the form of blank verse, and the fact is of course significant chiefly for what it implies. It means that the author, in claiming the right to make his characters speak more pointedly and more richly than ordinary people do, claims at the same time the right to make them think and feel more richly too. It means that even the lowest of his characters is, like the characters in Shakespeare, permitted to be both a poet and a philosopher, limited in certain ways no doubt by the limitations of his soul, but by virtue of poetic and philosophical gifts, capable of defining and expressing that soul with the clarity and intensity of the poet and the philosopher. It means, in other words, that the play is at least capable of being more interesting than any other kind of play just because only poets and philosophers are capable of realizing and feeling to its full depth the meaning of the experiences through which they pass.

Mr. Anderson's play immediately suggests comparison with two—and only two—other recent plays, "Within the Gates" and Robert Sherwood's "The Petrified Forest." In a very general way both aimed at something of the same sort, but neither is precisely comparable since Mr. Sherwood kept considerably closer to realistic melodrama while Mr. O'Casey, abandoning representation entirely, wrote exclusively in terms of symbolism. More significant, perhaps, would be a comparison between "Winterset" and Mr. Anderson's previous play "Gods of the Lightning," which dealt specifically and in the mood of direct social protest with the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Doubtless many will argue that the former was the better or at least the more "useful" play, but to me the contention would seem to indicate a fantastic misconception of the whole nature of literature and drama. Probably "Winterset" would never have been written if Mr. Anderson had not concerned himself with the famous case. But if the earlier play represents the immediate reaction of the citizen, "Winterset" is the product of a poet's brooding. It represents no change of opinion; the social protest is still here if one cares to look for it. But here also is that deeper penetration into thoughts and passions and souls which it is the dramatist's business to achieve. In the production two performances are outstanding: Burgess Meredith, as the son, is both fiery and ingratiatingly youthful; Richard Bennet, as the judge, is both brilliant and subtle.

"If This Be Treason," which the Theater Guild has produced at the Music Box, deserves a longer discussion than I have space to give it. It quite frankly exists for nothing except the problem which it poses, but the problem is clearly and concisely stated and I found it interesting enough in itself to make the piece worth an earnest recommendation. Suppose that a newly elected President, committed unconditionally to peace, takes office upon the eve of a conflict which his predecessor has done all in his power to make inevitable. The ultimatum to Japan has been rejected, the Philippines have been attacked, and the American fleet has set sail. Is there anything that he could do; is it ever true that war is inevitable? The play (by John Haynes Holmes and Reginald Lawrence) sets out to show what one President, faced with such a situation, actually did. There is no need to recount the plot, and the point does not, I think, lie primarily in the way in which this particular set of circumstances works out. It lies rather in the play's clear demonstration of the fact that it is only a figure of speech to say, under any circumstances, that only one course of action—a declaration of war—is possible. One can always refuse to fight and it may be soberly argued that no possible consequences could be worse than war itself. The piece has been expertly directed and the performances are all excellent, especially those by McKay Morris as the President, Armina Marshall as his wife, and Hunter Gardner as the secretary.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Remember the Day" (National Theater) is a nostalgic study of a young boy's infatuation for his grammar-school teacher. It is a moving little play, sensitively performed, but it falters for lack of convincing dramatic sequence. It should be enjoyed, however, by those who found pleasure in "Ah, Wilderness" and "One Sunday Afternoon," for it has the same kind of tenuous charm.

M. G.

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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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THE DISCOVERY of the existence of war in Africa fell to President Roosevelt, despite the fact that he was fishing in Mexican waters at the time. It had not passed unnoticed elsewhere, but no official account was taken of it. At Geneva time was needed to summon the council and draft a report. Paris and London would do nothing until the League had acted. The President was in something of a quandary, one can imagine, as to whether to discover the war or not. If he did, he was giving a lead to the League, as if to imply that it, too, had better discover the war and do something about it; and then it would look as though the United States might cooperate. If he waited, and the discovery was left where it belonged, in Geneva, then the United States would be trailing the League, as though unable to use its own faculties. The President undoubtedly wished to take the course which demonstrated the utmost independence of the United States, and decided to launch his proclamation on Saturday, October 5, announcing American neutrality and clapping on the arms embargo. The effect on Geneva was electric, the secretariat in consequence coming to work on Sunday in a far more cordial frame of mind toward Washington than usual. In promptly recognizing that war is war no matter what the aggressor chooses to call it, the President has established a useful precedent. Under modern conditions the declaration of war has become archaic, and wars are called police action, or as Italy now pretends, necessary measures of defense. Japan made full use of false labels in Manchuria and profited thereby. The possibility of profit for Italy has now been nullified.

THE NEWSPAPERS have blown up the military news from Ethiopia for much more than it is worth, and have given their readers a badly inflated picture. So far there have been no pitched battles of any magnitude, nor indeed really large numbers of troops engaged. The fighting force of the Italians in northern Ethiopia is probably not more than 70,000, about half being native troops. The advance to Adowa encountered no massed resistance, and most of the fighting has been of a guerrilla nature. There never was any question about Italy's ability to reach Adowa in a few days after hostilities commenced, and the "victory" has literally no importance beyond its effect on Mussolini's home patriots. Why American readers should be subjected to news inflation is hard to understand. But Italian inspiration is not alone to blame. The aerial bombing of Adowa was announced from Ethiopian sources as having caused from 1,700 to 2,000 deaths, and sent a shudder of horror through the world, whereas Reuter from Addis Ababa subsequently gave the official estimate of the dead as sixty-seven. The Ethiopian conflict is only a colonial war, on a somewhat larger scale than earlier colonial expeditions. It should be so reported, with the focus of interest not deflected from Europe, where far greater values are at stake. But the next weeks will probably see a sobering of the military news, since the Italian advance in the north will now become painfully slow, as the crawl to Addis Ababa sets in. There will be guerrilla fighting aplenty, but the central task for the Italian army is to protect its engineers in building roads and bridges.

AMERICA is again the land of opportunity—at least for the Van Sweringens. The story of how these newsboys from Cleveland gained control of a three-billion-dollar railroad empire without a penny of their own, and are now getting it back in the same way, shows that even if every American boy cannot become President he may at least aspire to lead bank presidents by the nose. The Van Sweringens started out in 1916 by buying the Nickel Plate for $8,500,000, paying $2,000,000 in cash. They raised the cash by borrowing $2,100,000 from the late Guardian Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland, largely on the security of the purchase agreement itself. Within a short time the Van Sweringens had erected a $12,500,000 holding company to hold their $2,000,000 investment. The public bought $1,500,000 of the preferred stock, and the brothers borrowed another $500,000 to buy the rest. With the $2,000,000 thus acquired the bank loan was paid off, and the Van Sweringens conferred $10,000,000 in common stock on themselves for services rendered. They continued to pull rabbits out of other people's hats, acquiring control of the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Missouri Pacific, the Erie, the Pere Marquette, and many lesser roads, making in all the greatest railroad empire the country had ever seen. A number of federal statutes were violated in the process, in the spirit if not the letter, but there were no hard feelings. When the RFC opened its soup kitchen for indigent and ailing railroads, bankers, and other unfortunates, the Van Sweringens were the first on the doorstep. So far these rugged individualists, through their various roads, have obtained $14,000,000 from the Railroad Credit Corporation, $37,000,000 from the Public Works Administration, and $76,000,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, some $127,100,000 in all.

NOW THE MID-AMERICA CORPORATION has sprung up to bail their securities out of hock for $3,000,000. The circumstances of the sale are curious. Colonel Leonard P. Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company certainly added nothing to his reputation by appearing as the agent for the Van Sweringens, whose loans earned a deserved notoriety in the ruin of two major Cleveland banks. No one bid against the Van Sweringens at the sale, and they obtained the Alleghany Corporation stock which controls their railroad empire for only $1,000 more than the upset price. A banking syndicate headed by J. P. Morgan and Company, financial godfathers of the Van Sweringens, was holding these and other securities for the payment of a $48,000,000 loan. Part of the syndicate's loss may be written off by the participants at the expense of the federal government, under the capital-gains-and-losses provision of the income-tax law. But the loss will still be heavy. The price paid was so small that the sale hardly seems worth while, especially since business recovery and fancy reorganization methods might yet have restored some value to the securities which now underlie the Alleghany Corporation. Among these securities are common and preferred stock of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, now in receivership. It will be recalled that when Charles Beard appeared before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce last spring in behalf of Missouri Pacific bondholders, he brought out the fact that J. P. Morgan and Company sat on both sides of the table in the reorganization. It was represented on the official bondholders' "protective" committee, and it held, through the Van Sweringen loan, control of the stock equity. The Morgans have now unloaded the stock. Their dual role would have been a target in the railroad investigation launched by a resolution of Senator Wheeler's at the last session of Congress.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the American Federation of Labor to the Atlantic City convention made a number of recommendations whose tone have become sadly familiar in the American labor movement. The report urged support of the Constitution without amendment, if it were possible to bring about economic recovery thereby. It took Secretary Perkins to task for her sponsorship of the Kerr immigration bill, because the bill sought to "liberalize the deportation section of existing immigration laws"; it recalled the period of the NRA as the heyday of American trade unionism; it offered the thirty-hour week as the cure-all for the depression without indicating where the money would come from to pay equivalent wages for shorter hours; and, most familiar of all, it recommended that all Communists or persons suspected of being in sympathy with Communists be expelled from the ranks of the federation. An additional report was submitted by three vice-presidents, among them Matthew Woll, announcing that Thomas E. Dewey, special prosecutor investigating racketeering in New York City, would prosecute criminals and racketeers discovered to be in control of labor unions, but that the investigation did not propose "in any way to embarrass the cause of organized labor." If the A. F. of L. report, instead of being quite so violent about Communists, had concerned itself with reports of depressed wages and lengthened hours after the abandonment of the NRA, and of the return of child labor in many industries from which the NRA abolished it; if it had admitted the charges of racketeering in its own ranks and had voiced a strong determination to stop it, it would have made more realistic reading—and would have heartened thousands of sincere proponents of organized labor in general and of the A. F. of L. in particular.

IT IS WITH REGRET that we note that Dr. Kirtley F. Mather, professor of geology at Harvard University, and other liberals in that institution have abandoned their intention of fighting the teachers' loyalty oath recently enacted by the Massachusetts legislature. While it would be manifestly unfair to single out Harvard for censure when university after university has fallen into line without a murmur, Professor Mather and his collegues had raised the hope that a protest might be staged which would check this particular exhibition of infantilism by our state legislatures. Most university faculties have signed the oath, not because they approved of it in principle, but because, believing themselves above the battle for academic freedom, they thought the oath too ridiculous to be worth resisting. Doubtless they are right so far as their own jobs are concerned. No one is likely to come snooping in the university classrooms to make sure that everything that is taught has the approval of the American Legion. But public-school teachers in many small towns face a different situation. The loyalty oath may easily be used as a pretext for ousting instructors whose views are suspected of being unorthodox. Since the teachers who have the most to fear from red-baiting organizations are in no position to combat the oath, the responsibility obviously falls on the few whose positions are most secure.

TO MAKE A RABBIT STEW, so the old saying runs, you must first catch your rabbit. Dr. Irving N. Rattner, head of the American Legion Post of the College of the City of New York, whose program is to extirpate communism from American schools, urges as the first step "to ascertain the number of Communists and identify them." When the Communists are identified, Dr. Rattner refused to say what should be done to them, but he indicated that the American Legion would know the method of procedure. Communists, it seems, are of three kinds—"born agitators," "unstable personalities," and "highly intellectual," the last group being by far the worst. Dr. Rattner suggests that clubs be formed, compulsory for freshman, "named after famous generals, statesmen, and literary men" to act as a sort of Big Brother movement against communism. These clubs should lay special stress on athletics, "for we find that athletes are always good Americans." But instead of direct attacks on communism, Dr. Rattner prefers a program described as "Awake America," on the theory that our students are at heart good Americans whose Americanism merely needs development.

When asked for his definition of a good American, Dr. Rattner replied, "Anyone but a Communist." Since all this balderdash marks a high point in academic silliness, one might confidently expect President Frederick B. Robinson of City College to tell Dr. Rattner politely to exercise his energies in other fields. But Dr. Robinson has reached some pretty high points of silliness himself. It is altogether likely that he may think Dr. Rattner's points well taken, in which case the matter is serious, not only for C. C. N. Y. but for any other college where prejudice may displace reason and passion destroy common sense.

THE IMMINENCE of a new Japanese drive in North China is suggested by statements recently issued by Major General Tada, commander of the Japanese forces in China, and General Isogai, military attaché at the Japanese Embassy, Peiping. Both officers referred to the unsatisfactory situation now prevailing in North China as furnishing fertile ground for communism, and indicated that the security of Manchoukuo and the welfare of the North China population could only be assured by the establishment of an "independent" buffer state comprising the five northernmost provinces of China. Not satisfied with having sealed the fate of the 80,000,000 Chinese living north of the Yellow River, General Isogai denounced the present Nanking government as "administered in the interest of a few persons" and spoke touchingly of the need of a government in the interest of the Chinese as a whole. He added, however, that "this does not mean that we intend to use military force against Chiang Kai-shek in the immediate future." This evidence of renewed Japanese activity gives credibility to the reports in the Japanese press at Shanghai of the pending sale of the British-owned Kailan mines to Japan. In addition to being among the largest coal-producing properties in the world, these mines are of special interest to the American public because of the unsavory activities of ex-President Hoover in wresting them from Chinese control some thirty-five years ago. Their transfer to Japan would mark the first stage in the closing of the Open Door in China proper.

FRANK E. GANNETT, owner of nineteen newspapers published in several states, has done a handsome and extremely interesting thing. He has created the Frank E. Gannett Newspaper Foundation, Inc., to which will pass on his death the nineteen newspapers he owns, to the end that after dividends are paid on the preferred stock, which is now held largely by the employees and executives of the newspapers, the profits shall be used only for "public charitable, educational, and general philanthropic purposes, the improvement, development, care, and general furtherance of the health, welfare, and well-being of the communities" in which the Gannett newspapers are or will be published. At least 75 per cent of the net income must, under the trust deed, be so expended annually. The foundation will be conducted by a self-perpetuating board of eleven directors, who are to serve for life or until resignation; and the principle laid down by Mr. Gannett, to which the board will have to adhere, is that it shall primarily publish "good and useful newspapers of the widest possible service to their communities rather than newspapers which shall make the largest possible profits." Few people are aware that the *Jewish Daily Forward* is run on precisely this principle and has for years turned its profits over to the cause and philanthropies in which the "Forward Associates" are interested. We have long hoped that some English-language daily would be established on this basis.

WHAT IS A COMPANY UNION? Is it a free association of employees through which, in consultation with management, they may determine their own working conditions? Or is it a paternalistic club graciously allowed them by the employer as a substitute for genuine trade unionism? These questions are effectively answered in a report on company unions just completed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the Department of Labor. Five hundred and ninety-three company unions were studied, with a membership of 530,388 employees. Five criteria were set up by which to measure the extent of employer domination of the company union. These were: whether the company union paid dues, had regular membership meetings, made written agreements with employers, maintained contacts with other workers' organizations, and retained the right to demand arbitration of differences, thus limiting the absolute veto power of management. It will be seen that these are basic minima under which a union must operate if it is to function effectively. It is highly significant that only 10 of almost 600 company unions studied enjoyed all five of the necessary attributes of independence. It is also significant that 76 of the plants studied, or 12.8 per cent, were permitted none of these union privileges. A similar study conducted by the Twentieth Century Fund last year resulted in the same sort of findings, and the Fund's conclusion on the question of company unions is worth citing here. Company unions at their best operate effectively only as machinery for settling shop grievances; they are not trade unions, they do not perform the functions of trade unions, and they should not be accepted by workers as a medium for collective bargaining with employers.

OUR OWN INQUIRING REPORTER has been doing a little research since the anti-noise campaign started in New York. Himself a sound sleeper, he with difficulty stayed awake the other night to interview various Manhattanites in search of rest. In the East Twenties he found a woman, lately moved to the city from a suburb, who had counted seventeen distinct varieties of night hubbub in the elegant apartment house to which she had been obliged to furnish copious references before being accepted as a tenant. These included nine varieties of insobriety, involving broken bottles, raucous huzzas, heavy objects dropped from ceilings, and the like; ashcans, milkmen, cheery visitors, the elevated railroad, and amorous cats were also represented. So far none of these noise-makers seems to have been apprised of the new ordinance. Our reporter also talked with a man who had been enabled to keep a perfect schedule of Lexington Avenue trolley cars because every time one passed his house it woke him up with a great clanging and screeching of apparatus, and being a methodical soul he turned on his light and noted the time. More is evidently needed than the silencing of motor horns, the greasing of trucks, and rubber horseshoes to make New York a peaceful spot after midnight. What New Yorkers need to learn is that eleven o'clock is a good time for everybody in the city to go to bed.

The Outlook for a League Success

EUROPE now is treading gingerly upon the floor of a long-dreaded experience. A great power has committed an aggression, and the League of Nations must perform its obligations to mete out punishment under the Covenant. It will do this, barring unforeseen incidents, with forbearance bordering upon timidity. The principle of gradualism, officially adopted for just such a contingency in 1921, has been seized upon with relief. It makes it possible for the League states to feel their way, and to test out first of all the possibility of applying economic sanctions effectively without their leading to war. It is obvious that, more than anything, the League members shrink from taking steps which would transfer the conflict from Africa to their own soil and waters. The strongest League state at the moment is Great Britain. Its imperial interests are involved in the Ethiopian war. But Britain will do everything in its power to act through the League, as a League servant, dedicated to League principles. This is obviously good sense from the British point of view. The more associates it has in safeguarding its interests, the better protected those interests will be. France, the nation whose fidelity to the League has been most consistent and pertinacious until this year, no longer is bell-wether at Geneva. Within the League France and Britain have in a sense exchanged places. One might have expected France to treat Britain's conversion to genuine League principles as an occasion for rejoicing, since in theory it makes possible the system of collective security which alone can protect France from Hitler's Germany. But France is not convinced. The French government, no doubt, has private assurances that Britain will be as consistently opposed to German aggression in Eastern or Southeastern Europe as it is to Mussolini's African raid. Laval, too, is formally authorized to take part in sanctions, with all that they imply. The French public, however, refuses to be logical. It does not feel that Britain has completed the edifice of security. It is against sanctions if they can lead to war with Italy about anything. While public opinion in Great Britain has made it possible for the Foreign Office to take full advantage of the League in furthering British interests, in France public opinion is driving the government out of its habitual attitude.

France is not the only country for which sanctions represent a grave problem. Switzerland, the home of the League, will find it difficult to apply economic pressure on Italy. It has its own Italian district bordering Italian soil, where sympathies will be too much aroused to make punitive measures advisable. Austria is still less likely to agree to cooperate in any embargos or self-denying trading ordinances. The Austrian government has lived for many months under Italian protection, and the Heimwehr has been financially subsidized by Rome. Hungary runs its entire foreign policy alternately under the guidance of Italy and Germany. Thus the hope of isolating Italy economically might be illusory. It can import foodstuffs through Austria, and if Germany so desires it will obtain any raw materials it can pay for from any quarter in the world, via the German ports and Austria. The open Austrian frontier will be important chiefly for the use Germany makes of it.

So the policy of Germany now becomes of prime importance. Berlin, however, will not as yet have decided what to do. It will find itself pulled in opposite directions by two far-reaching considerations. If Mussolini is riding for a fall and his dictatorship is doomed, fascist dictatorships as such will be defeated, and the blow to the Nazis will be only less immediate. From this standpoint Hitler may well decide to give Mussolini all help within his power. A further long-view consideration also weighs in favor of this policy. This may be the appointed hour for the union of all the revisionists, and the formation of a bloc of the have-nots against the haves. Poland, Hungary, and Austria, with Italy and Germany behind them, would dominate Southeastern Europe, and make an end of French supremacy in the Little Entente. Czecho-Slovakia would have to withdraw from the French constellation, to play the independent role of buffer state. Yugoslavia might feel its destiny lay with the rising military states. Bulgaria would join. Hitler might well calculate that the British, however aroused over Africa, would be less bellicose over a Balkan issue, and certainly would not be eager to fight in Eastern Europe as an ally of Communist Russia. Until now an effective revisionist bloc has been a fantasy because of the antagonism of Germany and Italy over Austria. Now Mussolini, if he knows he has his back to the wall, may try to drag in all Europe, hoping to redeem his great gamble, and to accomplish this he may offer acceptable terms to Germany.

Hitler, however, has not been the chief plotter of the Nazi expansionists. He tolerated rather than directed the attempted Austrian coup last year. And his own policy in relation to Germany's immediate future has been to achieve Germany equality by treaty denunciation, while maintaining enough friendship with the British to prevent the strangling of Germany by an ensuing encirclement. He scored a heavy victory in that the denunciation of the Versailles treaty caused no more disturbance than it did, and he seemed to score again in the naval agreement of London. Now he may wish to pursue this course, though it looks less promising than it did. Hoare's speech marked the beginning of Anglo-French solidarity, and a Britain committed to France is far less of an allurement to Hitler than a Britain playing the old game of balancing power. If the British can persuade him that they look forward to bringing Germany back into the League as an equal, possibly with colonial concessions, he still may refuse to throw in his lot with Italy. But the next months in Europe will be fraught with hesitation and doubt. The economic pressure of the League will be moral rather than material for some time. Not until Italy begins to feel the lack of raw materials and money can League punishment begin to tell. But before that time is reached, the front now forming against Mussolini in Europe may break. It begins with the unexpected weakness of French public opinion; it probably will be further narrowed by the defection of Austria, Hungary, and Switzerland. Certainly not everything in the picture will hearten peace lovers to believe in the early success of the principle of collective security.

Can America Remain "Unentangled"?

NEVER has President Roosevelt more directly expressed the will of the American people than when he declared at San Diego that the United States "shall and must remain . . . unentangled and free" of foreign wars. As a people we have little sympathy for the inhumanity of Italian fascism. We are shocked and indignant at Mussolini's brazen invasion of Ethiopia. But the experience of one war fought for what we believed to be the highest of idealistic principles has convinced us, rightly or wrongly, that the harm resulting from Il Duce's mad adventure will be slight compared with the havoc that would be wrought by another world conflict. Whatever may happen, we are determined that American youth shall not again be sacrificed to the greed of munitions makers and war profiteers.

The tragic chain of events of 1914 to 1917 has taught us that once a war has started no country can consider itself safe. We ask ourselves anxiously whether the same forces which drew us unwittingly into the World War are not again at work. Our lone safeguard is the neutrality act which was jammed through Congress in its closing hours. But this covers only a few of the articles likely to be used for war purposes; it does not prohibit loans or credits, though Italy is prevented by the Johnson act from floating loans in this country; and it contains nothing which would prevent American ships from passing into war zones.

It should be recognized, moreover, that a neutrality program based on the experience of the last war may prove more of a liability than an asset in the present crisis. Too much attention has been paid to the similarities between the situation today and that of 1914, and too little to the striking differences. The World War was a conflict between two sets of evenly matched European powers. Because of its size it created a demand for huge amounts of munitions and raw materials which the United States alone was in a position to supply. The present dispute is as yet a minor affair involving the smallest of the great powers and a semi-barbaric, backward state. As long as the conflict is confined to these two countries, American neutrality is unlikely to be seriously tested. Our shipments to Ethiopia are so negligible that they can scarcely be challenged by the Italian navy, while Haile Selassie is in no position to interfere with our trade with Italy. Nor is it possible for either country to purchase enough from the United States to create a vested interest such as we had in an Allied victory in 1917.

Barring the development of a general European war, the dangers which the United States faces at present are of a wholly different character. The most significant distinction between the world today and that of 1914 is to be found in the existence and activity of the League of Nations. For the first time in history an agency representing practically all the nations of the earth is prepared to impose sanctions on a sovereign state because it has resorted to war in defiance of its international commitments. It is true that none of the great powers is entirely disinterested in seeking to check Italian aggression, but the fact remains that the action taken at Geneva represents a deliberate effort to substitute law for anarchy in the international sphere. The issues involved in this conflict obviously concern the United States as profoundly as any other country. The link between fascism and war no longer is a theoretical abstraction. Mussolini has carried into the field of international relations the same brazen disregard for principles and humanity that he has shown at home. The problem before the United States, then, cannot simply be one of keeping out of the present conflict. If by our supposed neutrality we are actually assisting and encouraging Italy in its defiance of law, it is time for us to take stock of the situation. We cannot disregard the effect of our policies on the one agency that has the power to challenge Il Duce's Machiavellian doctrines.

Nor is the danger as remote as we might wish it to be. The League is almost certain to declare an embargo on all war materials as one of the sanctions to be applied against Italy. It so happens, however, that none of the commodities which Italy is likely to require in its war against Ethiopia are included in the President's recent embargo proclamation. Italy manufactures its own munitions, together with most of its airplanes and naval craft. But in order to do this it must obtain practically its entire supply of raw materials—cotton, copper, petroleum, scrap iron and steel, and chemicals—from abroad. In the past year the United States has exported no firearms or direct war materials to Italy, but it has furnished that country with much that was plainly intended for war purposes. During the last eight months, for example, America has shipped nearly 2,000 small motor trucks to Italian Africa—as against less than a hundred such vehicles in other recent years. These have been accompanied by large shipments of American gasoline and oil, although there were no such shipments a year ago. Exports of scrap iron and steel to Italy in the first eight months of 1935 totaled 238,000 tons, the quantity each month exceeding the total for the whole of 1932. Large increases have also occurred in the sale of copper, scrap brass, cotton linters, and airplane parts. None of these supplies except airplane parts are affected by the present embargo.

Thus the question is not so much whether we shall choose to support the League as whether we shall subsidize Mussolini's defiance of the basic principles of international justice. To withhold aid from Il Duce would not require a fundamental change in American policy, but it would involve a far more vigorous neutrality program. The President has pointed the way by warning against transactions with belligerents. In addition, action should be taken to extend the definition of "implements of war" until it includes all the items covered by the League's sanctions. As a protection against evasion, Congress should also pass legislation empowering the President to restrict American exports to countries adjoining the aggressor to an amount not exceeding the average shipped during the preceding few years. And as a final step of cooperation with the League, it should forbid all imports from nations which engage in war in contravention of the Pact of Paris. Only when the American people come to recognize the responsibilities that are associated with America's financial and commercial position can there be any real hope of our keeping out of war.

Hitler's Olympic Games

FOR a thousand years Olympic games were held in Greece as an expression of the ideal that the prowess of the body should be celebrated as well as that of the mind and spirit. The modern revival of the festival, begun in the late nineteenth century by Baron Pierre de Coubertin of France, had its first successful representation in the games in London in 1908. Since then the Olympic games have become an international occasion of the greatest moment in athletics, and the place of the United States, as the winner of the last four contests, is a highly significant one. This is worth remembering in the light of recent protests against American participation in the next contest, to take place in Berlin in 1936. By historic precedent the games must never be political in character. They are in no sense a government function, but a meeting of the amateur athletes of all nations, managed by international athletic committees. It was hardly to be expected that Adolf Hitler would maintain the non-political character of the approaching contest. Presuming as he does to regulate by government fiat every aspect of the life of the German people, it is not surprising that he should be pictured on an official calendar of the German Olympic Committee with the slogan: "I summon the youth of the world." But it is clear that if Herr Hitler is summoning the world's youth to the Olympics, the world's youth may be justified in declining.

The position of the Jews in the Reich needs no recounting. Since they are no longer officially German citizens—by government fiat—they will obviously have no place in the Olympic games in Berlin. Attempts of the German government to protest that the rules of the International Olympic Commission will be adhered to are not to be believed. And the German invitation to Helene Mayer, Jewish woman fencer, may be sufficiently evaluated as evidence of good faith when it is pointed out that Miss Mayer, at present teaching in San Francisco, denies having received any such invitation. German athletes who desire to train as Olympic contestants are required to be members of the Hitler Jugend or other official sport organizations; this pretty effectively rules out Catholics and a large group of Protestants, as well as Jews, since it is unlikely that members of these sects, whose own athletic associations have been broken up by the Nazi government, will voluntarily join the groups whose sponsors have destroyed their own. Edmund Baumgartner, a Jewish soccer player on a Polish team, was reported to have been beaten to death by a crowd of infuriated Nazis in a recent match in German Upper Silesia.

There is widespread public sentiment for withdrawal of the United States from the coming contest. Church groups, labor unions, 4,000 spectators at the recent Baer-Louis fight, have joined with thousands of other Americans in urging that American contestants refrain from taking part. Nearly 3,000 persons took the trouble to answer no when Heywood Broun asked for expressions of opinion on the question in a recent radio broadcast. To this rising tide of protest *The Nation* adds its voice. The United States should withdraw from the Olympics. No other single gesture could more forcibly bring home to the Nazis the disgust of other nations with their program of repression and brutality.

"Orbis Pictus"

A STRIKING feature of recent American publishing has been the rapid increase in the number of picture books for adults. Perhaps the success of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" and Frederick Allen's "Only Yesterday" suggested the potential popularity of books even more dependent upon photographs for telling a story, for since they were published there must have been at least a dozen volumes intended to present a pictorial record of the war, of New York City, of recent history, and so on.

One,* just now published, presents the high lights of American history from the beginning to the present, and the shift, about the middle, from reproduced paintings or drawings to reproduced photographs suggests one significant fact. Recent history *looks* much less heroic than remoter history, and it is set down for all time in its most matter-of-fact aspects. Between a painting of George Washington bending over a state paper and a photograph of President Roosevelt conferring with Raymond Moley there is a difference even greater than any inherent in the events or persons themselves. The first makes a romantic legend almost inevitable; the second makes anything of the sort almost impossible. Some day it may be realized that no man who lived late enough to be informally photographed can ever become a hero in quite the old sense, for the simple reason that the idea of him can never be wholly detached from the creature of flesh and blood. No "Washington Crossing the Delaware" could be painted today because the news photographer's snap would make it palpably ridiculous.

No less significant than these records are picture books which abandon all ties with the news and present a series of detached but striking glimpses of the everyday world. The William Morrow Company has just issued one called "U. S. Camera 1935," and here again the psychological effect of such a collection may be great. As Bergson pointed out, we tend to see the world—even its shape and its color—in terms of current artistic representations of it. We also tend to readjust a visual image in a fashion to make it conform not only to familiar representations but also to our knowledge of it; so that, for example, we are not aware when we look up at a tall building that the image leans and tapers as it does in a photograph. Various modern painters have announced their intention of disintegrating the visual pattern of modern culture, but it is doubtful if any have found a means of reaching the general public so effective as that of the insurgent photographer. Not even the philistine can dismiss what the camera has seen as the mere invention of a disordered mind. Sometimes the effect is to confer on humble objects something of the very quality which photography has taken away from public events. Thus two eggs, isolated on a dark plane and illuminated in a certain way, take on a monumental quality lacking in most modern monuments. The lens is forcing the average man to look at things from points of view he has never taken and to see them in arrangements he has never made. What may ultimately be made of the new chaos remains to be seen, but it is sometimes beautiful as well as disturbing.

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* "The Story of America in Pictures." Arranged by Alan C. Collins. With an Introduction by Claude G. Bowers. Doubleday, Doran and Company.

Issues and Men

Lansing Self-Revealed

SECRETARY LANSING'S worst enemy could wish for nothing better than the publication of the "War Memoirs of Robert Lansing" (Bobbs-Merrill). It has done irretrievable injury to his character and his record as Secretary of State by revealing the duplicity diplomats always permit themselves and his avowed insincerity in pretending to be neutral on taking office. At the very beginning of this book there is printed the memorandum in which Lansing set forth his views on entering the Cabinet. It shows that he had not the slightest intention of holding the scales even and that he was completely infected by the idea that "the German government is utterly hostile to all nations with democratic institutions because those who compose it see in democracy a menace to absolutism and the defeat of the German ambition for world domination." If that was entirely untrue then, it is in part true now, and may become entirely so as a result of our participation in the war and of the Treaty of Versailles. What a pity that Lansing and Woodrow Wilson did not survive until this hour to see the results of their intervention—to see the world on the verge of another war, this time with a genuine absolutist, within seventeen years of the close of their war to end war!

Throughout this volume—which, curiously enough, bears the name of no editor or sponsor—we have the picture of Lansing pretending to hold the scales even, when he was really determined that the country should go into the war just as soon as the public was ready for it, that is, was sufficiently deluded by our officials and aroused by German atrocities and criminal stupidity. This was his objective, and he admits it with no sense of shame. He sets forth with complete cold-bloodedness that he deliberately stalled in taking the British to task for their conduct toward the United States, which, as he once said to me and as his Solicitor of the State Department, Cone Johnson, openly stated, "violated every canon of international law." He here confesses regarding this strife with the British: "I did all that I could to prolong the dispute by preparing, or having prepared, long and detailed replies, and introducing technical and controversial matters in the hope that before the interchange came to an end something would happen to . . . make the American people perceive that German absolutism was a menace to their liberty. . . . Everything was submerged in verbosity. It was done with deliberate purpose." What deceit and double-dealing! Nowhere is there the slightest evidence that he knew anything about the war aims of the Allies, or their conscious duplicity, or the secret treaties, or anything of the realities of the situation. Worse than that, there is not one line to show that he ever considered what the effect of war might be upon the United States and his fellow-citizens. Like Woodrow Wilson, he never was able to visualize what war might mean in death and suffering to a part of the youth of America and to their parents.

It is true that he once drafted a stiff note to Great Britain, in May, 1915, which he does not refer to in this book; Mr. Wilson retained it on his desk and sent it out in an emasculated form in October. Lansing gave me this information at the time and authorized me to publish it. I scored a great beat in the New York *Evening Post*, and that evening Mr. Lansing denied to all the other Washington correspondents and Secretary Bryan that he was in any way responsible for my publication or knew anything about it. Similarly he used the New York *World* to publish the Albert papers, stolen—with complete morality, of course—by government agents, and the Associated Press to publish the infamous Zimmermann note, because it did not suit him to tell the truth about how it was obtained. I have always maintained that the President could have put us into the war against Great Britain by merely reciting the facts of its conduct. He could certainly have kept us out of war by using those facts to balance the injury done to us by the Germans. The only difference was that the Germans took American lives, and the English did not. Lansing admits this very clearly, for he says positively that we should have gone to war with Great Britain if it had not been for German stupidity.

Lansing did not, it now appears, believe in the American people. They were to be told as little as possible and then only what their rulers wished. They were to be "educated" to believe what he wished them to believe so that we should go to war with Germany. If anybody tried to educate them the other way, that was bad propaganda. He was horrified by the unethical acts of the Germans, and unmoved by the starvation of the German people by the Allied blockade. He really believed that there was such a thing as "civilized warfare," and that the British were carrying on such a war.

What makes me feel especially bad about it is that when Bryan resigned, I, among others, was asked by the President to suggest his successor. Since the President would not consider my first choice, I, who was trying my best to keep the United States out of the war, suggested, God help me now, Robert Lansing. There is an excuse, however; to me he represented his attitude in such a way that I had no reason to believe that he did not sincerely desire to avoid war. The action of the Congress in insisting upon neutrality at the present time shows that we have learned a lot, and that some Americans in official life are determined not to have the wool pulled over their eyes again. In this connection I must add that in a letter of September 6, 1915, not published in this book, Secretary Lansing argued that we should go to war in order to preserve prosperity and get back the moneys loaned abroad! It was the exact viewpoint of the firm of Morgan. There were American traitors in 1915!

Oswald Garrison Villard

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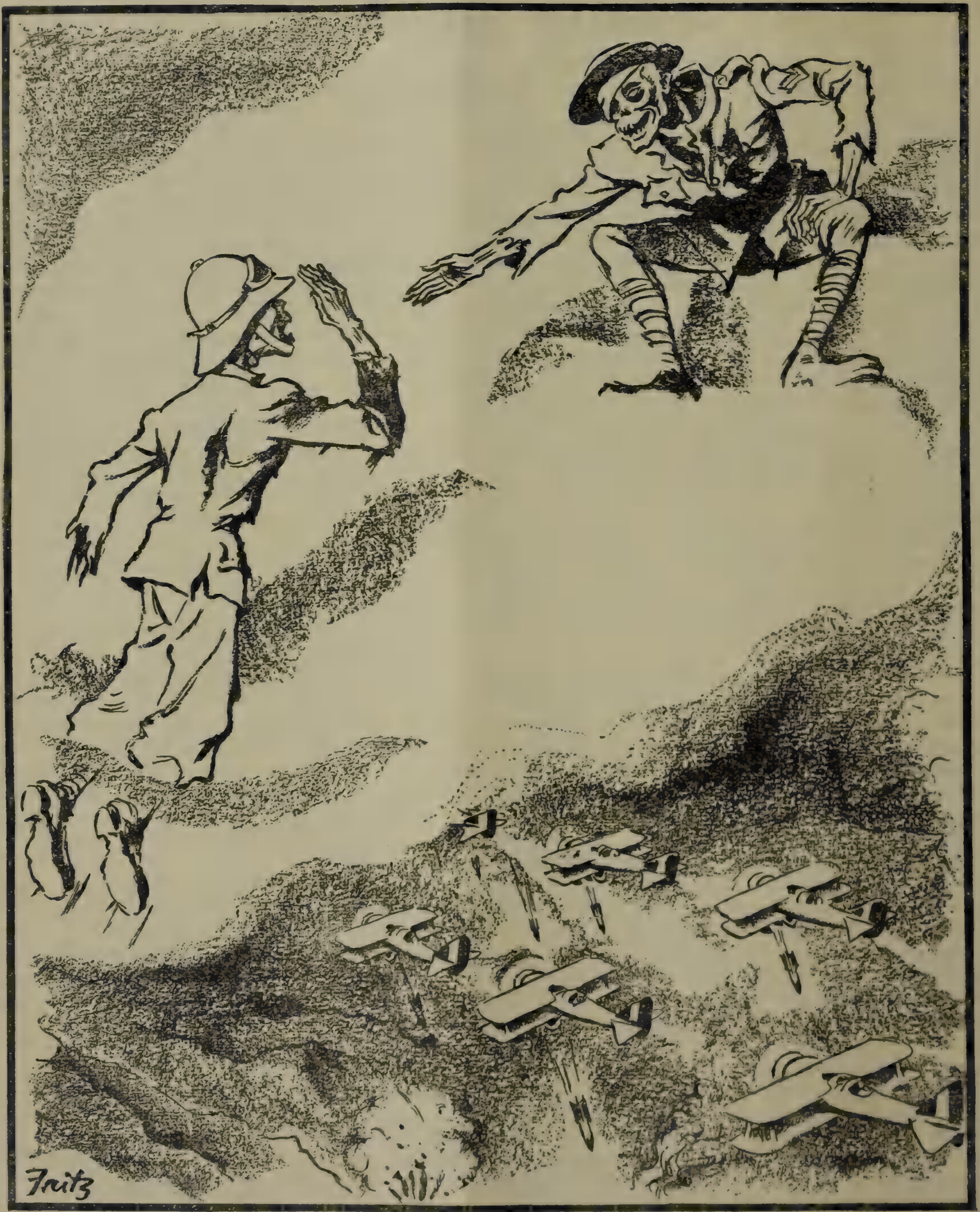

"I just died for civilization!"
"Fine, buddy, I made the world safe for democracy!"

After Ethiopia—England?

By ALBERT VITON

Florence, September 25

WELL-INFORMED Italians have no illusions about the economic value of Ethiopia. They realize that had Ethiopia been as rich as sensationalists would have us believe, England would not have abandoned the country in 1868, nor would the French company, Bayard Brothers of Roubaix, have given it up after sinking millions in exploration. The cost of developing the country and of transporting the raw materials which might be found there would be disproportionate to their value on the world market.

As a field for colonization Ethiopia would not be productive either. Italian officials, talking off the record, admit that Italy can hope to settle there in the next twenty-five years not more than a million men, and even these would mean a tremendous expense in transportation—not only of the men themselves but of their wives and families and equipment. Eritrea with its 4,188 registered Italian residents and Italian Somaliland with 1,631 prove that even a million men in Ethiopia is likely to remain a pious hope.

What, then, is Mussolini's object in his Ethiopian adventure? The answer is not economic but political. Mussolini has embarked on an extensive campaign which aims to convert the kingdom of Italy into an empire. Ethiopia is to be the beginning; the Mediterranean, an Italian lake, is to be the end. In the eyes of Italian military and diplomatic leaders Ethiopia is destined to be the Italian Gibraltar, the foundation of the new imperial Rome. But where will Italy expand? The answer to this question will sound fantastic outside of Italy, but it is a commonplace within the Duce's realm. Mussolini expects to plant the Italian imperial lion on the cadaver of the British Empire. Almost every Italian to the plainest man on the street is convinced that the British Empire is either collapsing or already dead and that it will take only a strong will on Italy's part to inherit its greatness.

When I first heard this conviction expressed by a military attaché, I refused to believe he was serious. But repeated contact with high Italian officials and with the common people has persuaded me of the universality of this view. "Italy will blossom on the grave of the British Empire," one very prominent Italian economist told me. This explains the Ethiopian war, Mussolini's determination to defy all diplomatic opposition, to spend billions on a country of dubious economic worth. Mussolini is to be taken at his word when he says that British opposition will not deter him. He is ready if necessary to fight England. He believes that the British Empire will collapse and that Italy can then occupy Egypt, Palestine, and most of British Africa, with perhaps India in the bargain. How widespread is the belief that England is already dead is illustrated by the bombastic and insulting banners which the Italian soldiers carried at their parade in Milan after the recent maneuvers. "England beware! We are not afraid of you," read one; "England, your fleet and army are old and weak; our fleet and submarines and airplanes are new and strong and our army is young," read another; and there were dozens with similar inscriptions. A Roman lawyer told me in all seriousness that Italy could fight England because Marconi has invented a weapon which would sink at a moment's notice the whole British fleet!

Starting from this conviction, Mussolini's imperial plans are quite simple: he expects to use the Italian colonies as sources of man-power for the conquest of British Africa. Even for the Ethiopian war the Italians have already raised more than 100,000 colored soldiers, and once Ethiopia is conquered and pacified they expect to have a colonial army of half a million. Their next point of attack is to be Egypt, which they hope to wrest from England within the next twenty-five years. They are not too modest to boast that even today, should England go to the limit in opposing Italy, Egypt would come to them begging to be released from the British yoke. Once Egypt is in their hands, and this means the Suez Canal, the entrance to the Red Sea—they already control the exit from that sea—they would hold a stiletto at the heart of the British Empire, India, and under this threat England would not oppose their occupation of Arabia. With Arabia an Italian colony, Palestine, Iraq, and Persia in rapid succession would be easy prey. After that it would only be a matter of rounding out the empire in Africa—Sudan, Kenya, Tanganyika, Rhodesia. The more optimistic Italians talk of India, and some even of Australia. But this should be noticed: the whole empire is to be built without touching the interests of either Belgium or France.

This is Italy's dream and the permanent basis of its foreign policy. At the moment, aside from the inevitable war, Italy is carrying on a tremendous pacific campaign of cultural imperialism in all Mediterranean countries and is trying to foment trouble in Egypt. It is spending hundreds of millions of lire annually on this campaign. I have spoken with an Italian professor just returned from Egypt, where he is kept by the Italian government to give free lessons in the Italian language and to lecture in schools and clubs on Italian culture. There are dozens like him. A few days ago I met a group of Egyptian boys brought here at the expense of the Italian government; they all wore the *avanguardisti* uniform. The government subsidizes all kinds of minorities, prints pamphlets and books in the various Mediterranean languages which are distributed free of charge, sends professors to practically all the universities, and pays teachers, lecturers, and business men to spread Italian culture. The Italian government, for example, a few years ago provided all the funds necessary for the establishment of a rabbinical seminar in Rhodes which is to provide rabbis for the Near East, though it does not contribute a cent for the rabbinical seminar in Rome, which trains rabbis for Italian Jewish communities. When the last Rabbi of Rome died about a year ago, the Roman Jewish community invited Pirato, Grand Rabbi of Alexandria and originally from Italy, to come to Rome. He came. But after all the installation ceremonies were over, the Italian government vetoed the scheme. He can do Italy more good by remaining in Alexandria and carrying on Italian propaganda there.

Economically the Italians are supreme in the Mediterranean even now. The greater part of the Italian merchant fleet is engaged not in transatlantic service but in cruising the Mediterranean. And they may be supreme even from a military point of view. Informed foreign military experts stationed in Rome are unanimous in the belief that British supremacy in this sea is a thing of the past. When a military attaché told me that in case of war no British ship would be able to enter the Mediterranean, I pointed out to him that Gibraltar and the Suez Canal are still impregnable and that Malta and Crete and Cyprus are still well fortified in British hands. He admitted this, of course, and added that in his opinion no Italian ship would be able to leave the Mediterranean, but nevertheless he insisted that Italy controls the Mediterranean and that British ships would be at the mercy of Italian submarines and airplanes.

Once Mussolini's imperial dream is recognized as the basis of Italian maneuvers in Ethiopia, and the Italian belief in the imminent downfall of Britain is comprehended, it is easy to forecast how Italy will play its diplomatic game. Under no circumstances will Italy take hostile action against France or Yugoslavia. It must maintain friendly nations on two sides in case England decides to close the Straits of Gibraltar. Furthermore, it will try to remain on diplomatic terms with the Soviet Union, which might be a necessary source of raw materials. On the other hand, it will oppose with the same determination it showed last summer any attempt at independence on the part of Austria, which must remain a gateway for raw materials on the Continent. The Italian front is solid against Britain, and the key to this anti-British attitude is the belief that Britannia is doomed.

New York's Power Yardstick

By WILL MASLOW and E. MICHAEL WHITE

THE plan for a municipal yardstick plant in New York City has run afoul of the law. When the Consolidated Gas Company saw public support mounting in favor of the yardstick plant proposed by the LaGuardia administration, it ran to the courts. Supreme Court Justice Dore ruled that the city could not build a power plant unless it pledged its credit. The referendum law, which forbade the use of the city's credit, was therefore held to be defective and enjoined. Even if Justice Dore is upheld by the higher courts, this setback promises to be only temporary. Special legislation can be obtained from the state legislature in January removing the obstacles in the present law.

The Consolidated Gas Company is jubilant now but no more so than it was in December, 1934. At that time it had just filed a revised rate schedule designed to increase electric rates by $11,000,000. Shortly before, it had obtained a stay in a lower state court enjoining as confiscatory a temporary rate cut of 6 per cent ordered in 1933 by the Public Service Commission. It had not only rejected summarily the demand of the New York City administration for a cut in its light and power bill but had submitted bids which would have increased the city's own power bill for 1935 by $700,000 over the 1934 cost.

The arrogance of the Consolidated was deflated when Commissioner Maurice P. Davidson of the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, acting without precedent, rejected the Consolidated's bid, although the city then had no other source of supply. The federal bureaus in New York took similar action. At this critical point President Roosevelt promised Mayor LaGuardia federal assistance in the construction of a plant to serve the needs of the city and federal governments.

The Consolidated became contrite. On December 30 it announced publicly that it would seek to reduce rates by the introduction of the Washington plan, a device for progressively reducing rates by stabilization of profits. In April, 1935, the Consolidated voluntarily withdrew its proposal for a rate increase. In May it submitted new bids for the city's light and power which reduced the ten-million-dollar bill of 1934 by $1,726,000.

These last-minute acts of repentance came too late. On May 13, 1935, Mayor LaGuardia announced that his Committee of Engineers had prepared a plan for a municipal "yardstick" power plant designed to cut rates to all classes of consumers 40 per cent. This plan was to be submitted to the Board of Estimate on May 24, 1935. Late in the afternoon of May 23 the Consolidated rushed revised rate schedules to the Public Service Commission offering reductions of more than seven million dollars to all classes of consumers. This cut in rates was proposed by the Consolidated although on May 8 the Appellate Court had upheld the contention of the Consolidated by ruling confiscatory the emergency rate reduction of 1933 amounting to only slightly more than seven million dollars.

On September 2 the Mayor signed a local law submitting to the people on Election Day the question whether the city should be authorized to build a "yardstick" electric power plant.

The average rate to be charged by the municipal plant for all classes of consumers is 2.31 cents per kilowatt hour, which is 40 per cent less than the present average rate of the Consolidated companies. The plant is to be self-sustaining and to pay the city annually a sum equivalent to the taxes which would be paid under private ownership. It is to be administered by a self-governing authority and financed by loan or grant from the federal government, for which the credit of the city was not to be pledged.

The underlying cause of the movement for a public plant in New York City is the exorbitantly high rates exacted by the power monopoly. Although New York offers the largest, most concentrated, and wealthiest market in the world, its rates are among the highest in the country. The Federal Power Commission recently completed a survey of residential electric rates in the ninety-three cities of the country having a population of more than 100,000. New York's rank for forty kilowatt hours per month, the average

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consumption in the city, is now sixty-third, with rates far above those for the next ten largest cities in the country.

The Public Service Commission has failed completely to obtain reasonable rate levels. In 1917 the residential consumer in New York City was paying 7 cents a kilowatt hour for current. In 1935, after eighteen years in which electrical science advanced tremendously and population multiplied, the poorest classes of consumers in New York are still paying an average of 7 cents per kilowatt hour. It has been the proud boast of the Consolidated that during this entire period it never was forced to accept a rate reduction imposed against its will. Even during the lean years of the depression, when other businesses were reducing their charges, the Consolidated was able to withstand the clamor for rate reductions, and earned profits which would have been handsome even in boom times. In the five-year period ending December, 1934, the five electrical subsidiaries of the Consolidated earned a total of $219,000,000, of which they paid out $194,000,000 in dividends. These five companies earned in that period an average of 11.4 per cent on their capital stock. In addition, they added $7,000,000 to their already huge surplus of $145,000,000.

According to the New York Power Authority, a state agency created to exploit the power resources of the St. Lawrence waterway, the New York Edison Company and the United Electric Light and Power Company, subsidiaries of the Consolidated, since 1910 have carried on their books watered capitalization of approximately $74,000,000, on which profits have been earned. In addition, the electrical subsidiaries of the Consolidated have been allowed to earn more than 7 per cent upon their entire capitalization. These two abuses have taken from the consumers excess profits of $173,000,000.

Reinvestment of the excess profits extracted from consumers has furnished two-thirds of the capital for the expansion of the system, upon which expanded capitalization the consumers are now required to pay excessive rates. The Power Authority reported the corrected fixed capital, plus working capital, of the five electric companies of the Consolidated system serving New York City as of 1934 as $687,196,687, of which $442,432,811 was contributed by consumers through excess profits, leaving a net capital of $244,763,876 (with original water deducted). The Power Authority concluded that if the city had purchased the electrical system in 1907, when regulation by the Public Service Commission was initiated, at a price representing book value of fixed capital, less water, the gross revenue actually collected from consumers would have covered all costs and would have written off so much of the original investment that today the city would own the system practically debt free.

The movement for a municipal plant has produced a head-on conflict between the administration of the largest city in the country and the most powerful and most strongly intrenched utility. The Consolidated Gas Company is a unit in the United Corporation group, which is controlled by the house of Morgan. The United Corporation controls about 20 per cent of the electric-power industry in the United States, dominating the upstate Niagara-Hudson Power Corporation, the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, the Columbia Gas and Electric Company, and the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation. The combined wealth of these corporations is more than five billion dollars. The Niagara-Hudson Power and the Consolidated Gas Company, linked by a common chairman of the board, Floyd L. Carlisle, control 90 per cent of the power market in New York State.

The directors of the Consolidated Gas Company include the leading generals in the army of finance capitalism. Among them have been Floyd Carlisle, with his finger in twenty-seven industrial pies; George Whitney, partner of J. P. Morgan; George F. Baker, chairman of the board of the First National Bank of New York City; Frederick W. Ecker, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; James H. Perkins, chairman of the board of the National City Bank; James H. Post, chairman of the board of the National Sugar Refining Company; and Joseph P. Day, with wide realty holdings. The board also has had members who are well connected politically, such as H. E. Machold, former New York State chairman of the Republican Party, and George V. McLaughlin, former Democratic police commissioner and state banking superintendent.

The Consolidated Gas Company has shrewdly selected as its counsel to oppose the power plant Joseph M. Proskauer, former presiding justice of the Appellate Division, who has many civic and philanthropic interests. The Consolidated has not skimped expenditures in the preliminary skirmishes. A full hour of radio time each Sunday evening has been purchased, not to broadcast obvious propaganda against the public plant, but merely to assure its listeners how cheap electric rates are under private operation. Full-page advertisements in the leading New York newspapers have immediately followed radio addresses of the proponents of the plant. Employees are being warned by the Employees' Representation Association, the Consolidated's company union, that a municipal power plant will mean the loss of jobs to many. The widows and orphans who have appeared so conveniently at senatorial hearings have been rushed to the scene by Judge Proskauer.

Yet the Consolidated sometimes forgets about the interests of these prize witnesses. It pays huge salaries to its executive officers. In 1934 George B. Cortelyou, then president, was voted a salary of $91,667, and Floyd Carlisle, chairman of the board of the Consolidated and also of the New York Edison, one of $45,000 for part-time services. The total executive salaries of the electrical subsidiaries of the Consolidated amounted in 1934 to $845,213, an average of more than $13,000 for each of the sixty-two executive officers. Seventeen of these officers received larger salaries than the Mayor of the City of New York. Moreover, the Consolidated supplements these handsome salaries with bonuses and honoraria. In 1929 the directors of the New York Edison Company voted an "honorarium" of $250,000 to Nicholas S. Brady, two months after his promotion from president to chairman of the board of directors. In 1932 Matthew S. Sloan retired as president of the Brooklyn Edison Company, the New York Edison Company, and the United Electric Light and Power Company. As a parting gift these three companies paid him respectively $70,000, $60,000, and $25,000. In 1929 the Consolidated Gas Company awarded $60,000 to Mr. B. Whitely, retiring vice-president, for his "long, faithful, and valuable service." In the same year the New York Edison voted gratuities amounting to $145,000 to the widows of three former officers.

The widow and orphan stockholders of the Consolidated have frequently been overlooked by the directors in awarding construction contracts. One flagrantly dishonest practice has been the awarding of "cost-plus" contracts to favored contractors. As the 1930 Commission on Revision of the Public Service Law disclosed, the Consolidated Gas Company had frequently awarded such contracts to the engineering company of Thomas E. Murray while that gentleman was a vice-president and director of the New York Edison Company.

The Consolidated often boasts of its public-mindedness. This public-mindedness does not extend to its relations with its employees, though Frank W. Smith, president of the Consolidated Gas Company, has publicly attacked the Mayor's plan on the ground that "he proposes to throw thousands of our companies' 48,000 employees out of work." During the depression, while piling up huge surpluses and maintaining profits, the Consolidated cut wages and laid off employees by the hundreds. This billion-dollar company, through its counsel, William L. Ransom, submitted a code of fair competition to the NRA calling for a minimum wage as low as $16 for skilled employees.

In every large city where private utilities have met public competition the result has been a progressive reduction in rates. The Cleveland Municipal Plant forced its private competitor to slash rates from 10 cents per kilowatt hour in 1911 to 4 cents in 1933. The Cleveland situation furnishes an interesting parallel to that of New York. The Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company in 1920 successfully blocked in the courts the local ordinance which would have reduced its charges to 5 cents per kilowatt hour, on the ground that such a rate was confiscatory. Immediately following this victory it voluntarily reduced its rate to 5 cents to meet a reduction by the public plant. Subsequent reductions were also met.

The Los Angeles plant, the largest municipal plant in the country, forced the "private" utility in the city to reduce rates from an average of 6.2 cents per kilowatt hour in 1916 to a present charge ranging from 1.76 cents to 4.8 cents. The tiny municipal plant of Westmount in Greater Montreal, although only one-fiftieth the size of its giant competitor, compelled the latter to reduce residential rates from the 12¾ cents charge in 1906 to the present rate of 3.1 cents. These reductions were made not only in the area served by the public plant but throughout Greater Montreal. Other municipalities have enjoyed similar experiences. In cities with competing public plants the rates of private companies are among the lowest in the country. The following table tells the story:

	Bill for 40 KWH Monthly	Average Cost Per KWH	Federal Power Commission Ranking *
New York City . .	$2.50 . .	6.25¢ . .	63d
Cleveland, Ohio,			
Public Plant . . .	1.31 . .	3.27¢ . .	1st
Private Plant . . .	1.60 . .	4.00¢ . .	5th
Columbus, Ohio,			
Public Plant . . .	1.58 . .	3.95¢ . .	4th
Private Plant . .	1.95 . .	4.87¢ . .	14th
Fort Wayne, Indiana,			
Public Plant . . .	2.00 . .	5.00¢ . .	21st
Private Plant . . .	2.00 . .	5.00¢ . .	21st
Los Angeles, California,			
Public Plant . . .	1.81 . .	4.5¢ . .	11th
Private Plant . . .	1.81 . .	4.5¢ . .	11th
Seattle, Washington,			
Public Plant . . .	2.00 . .	5.0¢ . .	21st
Private Plant . . .	2.20 . .	5.5¢ . .	43d

* Lowest rank means lowest rates.

The collapse of regulation by public-service commissions has left the consumer with two alternatives—public ownership or public competition. Mayor LaGuardia has chosen the second. If the voters are given a chance to approve, the yardstick will become a birch rod.

A Practical Housing Program

By ALBERT MAYER

TO formulate a practicable housing program it is first necessary to estimate the amount and kind of housing required. We may take as a minimum the amount of housing required to put us back into the relative position of 1930, when construction came to a standstill. On this basis an immediate proposal will be formulated. In addition, we can estimate the new construction needed to rehouse all the present dwellers in slums and blighted areas. At the start of the program we shall base costs on standards similar to those the PWA has been using for houses and community facilities for the low-income groups. As the program progresses and as effective pressure increases, we can hope to attain standards of room size and arrangement and of community equipment that will come somewhere near our technological potentialities of production.

Simultaneously with the slowing up of population growth, the number of families increases, for with fewer children the average age of the population, and hence the number of marriages, increases—an especially marked phenomenon now on account of the high birth-rate twenty years ago. On the basis of census data and predictable long-time trends, it is expected that there will be some 7,600,000 additional families by 1945. To the housing required for these additional families must be added that needed to replace unfit dwellings which would normally have been replaced during the six-year building hiatus—say, 10 per cent of the total existing dwellings, or 3,200,000. Adding 1 per cent a year to allow for obsolescence from 1935 to 1945 gives a required total of about 14,000,000 dwellings in ten years. As this is about one-third of all existing dwellings, failure to cope with the question promptly and adequately may well lead to violent protest, of which the Harlem riots of a few months ago may be a specimen. If the not-too-ambitious project of rebuilding all the unfit slum and blighted dwellings within a period of twenty years were undertaken, the number of additional dwellings required in the ten-year period would be increased by about 9,500,000.

Of the 14,000,000 dwellings required to meet the accumulating shortage alone, a fair estimate would be 8,000,000 for the low-income group, 3,000,000 for the middle, and 3,000,000 for the high-income group. These figures will be affected by the unsatisfactory handing-down process—the occupancy of a dwelling by one or more families in a lower-income group after the higher-income family has moved away. Since there are no reliable data on the point, we shall arbitrarily assume adjusted figures for new dwellings, providing 6,500,000 dwellings for the lowest group, 3,500,000 for the middle group, and 4,000,000 for the highest. An average cost for the different groups of $3,500, $4,500, and $6,000 respectively results in a total minimum program of some sixty-five billion dollars for the ten years, divided into average yearly amounts of $2,300,000,000 for the low group, $1,600,000,000 for the middle group, and $2,700,000,000 for the high group. This totals six and a half billion a year for the ten-year period. It compares with the maximum-construction years 1928 and 1929, when the estimated total construction was ten and a half billion a year, or about nine billion at the current prices, but it would mean a much larger percentage of residential building than in those years, a change in accord with the downward trend of commercial and industrial building.

Even if we decide to carry our program beyond the mere point of restoring 1930 conditions, if we plan to rebuild our slums, our productive capacity will be adequate. The Brookings Institution's report on "America's Capacity to Produce" shows that in the peak construction years we utilized only 80 per cent of "practicable capacity" of available plant and labor—not considering new technological improvements. We can thereby estimate our practicable construction capacity at eleven and a quarter billions. If private enterprise is allotted the construction for the top-income group and it or its limited-dividend corporations most construction for the middle group, it will have its hands more than full, handling a greater volume than it did in the boom years.

For the top-income group and the upper reaches of the middle group there is the usual set-up of private enterprise, private financing, and private equity. For the lower layers of the middle group and for possibly a small top layer of the lowest group, genuine limited-dividend corporations could operate with the benefit of insured low-rate mortgages. As the soundness and continuity of these limited-dividend corporations are of the greatest importance to the quality of housing and to the safety of investment, possibly the government, in order to attract the proper groups, should offer to guarantee a part of the anticipated limited dividend in return for representation in the management. These corporations cannot play a large role at the start, for it will take time to develop units of proper responsibility and integrity. The PWA originally tried and failed to find sufficient limited-dividend corporations. Masquerading as such were mere land peddlers or promoters without any stake in the enterprise—the same sort of people as those now bombarding the FHA.

The crux of the problem is the provision of good homes for the two-thirds, the low-income groups. In addition to low-interest loans, subsidies are required, as outright grants or as yearly amounts varying with price and wage indices. The problem is to bring the economic rental of about $8 per room, based on 3 per cent interest, down to a figure that this group can afford. If the average rental were brought down to $6, it could have a range of from $4.50 to $7.50 per room, and could undoubtedly get far down into the low-income groups, leaving a numerically large but proportionately small group to be handled in special ways. If this rental is to be reached, a subsidy must bring the average interest rate down to 1 per cent, that is, to a yearly total of $230,000,000 on loans amortized over a forty-year period. To see whether we can afford this, let us compare it with other subsidies. A report of George N. Peek to the President in May, 1934, shows that, apart from war debts, we lent foreign nations a total of thirteen billions from 1915 to the present time—much of which was never even spent here—and another ten billions for war uses, on all of which payment has stopped. Figuring this money at only 3 per cent and lost amortization of principal, we have subsidized foreign peoples to the extent of more than twice the proposed housing subsidy. Our yearly army and navy expenditure is about seven hundred millions. But the subsidy for housing is by no means a loss, not only because of its social benefits, but because some of the six hundred millions being spent on the CCC and some of the ninety millions (of the seven-hundred-million total) annually spent in federal aid for roads, will be rendered unnecessary by the increase of employment in this new enterprise. Much unemployment is chronically with us, and the time is at hand when conservation work and the building of good roads should proceed at a slower rate. These comparisons simply show that we can easily devote such subsidies to housing, and that we could increase such subsidies to the amount required for a twenty-year program of slum rehousing. In our normal stride we manage much greater expenditures that turn out to be sheer waste. Consider the ten billion dollars the government found to bail banks and insurance companies out of sour mortgages.

Taxation for the publicly subsidized housing must come from those most able to pay, from the wealthy. If taxes come from the poor, the housing is at the expense of other necessities and not worth having. We must not have a repetition of the WPA, with the poor paying for their parks and schools and hospitals by their own depressed wages, or of the situation in New York City, where the poor pay for unemployment relief through the sales tax. Housing advocates must not as heretofore simply seek a product, but must see that better housing really adds to the sum of available amenities, and does not replace something equally important. Not only must housing advocates scrutinize tax questions and legislation closely, but they must insist on adequate social-security and health-insurance measures, to eliminate the serious and disrupting effects of frequent moving. These seemingly remote points are as important as housing itself, and must be considered as part of a program.

Such a combined program of subsidized public housing, limited-dividend housing, and private enterprise will produce much more and much sounder construction than will feverish efforts to push private enterprise alone. It is said that the Treasury Department is beginning to worry about the growing contingent commitments of FHA insurance guaranties—and rightly. There is much loose optimism about the new mortgage structure by which immediate ability to turn mortgages into cash will bring mortgage rates down to a point comparable with other liquid bonds. But if you have a bad loan it is frozen whether it is theoretically liquid or not. And if the government insures a lot of houses that are or shortly will be bad investments, it is going to be in trouble sooner or later, and not very much later at that. A better mortgage structure is illusory without a better physical and environmental structure underlying it. The FHA is an excellent mechanism if used within proper limits and if given time to do an intelligent job. Driven beyond a proper speed and quality of commitments, it is headed for a first-class disaster.

With these elements of an immediate program, we may outline a mechanism for carrying it out. What is required above all is a small unified thinking and directing group of vision and experience, who can see the picture as a whole, really in control of the separate mechanisms, instead of various organizations with innocuous coordinating committees of subordinates. At present it is a triumph when the FHA and the PWA and the Resettlement Administration and the HOLC and some of the dozen other housing units don't step on one another's toes—an occasional and purely negative triumph. What is far more important is that their policies should link up with each other, and produce some sort of integrated solution of the interrelated problems. Such a directing group should not be harried to produce miracles overnight; the legislation creating it should provide that it or the groups under it may purchase land and may have plans drawn so that it doesn't have to live from hand to mouth. As provided in the proposed Ellenbogen bill, this top group should be at the head of an independent agency or department with individual agencies under it. One of the lessons of the PWA experience is that a problem of this magnitude cannot be handled as a side issue in any department.

The purview of such a directing group would include rural, suburban, and urban housing and planning: the kinds of community suited to each, and the relative amounts of housing for each; use of land; the question of decentralization of population and industry as affected by electrification and new transport methods, with particular reference to preventing adoption of any of the decentralization methods that are simply a form of industrial exploitation; the significance and interaction of regional trends and the adjustment of yearly programs to these facts and to the trends of building costs; formulation of decent labor policies; allocation of work as among federal, state, and municipal bodies and as among public, public-private, and private organizations. This extensive list of things to be considered does not mean delay in action. It means merely the selection of men who have already been doing this kind of thinking and are able to handle such considerations without interminable delay. Such a top group must have the power to get things done; it must not degenerate into an advisory council, but must certainly delegate actual execution as far as possible to local hands, and in our present set-up must let private groups handle whatever they can handle satisfactorily. As has already been stated—and this is based on personal observation—in England private and government-initiated schemes are thriving simultaneously.

The top group should have directly at its command sufficient personnel to determine yearly construction volume by regions, based on technical personnel available and on the industry's capacity at that time (for example, the first two years will necessarily be the slowest); to collect and collate regional data, giving orientation to local action in the light of relevant adjacent conditions and in the light of large trends of which the locality itself may not be aware; to direct or assist the gathering of data on detailed needs of the people to be housed; to carry on research on materials and methods; to work out applicable legal frames for handling the vexed question of federal, state, and municipal interrelations for such a program; and to furnish technical assistance to localities requiring it.

For its own technical staff and for the agencies operating under it, this proposed agency or top group would retain most of the present excellent technical personnel, and with it as a nucleus should initiate in all its activities the kind of high-grade permanent civil service that characterizes, for instance, the English government. The existing agencies would be pulled out of their present departments or present isolation so that we could have coherent action.

This outline presents the minimum requirements for a program which will produce housing that is acceptable in quality and quantity to those who need it and adequate for a permanent employment program. Details may be changed, figures revamped, but the start must be made with some such set-up. It has become the government habit to blunder from one expedient to another and call it experimentation. But experimentation in its true sense consists neither in repeating unfruitful experiences nor in pouring a couple of test tubes of unknown contents together and seeing whether or not there is an explosion. Intelligent experimentation proceeds methodically and with some anticipation of the result based on previous experience, changing methods and equipment when this seems desirable.

The program presented is far from ideal. But it does provide an immediate method for making considerable progress, within this Administration's declared intentions and its tentative actions in other fields. It puts squarely up to the Administration these questions: Does it want housing; and if so, will it give housing a chance? Or would it rather egg on a speculative boom? A speculative boom, if it eventuates, will certainly crash in the next few years because every move being made is repeating the moves of previous real-estate booms on an even riskier basis.

Of itself the Administration is unlikely to make such a concerted drive on the housing problem. I urge all groups interested in housing to make a drive on the government. I urge the A. F. of L. at its coming meeting to decide on a broad and continuous drive for housing, demanding construction not only to meet the impending shortage but to start rehousing those in the slums. I urge the zealous Councils of Unemployed to extend their vigorous activities to include housing as a major objective. The goal is legislation not only to permit such a set-up but to force execution of the program, and after that to transform the initial minimum standards of housing and community equipment into the maximum standards to which our industrial technique entitles us. It is already very late in the day to begin work if we are to avoid adding the misery of intenser crowding in increasingly shabby quarters to all the other economic miseries of the last six years.

[*Part I of Mr. Mayer's article appeared last week.*]

Saving the Constitution

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, October 6

ACT II of the Drama of the Constitution was staged in Baltimore. This time the holding-company law was under attack. The episode must be related with Act I if it is to be understood fully. It was one of the same series of events begun in a gilded room in the Hotel Willard, when the Liberty League's fifty-four lawyers made known that the labor-relations law was unconstitutional. The Baltimore performance was not under direct supervision of the Liberty League, but the chief actor in Baltimore was John W. Davis, counsel of the Edison Institute, and one of the fifty-four Liberty League lawyers. The campaign is the same; the Edison Institute is a co-producer of the drama.

The Baltimore case by itself is one of those technical, unimportant affairs arising from the bankruptcy and trusteeship of a utility holding company. The trustee comes into court, asking advice from the judge to whom he is responsible. Nothing could be more proper or more remote from public interest. But this obscure occasion was skilfully chosen for the first attack on the holding-company law, and deserves to be lifted out of obscurity as an instance of how the shrewdest legal minds of the country can function to thwart the will of government as expressed by an Act of Congress.

To state the original case in simple terms: There was a bankrupt utility property undergoing reorganization. It ought to register under the new law (which it can do reserving its constitutional rights). Perhaps under the law the company will have to liquidate. If the law is constitutional, the trustee may have more difficulty with the reorganization planned. The trustee is entitled to ask the judge what to do. The judge might authorize the trustee to spend funds to contest the constitutionality of the act. That would lead to a straight suit, with the government a party, and the issues arising from clearly conflicting interests would be defined and settled.

But that is not what happened. Somehow, this obscure problem of a Baltimore trustee was discovered by or to the Edison Institute and John W. Davis, the great Constitution-saver. He must have seen that here was an ideal situation for purposes of weakening the authority of the holding-company law. To begin with, the case would come before Judge William C. Coleman, a man of markedly conservative views, who would have an open ear to the constitutional eloquence of Mr. Davis. Then the case was one which could be used in a strategic act of great effectiveness. So Mr. Davis decided to intervene.

There is no mystery as to how he reached this decision. The attorney of the utility came from Baltimore to New York to see him. He is one of the nest of utility attorneys who flock together. The utility attorney explained to Mr. Davis what the situation was, and Mr. Davis explained it to other attorneys of the Edison Institute. Thereafter Mr. Davis said that if there were an intervening client who would like to be represented by him, he would serve. At that moment there was no such intervening client. He must necessarily be an intervening client who believed that the law was unconstitutional and would damage his interests. No stockholder in this utility had ever raised such an issue. So an intervening client had to be "discovered" if Mr. Davis was to attack the constitutionality of the law. How this was done will be related in a moment.

First must be told how the case was developed from a trustee's simple question to a judge into a formal attack on the constitutionality of the law. For this change there had to be two interventions, one by the stockholder who believed the law unconstitutional, whom Mr. Davis should represent. Then there had to be an intervenor who believed it was constitutional. For there must be an appearance of a conflict for the judge to decide. It would be a detail to find the client for Mr. Davis. Fortunately there was someone on hand to serve as antagonist. This was a man up to his neck in the case, for he had been active in pushing one of the schemes of reorganization. His name was Ralph P. Buell, representing an investment trust holding securities of the company. He wanted the company liquidated, for then he hoped to salvage more for first bondholders. Primarily he didn't care about the constitutionality issue; what he wanted was a liquidation. He would make an ideal fighter against Mr. Davis for three reasons. Since his first interest was not constitutionality, he would cooperate in defining the issues and facts of the controversy. That would let the enemies of the act pick their own ground for their fight. If he lost the decision, he probably would not appeal. Judge Coleman's decision would be then unchallenged (assuming he found the law unconstitutional). Then the utilities of the country, required to register under the act by December 1, would be encouraged not to register, and the entire industry would be maneuvered into resistance to the SEC. The third reason was best of all—by this device the government would stay out of the case as a party. Instead of helping define the issues of the case, shaping them in suitable form to be considered by the Supreme Court, it would come in only by invitation as "friend of the court." And it could not appeal.

Mr. Davis went to Baltimore, and representing a client he had never heard of, who had never dreamed of employing him or anybody else, he visited Judge Coleman with other attorneys in the case. Shortly afterward the case was filed by the trustee, by Mr. Davis's client, and by Mr. Buell. All of them acted on the same day. It was a prearranged action, with an agreement on facts and issues.

A hearing date was set, and the government was told about the case. Judge Coleman, of course, invited both the SEC and the Attorney General to appear as friends of the court to "advise" him. He could do no less. The government appeared and asked a continuance. This seemed to mystify Judge Coleman. He couldn't understand why the government needed time. Didn't it have all the constitutional issues at its finger tips? And wouldn't it be allowed time to file briefs? He refused the continuance.

The government then attacked the case as being both unreal and the fruit of collusion. It said no genuine antagonisms were involved. A simple problem of a trustee had been

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neatly twisted into a test of constitutionality going far beyond the standard practice of courts. Here was a direct appeal from Congress to the judiciary, something not countenanced by American jurisprudence. The government presented a dossier of all the attorneys, showing how closely they were linked and how alike in principle their interests were.

A charge of collusion was deliberately hurled at the head of John W. Davis, former candidate for the Presidency and acknowledged leader of the bar. It didn't impress the judge, for he spoke sarcastically of the government's fears that he would not protect himself from "men it had painted as being so horrible." John W. Davis slapped back by calling the collusion charge made by Judge Burns of the SEC one that would have been "offensive to the dignity of a police court in his state of Massachusetts."

Just what collusion may be is not for a layman to decide. But here is a somewhat abbreviated transcript of the case showing the relations of Mr. Davis with his client. It should be remarked that the client's holdings in the company have a present value of $400.

Thereupon Dr. Fred Lautenbach, a witness of lawful age, called by the court, having been duly sworn, testified as follows:

Direct examination by Mr. Burns.

Q. Are you the Fred Lautenbach that has signed a petition here to intervene in the matter of the American States Public Service Company?

A. I am.

Q. When was this matter first called to your attention?

A. I should say about a week or ten days ago.

Q. And who called it to your attention?

A. Mr. Baumgartner, of Gillet and Company.

Q. Is he a friend of yours?

A. No.

Q. Did you know him before this?

A. Yes sir.

Q. In what capacity did you come to know him?

A. Just through dealing.

Q. He ran a brokerage office with which you did business?

A. Yes.

Q. Was it through him that you purchased some debentures of this company?

A. Yes sir.

Q. What conversation did you have with this gentleman?

A. He simply called me up and said there was a reorganization taking place, or they wanted to reorganize the company and wanted to know if I would sign some papers in regard to it. That is all I know.

Q. Did he describe the papers to you?

A. No sir. He said he would bring them up.

Q. Did he tell you who was going to be your lawyer?

A. I think he said something about a Mr. Davis being in town representing the company.

Q. Did he say that Mr. Davis was going to represent you?

A. No sir.

Q. And you have never met Mr. Davis?

A. No sir.

Q. And where was this petition which you signed, when was it signed?

A. I judge about a week ago, a week or ten days ago.

Q. Where did you sign it?

A. Down in the attorney's office, Carey Piper and somebody else. [Mr. Piper is counsel for the trustee and the one who told Mr. Davis about the case.]

Q. Well, tell the circumstances of your signing it.

A. I asked why I was called to sign it, and after I signed it they sort of smiled and said, "Well, you are the only one in Baltimore who owned any."

Q. Could you give your judgment as to what was in the paper that you signed?

A. Just something that they wanted to reorganize the company whereby they would realize something out of it. Otherwise, the way I understand it, the government was trying to confiscate the holding company, or something of that kind.

Q. You cannot recall the particular allegation in the petition?

A. I cannot say that I do.

Q. Did you have an appreciation that at the time you were being represented by Mr. Davis of New York?

A. Not I, personally, no.

Q. You have never met Mr. Davis personally?

A. I don't know the gentleman.

Q. You never made any arrangements to pay any attorney any fee for representing you?

A. No sir.

Cross examination by Mr. Davis.

Q. Mr. Lautenbach, when you signed the petition you understood it was to be filed in this proceeding?

A. Yes sir.

Q. And you were told that I would represent you on that petition?

A. Yes sir, not me, the company.

Q. Not you?

A. No sir.

Q. Have I your authority now to proceed on that petition to argue the questions in this case?

A. Yes sir.

MR. DAVIS: That's all I want to ask you.

MR. BURNS: Doctor, just one question. You now appreciate that Mr. Davis is acting as your personal attorney in this proceeding?

A. That's the way I understand it.

Q. And this is the first time you appreciated that fact?

A. Yes sir.

MR. DAVIS: That is satisfactory to me, Mr. Burns, if it is to you.

After thus obtaining the authorization of his client, Mr. Davis could proceed to argue constitutionality before Judge Coleman, which was what he wanted. But the circumstances call for more than the laughs given in the courtroom when Mr. Davis was "engaged" by his client from the witness stand, and the humorous accounts that followed in the newspapers. This was a display of the machinations of corporation lawyers. More careful preparation would have averted advertising the artificiality of the controversy. But when it was advertised, Mr. Davis did not even blush. Nor had there been blushing when the Liberty League lawyers called the press to the Willard Hotel and pronounced the labor law unconstitutional. On that occasion E. F. Reed, the Weirton Steel Company's counsel, laid down the precept that when a lawyer finds a law unconstitutional it is a nullity and his client need no longer obey that law. Mr. Reed subsequently regretted this assertion and withdrew it. But the cooperation of lawyers to defeat the law has not stopped. It has enlisted the finest names and minds of the profession, and John W. Davis unblushingly engages in a wangle that may astonish the profession which he heads.

Leo Gallagher

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, September 15

DETERMINED to portray the state's half-dozen radical leaders as an assortment of monsters, the California press has created several notable legends. Of these, the Leo Gallagher legend is perhaps the most terrifying. So thoroughly has it been propagated that to question a detail of the accepted version is rank heresy. The Californians are determined to believe that Leo Gallagher is a blasphemous and illiterate shyster who receives fabulous sums of money from Moscow to besmirch the sacred tables of the law.

The real Leo Gallagher, however, is laughably in contrast with the courtroom bogy of the legend. Slight of figure, shy and academic in manner, he gives the impression of being a mistreated gnome, whose sorrowful study-weakened eyes, beneath close-cropped gray hair, gaze from thick lenses at a world that is unsatisfactory, disheartening, and uncivilized. The voice is gentle, but it can be shrill with indignation; even in conversation the lips occasionally curl with scorn. No blatant ranter, he can be violently indignant. But his violence is that of the hypersensitive person who cannot keep his indignation within conventional bounds. Despite his talent for vehement expression of his convictions, he is a spiritually distraught person—a small, aging man grown haggard with contention.

The newspapers depict Gallagher as a courtroom hooligan who is constantly being crushingly reprimanded by patriotic and punctilious judges. In reporting the trials in which he has participated, the press has consistently libeled him. During a trial in Los Angeles he charged that the police treated the Constitution of the United States as a "scrap of paper." He was quoted as having yelled at the top of his voice that "the Constitution is nothing but a scrap of paper." In the Sacramento criminal-syndicalism trial his address to the jury was misquoted so as to make it appear that he had threatened the jury.

Part of this campaign of misrepresentation has been the steady insinuation of the notion that Gallagher is a rabble-rouser without education or training. For this reason the facts of his career have seldom been mentioned. It is not generally known, for example, that he graduated from Yale Law School in 1910 and that he spent six years in preparation for the priesthood, three years at St. Bernard's Seminary at Rochester and three years at the University of Innsbruck, both Jesuit institutions (he was awarded a doctorate in philosophy from the latter institution in 1916). After studying for a time in Italy, Gallagher decided that he was not destined for the priesthood. Returning to America, he worked in the California fields as a fruit tramp and in the summer of 1916 entered a military-training school. His unit, ironically, took part in the famous Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco. Nowadays he sometimes recalls, in rueful asides, his conviction as a rookie that Tom Mooney was guilty. "At that time," he says, "I didn't know what a frame-up was." Later he went to El Paso, where his family had resided for many years, and became assistant city attorney. During the war he served in a medical unit, in the intelligence service, and on headquarters staffs at Camps Travers, Funston, and Lee, being mustered out of the service with the rank of second lieutenant. For a brief period after the war he was an instructor at Creighton University, coming to California in 1922 to practice law. In addition to practicing law, Gallagher taught in the law school of Southwestern University in Los Angeles from 1923 until 1932, when he was forced to resign, despite a strong student protest, because of his espousal of radical cases in the courts.

At the outset Gallagher's radicalism was wholly emotional. He never had to work for a living until he was more than thirty years of age. Of a devoutly Catholic family and trained by Jesuits, he was subjected to conservative influences in early life. He had not practiced law very long, however, before he became involved in radical cases. He had no definite economic views at the time: "I just felt restless; I was disgusted with so many things." About 1923 he began to attend "wobbly" meetings in San Pedro, California, and occasionally to address them. From that time on, his work as a practicing attorney has been taken up with the defense of political and economic dissenters.

Few attorneys have had a wider acquaintance with so-called "radical" cases than Leo Gallagher. In California he has had to cope with the famous Red Squad of the Los Angeles police, with community vigilantism, with a prejudiced judiciary, and with the state's notorious criminal-syndicalism law, which has served as a model for similar legislation in twenty other states. He has defended radicals of every variety of opinion, addressed radical meetings throughout the state, and fought the growth of fascism with great tenacity. He was one of the counsel in the Imperial Valley criminal-syndicalism trial in 1931, won a directed verdict when he forced a reluctant court to try Tom Mooney on an old indictment that had never been dismissed, participated in the sedition trial of A. E. Smith in Toronto, and in 1933 took part in the Reichstag trial in Germany, being expelled from the proceedings and, later, "requested" to leave Germany. He represented the defendants in the "relief-riot" cases in Los Angeles and conducted the defense in the Sacramento criminal-syndicalism trial.

In the long list of cases in which he has participated Gallagher has not maintained a lawyerish detachment; he has been whole-heartedly identified with the defense. He is not afraid to let courts and juries know that his sympathies and convictions are with the defendants. On several occasions in California he has been badly beaten, and on March 17 he was arrested in San Francisco on a charge of "inciting to riot" while attending, as a spectator, a meeting called to test the right of free speech. A strenuous partisan, he is scrupulously fair with opponents.

In California the charge is often made that Gallagher "convicts his own clients." While the charge is absurd—he has maintained a good record in the cases he has tried—

it does involve an important consideration. Gallagher is not just another liberal lawyer. He is not interested in exchanging pleasantries with the court or flirting with the jury or extolling the virtues of American jurisprudence. He is thoroughly convinced that few, if any, courts in America will give the defendants he represents a fair trial. He believes that the average judge, in trying radical cases, loses all sense of decency and is not above the meanest chicanery in doctoring statements on appeal, speeding up the defense after allowing the prosecution every latitude, and attempting by artful suggestion to prejudice juries. Consequently, Gallagher does not flatter the courts in which he appears by indulging in any assumptions as to their impartiality. He never pretends to believe in the elaborate front behind which they seek to conceal their own deviousness. Gallagher brings class issues into the courtroom and never permits judge, jury, or audience to ignore them. In Sacramento, for example, few observers believed in the impartiality of Judge Dal M. Lemmon by the time the trial was concluded. Gallagher has talent for seizing upon every nuance of discrimination and pointing it out with scornful pride. By a constant barrage of motions he forces the courts to make rulings that, even if technically permissible, are obviously unfair. Every trial in which he is involved is converted into a frontal attack on the whole farcical business of pretending to "try" radicals with impartiality.

Although he has a respectable record as a trial lawyer, the record by itself would be misleading. For Gallagher is effective even in the cases that he loses. He has been known to worry judges into nervous exhaustion by his disagreeable insistence upon explanations for discriminatory remarks, rulings, and orders. I have talked with a number of judges before whom he has tried cases, and, anything in their courtroom demeanor to the contrary, he has given them sleepless nights. Nor have the most obdurate juries escaped the impact of his sincerity. In the recent Sacramento trial the jury deliberated for sixty-six hours and acquitted the defendants on the more serious counts in the indictment. In the communities where Gallagher has defended important radical cases, opinion has been sharply divided over the issues which he has so clearly exhibited.

More than any person I know, Gallagher lacks humor, detachment, tact. Blandishment is unknown to him. He is a zealot for justice. But by and large his methods have been as successful as the disingenuous tactics pursued by cleverer men, and he has made a deep impression upon thousands of persons in California. In 1933 he polled 70,000 votes when running for municipal court judge in Los Angeles; in 1934 he received 242,313 votes in his campaign for the office of associate justice of the California Supreme Court—by common consent one of the most remarkable votes ever recorded in the state. He made practically no campaign, he had no funds, and it would be difficult to imagine a worse politician. Moreover, he had no radio or newspaper support, and to make matters worse Upton Sinclair refused to support him, although no EPIC candidate was contending for the office. With these limitations he managed to poll nearly a quarter of a million votes. In reflecting upon the consternation which the presence of the grim and fiery Gallagher would have caused among the stuffed-shirt gentry of that austere bench, one cannot cease to deplore his defeat.

Correspondence

The Case Against Twisting

To the Editors of The Nation:

In *The Nation* of July 31, in an article entitled Life Insurance: The New Offensive Against Policy Holders, Mort and E. A. Gilbert ridicule my statement that the decision in People *vs.* Legg, a New York case, was "rather startling," and deride my approval of Section 60 of the insurance law of New York, the anti-twisting law, as recently amended. In the process, however, they again advocate "rewriting" of insurance policies and thus raise questions distinctly more important than that of the justice of the decision in a rather obscure case.

Life insurance is senseless unless the payment of death claims is as certain as death itself. Messrs. Gilbert call the system under which life insurance the world over operates "an unstable system based upon fundamentally unsound principles" that "cannot be perpetuated by legal benediction," and refer to the actuarial science as a "specious, actuarial point of view." If that is true, why *rewrite* insurance? Why not rather drop it and buy something else, Insull stock, for instance?

American life-insurance companies unquestionably pay their death claims and other claims promptly; failures of life insurance companies during this depression were few, and in the majority of failures stockholders rather than policy-holders bore the losses. Compared with the experience of our banks, our financiers, our investments in stocks and bonds, that of the policy-holders was highly satisfactory.

It would be very unfortunate if this, at least comparative, success of life insurance had to be ascribed to the ability and integrity of the men who run insurance companies, to men rather than methods. Life executives are not abler than other executives; if they succeeded where others failed, it was simply because the principles of operation of life-insurance companies are good. These principles are based on two things: (1) laws severely restricting the company's investments and their freedom of contract, rigidly enforced by powerful state insurance departments; and (2) the legal-reserve level-premium system. We will discuss only the second one.

Let us realize that as mutual insurance companies have no capital at all and as the capital of stock companies is comparatively insignificant, everything that comes out of an insurance company, whether in the form of death benefits, dividends, or surrender values, must have first been put into it by policy-holders or earned by investing policy-holders' moneys. Messrs. Gilbert's advocacy of twisting is therefore at best the advocacy of a different distribution among policy-holders rather than a complaint that the companies do not pay enough. The companies have to pay their money to some policy-holder; where one loses, the other gains, and not a single one can foretell to which class he will belong.

The basis of the level-premium system is the fact that the proportion of young men out of a given number who will die in a given time, say, a year, is smaller than the proportion of old men out of an equal number who will die in the same time. The cost of paying the death claims of the young men, called the mortality cost, is thus less than the cost of the death claims of the old ones. Every year, as the policy-holder grows older, the mortality cost increases. If we charge him each year for that cost and no more, the sum he must pay when he gets to be old will be so fantastic that hardly anyone will be able to afford it. The level-premium system offers him a compromise, based, like every compromise, on a give and take. It overcharges him for mortality in the early years and undercharges him in later

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years, making up the undercharge out of the accumulated overcharge. The group as a whole gets back every dollar that it puts in plus every dollar that its investment earned, apart from what is spent for taxes and cost of administration. As to the individuals, some die early and make a lot of money, others live long and just get their money back, perhaps plus some interest. That is the chance they take; that is the compromise. Insurance, of course, means shifting the risk from the individual to the group; there is no sense pretending that each member of the group does not still bear a part of it.

The overcharge, called the reserve, originally was confiscated by the insurance company if the policy-holder failed to pay a premium—"lapsed his policy." In the good old days, if you failed to pay your premium at noon of the day when it was due, your policy lapsed and the company kept your reserve. Nowadays, statutes compel the insurance company to return to the insured the reserve of lapsed policies or its equivalent. These statutes were enacted, of course, against the violent opposition of the companies. While they still may be less than perfect, the old injustice has been remedied.

If a policy-holder discontinues his premium payments, his reserve is not lost. He gets what are called loan or surrender values. But, say Messrs. Gilbert, if my $10,000 policy has a surrender value of $4,000 and if I die, and the company pays only $10,000, my $4,000 cash value is lost; it should pay both, or a total of $14,000. Why should I get no more than the man whose policy has a cash value of a few hundred dollars or none at all? The complaint is justified, of course. The answer is that that is the system, that is the compromise. After all, if older policy-holders are to get more, the group must pay more.

But could not certain clever people beat the system by surrendering policies of high cash-surrender value and replacing them by new policies without present cash value and at higher premiums? That is the theory so vociferously sponsored by Messrs. Gilbert. That it works in an individual case is doubtful. The calculations are by no means simple. Older policies not only carry lower premiums and higher dividends; they also increase more rapidly in cash value than newer policies. (These increases are not "theoretical" as Messrs. Gilbert say, they are the company's definite promise, enforcible at law, as is the promise to pay death claims.)

But assume that Messrs. Gilbert are right in the case of the individual and that everybody takes their advice; then the companies will be left with nothing but new policies and policies on impaired risks. No insurance system could function under these conditions.

Such rewriting, however, is not what is called "twisting." By that term we designate the activity of agents and others who for their personal gain, by misrepresentation or suppression of facts, induce policy-holders to surrender their old policies. The amendment of the New York insurance law aims to prevent such misrepresentation and nothing else. It proceeds on the assumption, which surprises Messrs. Gilbert, that people do not know the contents of their own policies. The books are replete with cases where policy-holders for years filed no claims, simply because of ignorance of policy provisions. Messrs. Gilbert laugh at my mention of the suicide clause; but the millions of dollars paid by insurance companies because of suicide in the early depression years eloquently support my attitude. And why should a man not be told that his old policies are incontestable, that is, payable absolutely, while the new ones for two years will be subject to attack for fraud or even innocent misrepresentation?

It is not necessary to retry in these pages the case of People *vs.* Legg (234 App. Div. 372, affirmed 259 N. Y. 654). Maybe that case was properly decided under the law, as it then stood; but certainly no well-informed, disinterested lawyer or other competent adviser would have approved the change of policies proposed by the defendant in that case. The old policies could have readily been changed, in the same company, without any sacrifice of valuable rights. One of them, the sacrifice of which Messrs. Gilbert apparently approve, was the insured's right to receive $2,500 a year from the company in case of total and permanent disability. Why make a present of that right to the company?

Having for many years devoted most of my energies to the service of policy-holders, I resent the charge that I approved of a "new offensive against policy-holders." The complaining witness in the Legg case was not the insurance company but the policy-holder himself. The benefits of accurate, complete, and true representations, which the law now exacts, will not flow to the companies but to the policy-holders. They will now be told the truth; if not, they may sue the twisting agent for the commission he made in selling the new policies.

Is life insurance perfect? Of course not. There is plenty of room for improvements and one of these would be well informed, intelligent criticism. Messrs. Gilbert are quite right in deploring the universal failure of policy-holders to exercise their voting rights. Voting rights are worthless unless used. Active, intelligent control of elected officials is the foundation of democracy. But how can we overcome the inertia of the great masses of policy-holders and stockholders? Any attempt in that direction will prove to be most valuable.

New York, September 10 ALBERT HIRST

Consumers' Research

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Fair-minded subscribers of Consumers' Research who have been disgusted by that corporation's dishonest defense of its strike-breaking activities will be glad to know that an Association of Consumers' Research Subscribers has been formed to bring about a satisfactory settlement of the strike.

Subscribers who wish to join in this protest should send their names promptly to Room 1911, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We also suggest that Consumers' Research, Washington, New Jersey, should be notified that nothing except quick settlement of the strike will prevent cancelation of subscriptions.

New York, September 20 JAMES GILMAN,
Chairman, Executive Board,
Association of Consumers' Research Subscribers

Contributors to This Issue

ALBERT VITON is the pseudonym of an American correspondent in Italy.

WILL MASLOW and **MICHAEL WHITE** are attorneys on the staff of the New York City Commissioner of Accounts.

ALBERT MAYER is a New York architect who has long been interested in the housing problem.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS, California lawyer and journalist, is the author of a biography of Ambrose Bierce.

A. J. MUSTE, long active as a labor leader, is secretary of the Workers' Party of the United States.

H. L. MENCKEN is well known as editor and author.

WILLIAM M. LEISERSON is chairman of the National Mediation Board.

Labor and Industry

Preface to the A. F. of L. Convention

By A. J. MUSTE

EXACTLY ten years ago the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor met in Atlantic City. Then, as in the convention now about to convene, there was a crisis in the position of William Green in the A. F. of L. which reflected and symbolized the crisis in the labor movement and the working class as a whole, and which it is therefore important to understand. In 1925 Green was going up the ladder; in 1935 he is on the way down.

The Executive Council of the A. F. of L. had elected William Green in the fall of 1924 to fill the unexpired term of the deceased Samuel Gompers, after John L. Lewis, Green's chief in the United Mine Workers' Union, had combined with Hutchinson of the Carpenters to throw to Green the two biggest blocks of votes in the Federation. The real test was to come, however, in the 1925 convention. If the delegates elected Green to a full term, it would probably lead to reelection for successive terms and would imply stability and continuity in the federation leadership. A bitter contest and the defeat of Green would herald a period of conflict and instability.

The outcome was far from assured. By the liberals in the A. F. of L. Green was generally considered a progressive. He was from the industrial miners' union, not the building or printing crafts. He had been member and president of the Ohio senate and had there sponsored an advanced workmen's compensation law. He was sympathetic to the workers' education movement, then largely in the hands of progressives. Matthew Woll, generally regarded as Gompers's choice for his successor (the "crown prince"), was a more outspoken craft unionist, a militant conservative, and an ardent red-baiter.

Those were the days of the Anglo-Russian Trade Union Committee, the period leading up to the general strike in England, when important elements in the British labor movement sought a rapprochement with the workers of the Soviet Union and their organizations. The leading fraternal delegate from the British Trade Union Congress was A. A. Purcell, then its president and prominent in the Anglo-Russian Committee. It is the custom for the A. F. of L. president to make a reply to the speeches of leading fraternal delegates and these replies often constitute important semi-official declarations of policy.

Purcell's speech was a ringing challenge. He advocated militant industrial unionism, a labor party, recognition of the Soviets by the United States government, and friendly relations between the A. F. of L. and the Russian trade unions. There was electricity in the air as Green began his reply. He left no doubt as to where he and the A. F. of L. stood. The federation was the most militant trade-union movement in the world and that was why the standard of living was higher here than anywhere else. A labor party might be suitable to the needs of the British workers, but as the La Follette-Wheeler campaign had demonstrated, it was not suited to the United States, and the A. F. of L would adhere to Gompers's good old "non-partisan" line. If the A. F. of L. had anything to say about it, the United States would not recognize the Soviet regime, which flaunted international obligations, was bent on wrecking civilization, and so on. And as for friendly relations with the Russian unions, we had a great affection for "the Russian people" and hoped some day the Russian workers would have bona fide trade unions, but the A. F. of L. was out to smash the influence of Communist disrupters in the trade unions everywhere and would have no truck with the Communist unions of Russia.

After the meeting a group gathered on the boardwalk. In the center stood John P. Frey, the editor of the *Molders' Journal,* now head of the Metal Trades Department of the A. F. of L., conservative of conservatives in his social philosophy but personally honest, intelligent, well-read. Frey uttered a verdict which has become historical: "Green is elected. The A. F. of L. is safe. Now we know that we have a strong man who can wear Samuel Gompers's shoes."

Thus was ushered in the reign of William Green and the swing to the right of the A. F. of L. which prevailed from 1925 to 1933, even the depression being unable at first to break its momentum. The doctrine that the way to build unions was to induce employers to put their workers into the A. F. of L. in order to get more efficient production, the theory that strikes are a relic of an earlier barbaric era of employer-employee relationships, political support of the Coolidge-Hoover administrations, such complete suppression of even the mildest opposition that for years there were no negative votes in the A. F. of L. conventions, the degeneration of many unions to the level of out-and-out rackets—all these characterized this era. Also a steady drop in A. F. of L. membership, lost strikes, intense speed-up of industrial workers, increase in the number of unemployed, and a field day for finance capital. For the A. F. of L. officialdom it was nevertheless a "good" time: there was a large enough per capita tax to enable them to maintain the position in life to which they had become accustomed; they basked in the warm sunshine of official favor; and nobody could challenge them, the Communists obligingly having removed themselves from A. F. of L. unions in accordance with their third-period "dual-union" tactic.

When the New Deal was inaugurated, the A. F. of L. leaders and superficial observers on the outside thought that the old regime would persist, and on a hitherto undreamed-of scale. What stupid employers had failed to do, namely, organize their workers in the A. F. of L., Roosevelt would do. Increase in membership and a tremendous increase in activity there have been. But Roosevelt has turned out not to be Santa Claus. Strikes have multiplied. The new elements in the union, and even many older members, are not readily amenable to discipline. Green comes to this year's Atlantic City convention with his prestige severely shaken.

The dispute which threatens to tear the Building Trades Department asunder is as yet unresolved. When the federal unions in the automobile industry met some weeks ago, Green in person laid down the condition that they must accept the machine candidate, Francis Dillon, as their first president, and that their "industrial" union would not have jurisdiction over the skilled craftsmen in the industry. The delegates, though they had in the main not been elected from progressive slates in their local unions, voted down the Dillon proposition by a decisive majority. Green felt himself strong enough to defy them and impose Dillon on the new union. But during the same week he sent "orders" to the convention of the American Federation of Teachers in Cleveland to withdraw the charter of Local 5, New York, as a means to drive out the reds, and the teachers flatly rejected his edict and still continue to do so. More recently, in the Akron convention of the rubber workers, Green, again present in person, suffered a more decisive rebuff and was forced openly to admit defeat. When the rubber workers almost unanimously rejected his candidate, Coleman Claherty, and also rejected financial aid from the A. F. of L. in setting up their national office, Green said: "I accept your judgment as final."

The spectacle of a federation president thus capitulating to the rank and file, Green's lack of finesse in composing jurisdictional disputes, his apparent inability to defend the citadels of the old craft unions against the newcomers in the unions unquestionably cause a profound disturbance in the breasts of the craft-union officials and all the trade-union reactionaries. But while the comfortable days are over for the country's best-known Baptist, it does not follow that there will be an open contest for the A. F. of L. presidency this year or the year after. There is no basic difference in philosophy between Green and the only opposition which is as yet able to think of taking the presidency away from him, and it is therefore entirely possible that they may arrive at an understanding and that Green may be retained in office.

This opposition is led by John L. Lewis of the Miners, Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, David Dubinsky of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, Gorman of the United Textile Workers. Behind them are arrayed the lesser officials in their own unions and in some others, as well as the leaders of some of the smaller unions. These men have the old Gompers philosophy that the union exists to get the most possible for the workers within the framework of the capitalist system. Only they want to adapt the union structure for effective collective bargaining under present conditions. Furthermore, Lewis, Hillman, and company are well aware that in the present period there is bound to be more and more "government interference" in business, that the collective bargain has to be made with the government, the federal administration—nominally as impartial arbiter, really as the agent of the big employers. They are convinced that unions cannot be built or achieve results without government support. The Administration, even more than big employers, must have national "industrial" unions to "do business with."

Thus these men are bent upon final divorce of the A. F. of L. from the "anti-government," syndicalist leanings of the Gompers era, and their stand for efficiency and up-to-dateness in union administration and for "industrial" unionism must be understood in the light of their basic philosophy and the role which the unionism they represent plays in the social scheme. It may be added that no matter what these men may say about a labor party under pressure from their rank and file, their relations with the Roosevelt Administration mean that in practice they will for the present at least sabotage any labor-party development.

Fundamentally, the unrest in the A. F. of L. is, of course, a reflection of the crisis of American and world capitalism. The old craft unionism cannot meet the needs of the workers under the new conditions. Neither, however, will the Lewis-Hillman government-sponsored "industrial" unions provide for the masses in the basic industries still unorganized, or for the unemployed, or even eventually for the membership of their own unions, though there can be no question that structurally the industrial union is better fitted to cope with modern conditions and that the development in the A. F. of L. in this direction gives progressive elements a freer hand than they had in an earlier period.

Progressives and militants standing on a platform of trade-union democracy, industrial unionism, and class struggle will unquestionably come forward to build their forces against Lewis and Hillman as well as against Green. As the approaching A. F. of L. convention will demonstrate, only the merest beginning has as yet been made in the organization of such forces. When the movement has progressed farther, we shall witness a real battle in the federation. As the conventions of automobile workers, teachers, and rubber workers have testified in rapid succession, the tide of insurgency is rising.

One Speaks of Rope

By HEYWOOD BROUN

A GOOD many years ago I ran the book department of the New York *Tribune.* That is, I was the book editor. The work was done by a snub-nosed young boy and a girl called Natalie. This was before the days of the daily book column, and the *Times* was the only local paper which boasted a Sunday section. We merely had a shower of reviews buried deep in the middle of the paper each Wednesday morning. The necessity of criticism lay in the fact that we got some book advertising, and the naive publishers seemed to be pleased to find their wares mentioned even though nobody in particular read the reviews.

One day the snub-nosed boy, whose name was Bill, said to Natalie and to me, "Do you know what I'm doing in my book reviews?"

We both admitted that we had not the slightest idea.

"They're chuck full of Bolshevist propaganda. I'm boring from within."

He seemed a little disappointed because neither Natalie nor myself was greatly stirred or affrighted by this plot to overthrow the government of the United States by armed force through the medium of the book columns of the New York *Tribune.* Still, this young revolutionist did manage to get himself sent to Russia as a correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* and presently there were great fat volumes about communism on the shelves of the bookstores and they were written by Bill, who had now become William Henry Chamberlin.

The rift in the honeymoon did not develop immediately,

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☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

Anything Goes. 46th Street Theater. Still the best musical review on Broadway.

At Home Abroad. Winter Garden. Beatrice Lillie in a very handsome offering with Ethel Waters and various others. Best of this year's song and dance parties.

If This Be Treason. Music Box. Quite frankly exists for nothing except the problem which it poses, but the problem is clearly and concisely stated and I found it interesting enough in itself to make the piece worth an earnest recommendation.

Night of January 16th. Ambassador. High doings in a courtroom with a jury drawn from the audience. Fair example of the genre which *Variety* now calls a "Whodunit."

Paths of Glory. Plymouth Theater. Rather disjointed dramatization of the popular anti-war novel. P.M.

The Children's Hour. Maxine Elliott Theater. Engrossing and enfuriating tale of a fiendish child held over from last season.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. "Winterset" seems to me bold, original and engrossing.

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but presently there were indications that William Henry Chamberlin had recanted his original faith. He found that the Union of Soviet Republics was not Utopia, and in his disappointment he became one of the most severe critics of the Russian regime. It is not my purpose here to debate in any detail the criticisms which William Henry Chamberlin has made of the Soviet system. They seem to me for the most part the complaints of a young romantic who mistook Marx for another Lord Alfred Tennyson.

And again if I insist on a certain saline skepticism about Bill's most serious charges, I can justify it by pointing out that his reports on the American mood and temper seem to me singularly inaccurate.

At the moment a series of journalistic pieces by Chamberlin are current in the local press. The title of these articles is Coddling Communism, and the animating idea is the notion that American liberals are prepared to swallow whole and without any kind of criticism each act and policy of the Soviets. William Henry Chamberlin mentions a prominent American liberal who expressed surprise at learning that there are prison camps within the Soviet Union. Mr. Chamberlin seemed to feel that this was characteristic of "fellow-travelers" in this country.

While I am no ardent defender of all liberals I wonder if it was not an idiot child rather than a local progressive to whom Bill talked. After all, not a week and hardly a day passes without the issue of some book entitled "How I Escaped from Stalin's Dungeons." Whether for good or ill, strict fact or flamboyant fiction, America has been deluged with the information that there are prison camps in Russia and that within them life is harsh and rigorous.

At one time it may have been true that the sharp differences of opinion about Russia which exist in this country were based on a lack of literature dealing with life in that land. Now the reverse is certainly true. To be sure, the books on the subject vary widely in their point of view, but no literate person here can have escaped reading a vast amount about Russia. I might go even farther and say that not only has very American read a book about Russia but that practically every American has written one. My friend Rollin Kirby of the *World-Telegram* is the only adult I know who has spent two days in Moscow and refrained from imposing his impressions on some publisher.

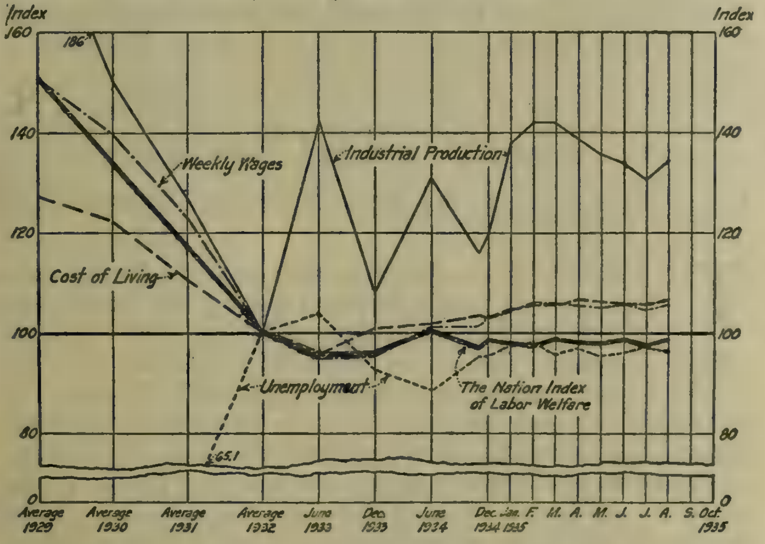
William Henry Chamberlin does not foresee an immediate leftist revolution in America but he does envision dire things happening because liberals here, in his eyes, are wholly ignorant of the true happenings within the Soviet Union. He scores "the present professions of contempt for political democracy" among liberals—maybe he didn't see Walter Lippmann while he was away—and adds: "Every outburst of left-wing extremism simply plays into the hands of those forces, obscure but potentially powerful, which might, in the event of a severe future crisis, attempt to change the traditional American form of government in a fascist direction."

I fear that the snub-nosed boy we knew as Bill is still an incurably romantic Utopian. In 1920, or thereabout, he chose the book columns of the New York *Tribune* as a medium for the beginning of a Bolshevist revolution. And now he has picked as the place for an appeal against the "obscure" forces of native fascism the editorial pages of Mr. William Randolph Hearst's New York *American*.

The Labor Index

REFLECTING a better-than-seasonal improvement in general business activity, *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare rose so sharply in August as nearly to offset the previous month's decline. The upturn appears to have been concentrated almost entirely in the manufacturing industries and bituminous coal mining. While employment in these branches rose by 197,000, there was a drop of 42,000 in the non-manufacturing industries. Weekly payrolls in manufacturing and mining were up approximately $10,100,000, while those of other industries declined by $2,100,000. As a result of these changes, the average weekly wage rose from $21.30 to $21.60—the sharpest increase for any month in the past year. Although this advance was partially counterbalanced by a ½ of 1 per cent rise in the cost of living, real wages—the true measure of working-class welfare—recovered their previous loss and climbed within a fraction of 1 per cent of the 1932 level.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE
(Average 1932 = 100)



The removal of some 248,000 persons from relief rolls to WPA projects during July and August raised a serious technical problem for the construction of the index. Obviously, the transfer of men from relief to made-work projects at considerably less than the prevailing wage is not equivalent to giving these individuals jobs in industry or employing them on PWA projects at standard wages. Consequently, for purposes of the index, we have decided to consider these men as if they were still on relief.

The preliminary indices for August, together with revised figures for the previous month and August, 1934, are as follows:

(1932 = 100)

	August, 1935	*July, 1935*	*August, 1934*
Industrial Production	134*	130†	114
Average Weekly Wages	105.9*	104.3†	100.6
Cost of Living	106.4*	105.9	102.1
Real Wages	99.5*	98.5†	98.5
Unemployment	96*	97	93
Index of Labor Welfare	98.9*	97.5	98.3

* Preliminary. † Revised.

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Books, Films, Drama

Contribution to Martyrology

Joseph Conrad and His Circle. By Jessie Conrad. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

POOR Conrad gets the worst of it in this book, and he seems to be getting the worst of it in the reviews. The picture of him that emerges must be described candidly as that of a peculiarly flagrant and unappetizing bounder. On the one hand, he is full of an oleaginous politeness for company use, with exaggerated Oriental bowings and scrapings, and on the other hand, he tramples on toes in a truly berserker manner at the domestic hearth. There are scenes that are almost too painful to be transferred to these humane pages. The faithful wife, doubly crippled by gravidity and trauma, is subjected to gross insults, and well-intending friends and admirers are affronted in a fashion that would have almost shamed the late Huey Long. One gets the impression that, despite the exhilaration supposed to go with communion with a genius, Mrs. Conrad was intensely uncomfortable with this one.

Nevertheless, I venture to surmise that Pan Korzeniowski was really a far more amiable and decent fellow than he here appears. I do not, of course, accuse his widow of libeling him deliberately, though many other literary widows have shown her, of late, the way. I simply accuse her of being temperamentally unfitted to bear the necessary small afflictions of symbiosis with a man of Conrad's sort. She is only too obviously one of those earnest but unhappy females who suffer from an incurable St. Stephen complex, and have an eye always on the lions. With her husband dead eleven long years, she still apparently thinks of herself as a Christian martyr, and of her life with him as a trial and a sacrifice, made endurable only by her almost angelic capacity to suffer. There is endless news of what she put into the pot of marriage, but hardly a hint of what she got out of it. It was all devotion on her part—devotion relentless and unadulterated, and sometimes almost amounting to immolation.

Well, if she is such a martyr today, then she must have been the same in the days when Conrad still walked the earth—and it is surely no news that life with a martyr tends to make even the most placid of men bust into an occasional fit of howling. Conrad, of course, was not a model of placidity. He came out of his murky Slavic swamps with a bundle of traits and habits of mind that were completely and incurably un-English, and he lived all his writing years a stranger in a strange land, trying desperately to bend a foreign tongue to the high uses of his imagination. He made some friends and acquaintances, but many of them, by Mrs. Conrad's own showing, were only nuisances. Somewhat casually, he married a wife, but her sole talents, in so far as the record reveals, were for culinary science and martyrdom. Also somewhat casually, he had two sons, but the elder seems to have been mainly a grief to him, and he was dead before the younger grew up.

Try to imagine a day in the life of such a man. A hard job of work is on his hands, there is not much money in his pocket, the house leaks rain and has no bathroom, his gout is torturing him, and his wife has a dislocated knee-cap and is hobbling on a cane. Slaving away in his dismal workroom, engaged upon the tedious tracking down of unfamiliar and irrational words, he suddenly feels the need of nourishment, and calls for a rasher of ham and eggs. It comes in due course, concocted heroically by his ever-faithful partner—but with it come all the depressing evidences of her martyrdom. He is not only getting the ham and eggs he called for; he is also getting a pointed reminder of what it cost her to concoct them. Is it any wonder that, on occasion, he forgot his native elegance, and neglected to thank and praise her? Is it any wonder that he sometimes went so far as to hint delicately that her sufferings were perhaps somewhat magnified subjectively—that his gout actually hurt much more than her knee, and was made worse by the signs of her sacrifice?

Such questions naturally suggest themselves, and if adverting to them is disagreeable to Mrs. Conrad she has only herself to blame. No one dictated her book: she wrote it according to her own ideas, openly expressed on every page. No one even asked her to write it: she undertook the business on her own motion. Obviously eager to attract whatever notice goes with being the widow of so extraordinary a man, she must also take the consequences that go with it. In herself she is nothing save a diligent housekeeper, somewhat disdainful of her job; no one would pay any attention to her if she were not Mrs. Joseph Conrad. Nowhere does she show anything reasonably describable as an adequate understanding of her husband's greatness or of the cruel difficulties that he grappled with. She writes like a somewhat bright schoolmarm. If she were a shade or two brighter she might realize that it is a much easier feat to make an omelette, even with a bandaged knee, than it is to sit in a lonely room trying to fashion the enormously complex and delicate fabric of a "Victory," with savage stabs of gout for company, and periodical visits from a self-pitying woman. H. L. MENCKEN

The Wicked State

Our Enemy, the State. By Albert Jay Nock. William Morrow and Company. $2.25.

THE identity of the American state with the British merchant state is clearly demonstrated by Mr. Nock, who reminds us that we actually have had more years of colonial experience than of the federal Constitution. Not any of the colonial states were democracies, and all primarily served the interests of property. The federal Constitution, though it embraced the then modern concept of human rights, attributed to man because of his relations with Divine Providence, did not in fact establish them, and the state as we know it today is merely the colonial state and the British merchant state under another cloak. This state, as Mr. Nock's title declares, is the enemy. And he proceeds to make a vigorous attack on it, in the course of which he sets down many important truths and much valuable historical information. The truths and the information are more likely to enrich the reader than the attack on the abstract idea of the state. For Mr. Nock personifies the state, and also nature, in a manner which no doubt expresses certain concepts which are clear in his mind but which few readers will share. Thus he asserts that "Nature recks nothing of intentions, good or bad; the one thing she will not tolerate is disorder, and she is very particular about getting her full pay for any attempt to create disorder." Obviously Mr. Nock has an idea of Nature, with a capital N, abhorring the state because it challenges an inviolable moral law. There is an aroma of courtly antiquity in such a statement, as delightful as it is unconvincing. Similarly, the state will not admit of personification in present-day thought. Many readers will readily accept Mr. Nock's thesis that "the positive testimony of history is that the state invariably had its origin in conquest and confiscation." They will continue to agree that "moreover, the sole invariable characteristic of the state is the economic exploitation of one class by another." The state, in other words, is an instrument used by the governors to subject the governed. However, it is not the instrument which is the fundamental problem but that there should be masters and servants. Obviously, if the sole characteristic of the state is the economic exploitation of one class by another, a state without class and class exploitation would not be the enemy. But Mr. Nock refused to follow the lure of this logic. He hates the state, any state, all states. And because there never has been a state without class exploitation he insists that there never will be one. "A proletarian state," he asserts, "would merely, like the merchant state, shift the incidence of exploitation, and there is no historic ground for the presumption that a collectivist state would be in any essential respect unlike its predecessors."

Mr. Nock, however, does draw a distinction between the state and government, government being the protection of liberty and security, and its intervention being only negative. One wishes he might have developed this conception, and demonstrated how government might protect the individual in the present era of concentrated economic power without becoming the very thing which Mr. Nock considers impossible, the classless state. The satisfaction of reading this book is great, though it fails in extending its thesis to prevailing economic conditions and will hardly deter the exploited from seeking to wrest the state from their masters. It is excellent prose, as all who read the *Freeman* well know, and Mr. Nock has interspersed some delicious footnotes in which he makes arresting comments on the world of today. One might wish mischievously that the Liberty League and the Republican National Committee would buy up many editions of the book for distribution, under the misapprehension that a distinguished writer had supplied them a treatise against Mr. Roosevelt and the trends of the New Deal. Most Americans would benefit from more knowledge of the origins of their institutions.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Late Flowering

Invisible Landscapes. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company. $2.

JUDGED as poetry and not as sociology or any other variety of doctrine, this is Mr. Masters's finest book. In fact, it can without great injustice be said to be his first book of poetry. The best pieces in it have a lyrical quality which he has achieved hitherto in only a few scattered lines, and even those passages which are not designed to sing manifest a grace and sureness of diction whose absence has marred much of his previous work. Not only has he learned to write with ease in rhyme, but his blank verse is supple and fluent, and his free cadences have that progression which arises from an intimate relation with the thought. Lacking the sustained brilliance of individual image and line to be found in first-rate poetry, this verse derives its merit from the richness and the grave music of the poem taken in its entirety.

Along with the late flowering of the lyrical gift, and perhaps in part as its cause, these poems breathe a serenity of mind. The crusty old fighter has found peace in nature and in contemplation of the past of the race. To put it in the language of Santayana, whom he appears to have been reading, Mr. Masters has rested his gaze upon the realm of matter and the realm of essence, and has withdrawn it from the more uncertain and troubled regions between them, the realms of spirit and of truth.

Such poems as Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the King Cobra, Hymn to Nature, Hymn to Earth, and Dumb Region of the Breast celebrate the emergence of life and mind from that unconscious and less-organized state of substance which we call matter. If they were probed by the metaphysician with a very sharp scalpel, they might not be found altogether consistent, but their general philosophical attitude is akin to that of Santayana and Whitehead rather than to the village-atheist naturalism of Haeckel and Ingersoll which, from some of his previous utterances, one might have attributed to Mr. Masters. They show a skilful blending of direct poetical observation with broad scientific knowledge and philosophical reflection. Mr. Masters says, with Keats, of each creature, "See, its eyes are bright with a purpose," and he presents with imaginative insight the stirrings of this purpose as it impels variously the king cobra and the bee.

Except when some flower or beast momentarily catches the writer's eye, this is poetry of the background. Human affairs have become remote, hopelessly beyond control, and rather unreal. The "invisible landscapes" in which the poet dwells are peopled by ghosts of heroes and humble men, bereft of the harshness and contradictions of their embodied selves and distorted to fit into the patterns of legend by the idealizing imagination of man, who is bent on reading into history a neater significance than it possesses. No one knows better than Mr. Masters the ugliness and the misery to be found in the "seven cities of America" when seen at close range, but contemplated in the haze of distance they assume a tragic beauty.

I am not sure that Mr. Masters has found the most desirable type of serenity: there is much weariness in it, an undertone of defeat, and a resignation which to younger men will seem premature. Philosophic naturalism has perhaps served him, as it has served many others of his generation, as an anodyne. The state of mind which this volume reveals may be that to which the old-fashioned liberalism and individualism for which he stands must today inevitably lead a man who is both sensitive and courageous.

Mr. Masters will probably continue to be remembered chiefly for his Spoon River books, which despite their stylistic flaws and crudities of perception had the stuff of life in them. "Invisible Landscapes" is nevertheless a memorable volume.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Labor and the Government

Labor Relations Boards. By Lewis L. Lorwin and Arthur Wubnig. The Brookings Institution. $3.

WHATEVER may be said of the National Industrial Recovery Act as an initial effort at economic planning, this study of the work of the labor boards set up under the act makes it plain that there was no plan or policy for governing the relations of employees and employers under the codes. This is all the more surprising since Congress had already provided a detailed and workable plan of dealing with labor relations on the railroads in the Railway Labor Act.

True, Section 7-a of the National Industrial Recovery Act purported to establish the right to organize and bargain collectively. But if this right was to be made real for the employees, it was necessary to impose corresponding duties and obligations on the employers. The section did say that workers were to be free from the interference of employers with respect to matters of organization, but aside from this general statement no obligations were imposed on employers to bargain collectively or to do anything in particular to arrive at a collective bargain. Whether by intention or not, the adjustment of the relations of employers and employees was left to "natural forces," and it was not long after the National Recovery Administration got under way that these forces broke into open conflicts, and a wave of strikes swept the country, threatening the whole recovery program.

Faced with this threat, the National Recovery Administration had to do something, and the unanimous answer of the members of the Industrial Advisory Board and the Labor Advisory Board, after jointly deliberating on the problem, was that another board should be created. Again no plan, policies, or methods of dealing with labor disputes were provided. "The board will consider, adjust, and settle differences that may arise through differing interpretations of the President's reemployment agreement," said the announcement from the White House. But whether it was to act as a court with power to make interpretations that were binding, or whether it was to mediate, conciliate, arbitrate, or otherwise handle labor disputes and strikes was not mentioned. No duties were imposed either on employees or on employers with respect to procedures they must follow in bargaining or in settling their disputes, or with respect to participating in proceedings before the board, as is done in the Railway Labor Act. No principles or methods were laid down for the guidance of the board either in taking jurisdiction over various types of labor disputes or in rendering decisions. And nothing was said about obeying decisions.

The history of the National Labor Board and its successor, the National Labor Relations Board, as well as of the special boards set up for the steel, coal, textile, automobile, petroleum, and other industries, is told in detail with accuracy and insight by Lorwin and Wubnig. The record is full and complete, and many unknown details are brought to light which serve to explain events hitherto obscure. But the authors eschew any attempt to pass judgment "concerning the wisdom of Section 7-a," and this notion of impartiality to some extent defeats their expressed purpose to arrive at an objective appraisal of the records of the labor boards.

Obviously a board which questions the wisdom of the law that it administers cannot operate properly. The bipartisan composition of the original National Labor Board, coupled with the lack of policies for its guidance, made it impossible for that board to assume the wisdom of Section 7-a. As a result it often mediated and compromised the law as well as disputes that were properly subject to mediation and compromise. The record of the Automobile Board can be explained only on the assumption that it questioned the wisdom of Section 7-a, and therefore sought to establish principles and agencies for governing labor relations that were in conflict with Section 7-a as interpreted by the other boards after Congress passed Resolution 44 defining somewhat the authority of the boards.

Had the authors recognized that the wisdom of a law of Congress cannot be questioned in its administration, then their appraisal might have been more useful. As it is, they note that the National Labor Relations Board under Garrison and Biddle was administratively more efficient than the National Labor Board under Senator Wagner. But they ascribe the improvement to the National Labor Relation Board's more fully disengaging itself from mediational activities than did the National Labor Board. If Garrison's and Biddle's board did less mediation, it was because they saw the impropriety of mediating a law, and the resolution and executive orders under which they worked made it clear that they must assume the wisdom of Section 7-a in all their proceedings. The Petroleum Board from its creation in January, 1934, acted on this assumption, and the other industry boards established after Congress had passed its clarifying resolution acted in the same manner and reached the same conclusions as the National Labor Relations Board.

Only the Automobile Board was an exception. And because of the authors' notion of impartiality concerning the wisdom of Section 7-a, the significance of the contrast between the Automobile Board and the other boards is overlooked. The record is fully and accurately described but there is no real explanation.

Similarly the concluding appraisal of the authors is that "the work of the labor-relations boards must be set down as a gain to American experience in dealing with the problems of industrial relations." But the reasons they give for this conclusion, such as the clarifying of the ideas underlying the processes of collective bargaining, are contributions of those boards which assumed the wisdom of Section 7-a, and not of the Automobile Board or of the National Labor Board as originally constituted. And had the original board from the beginning assumed the wisdom of the law it was to administer, it may well be that its decisions laying down principles would have been more readily accepted than they were when made later by the Garrison and Biddle boards.

WILLIAM M. LEISERSON

Painter into Novelist

South. By Frederick Wight. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

IN reading this book it must be borne in mind that Mr. Wight is a painter first of all—a circumstance that accounts for both his virtues and his defects as a novelist. He is excellent when he is describing the world of the senses—in terms appealing to a painter's imagination. But while he goes farther than most painters, while he is keenly alive to the rich complex world of human behavior that lies beneath the world of the senses, he never goes as far as a novelist ought to go into his material—because of a curious detachment that renders him impervious to its deeper significance. It is the detachment of a painter for whom good and evil, sorrow and joy, the trivial and the heroic, have an equal importance in terms only of their contribution to the importance of his work.

Detachment of this kind, in literature, leads to preciosity; and preciosity, in the kind of literature that Mr. Wight is apparently trying to write, is sadly out of place. For into these 634 pages he has crammed the very stuff of the novel at its most heroic: problems individual and social, human dramas played out against the conflicting forces of an age.

Mr. Wight takes us into the very heart of these forces (nowhere in America perhaps is the contrast between them so strongly emphasized as in the South): he introduces us to a pleasure-loving leisure class; he shows us the destitution of Negroes and poor whites. He gives us a strike, a dismal parade of workers, finally a flood which renders more hopeless than ever the condition of a reduced and groping mass of people. Opposed to these scenes of squalor, struggle, and panic is a running counterpoint of fashionable drinking parties, haphazard love-making, brilliant, idle talk—all the nervous, frothy atmosphere of a culture in decline. Yet Mr. Wight himself seems strangely blind to the significance of these contradictions; at no point does he make us aware of a social structure on the verge of collapse. His treatment of a vital subject has given it an extraordinarily feeble and incidental air. And, one might reasonably inquire, incidental to what?—since its effect upon the individual lives of the characters is nowhere determined. One is forced to conclude that he has used his social panorama in much the same fashion as a painter might—as background having a technical rather than dramatic reference to his central figures, and significant only of those laws and relations upon which the entire composition depends.

For a painter such detachment as Mr. Wight possesses is invaluable: his argument is primarily one of form; and everything he sees must be subordinated to it. The detachment of a novelist, however, springs from a vastly different source. He may view, with an impartial eye, all the varieties of human experience, but only after he has submitted them, not to some individual problem of technique but to a universal criterion, a conclusive point of view—to something, in short, which is larger than themselves. This Mr. Wight has signally failed to do; and the result is a book which, for all its structural unity, is somehow strangely disorganized; and which, for all its implicit drama and insight into human behavior, is somehow lifeless and unimportant. HELEN NEVILLE

Films

Novel into Movie

SO much of the fascination of Julien Duvivier's "Maria Chapdelaine" (Cinéma de Paris) lies in his use of properties peculiar to the films that Louis Hémon's story of life in and around Peribonka assumes an importance secondary to the manner in which it is told. It is as if M. Duvivier, casting about for a narrative which he might endow with the wealth of aural and visual imagery at his command as a movie director, had chosen the Hémon novel because of its suitability for translation into films. In actual fact, of course, it may well have been the other way around; the novel itself may have inspired the director to make a film of it. Whatever the mechanics of inspiration, the resulting motion picture is more interesting because of its "filmic" than its narrative content.

The distinction can be illustrated by comparing the methods of novelist and director in presenting a single incident in the narrative. In the book the death of François Paradis, Maria's first love, is announced very simply by Eutrope Gagnon, a neighboring woodsman who himself loves Maria; he has heard the news from a trapper and comes to tell the Chapdelaine family. In its context in the novel this episode is assuredly effective. In the movie the Chapdelaines are sleighing into town for the New Year visits—the mood of high spirits is created in motion and sound by alternating shots of parallel incidents in different parts of the countryside and the noises of greetings and merriment—when the bells of a dog-sled are heard off-screen. The Chapdelaines stop their sleigh. Maria turns around, startled; has François Paradis returned from the lumber camp so early in the winter? He has, but someone else is driving his sled; his body is stretched out between the runners. No one dares look at Maria. As their sleigh resumes the journey into town, Pére Chapdelaine at last breaks the silence: "He was a fine man." Such is only an outline of the sequence. Its filmic anatomy is much too complicated for description; for example, the musical accompaniment arranged by Jean Weiner is as important a part of the total effect as, say, the cutting is. Compared to the simplicity of the episode in the novel, the presentation in the film may seem over-elaborate. But the director is merely making partial use of the complex of resources which the cinema affords. They are resources which the literary forms neither possess nor have need of, and to the degree that one considers these resources worth using one likes or dislikes the movies. Had he followed the technique of Hémon literally, Duvivier would have made a bad film. By directing actively rather than officially (Duvivier wrote his own scenario), he has made a good one.

"Maria Chapdelaine" is not, however, without faults. Its chief defect is the use of the Dunning process. Outdoor long shots of the actors are too often followed by close-ups in the studio, with the settings reeling off in the background. The difference in lighting is apparent even to the casual observer, and this mixture of artificiality with naturalism is always distasteful. The quality of the acting is uniformly high. Not only are the principals, especially Madeleine Renaud as Maria, André Bacque and Suzanne Despres as the father and mother,

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and Daniel Mendaille as the priest, first-rate performers, but the casting of the minor roles—the two children, the piano-tuner and his sons, the organist, the healer—is remarkably well done; each somehow achieves individuality.

"William Tell" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse) fails by its use of too many of the resources of the film. It is essentially a silent film and might have succeeded within the limitations of that genre. Its German makers were apparently schooled in the post-war cinema which produced pictures like "Siegfried" and "Faust," whose chief virtue was a pictorial attractiveness. By the addition of sound "William Tell" becomes one of the most painful pictures of the season. The actors are all obviously German and they deliver their lines in English they seem to understand none too well. Since the sound is used only for dialogue, and since the dialogue is so bad, it would have made little difference to the picture and a great difference to the audience to have omitted the sound-track altogether. Neither the self-assurance of Conrad Veidt in the role of Gessler nor the beautifully designed costumes are of any avail.

"Red Salute" (Rivoli) makes slick use of the story of Barabara Stanwyck's heart-throbs in the United States and Mexico to prove that all radicals are aliens. The picture is muddled to the point of hopelessness and is obviously designed for the stupid, but this makes it none the less dangerous. The caliber of its ideological content is typified by General Van Allen's remark to Arner, the radical student, whom his daughter had invited to dinner: "I don't see why you like squab. Squab is a capitalistic dish." As a harbinger of films to come, "Red Salute" is ominous. ROBERT GIROUX

Drama

A Real Shrew Really Tamed

AT the Guild Theater Mr. Alfred Lunt is taming Miss Lynn Fontanne in expert and exhilarating fashion. The play is gentle Shakespeare's most ungentle farce, and when the irresistible Katherine meets the immovable Petruccio, hell breaks loose in Padua. By comparison the late unpleasantness between Guelphs and Ghibellines was a mere difference of opinion and it is doubtful if the last invasion of the Lombards was quite so disrupting.

It is my misfortune never to have seen Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan engage in this particular fracas. I did, however, once observe the gallant Sothern tenderly correcting the saintly Marlowe (whose acidity was never more than Ph.6.8.); and those who, like me, got their first idea of the play's possibilities from such decorous exhibitions have some lively shocks in store for them. Miss Fontanne is a Katherine who hides a few links of sausage in the bosom of her wedding gown, and Mr. Lunt is a Petruccio who can, and does, give his bride a kick in the pants. To be sure, he also carries the traditional horsewhip, but such gentle persuaders are little necessary to a man who can squeeze the wind out of his wife with one arm or sit on her stomach when the occasion seems to call for something of the sort.

The Guild is not, of course, the first producing organization to see in "The Taming of the Shrew" its knock-about possibilities. A few years ago Mary Ellis and Basil Sidney gave a rousing performance in the same play, but their production as a whole was a bit skimpy and it has remained for the Guild not only to throw to the winds all academic solemnity but also to go the limit so far as the decoration and other incidentals are concerned. When Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne are not busy with the principal business of the evening, the stage is kept in lively tumult with incidental activities of every sort. There are acrobats, jugglers, two splendid prop horses of the highest mettle, and, for serving men, more dwarfs than the entire House of Morgan could hold on its assembled laps. The result, as I previously indicated, is distinctly exhilarating.

Probably the acting honors of the evening go to Mr. Lunt, who, to be sure, has the fattest part. Still, it is no easy task which is set him. For two hours and a half he must mistreat a handsome lady abominably without losing the sympathy of the audience, and he manages the business by somehow giving the impression that he is high-spirited and desperate rather than merely brutal and that, if it does not exactly hurt him more than it does his victim, it is at least all for her own good. Miss Fontanne makes the most of her slighter opportunities and plays the grand transformation scene in which, at her husband's request, the sun becomes the moon and then the sun again with a fine sense of comedy. There is something grim about her acquiescence which suggests that though Kate is no longer cursed there will be moments in the future when her *eppur si muove* will not be sotto voce. As the befuddled spectator, Christopher Sly, Richard Whorf deserves more than a word of praise for his antics. His comment from the box, "'Tis a very excellent piece of work: would 'twere done," is one which, at other times, dramatic critics have often made for themselves, but the second half of it has seldom been less appropriate than on this occasion.

"Othello," at the Ethel Barrymore Theater, is another in the extensive series of Shakespearean productions which various managers have scheduled for this season. It is a sound and intelligent presentation of a great play, which held me as any sound and intelligent performance would be bound to do, but Philip Merivale is not a great Othello and Gladys Cooper is not a great Desdemona. Mr. Merivale is striking in appearance and dignified in bearing. There are no glaring or positive blemishes in his performance but something is lacking in each of the highest moments: the despair and fury of the climaxes is not there, and the last scene of all—surely one of the swiftest and, theatrically, one of the most effective in all literature—seems unaccountably tame. Miss Cooper's enunciation is beautifully clear and not a word is lost, but she also seems never to be moved to the depths. As Iago, Kenneth McKenna is similarly deficient in fire, and Alexandra Carlisle's Amelia seemed quite the best performance of the evening.

John Van Druten's "Most of the Game" (Cort Theater) is better designed than several of its author's recent efforts to exhibit at their best his particular talents without calling for others which he does not have. The plot is trifling even for a "light comedy," but the characters are amusingly individualized and the dialogue, if never exactly hilarious, ripples along with pleasing grace. Mr. Van Druten is, indeed, a master of what I should like to call short-scale characterization. All the persons in this play belong roughly to the same class and the same tradition. They are enough alike to move in the same set, and the sheep are divided from the goats by a line so little conspicuous that the husband, for example, has to be married to the wife for some years before he is able to perceive that she is bogus while he is genuine. Indeed, Mr. Van Druten seems unable, even when he tries, to represent convincingly any person whose character and behavior do not sufficiently approximate those of the well-bred Englishman of the upper class to be acceptable in his circle. Yet his people are individualized and there are few other contemporary writers who could make as acceptable a play as he has made out of the differences between them. "Most of the Game" is extremely mild as well as essentially conventional, but it is a very pretty little exercise in low-key contrasts.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

IT IS EASIER to vote the sanctions to be visited upon Italy than it will be to apply them, but the speed and resolution shown at Geneva in outlining them has surprised even the League's friends, and it has caused great uneasiness in Rome. An arms embargo on Italy and the severance of credit relations between Italy and League states have already been voted by the sanctions committee. Withdrawal of money will be infinitely more effective than the withdrawal of diplomats, about which nothing as yet has been done. The third sanction, interruption of Italian trade, is now open to discussion and, as might be expected, raises more difficulties. Britain, which does not buy many Italian products, would like to see Italian exports paralyzed. France, which does not furnish Italy with raw materials, prefers to have Italy cut off from these supplies. National interests are bound to express themselves in this way, and careful negotiation will be necessary before they are adjusted to the common purpose. Britain, taking the lead, now proposes that all sanctions be ratified by parliaments and governments in League countries by the end of this month. Italian spokesmen pooh-pooh this activity, and doubt that sanctions ever will be effective. But without raw materials and without sufficient exports to finance its purchases or credits to buy them, Italy will begin in a few months to blanch from pernicious anemia. The defection of Austria and Hungary from the united front is not causing much worry in London and Paris. Even German non-cooperation would not necessarily be fatal to the sanctions plans. All these countries can be rationed to receive only normal imports from League countries.

AMERICAN EXPORTERS lost no time in telling the country that they are determined to trade with Italy and hence by implication are oblivious to the desirability of keeping the United States out of war. They did so without tact and utterly without political or social sense. In effect they served notice on Washington that they were not going to heed official advice which was not specifically enforced by law. It has been a practice of the upper level of business men to listen to hints from the government. A word from the State Department that a large financial transaction was not considered desirable has been enough to halt it. Standard Oil recently abandoned its oil concession in Ethiopia because of official opposition. But exporters are smaller fry and have little sense of government. They also have no awareness of public opinion, or they would appreciate that they are pitting themselves against a passionate and unanimous will in this country not to be drawn by trade and financial considerations into a European conflict. Our trade with Italy is no insignificant item; it amounted to $44,000,000 during the first eight months of this year. But though the loss of a large part of it would be a sacrifice, this trade does not represent an inalienable right of exporters, and it will be permitted only if and as the country desires.

IN DECLARING an arms embargo the President took only a first short step toward shutting off from the belligerents the means of making war. Besides extending the embargo as far as is legally possible to include raw materials and munitions "parts," the government should set about the more important and difficult job of stopping the inevitable leaks. During the World War the best efforts of the British government, backed by the fleet, were unable to prevent contraband goods from reaching the Central Powers through the Scandinavian countries. In the present situation our shippers will make equally effective use of loopholes through any country which fails to support sanctions or to set an embargo of its own. Evasion is also facilitated by the lack of accurate and detailed information on exports available here or at Geneva. Scores of economists and political scientists have tried in recent years to get an accurate picture of the international traffic in arms, but they have had to give it up.

The League of Nations reports on the subject are about 20 per cent accurate, while our own customs classifications conceal most shipments of war materials under vague and confusing terminology. It is, for example, impossible to discover from the official Monthly Summary of Foreign Commerce how much TNT is exported from this country. The item is not even listed and is probably concealed, together with other military chemicals, under "Explosives" or "Chemicals." Unloaded grenades and similar items are generally listed as "Steel Forgings." Classifications like "Machinery—Parts" and "Explosives—Others," with their dominant position in the listings, hide more than they reveal. All of this applies in like measure to the League. Neither its annual reports on the traffic in arms nor its monthly summaries of international trade give a clear picture of arms exports and imports. How are exports of war implements to be prevented or controlled if only the munitions makers know what is shipped and where it goes?

AS WAS EXPECTED the Liberal Party of Canada scored an overwhelming victory in the recent national elections. According to early returns the Conservatives, headed by Premier R. B. Bennett, won only 41 of the 245 seats in the House of Commons, as against 113 in the Parliament which was dissolved on August 15. The Liberals, victorious in 165 of the 233 constituencies thus far reported, seem assured of complete control of the government for the next five years. A few weeks ago it was doubtful whether the Conservatives would obtain sufficient representatives in Parliament to constitute an effective opposition. That they saved themselves from complete obliteration was due in part to the presence of no less than four opposition parties and in part to a recent spectacular rise in the price of wheat, which many farmers attributed to Mr. Bennett's policies. One of the features of the election was the victory of thirteen candidates of the Social Credit Party, a triumph which was made the more remarkable by the fact that they entered the campaign at the last minute. Mr. Stevens's Reconstruction Party, on the other hand, appears to have won only a single seat. The C.C.F., a semi-socialistic party somewhat similar to the farmer-labor movement in this country, also made a disappointing showing with but seven seats. Although there was no sharp line of demarcation between the platforms of the two major parties, the vigorous campaign waged by the three minor parties made the election more interesting and more significant from the standpoint of political education than any other held in this generation.

THE CATHOLIC CAMPAIGN for American interference in Mexican affairs is strengthened by the report of the non-sectarian American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities, calling for a "strong protest" against a government policy which it declares is aimed at "the extirpation of all religion." Although it admits that "Mexico has a right to develop its reconstruction plans without interference from outside sources," the committee asserts that religious freedom is a "fundamental of civilization superior even to the organic law of any land." Having made this assumption it can easily cite excerpts from Mexican law showing that for seventy-five years deliberate attempts have been made to curtail the influence of the church. The committee is particularly disturbed by the recent regulations prohibiting the teaching of religion to children in the schools, a policy which it claims would bring about the destruction of the Roman Catholic church. Nothing is said, however, regarding the background of the struggle between church and state in Mexico. There is no mention of the wealth which the clergy have obtained through three centuries of exploitation of the Mexican peon, nor is there more than a hint of the church's bitter rear-guard battle, in the name of religion, against every progressive measure introduced by the government in the past twenty-five years. The committee's report, furthermore, takes no account of the striking reversal of policy shown by the Cárdenas government since its victory over Calles in June. The leader of the anti-Catholic faction, Garrido y Canabal, is now in exile, and the Archbishop has returned to Mexico City. As a result the Mexican peon may look forward to many more years of "religious freedom" even though his every effort to obtain a decent standard of life remains thwarted.

SIXTEEN MONTHS after the signing of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act, the Administration has concluded its sixth tariff pact. Like those that preceded it, the agreement with Colombia tends to accentuate rather than modify the basic maladjustment in American commercial policy. The sole concessions made by the United States—50 per cent reductions in the duty on castor beans, prepared ipecac, and totu balsam—affect only an insignificant portion of American imports, while the promise not to impose a duty on Colombia's chief exports—coffee, bananas, and platinum—is somewhat gratuitous since none of these commodities is produced in the United States and none competes with American products. In return for these rather dubious gains, Colombia has agreed to grant tariff concessions ranging from 16 to 90 per cent on 150 items, or nearly three-fifths of the articles which it imports from this country. Perhaps the best evidence of the tendency of the United States to use its strong commercial position to bludgeon other countries into accepting our terms may be seen in the fact that the three important states which sell more to the United States than they purchase from this country—Cuba, Brazil, and Colombia—are among the few to conclude reciprocity pacts, while not one of our leading customers has thus far entered into an agreement. Apparently, the United States has not yet learned that no country can hope to profit from its creditor status unless it is prepared to have an import surplus.

THE SHIPPING INTERESTS have again demonstrated their power over the government. After a vicious undercover drive of more than two years, they have succeeded, through their faithful friend Secretary Roper, in ousting Thomas M. Woodward from the Shipping Board Bureau of the Department of Commerce. Woodward has been a subversive influence from the time of his appointment as a vice-president of the Merchant Fleet Corporation in the summer of 1933. His first efforts were directed to pruning out of the bureau the Hoover hold-overs who carried on the Treasury hand-out practices of their former department head, T. V. O'Connor. Next he began vigorously to pry into the construction-loan subsidies—the manner in which they had been granted, their absurdly low interest rates, and the arrears that had piled up. The situation was made worse by indications that Mr. Woodward was not hindering

Senator Black in his search for data on the subsidy thieveries. Finally, Woodward submitted to Roper a devastating memorandum—described in *The Nation* for July 31, 1935—on transactions involving the old Shipping Board, the International Mercantile Marine, and the United States Lines, and on the then proposed lay-up of the Leviathan. Roper has tried his best to ease Woodward out without openly asking for his resignation. At last he did openly ask for it "for administrative reasons." Woodward refused to budge, demanding cause. With a scandal brewing, the White House hastily took the matter over and appointed Woodward consumers' counsel to the National Bituminous Coal Commission.

MEANWHILE the Post Office Department is making some interesting revelations on the ship-subsidy racket. It is conducting speed tests of vessels which have mail contracts. The ships are divided into six classes of speed, and are paid by the mile on a fixed rate. For example, a ship in Class 5 is certified as being able to make thirteen knots and is paid $4 per nautical mile. A Class 6 ship, of ten knots, is paid $2.50 a mile. It now appears that the Hoover Administration, in classifying ships preliminary to awarding mail contracts, erred on the side of optimism—doubtless to maintain confidence in the American merchant marine. Of the eleven vessels the Post Office Department has so far tested, only three have made their required speeds. The department has announced that for the life of the contracts the over-rated ships will be paid on the basis of the next lower classification. If the other subsidized vessels make a correspondingly poor showing in tests, a large amount will be saved from the $160,000,000 still allotted to the shipping ring. Unfortunately, the penalty for over-rating of speed is not to be retroactive.

THE SPECIAL BRAND of martial law employed in Indiana for dealing with labor difficulties (it was described by Norman Thomas in our issue of September 18) has been upheld by a federal statutory court of three judges, who ruled on October 7 that Governor McNutt was within his rights in declaring martial law in Terre Haute and Vigo County in July when a general strike was in progress in Terre Haute. The court denied the state's plea that the court has no jurisdiction, but it also denied the application of the attorney for the Labor and Socialist Defense Committee for an injunction to restrain the governor from keeping martial law in force. Martial law was used in Indiana before the advent of the present governor—Sullivan County, a coal-mining region, has been under military rule since 1932—but Mr. McNutt of American Legion fame has perfected it. It is a clever invention which looks harmless except to those against whom it is turned. Soldiers are little in evidence. The civil authorities do the work of administering the government, as usual; but they are subordinate at all times to the military. It is not surprising that the strike at the Columbian Enameling and Stamping Company, which led to the general strike, is still in progress. Picketing is allowed one day and not the next; meetings are held or not held at the sweet will of the military; and so far as is known strike-breakers are still entering the factory bearing passes countersigned by the military authority. With the decision of the federal court the issue becomes national. An appeal to the United States Supreme Court is in preparation.

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY in Lynn, Massachusetts, because his family belongs to a religious sect called Jehovah's Witnesses which denies allegiance to any temporal power, has refused to participate in the flag-salute ceremony which the school board imposes on the pupils once a week. After a fortnight of hysterics, the local authorities, at a loss how to cope with this particular crime, decided that expulsion from school was the only method of dealing with the situation. Under the regulations of our public-school system, their next step will presumably have to be to arrest the boy or his parents for truancy. When City Solicitor Patrick F. Shanahan was asked what effect the failure of the boy to take part in the flag salute had on the class, he said: "It didn't seem to have any serious effect. The children are very young and things went on as usual." This would seem to indicate that the eight-year-olds of Lynn are considerably smarter than their elders, and need be expected to commit thoroughly silly acts only when they grow up. When the American tradition of freedom of worship conflicts with the American tradition of compulsory education, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to say as little about the matter as possible. By making the situation a *cause célèbre,* instead of letting little Carleton Nichols remain quietly in his seat and fix his thoughts on Jehovah while the other children were rapidly enunciating, "I-pledge-allegiance-to-my-flag-and-to-the-republic-for-which-it-stands-etc.," the Lynn school board has got itself into a pretty dilemma, has attracted the attention of all sorts of professional protestants, and is in process of denying to an American citizen the free public schooling to which the law entitles him.

FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS in the air, Miss Amelia Earhart was the recipient last May of a medal presented by General Giuseppe Castroccio, Italian consul general in Chicago. The consul general explained that the presentation was made on behalf of the Italian government, and the reverse of the medal was so inscribed. In August, however, Miss Earhart received a letter from Signor Castroccio explaining that it was all a mistake; the medal had been presented by himself alone as a token of his personal appreciation of Miss Earhart's flying exploits, and the Italian government had had nothing to do with the matter. Miss Earhart naturally replied that under the circumstances she could not accept the honor. The former consul general is now on his way to Brazil, having been mysteriously transferred to a much less desirable post in a far country. One is justified in suspecting that his transfer was a rebuke for his presumption in assuming that a woman who distinguished herself outside the nursery could hope to be rewarded by Mussolini's fascist state. The matter is of small moment, but we recommend to Miss Earhart a story about another medal, which may serve as a guide in possible future embarrassments of the same nature. A German university some years ago presented a medal to the late Dr. William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins, an award for supremely distinguished service that had only once before been given to a living man. Shortly before his death Dr. Welch was requested to return the medal, evidently because he was not a pure (German) Aryan. He replied that he would be only too happy to oblige, but he could not for the life of him think what he had done with the thing. It had been irretrievably mislaid.

What Does Britain Want?

AN unanswered question overshadows the proceedings at Geneva. Has Great Britain decided that Mussolini must go? If not, an early compromise still may be possible in Ethiopia. Obviously France hopes for compromise. Laval's desire is to reconcile Rome and London. And if there were hints that London was ready to be conciliated, the African war might end on terms worked out between Italy, France, and Britain. But there are as yet no such hints. Under Captain Eden's leadership the League has made surprisingly rapid progress in surveying the field of sanctions, and promises to draw up a workable program much sooner than was considered possible. The sanctions committee already has decided on an arms embargo against Italy and is drawing up the definitions for a credit embargo. It then must choose between laying an embargo on Italian exports and shutting off Italy's foreign supply of raw materials, and may find ways to do both. Italy obviously is taken aback by the progress, and government circles in Rome are aware that the successes so handsomely won in the mountains of northern Ethiopia are not being duplicated on the Geneva front. If the League functions at all well, Italy will have its back to the wall in six months. And then the African adventure will be a tragedy for Mussolini, and perhaps for the fascist state. Rome is asking if this is what London wants, and the same question is being anxiously studied in other capitals. For if Britain has decided that Mussolini must go, it also must have a plan for Europe.

The course of Britain during the past year has not been clear. The Ethiopian crisis did not descend on Europe out of a blue sky. Mussolini had conducted himself tactfully; he had asked Laval about his plans, and Laval had given him his blessing with a bit of advice—that he should go into Ethiopia as the French had gone into Morocco, a district at a time. Mussolini also had asked London, and the British Foreign Office had replied it was not ready to discuss the subject. And then informally the Italians were given much the same advice they had received from Laval. Now when the British Foreign Office says it is not ready to discuss a subject, it means one of two things: either that it is not interested, or that it is very much interested indeed. Mussolini had to decide which the Foreign Office meant. It may cost him a high place in history that he decided wrong. Deluded by the informal advice he received, he thought he could go ahead. And go ahead he did, piling up his military forces and supplies in Eritrea and Somaliland. It is probable that at the time the British were not in fact alarmed by Italy's plans. If the African penetration was to be on a small scale, if it was not too glaringly a defiance of League ethics, and if it did not threaten British interests, London could be complacent. Then something happened. Britain awoke. The whole weight of British strength was poured into the League, and Italy today is isolated. Mussolini now feels that Britain betrayed him—lured him into an adventure and then banged shut the door on his escape. The London version of what happened passes the blame back to Mussolini. London had shrugged its shoulders over a minor colonial penetration. But Mussolini decided he must have a war and must win his foothold in Ethiopia by military conquest. That is, Mussolini, as the British saw him, was suddenly bitten by megalomania, by the disease which one day attacks most dictators. After being a veteran of realistic sobriety he changed into a madman. He was only in the early stages of madness, but the British had to look ahead. What if he won his war in Ethiopia? Were his promises to safeguard British interests in the Lake Tana region any longer reliable? Might he not strike next in the Sudan, and hope to swallow up Egypt? Just as the Japanese had their blueprints for the conquest of China, the Italians have well-defined dreams of empire and of making the Mediterranean their sea. The Roman Empire of the twentieth century and the British Empire could not both survive. The one could rise only on the ruins of the other. These were considerations which rose like specters in London after Mussolini refused the concessions offered him by Britain and France at the Paris conference of July. There Mussolini showed his hand. He did not want only better terms. He wanted a war. The next week the British Cabinet met and fatefully determined to blow life into the League. And since that day the British have methodically and efficiently gone ahead to rally the world to their side. It is in following this sequence of British policy that one comes to Geneva, doubting whether a compromise still is possible, and asking if Britain has not decided that Mussolini must go. Assuming that it has, what sort of Europe does London want?

Here one must examine the agreements so far reached with France. Britain has pledged itself to apply sanctions in the event of any unprovoked aggression. It has told France this holds good for Eastern and Southeastern Europe. But this is not enough for France. What it comes down to is a pledge by Britain to use League machinery to punish violations of the Kellogg pact and the Locarno treaty. It is not a pledge to apply sanctions if the Treaty of Versailles is broken. If Austria voluntarily joined Germany, that would not be unprovoked aggression and the British would not act, even though it was a breach of the Treaty of Versailles. This indicates that the British are not expecting to leave Germany out of the new Europe. Influential British Conservatives have consistently held to the thesis that in German expansion in the East lies the only safety for Europe. Similarly they have frowned on the Franco-Soviet agreement. It may be that they hope to construct a new four-power constellation of Britain, France, Germany, and a chastened Italy, winning France from its friendship with Russia. Such a Europe would on the whole be anti-Soviet. The alternative to this would be a Europe in which Russia was partner in place of Germany, which goes against the prejudices of British Conservatives, now in full command at home. The problem cannot be thus isolated. Japan plays a part in it, for Britain has vast interests to defend in the East. The United States has a part in it, and can hardly be happy if the British, in an anti-Russian orientation, make friends with Japan. Considerations of this scope play about Geneva. The League has been reborn. Britain has assumed world leadership. And no one can say what Britain's world will look like.

Patriotism

THIS is as good a time as any, while the self-styled patriotic organizations are so busily defending their idea of democracy at the expense of every critic, however mild, of the American status quo, to examine the question of patriotism. The campaign inaugurated by the Lusk committee fifteen years ago has been vociferously carried on by other Congressional investigations, by the Elks, the D. A. R., the American Legion, the National Civic Federation, the American Chamber of Commerce, and most recently by all of them together, with Mrs. Dilling's "Red Network" as their bible. All these groups pursue their activities in the name of Americanism, and a good bit of their rancor is directed against the American Civil Liberties Union as the champion of individuals whose civil rights have been transgressed.

Mr. Roger Baldwin as director of the A. C. L. U. testified before the Fish committee investigating Communist activities in 1930, and his testimony, quoted in a pamphlet entitled "Who's Un-American?" can be recommended to the attention of every patriot. Mr. Baldwin was asked whether or not his organization upheld the right of an American citizen to advocate force and violence for the overthrow of the government.

> **Mr. Baldwin.** Certainly, in so far as mere advocacy is concerned.
>
> **Chairman.** Does it uphold the right of an alien in this country to urge the overthrow and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence?
>
> **Mr. Baldwin.** Precisely on the same basis as any citizen.
>
> **Chairman.** That is not your personal opinion?
>
> **Mr. Baldwin.** That is the organization's position. . . . Also the position of two justices of the Supreme Court.

Asked whether there was any limit to which the organization would not go in permitting an individual to express his ideas and opinions about the government, Mr. Baldwin said there was not. It was the position of the organization that free speech meant simply free speech, liberty to express ideas of any sort so long as they did not include overt acts. The chairman of the committee thereupon asked whether the organization would uphold the right of a citizen or alien to advocate murder or assassination, and finally assassination of the President of the United States.

> **Mr. Baldwin.** Well, the law, Mr. Fish, on that matter is this—and it has been established for years in Hyde Park, London—you can, in Hyde Park, London, advocate the assassination of kings and be protected by the King's own guards, but you may not advocate the assassination of the King; you may not advocate the direct incitement to commit the specific act, but may advocate the political philosophy of assassination; which is the same as the law in the United States. . . . The people who are going to assassinate governors, or going to overthrow governments, do not talk about it in public. It is purely an academic issue.
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> **Chairman.** They might advocate it.
>
> **Mr. Baldwin.** They might advocate it; but in ten years' experience, I have never heard of such a case.

This, we believe, is sound Americanism and patriotism of the first order, and Mr. Baldwin is to be commended for having the logic to see it and the courage to state it in public. The Constitution contains a clear and specific definition of treason against the United States. It "shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." There is not a word about advocacy of treason, and there is no doubt that the framers of the document, having just expended a good deal of time and energy in waging a treasonable war against the government of Great Britain, did not mean to put it there. When we put a man in jail or deport him to the country of his origin for belonging to an organization which advocates the overthrow of the government by force and violence, we are thereby committing an un-American act, and moreover an act which there is no federal law to justify. And it is the right and the duty of every American citizen to see that Congress passes no law which deprives any resident of the United States of this right, which the First Amendment of the Constitution guarantees.

We cannot afford to forget this fact, any more than we can afford to forget that the Civil Liberties Union or any similar organization, when it defends persons who are denied this right, among whom are a fair percentage of Communists, is not thereby functioning as a Communist organization but as one whose Americanism is beyond question.

The Work-Relief Fiasco

TEN months have passed since President Roosevelt announced a program which was to abolish the demoralizing effect of relief and afford security for all Americans. Politically, the move was a brilliant piece of strategy. Conservatives were assured of the elimination of their *bête noir*, the "dole," while liberals were impressed by the sweep of the security proposals. The program also had the advantage of simplicity: all the permanent hazards of modern life were to be provided for by an omnibus program of social insurance; the immediate problem of indigency was to be eliminated by putting all the 3,500,000 "employable" jobless to work on useful tasks; and the 1,500,000 "unemployables" were to be passed back to the states. It is true that even at the time certain writers had the temerity to point out that there were 11,000,000 unemployed, so that at best the President's program would only aid about 30 per cent of the casualties of the depression. But these unfavorable comments were lost in the flood of approval of the Administration's bold project.

We are not concerned at the moment with the grave weaknesses of the security program as it was eventually enacted. It is sufficient to point out that only a handful of states have adopted legislation which will permit them to benefit by the federal unemployment-insurance law, and that in no state, with the exception of Wisconsin, will there be any payment of unemployment benefits for at least two years. The emergency old-age pensions cannot start until money is appropriated by the Seventy-fifth Congress. Meanwhile, what has happened to the bold program for caring for today's jobless? The snow flurries heralding another winter have come, but the President has found work for only a small

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fraction of the 3,500,000 "employables" which he promised to have engaged in socially useful work by November 1. No report is available for the last week, but on October 3 the total number of persons employed on federal work-relief projects was only 1,126,234, of which 559,640 were in the CCC. With less than a month to go before the widely publicized deadline, the WPA had on its rolls only 452,739 of the 2,900,000 men which it promised to have at work by the time direct relief terminated. Only four states have received sufficient funds to carry out their assigned quotas. Yet of the 1,560,000 persons at work on FERA projects on June 20, only 590,000 were still employed on September 19, and total expenditures for relief for the three months ending October 1 were only two-thirds as great as last year.

The drop in relief expenditures is in part accounted for by improved conditions in the drought regions of the Middle West. But it also reflects the Administration's intention of throwing the burden of relief back on the local communities as rapidly as this can be accomplished. Already six states have ceased to receive federal relief, and only $100,000,000 of the $4,880,000,000 work-relief budget is still available for direct relief. In some instances the state governments are fully prepared to take over the care of the persons dropped by the federal relief agencies, but in many cases the burden will be shifted to the same local authorities that showed themselves unable to cope with the problem two years ago.

An elementary knowledge of arithmetic is all that is required to show the inadequacy of the aid which is to be extended under the WPA. The amount which it is expected will be spent by this agency before July 1, 1936, has been officially set at $1,150,000,000. This includes the necessary expenditures for tools, materials, and supervision. Dividing this sum by 2,900,000—on the assumption that the entire amount is to go to labor—we find that the average wage for WPA workers for the eight-to-nine-month period will be approximately $395! How many "employables" on relief will remain unprovided for by any phase of the Administration's program has not even been estimated, but in New York City alone the number has been set at between 150,000 and 160,000.

Perhaps the most ominous indication of the disintegration of the President's program is the decision that, beginning with November 1, federal transient relief will be definitely discontinued. Of all the groups in the population standing in need of an urgent, constructive relief program, it would seem that the transients have the preeminent claim to attention. So far only a handful of the 13,000 transients on the New York relief rolls have been provided jobs with the WPA, and warning is issued that there will be no funds available to care for the thousands who will come during the winter months. It is easy to say, as General Johnson is reported to have said, that these persons would be better off if they remained at home. But the great majority of these men and women are literally without a place which they can call home. Responsibility for their rehabilitation rests clearly with the federal government. Its failure to assume the responsibility at this crisis suggests that the difficulties at Washington are not due solely to red tape and inefficiency. The fine social consciousness which characterized the early days of the New Deal appears to have faded along with that much-maligned institution—the Brain Trust.

Little Orphan Annie

LITTLE Orphan Annie, that none-too-bright child of the daily comic strip, is the latest victim of the sinister activity known as boring from within. It all began some weeks ago when the financial genius Oliver Warbucks, Annie's benefactor, who time and again through the marvelous opportunities that grow on American trees has risen from rags to riches, decided out of the greatness of his heart to make available to the masses a wonderful substance called eonite. Eonite was the discovery of a mad wizard named Eli Eon who cared for neither money nor glory, and it was so powerful that it would do anything from parking the car to putting out the cat. Oliver Warbucks headed the company which was to make the inventor's dream a reality and he was determined that eonite should not fall into unscrupulous hands. He was content to make a fair profit and let the public be the chief benefactor. He built model factories and insisted upon ideal working conditions for his employees.

At this point the villains appear upon the scene—three dirty-bearded gentlemen who would be immediately recognized by a shipowner in San Francisco as New York labor racketeers from Moscow. They succeed in getting jobs at the factory and begin to b. f. w. They organize a union among the foolishly contented workers, collect large initiation fees and dues, and demand from the long-suffering Warbucks ever shorter hours and fabulously higher wages. They are, in truth, the tools of a political hireling of the arch-villain Slugg, who wants to seize control of eonite for his own profit. In a particularly thrilling episode the "loyal" workers tar and feather the "agitators" and drive them out. But this is not the end. Claude Claptrap, the petty politician, incites a mob, telling them that eonite belongs to the "pee-pul" and not only to Mr. Warbucks, and in the ensuing melee the factory is attacked. But Warbucks is not bitter. He refuses to let the National Guard—which has already mobilized, you can bet—and his private police use tear gas to disperse the mob. Instead, placing human rights above property rights, he forbids the soldiers to fire—and the mob destroys the factory. It all shows clearly what happens when employers try to improve the lot of the workers.

Fortunately Little Orphan Annie was not hurt in this tragic episode. She was in fact out of the picture during the whole time, though the caption above the strip continued to bear her name: Little Orphan Annie—By Harold Gray—the Three Mus-keeters (Isn't it a *scream?*). At the moment she is once more pursuing her innocent if stupid activities. But who knows what will happen to the child next? Perhaps the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should take her under its control until Mr. Gray can draw better and until her syndicators, Hearst and the Chicago *Tribune*, can demonstrate their moral fitness to be the guardians of a child as impressionable and dull as Annie. But the more immediate question is whether such a respectable family newspaper as the liberal Baltimore *Sun* should allow the outfit to run loose in its pages. At least two of its readers have become so bored from within that they have complained to *The Nation* about it.

Issues and Men

The War and the Pacifists

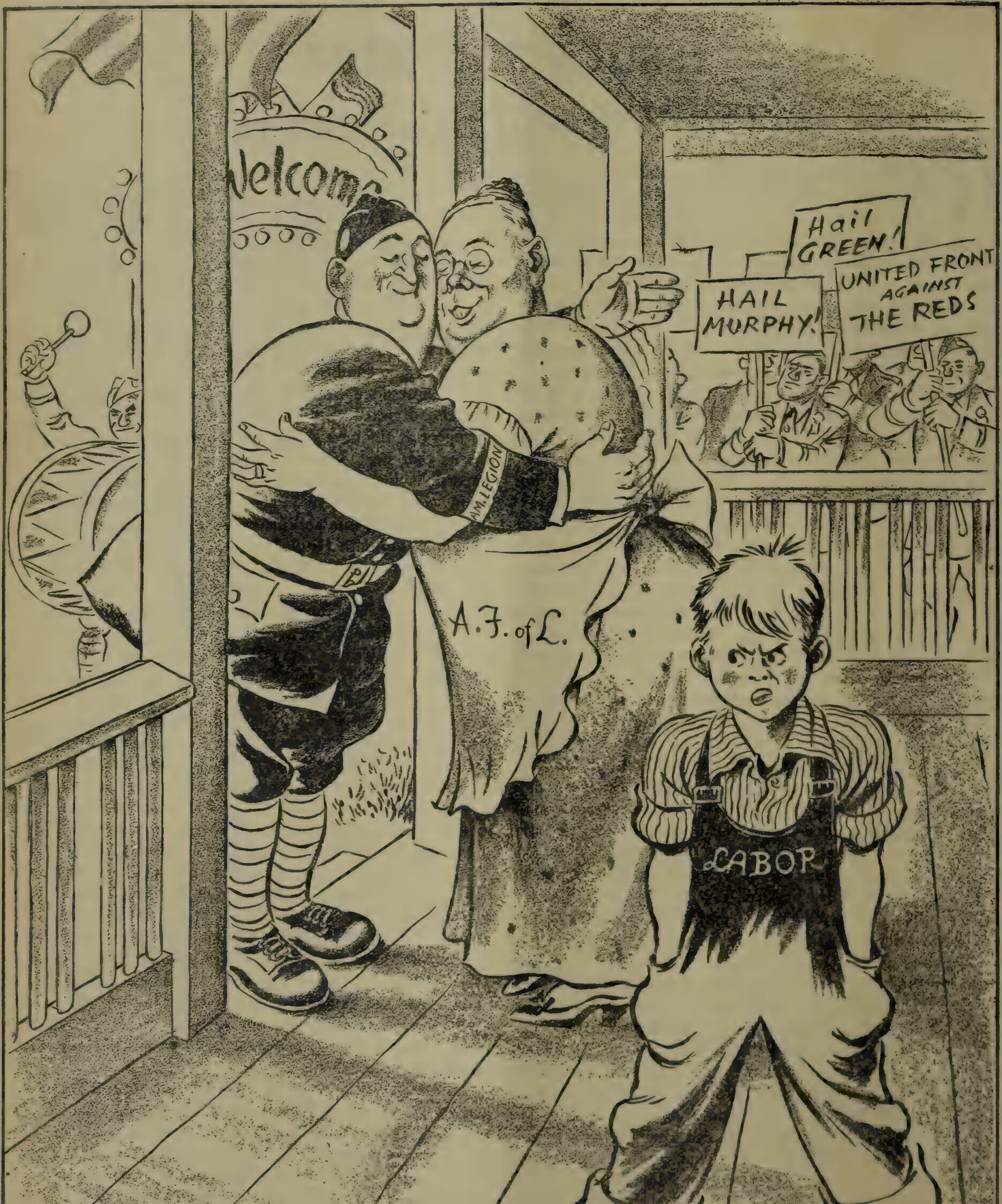
BITTERLY discouraging as the needless and useless bloodshed in Abyssinia is, I still cannot feel that anybody who knows that it is wrong to take human life need be too downcast by this fresh outbreak of war. On the contrary, there are many encouraging signs that we in America are now far removed from the gullibility and the ignorance and the stupidity that made it possible for the propagandists and the bankers to put us into war in 1917. In the first place, Mussolini's crime is so crass and so obvious that no one is being misled by any talk of Italy's needing "her place in the sun"—how sadly reminiscent that is of the German propaganda in 1914!—and the necessity of civilizing a barbarous people. That doesn't go down in 1935. Pirandello and other defenders of the noble Mussolini may plead with Americans to side with the Italians all they please, not ¼ of 1 per cent of the American populace will do so, excluding persons of Italian birth or ancestry, and a lot of these are too sensible to be swayed merely by their former national allegiance. Abroad the overwhelming determination of the British people that there shall be collective control of berserker nations is one of the most heartening things in the whole picture. Yet they do not want war, those eleven millions who voted in Lord Robert Cecil's referendum of last spring, and they will keep their country out of war if they possibly can. They are the answer to Frank Simonds's recent letter to *The Nation,* which takes the point of view that there is nothing in this whole situation except the determination of the imperialist powers to hold on to what they have and the desire of those powers that are without colonial possessions to obtain them. Public opinion is aroused in England because it knows that if this business of war cannot be stopped it is going to be the end of everything. If Mussolini cannot be checked now, Hitler cannot be when he decides to set the world on fire.

My "hopeless and incurable optimism," as some of my critics and friends describe it, is further reinforced by what is happening in the United States. During the war-time mania of 1917-19 I never dreamed that I should live to see the time when public opinion in the United States would be practically united in recognizing that we were lied and deceived into going to war, and that it was a great disaster out of which we got nothing; and when Congress would actually proceed to put a stop to those processes by which Wilson, House, Lansing, and J. P. Morgan and Company brought us into the war. Only yesterday I read a book review in the New York *Times* in which one of the staff writers was practically allowed to say that the House of Morgan's helping to get the United States into the war and its helping the Allies to win "were 'achievements' in a sense, but in the light of subsequent history they were not achievements of the sort to win this nation's unmitigated gratitude." Robert L. Duffus, who wrote that, would hardly have been allowed to utter such a treasonable sentence in the *Times* even five years ago. I do not lay so much stress upon the President's declaration that the United States will not be drawn into a war, because, after all, he is at bottom a politician, and he would yield to the bankers and to public clamor and take the advice of a muddle-headed and incompetent old gentleman like Colonel House as readily as did Wilson. But the spirit of Congress fills me with amazement and joy. Here is an interview with Senator Frederick Van Nuys of Indiana, serving notice on Roosevelt that Congress next year will make the neutrality laws, which it passed contrary to the President's wishes, as "ironclad as legislation can make them so that under no conditions could any President . . . bring war upon the United States without Congress playing a part." He also declared that the embargo act will be made more stringent at the next session of Congress, by which I hope he means that next January Congress will make it absolutely impossible for American bankers and industrialists to do again what they did in 1918, aided by the shortsighted man in the White House and his Cabinet, with the admirable exception of William Jennings Bryan. It is not only that this spirit is abroad in the land that is so heartening, but that it is a *militant* spirit—so militant that it will not allow the President or any successor to have discretion in this matter.

I have just listened to the radio speech of a reserve army officer. Of course he talked the professional bunk about adequate preparedness, when neither he nor any other living man can say what constitutes military preparedness, since no one can tell if we are going into the war business what enemies we shall have, how many, or in what quarters of the globe. But the astounding thing to me was that he told his great audience that everybody understood now that we had been put into the war in 1917 because "English propaganda was more effective than German propaganda." Why, a lot of us nearly went to jail in 1917 and 1918 for saying that very thing. More than that, this speaker went on to call upon his audience to believe not one single word of the war stories from either side and to close their minds to atrocity propaganda. Then I must not forget to recall to my readers that extraordinarily useful and truthful book of Walter Millis's, "Road to War." No one can read that volume and not be convinced. It is an absolute justification of the pacifist position. A few years ago it would not have seemed possible that such a book could be written and widely circulated.

Finally, we have the President's orders forbidding the export of munitions and warning Americans that if they travel on the ships of belligerent nations in war time they do so at their own risk. What a marvelous advance! A similar proclamation in 1915—the one that William J. Bryan begged for, and for which he was derided and vilified—would have kept this country out of the World War. Disheartened? No, indeed; how could anybody be?

Oswald Garrison Villard


Welcome
Hail GREEN!
HAIL MURPHY!
UNITED FRONT AGAINST THE REDS
AM. LEGION
A. F. of L.
LABOR
Fritz

The New Stepfather

Can Italy Avert Bankruptcy?

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

ITALY'S economic status presents a paradox which at first sight seems to defy logical explanation. On the one hand, there is abundant evidence that the country is undergoing a financial crisis more grave than any since the Black Shirt march on Rome in 1922. Yet in the face of this stringency, and presumably because of it, Mussolini has launched a costly and hazardous adventure in Ethiopia which cannot fail to impose a tremendous strain on the national economy. Are we to assume from this that Il Duce has a secret war chest hidden away for just such an emergency? Or is there some alchemy by which governments at war can transmute their debits into gold? Short of such a miracle, is there any way in which Italy can meet the cost of a protracted war?

The basic economic difficulties of Italy long antedate Mussolini's seizure of power, but they have been greatly increased by his nationalistic policies. Although half of its population is engaged in agriculture, Italy has long been dependent on foreign countries for a considerable part of its food supply. Lacking coal, iron, and other mineral resources, its industry has remained relatively undeveloped because of the high cost of imported raw materials. To these permanent handicaps have been added the problems created by the revaluation of the lira at a higher point than was consistent with Italy's economic position, and the catastrophic effects of the world crisis. At the opening of this year Italy had a larger number of unemployed in proportion to its industrial population than any other country in the world except the United States; its workers had suffered a series of reductions in wages and salaries without a corresponding decline in the cost of living; and the nation as a whole had been saddled with a burden of taxation which was only exceeded by that of Great Britain.

One of the symptoms of Italy's growing financial weakness is to be found in its mounting budget deficits. Before the depression the Italian budget balanced at about twenty billion lire annually. But in 1931 revenues began to fall off, while expenditures increased. The deficit averaged 3,600,000,000 lire for the two fiscal years ending June 30, 1933; in 1933-34 it was nearly seven billion lire; and despite rigorous economy measures it exceeded two billion lire in 1934-35. Official estimates place the deficit for the current year at 1,700,000,000 lire, excluding the extraordinary expenditures necessitated by the Ethiopian campaign. Although new taxes have been imposed, the decrease in revenues has been most noticeable in the yield of direct and consumption levies. Increased expenditures have been due in part to emergency measures necessitated by the depression, such as direct financial assistance to industry, and in part to war preparations. The outlay for the latter has jumped enormously in the past year. Approximately 21 per cent of the total 1934-35 budget was allotted to the upkeep of the army, navy, and air force, while an additional two billion lire was appropriated for a naval and aircraft building program extending over the next two or three years. As a result of accumulated deficits the public debt has risen to more than 150 billion lire, an increase of 35 per cent since 1922.

Compared with the national debt of the United States or Great Britain, this may not seem alarming. But Italy is a poor country. Although its area is only about twice that of New England, its population is five times as large and is steadily mounting. Its mineral resources are more limited than those of any other first-rank power, and owing to the mountainous character of the country not more than 60 per cent of its soil is capable of cultivation.

Mussolini has always dreamed of the possibility of making Italy self-sufficient in food—presumably as a protection against isolation in war time. As early as 1926 he launched his first "battle of wheat" with a view to increasing Italy's production of essential foodstuffs. Although both the area devoted to cereals and the yield per acre have been increased by this campaign, the gain has scarcely kept pace with the growth in population. Moreover, since the new wheat has been relatively more expensive to produce, it has been necessary to restrict the importation of foreign grain by quotas and prohibitive tariff rates. Thus the battle of wheat has helped to increase the cost of living during a period when wages and salaries were steadily declining.

Few countries could have been more unfitted than Italy for the Fascist program of economic nationalism. In order to encourage industry, Mussolini raised tariffs on industrial as well as agricultural products. He attempted to develop hydroelectric power in order to reduce the country's dependence on imported coal. The day of reckoning came in the early days of the depression when other countries were forced to adopt similar nationalistic tactics. Prior to 1930 Italy had experienced no great difficulty in meeting its normal adverse balance of trade because of the volume of its invisible imports—remittances from Italian emigrants and the expenditures of foreign tourists in Italy. As the crisis developed, however, these items were among the first to be curtailed by foreign restrictions, and Italy was obliged to seek other means of paying for its necessary imports. This task was made more difficult by the fact that even the most drastic reduction in prices would not permit the principal export industries—silk, rayon, and cotton—to compete on equal terms with Japanese exports, which had the advantage of a depreciated currency. In order to preserve these industries and at the same time maintain the gold value of the lira, Mussolini has resorted to direct subsidies while attempting to impose deflation by decree.

The brunt of the government's deflationary program has fallen on the urban population. It has been felt the more keenly because the revaluation of the lira in 1927 imposed wage cuts of 10 to 20 per cent which were not offset by similar reductions in the cost of living. Although Mussolini later agreed to permit this wage reduction to be restored as soon as industrial conditions permitted, the industries were easily able to demonstrate the impracticability of such increases. A study by the International Labor Office showed that in 1930 Italian wages were the lowest in Europe, being 60 per cent below the British level and 80 per cent below the American. Government-inspired wage cuts during the depression have aggravated this already serious situation. According to official statistics, hourly earnings in industry for March, 1935, were 19 per cent below the 1930 level, as against a 20 per cent decline in the cost of living during the same interval. Actually, however, the status of the wage-earner was more unfavorable than these figures indicate, because in the same period there had been a 10 per cent reduction in the working week. If the 1927 cuts are taken into account, real wages have declined from 15 to 20 per cent in the past eight years.

While other countries have enjoyed a measure of recovery in the past two years, Italy's position has drifted from bad to worse. Throughout the whole depression, when nearly all the leading countries of the world were being forced to depreciate their currencies, Italy clung tenaciously to gold. In August, 1931, the Bank of Italy had a gold coverage of 53.4 per cent, the legal minimum being 40 per cent. By the end of 1934, after the abandonment of the gold standard in the United States, it declined to the dangerously low point of 41.2 per cent. Between December 10, 1934, and February 28, 1935, the bank lost an additional two billion lire in gold. As the clouds of war deepened over Ethiopia, withdrawals continued until the government was compelled, late in July, to abandon the statutory requirement of 40 per cent coverage. At the same time an import monopoly was set up for coal, coke, copper, tin, and nickel, and the importation of unnecessary commodities was restricted or prohibited altogether. A few days later a decree was promulgated making it compulsory for Italian citizens living in Italy to surrender all foreign securities in their possession. In spite of these precautions, gold has continued to flow out, and according to the most recent report the reserve ratio is now less than 30 per cent.

The gravity of such a situation for a country embarking on a war of unknown proportions and faced with the certainty of League financial and commercial sanctions is readily apparent. Italy must somehow continue to import large supplies of raw materials if it is to maintain even its normal industrial activity, to say nothing of meeting the swollen demands of its munitions industries. In normal times it needs at least twelve million tons of foreign coal annually, from 60,000 to 70,000 tons of copper, 100,000 tons of manganese, 500,000 tons of petroleum products, two million quintals of cotton, and at least a million tons of scrap and other steel. In addition it must now charter an increasing number of foreign ships to provide supplies and reinforcements for its troops in Africa and it must meet the high toll charges of the Suez Canal. There are only four possible ways in which foreign exchange may be obtained for these purposes: (1) by increasing the export of Italian goods; (2) by rendering new and additional services to foreigners; (3) by shipping gold; and (4) by obtaining foreign loans or credits.

Sanctions or no sanctions, all four of these channels appear to be hopelessly blocked. The recent spectacular rise in Italian wholesale prices—aggregating nearly 15 per cent since January—will make it increasingly difficult for Italy's exports to compete on the world market, while the demands of war will decrease the volume of available goods. Shipping, which is one of the principal services rendered by Italy to foreigners, is bound to be curtailed because of the need of transporting troops to East Africa; and it is most unlikely that either immigrant remittances or tourist traffic will increase during the period of hostilities. Italy still has about 4,500,000,000 lire in gold and foreign exchange, but since the bank-note circulation has doubled in the past twelve months this amount is now inadequate for domestic monetary purposes. And in view of the country's desperate financial plight, the fourth avenue for obtaining funds appears also to be definitely closed. Quite apart from any action taken by the League, London, New York, and Paris some time ago put up their shutters to Italian borrowers because of the risk involved. The Johnson act also stands in the way of a long-term loan in the United States, and as long ago as July the Export-Import Bank refused a short-term credit to cover the export of American cotton. Italy can, of course, continue to borrow on the home market for the purpose of financing its domestic war costs, but all the lire in the world will be of no value unless Il Duce finds some way of solving the exchange problem.

Under these circumstances even the mildest of sanctions become a serious threat to the Italian economy. A boycott that reduced Italy's export trade by only 10 or 20 per cent might prove fatal, while any effective restriction of its power to obtain raw materials would weaken its entire industrial fabric. The enforcement of an embargo on loans and credits by the great powers would make it practically impossible for any country, no matter how friendly to Italy, to furnish any substantial amount of needed supplies. The best that Mussolini can hope for is limited bootleg trade on a strictly cash basis—and that only as long as his gold holds out.

It would be an error, however, to assume from this analysis that Il Duce is likely to be easily dissuaded from his conquest of Ethiopia. On the contrary, the very seriousness of Italy's economic plight appears to be the main factor driving him on. It is not only a matter of creating a diversion to draw popular attention from rising taxes and declining living standards. If prestige alone were at stake, the easy victory at Adowa should have sufficed. That it has not indicates that Mussolini is staking everything on the hope that Ethiopia's untold resources will furnish the solution to Italy's economic dilemma. With Ethiopia in its hands, Italy could probably attain self-sufficiency in cotton. Haile Selassie's domain is also known to contain gold, platinum, iron, coal, and copper and is reputed to be rich in oil. While it is by no means certain that its mineral resources could be profitably exploited for export, Mussolini seems to be convinced of this possibility, and costly though the adventure may be, he apparently sees no other solution. Italy must have raw materials, not only for war but for peace-time purposes. Credit is impossible while his armies are in Ethiopia, but there is no evidence that it could have been obtained even if he had capitulated to the League. War involved a grave risk, but at least it offered a possible way out.

The question of how long Italy can hold out in the face of a serious shortage of foodstuffs and raw materials is for the psychologist rather than the economist to answer. The Great War illustrated the extent to which people will suffer deprivation in the name of patriotism. Fortitude, however, has its limits, and no amount of sacrifice will do more than postpone the final reckoning. If the League and the United States hold firm in denying Italy access to the money marts of the world, Mussolini will need his miracle.

Take the Army Out of the CCC

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, October 14

THE CCC has become the bright jewel of the New Deal. At the beginning, the fact that the army was in it aroused alarm, for the camps looked like the nucleus of a fascist militia. While here and there individual mistakes and local circumstances have made camps unpopular, on the whole the CCC is liked throughout the breadth of the land, and deservedly so. The military element has shown laudable restraint. The idea of giving unemployed young men healthy outdoor work under camp routine has won enthusiastic approval. As a form of relief the CCC has avoided the pitfalls of other relief agencies. And conservation has been both furthered and publicized. It was inevitable that an experiment which turned out successfully should be placed on a permanent basis. And now the decision to give the CCC a regular status in American life has been made. The President has announced it, and the Administration will have a definite program to lay before Congress early next year. After it has been announced, no doubt there will be a brief public discussion, but the CCC is worth careful thought, and both the Administration and Congress will benefit if the country begins the debate sooner.

Obviously the first bone of contention is the place of the army in a permanent CCC. The army played a vital rołe in establishing the camps. It built and equipped the barracks, and it has fed, clothed, and transported the men and been responsible for discipline. Otherwise the camps could hardly have had so great a success. Yet that is not an argument for continuing the army in the organization. When the CCC work was first conceived, the government had no agency other than the army which had the experience, organization, and equipment to get the new experiment under way rapidly. In the main that work is now finished. More than enough camps have been built. The clothing and feeding of the men is now routinized. The only arguments for continuing the cooperation of the army are that it can manage the physical safety so much better than any other agency that it should be given the task for all time; and that the discipline imposed by army officers is more desirable than any other kind.

No one will deny that the army runs a commissariat on a large scale and operates with central purchasing facilities, and in both is competent and economical. A permanent CCC, however, knowing in advance the requirements of 200,000 young men, could also establish itself on an efficient basis. Whatever economies the army is able to maintain, the CCC by itself either could equal or at least come close to, so that the savings of any army administration would be insubstantial.

Discipline at present is in the hands of the reserve officer in command at each camp. His powers over his 200 workers are strictly limited. He can assess fines up to $3 a month, assign men to distasteful work, or dismiss them from the camp (whereupon their families lose their relief). He is supreme in the camp. A young man charged with breaking discipline is given a "hearing" at what really is a summary trial. He is entitled to be represented by a colleague and he has an appeal to a district officer and finally to the corps area commander.

It is obvious that the only arguable advantage from having an army officer in charge is the prestige the army may enjoy with members of the camp or the fear it may inspire. If the workers are recruited from the sidewalks of a congested city, it may be thought that the hard-headed youngsters will be impressed by a uniform which represents the entire United States army. But these young men know that the whole United States army is not in fact embodied in their commanding officer. He is only a reservist; he was—almost certainly—out of a job when the camp saved him. And he has very narrow powers. The worst penalty he can inflict is not very serious. His most telling sanction is economic, expulsion from camp, which means the loss of relief to the family at home. And this has nothing to do with things military. Discipline in the camps has been well or badly enforced, according to the individuality of officers; immeasurably more of it has been good than bad. But where it has been good, it has been so because the officer was capable, not because he was an officer. Here and there an officer has had a superiority complex and has demanded cringing respect from those in his charge. Though he is not allowed to require saluting, mass formation, or drill, there are ways for him to make himself obnoxious. But on the whole the disciplinary problem has been admirably handled, to the great credit of the army and the reserve officers. The army gave its pledge to the President that the camps should not be militarized and they have not been. But there is no reason why equally good discipline should not be possible under equally capable men unconnected with the army. If left to itself the CCC probably would give appointments to many of the present camp commanders who have demonstrated their personal fitness for the work.

From the army standpoint, then, the two arguments do not come to much. The army can administer economically—this must be granted—but the savings would not be considerable. It has maintained effective discipline—which also must be conceded—but where the discipline has been good it has been non-military, a poor reason for continuing it as an army feature. So the advantage of keeping the army in the CCC boils down to the very slight savings presumably possible under army administration.

Against this can be set the folly of giving the army permanent control over 200,000 civilians of military age. Some army officers may be eager for this control, recognizing it as an easy method of obtaining army recruits. Others with longer vision may see the CCC as a potential army reserve. What if the country has not wanted a semi-civilian army reserve, with the militarization it implies? Here is a way to get it by round-about. These elements are nothing like a majority in the army, and fortunately they are not a dominating minority. The real army leaders, it can be said on excellent authority, do not care to keep control over the CCC, will be relieved to get out of it; they feel that they have done an emergency job well, that they deserve credit for it, and that the emergency ends when the CCC is made permanent. If the camps want to have the advantage of the army's central purchasing system and commissariat, then army discipline would also have to be retained, for the army's prestige is involved; it isn't going to stay on as cook and tailor, and relinquish discipline to civilians, as though it had fallen down on that part of the job.

The army as a whole, then, can be expected to get out of the CCC gracefully, even gratefully. There is a movement to make one well-known corps commander head of the new permanent organization. This, however, is not backed in high quarters, and would only have the support of persons who would like to see the CCC developed as a militarized youth movement, along semi-fascist lines. However, it is for such personal ambitions that the public must watch out if the CCC is not assured a strictly non-military future.

The second fundamental issue to be decided is the purpose of the CCC as a permanent government agency. So far it has been a happy accident, a relief project with a wide ramification of benefits and no ill effects. It has brought town and city boys into the forests, it has built up their undernourished bodies and strengthened their characters, it has provided cash for their parents. Also it has made a great deal of urgent conservation work possible. In a permanent CCC one plan under consideration is not to confine the camps to young men whose families are on relief. If this is carried out, the first purpose of the camps will cease to be relief. It then can be conservation. And if it becomes conservation, there can be no question who should have full responsibility for it. It would belong to the Forestry Service. The camps could continue to work untold benefits for the young men who lived in them, and in a large number of cases needy families could continue to draw financial benefits. But the camps themselves would have one primary purpose, to develop and protect the natural resources of the country. If 200,000 young men pass through the camps every two years, in ten years a million young men would be educated conservationists, and in a few decades we should have a nation which for the first time was conservation-wise. That would mean that the American people at last had grown out of the piratical economy by which they spread over the continent.

The Forestry Service has the right spirit to head a permanent CCC. Its personnel is about as non-political as any that a modern democracy can produce, and its men work on ludicrously low salaries with the greatest zeal. They are imbued with the religion of conservation. No better esprit de corps is to be found and no more honest or capable administration. So if the CCC is to be dedicated to conservation, the Forestry Service is eminently fitted to govern and guide it. Under the current doctrine that things federal must be handled through state units, there might be some delay in certain districts in creating suitable subordinate state forest services. But the foresters are able to take over the entire work as soon as Congress can give it to them.

To reduce the cost of the CCC, the amount of relief now paid probably will have to be reduced, and the existing relief basis may be radically changed. At present each camp worker receives $30 a month in cash, after his board, lodging, and clothing have been provided. He keeps $5 for himself; the remaining $25 is paid to his family. This makes each camp cost $6,000 a month in cash, and probably another $8,000 in upkeep and administration. The latter items cannot be much reduced. But Congress may be asked to cut the relief cost by half, every camper to receive $15 a month, and to dispose of the whole sum himself. With this change may also come new eligibility rules, and the camps may be opened to young men whether their families are on relief or not. In this event the CCC camps will become similar to the labor camps of Germany, which make a deliberate effort to bring about a mingling of classes on a footing of equality. And in America a good many upper- and middle-class families with unemployed sons on their hands will urge them to go into the CCC.

If there is a good side to this, there also is a danger that the camps will be asked to absorb a large number of grown-up problem children. Hardly a camp exists which has not been bedeviled by parents whose sons "need the discipline of camp supervision and the healthy outdoor life." These young men have been refused because their parents were not on relief. If too large a group of youngsters of this kind comes into the camps, heaven alone can help the Forest Service, or whoever has the responsibility. The idea that young men can be made over in short order may have been fondly entertained at the beginning of the CCC, but it certainly has been modified. Nearly all the campers have improved under the humane treatment, excellent food, and regular hours of this life. The average gain in weight in some camps runs as high as eight to ten pounds. But city boys from slum streets with slum standards have not been transformed into perfect citizens. I know of a camp where the New York boys quite naturally set up their own gangs. One fellow established a dice monopoly, and maintained it by strong-arm methods. Most of the boys of this camp went to New York on their week-end leaves. A group with relations at home operating motor trucks established a weekly service at low rates. Another group tried to bring in another set of relations to cut in on the business. The second group was warned there would be war, but the competing truck duly arrived. It was met, captured, and now lies at the bottom of a nearby lake. Gangster "civilization" is not to be rooted out by a few months of work in the woods.

In a permanent CCC the present somewhat extemporized system of education will need overhauling. I visited a camp where the education officer had as his room a stuffy little space filled with cast-off school desks. Nothing could have been more forbidding to young men than the mere appearance of that room. Only a supervisor with rare personal attractiveness and tact could hope to interest his young men there, and the teacher ruefully admitted his real chance came in winter when it was too cold for outdoor sport. Perhaps the word "education" will have to be dropped altogether. Someone should be there to give guidance in the wise use of free time since camp life is divided into three parts, eight hours a day for work, eight for sleep, and eight for leisure. But vocational training with an immediate economic objective must rank first if the camps are to succeed in fitting young men to find jobs. In many camps this already is the focus. In a permanent system the opportunity to expand in this direction is almost limitless. But the greatest objective is not education, it is not relief, it is conservation. And a permanent CCC would be the finest practical university of elemental social economy ever established in this country.

Scratched

By HEYWOOD BROUN

I THINK that one of the most useful kinds of protest that can be made against the fascist regime of Hitler lies in our staying away from the Olympic games in Berlin next year. Boycotts of one sort or another have certain dangers. I will admit that I have changed my mind in regard to organizations of Americans pledged not to buy German goods. In the beginning I opposed it. I still feel that it is a blunderbuss kind of targetry. Some will be hit against whom the charge of anti-Semitism doesn't lie.

But in the case of the Olympic games a decision can be made by the American people themselves. It really is a gesture from the masses of one country to the masses of another. It isn't feasible, of course, to hold a national referendum on the question in an official way, but I am very strongly for straw votes in various sections of the country in order to demonstrate that the withdrawal of our team is an act based upon the approval of citizens in general. I think that magazines, newspapers, and radio stations might well notify their clients to vote on the issue.

As a matter of fact, I made a short test myself over Station WOR. I took a few minutes one night to explain the reasons which seem to me sufficient to justify our keeping an American team away, and then I asked for a postcard poll of simple "Yes" and "No." A great deal of mail came in. In fact, there were more than a thousand letters within the first few days. When the limit of time was up I tabulated the returns and, as I remember, they ran, roughly, something like 1,900 against sending our athletes to Berlin to 100 in favor of it.

Unfortunately I wasn't able to shut off the votes after the date set for the closing of the poll; they are still coming in and running 99 per cent or more in the negative. It has been a little disturbing to me because, like every other radio performer, I like to hear from my public, if any, and I have gone down on certain evenings to the station to find quite a sizable stack of mail waiting for me. And on such occasions I have thought to myself, "Ah, there are people somewhere who liked the little chatty discourse I gave last night on 'Old Days in American Vaudeville.' " Then I started to open the envelopes and found nothing at all except "In my opinion we should not send a team to the Olympics in Germany this year." Apparently I have never said anything on the air in any other discourse which caught and held a single ear.

Indeed, the issue seems to grow slightly confused in some quarters. I've had four or five indignant letters from radio fans saying, "I understand you are conducting a vote as to whether or not we should be represented in the next Olympics. Haven't you got sufficient strength of character to make up your own mind on this point without waiting to use a vote?"

Of course the answer is the simple one that nobody has left it to me, personally, to make the decision. I made up my mind quite a while ago and said so. But if this protest is to be made, it ought of course to be a mass protest. Moreover, I quite agree with the suggestion that in addition to keeping our Olympic team from Berlin we should undertake to find some other place where the games could be held. Some place where there was no trace of anti-Semitism whatsoever.

I wish it were possible that America might assume the role of host and say to the athletes of the world, "Come here for your competition, to America, the land of liberty, the melting pot, the place of refuge for all people. Here the youth of the world can compete in sportsmanship and amity. With us the best mile runner is the best mile runner regardless of any question of race or religion or political point of view."

I wish we could say that. Now it is true that anti-Semitism in America has no such official indorsement as it receives in Germany. Race and religious prejudice here is on an economic foundation. Anti-Semitism here manifests itself in many subtle ways, and in some which are perfectly palpable. Nobody can deny the use of a quota system in very many of our schools and colleges. By now the so-called psychological test is recognized as a pure fraud to limit Jewish enrolment.

Certainly no doctor can deny that our largest medical schools quite obviously get away from any competitive test in scholastic ranking and choose to take poorer students in many cases if they happen to be Gentiles. And after graduation there are a great many hospitals to which a Jewish interne is never admitted. Those which let down the bars at least make entrance difficult. The Jewish applicant for an interneship has to be at least 50 per cent better than his nearest Gentile competitor.

A surgeon said to me once, "But if we made no attempt at curtailment, if we based admission wholly on scholarship, then all our students would be Jewish." If Aryan superiority rests upon nothing more than fraudulent psychological tests, it seems to me that the anti-Semites have no leg on which to stand.

I may say frankly for myself, as an old hypochondriac who is a perfect sucker for doctors, that the physician's race or religion is no concern of mine.

When I get sick I want somebody who's smart enough to cure me.

[The Labor and Industry Section of *The Nation* is omitted from this issue because of the pressure of space. It will appear as usual next week. The following articles, among others, are scheduled for early issues:

A. J. MUSTE will discuss the proceedings and significance of the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD, who is attending the Mooney hearings now in progress in California, will present a full report of one political prisoner's latest fight for justice.

KATHERINE GAY will contribute a first-hand report of the dramatic trial now going on in Aztec, New Mexico, where ten workers are on trial for their lives.]

Traffic in Kings

By M. W. FODOR

Vienna, October 1

IN the years 1917 and 1918 three mighty and ancient dynasties lost their thrones: the Romanovs in Russia, the Hohenzollerns in Germany, and the Hapsburgs in Austria. The Sultan of Turkey shared the same fate only a few years later, and George II of Greece was driven into exile in 1923. The list of departing monarchs was closed by the resignation of King Alfonso XIII of Spain in April, 1931. The king by hereditary right has given way to another figure—the dictator, risen from the lower ranks of the population. In the period since the war only one event has been opposed to the anti-monarchist wave: the new Republic of Albania, established in 1925, changed to a monarchy in 1928 when its president, Achmed Zogu, became king under the name of Zog I.

Movements for a restoration of the monarchy are now apparent, however, in Greece, Austria, and Hungary. Indeed, the king's return to the throne appears to be imminent in Greece, where the question of monarchy or republic has poisoned political life for the past twenty years.* The root of the trouble goes back to the war years, when Premier Eleutherios Venizelos, one of the outstanding figures of modern Europe, wished to join the Allies, chiefly because his keen judgment had picked them as the probable winners. King Constantine, more cautious, thought that Greece should preserve its neutrality. He had great respect for Germany's military strength, and his wife, Queen Sophie, was the sister of Kaiser Wilhelm II. In consequence of this conflict of opinion King Constantine was forced to leave the country in June, 1917. His second son, Alexander, succeeded him, and M. Venizelos wielded unchallenged power in Greece. On June 27, 1917, Greece declared war on Germany.

Venizelos's pro-Ally policy brought great rewards after the war. Greece obtained a considerable part of Thrace, almost to the gates of Constantinople, but Venizelos was encouraged to start an unfortunate offensive war against the Turks. In October, 1920, King Alexander died from the bite of a pet monkey. The elections held in November of the same year gave an overwhelming victory to the Greek royalists, and on December 19, 1920, King Constantine returned to the throne. As Venizelos felt that there was no room in Greece for two energetic men, he left the country to live in exile in western Europe.

The story of the offensive of the Greek army in Asia Minor and the complete collapse of the Greek front in 1922 is only too well known. The defeated army had to seek a scapegoat, and the victim of the wrath of the defeated soldiers was the king. Faced with a furious revolt, King Constantine left the country on September 30, 1922, and his son George became the ruler of Greece. He was, however, ruler only in name. The real master, Colonel Plastiras, haled all the monarchist leaders before a special tribunal and secured their conviction; in the early morning of November 28, 1923, ex-Premiers Gounaris and Protopapadakis, General Hadjianestis, the commander of the defeated army, and two other royalist ministers were executed. A royalist putsch, led by General Metaxas, was quickly suppressed, and on December 19, 1923, the king had to go into exile at Bucharest. On March 25, 1924, the republic was proclaimed in Greece. Though only four years before an overwhelming vote had been given to the royalists, the plebiscite held on April 13, 1924, yielded 760,000 votes in favor of the republic against 325,000 for the kingdom.

In the early days of its existence the republic was undoubtedly popular with the greater part of the people. But it had one genetic sin: it had been born in blood. In the East the sense of revenge is strong, and memories are long. The Greek royalists have not forgotten the death of their comrades. For eight years the republic got along fairly well, especially after the return of M. Venizelos to power in 1928. With the help of an international loan a million and a half refugees from Asia Minor were settled in the country, and there was a measure of prosperity. Economic difficulties began in 1931, however, and soon the financial situation became acute. The economic crisis caused such a political upheaval that in the elections of March 5, 1933, the Populist Party of M. Tsaldaris obtained a small majority, and the great Cretan politician, Venizelos, had to yield his post as premier to his rival, Tsaldaris.

M. Venizelos was undoubtedly a genius. M. Tsaldaris is not a genius. He is a silent, indomitable worker, a shrewd lawyer with the double-sharp quick-wittedness of a Greek who is also a man of legal mind. When he came to power he immediately declared that he did not wish the return of the monarchy and that he would rule on the basis of the republican constitution. But during his two years in office he has shaken the foundations of the republic. Army officers and public servants known to be loyal to Venizelos were rapidly eliminated. The republicans became uneasy, believing that their elimination from positions of command meant that the days of the republic were numbered. The measures of the Tsaldaris government finally drove the republicans into the revolt of March, 1935. Their rebellion was defeated, and Venizelos and his friends had to take flight. Those who could not flee were arrested and their fortunes confiscated, with which measure a severe blow was dealt to the financial base of the republican movement.

The elections in May of this year showed a large majority for the government. Yet the country is still clearly divided into two camps: the Peloponnesus and the central and northern peninsulas are royalist; the new refugee settle-

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* On October 10, by a military coup d'état, four bills were hurried through the Greek parliament abolishing the republic and declaring the monarchy restored under the constitution of 1911. Marshal Kondylis was named premier and regent until the King's return and the plebiscite which was to have been held on November 3 will now be merely the occasion for a vote of the people confirming what the army has established. Premier Kondylis, as the first act of his office, declared martial law and announced the creation of a new Cabinet, ignoring President Zaimis, who is considered to have been deprived of his office. Premier Tsaldaris was forced to resign, and King George, in exile in London, is reported to be awaiting the call to return to his country and his throne.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Burlingame Public Library Burlingame, Cal.

ments in Macedonia and Thrace and the islands, including Crete, are republican. Though the extreme monarchists demand the immediate restoration of King George, Tsaldaris has decreed a formal plebiscite, to be held early in November. There is little doubt that this plebiscite will yield a majority for the royalists, especially since General Kondylis, though a former republican, has declared that he is now in favor of a restoration.

There are no major foreign political objections in the way of such a restoration. The smaller neighbors of Greece have dynastic connections with the monarchy. King George's divorced wife is the sister of King Carol of Rumania and of Dowager Queen Marie of Yugoslavia; King Peter of Yugoslavia is George's nephew. The wife of the Yugoslav Regent, Princess Olga, is a Greek princess; the wife of the Duke of Kent is a first cousin of King George of Greece. Thus the Greek dynasty is related even to the English ruling house.

In Austria also the restoration of the monarchy is a burning issue. Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg has always been known for his outspoken monarchist sentiments; his armed organization, the Ostmärkische Sturmscharen, is ardently Catholic Clerical, and 100 per cent monarchist. Royalist propaganda has made great progress both with the peasants and with the non-Nazi city bourgeoisie, though the strong trend toward the monarchy was somewhat checked some months ago by the sudden move of the fascist Heimwehr for totalitarianism. The fascist Heimwehr is only in part legitimist; the bulk is not. Nor does the Heimwehr leader, Prince von Starhemberg, wish for a speedy restoration as he is ambitious to become regent of Austria after the expiration of President Miklas's term of office. If he can become the all-powerful master, why submit to the rule of another? Once upon a time Horthy and Hitler were also monarchists—but does either of them wish the return of the old dynasty?

The efforts of the Heimwehr to establish a totalitarian state have been weakened recently by the people's growing dissatisfaction with that organization and by the preoccupation of Mussolini, Starhemberg's master, with the Abyssinian squabble. This check to the Heimwehr has been duly exploited by the Christian Clerical wing of the government, and in July the Cabinet Council, apparently under the influence of the peasant Minister of Agriculture, Josef Reither, suddenly brought in a bill which proposed the restoration of the properties of the Hapsburg family which were confiscated in 1919. Reither and the Catholic Clericals dislike the idea of fascism, and to counteract the fascist activities of the Heimwehr resolved to push the restoration, the first step toward it being the repeal of the confiscation laws of 1919.

The repeal law will restore to the Hapsburgs the large estates of Mattinghofen, Pögstall, Spitz, Orth, Scharfenegg, Laxenburg-Vösendorf, Lainz, and Krampen, with the castles of Orth, Eckartsau, Mürsteg, Hermes Villa, and others. The law withholds, however, as state property the former imperial palaces in Vienna, Schönbrunn, Graz, Innsbruck, and Salzburg, the castles of Hetzendorf and Belvedere, and some smaller mansions. The two former imperial museums remain state property, together with the Opera House and the Burg Theater, which before the war were the private property of the emperor.

The reaction to the repeal law showed that foreign political opposition to the Austrian restoration is still formidable. The Little Entente has not changed its attitude toward the Hapsburgs. A leading article in the official *Prager Press* after the passage of the law said that it was a mistake to believe that in the face of the German danger Czecho-Slovakia regarded the Hapsburg restoration as a lesser evil than the Anschluss. The Yugoslav newspaper *Politika,* which voices the views of government circles in Belgrade, protested in a similar vein. It is erroneously believed abroad that Mussolini has been pushing the restoration in Austria as a counterpoise to German National Socialism. This is not the case. Mussolini wishes a general guaranty for the independence of Austria, and for this reason he is hastening the negotiations for a Danubian pact, but he does not want a restoration in Austria. A general guaranty, in which the Little Entente would also participate, can be attained only if the question of the Austrian restoration is postponed *ad calendas Graecas.*

Germany fell into a veritable state of hysteria when the news of the restoration of the Hapsburg properties reached Berlin. A Hapsburg emperor in Vienna would be almost a fatal blow to Nazi aspirations in Austria. Moreover, restoration of the monarchy in Austria would have strong repercussions in Catholic Bavaria and the other South German states.

In Hungary the legitimist movement suffered a serious setback after the rise to power of General Julius Gömbös. In 1921 Premier Gömbös twice resisted attempts to restore Hapsburg rule in Hungary, and he has not changed his anti-Hapsburg attitude since. Recently, however, the Premier has spoken repeatedly of the necessity of a national Magyar king, and in answer to queries from legitimist quarters he has explained that by a national king he means a ruler who is king of Hungary alone. This automatically excludes "King" Otto, though Otto will never give up his claims to the Hungarian crown.

"Who, then, is Gömbös's candidate?" ask the puzzled legitimists. When he was in the opposition and standing on the platform of a "free election of a king," Gömbös's candidate for the Hungarian throne was Archduke Albrecht, the only son of Archduke Friedrich of Hapsburg. Though Albrecht is a member of the hated Hapsburg family, Gömbös appeared to make an exception in his case because Albrecht claimed to have the blood of the last Magyar national kings in his veins, through his mother, the late Princess Isabella of Croy-Duelmen. (The last Magyar national king died in the thirteenth century.) Albrecht, however, a few years ago married Frau von Rudnay, the divorced wife of a Hungarian diplomat, and this marriage with a commoner and a Protestant appeared to kill his chances as a candidate for the Hungarian throne. It is true that Albrecht is now seeking a divorce. He petitioned the Pope to annul his marriage, but his plea was not granted. A king who divorced his wife could not be crowned by the Primate of Hungary, as the Magyar constitution demands. Thus who Gömbös's candidate is remains a puzzle. Some suspect it is an English prince; others spread rumors concerning a German Catholic prince. But all this is guesswork and Gömbös is not willing to give further information at present.

The Russian Giant in 1935

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, September 15

I HAVE just completed another Soviet journey of 5,000 miles from Leningrad down to Armenia and back to Moscow. Everywhere there is change and progress; nowhere stagnation or retrogression. More construction is going on today than in the pioneer upbuilding period of the first Five-Year Plan. Moreover, innumerable industrial units whose foundations were laid in that period or in 1933 or 1934 are beginning to produce. Among the enterprises which have been finished in 1935 or will be finished in the remaining months of this year are electric power stations with a capacity of 817,000 kilowatts, 41 mines with a capacity of 23,260,000 tons and an immediate output, in 1935, of 5,770,000 tons (compared to the total Soviet coal production of 92,000,000 tons in 1934), 1,292 oil wells, of which more than half have already come in, 23 mammoth oil refineries and cracking plants, iron and steel mills which will increase the nation's potential output by 1,790,000 tons of pig iron (10,400,000 tons were actually produced in 1934), 2,200,000 tons of steel and 1,796,000 tons of rolled steel, several score of large copper, zinc, aluminum, lead, nickel, and magnesite plants, which in some branches double the U. S. S. R.'s production, 3 mills with an output in 1935 of 16,600,000 meters of textiles and many smaller clothing factories, 2 factories producing 8,000,000 square meters of glass a year, 2 cement ovens producing 270,000 tons annually, sugar refineries, meat refrigerators, stock yards, 2 canning factories, already working, with a capacity of 25,300,000 cans and an output in 1935 of 7,000,000 cans, 2 plants opened in June capable of turning out 1,300 tons of dry milk a year, 1,740 kilometers of paved roads, 397 kilometers of new railroads, 1,990 kilometers of double tracking, 4 new railway bridges, 5,000 kilometers of track renewal and 528 kilometers of steam lines to be electrified, one plant at Nizhni Tagil producing 27,000 four-axle freight cars annually, a plant producing 50,000 tons of bridge work annually, a plant at Ufa to make 30,000 motors annually, the Lugansk works now able to produce 470 locomotives annually, dwellings with a floor space of 8,300,000 square meters, and 34 hotels. These are the "giants of 1935." In addition, hundreds of lesser establishments are rising over the face of the country. I saw many of them in the cities I visited, from railway cars, and during automobile trips. The upbuilding of the U. S. S. R., which has proceeded at an unprecedented pace since 1929, is only now acquiring its real momentum.

Most factories are well built with plenty of light and air and much garden space, but the quality of new homes is not nearly so good, and their architecture, except here and there in Kiev and Erivan, is abominable. That the Bolsheviks, however, are capable of erecting beautiful non-industrial edifices is proved by the delightful new clubhouse of the Putilov factory in Leningrad, the Moscow subway, the magnificent theater at Rostov-on-Don, several recently completed sanitariums on the Caucasian Riviera, a big block of houses in Kiev, some of the twelve new schools erected in Kiev in the last four months, and a number of the seventy-two new schools put up in Moscow in the same short period. One is impressed in all cities by newly asphalted streets, by many new parks, squares, and flower gardens, and by the tremendous number of trees which have been planted in the streets and, in double lines, four lines in the case of the ninety-kilometer Dnieperpetrovsk-Zaporozhie highway, along arterial roads.

The most significant change in the cities is the greatly improved management of industrial units. I collected data in many places on the reduced cost of production. Smooth plant operation is now common, whereas a year or two ago it was the exception. Chief Engineer Ter-Asaturov of Putilov's told me that their productivity per man had risen 25 per cent in the last year. The value of their output this year is 218,000,000 appreciated rubles as against 185,000,000 rubles in 1934; yet the number of workers has dropped from 28,000 to 25,000. Director Tolmatz of the Frazer Tool Cutting Machine in Moscow stated that the personnel was taking better care of machines and wasting less material. Frazer's and the Kharkov tractor plant, both of which I have often investigated, function better than ever, and the conveyor in the latter moves with perfect regularity. This was not the case last year. Zaporozhie, the new factory town on the left bank of the Dnieper opposite the great dam, is beginning to work as a well-coordinated whole and is consuming a much larger percentage of the station's power. The station, moreover, has just commenced to send current to the Krivoi Rog iron mines 120 kilometers away. In all these plants and at the tea factory outside Batum I saw complicated Soviet lathes which have replaced imported machines. A large new shop at the Kharkov tractor plant will instal only Soviet-made equipment. In the numerous hospitals and sanitariums which I visited the X-ray apparatus and all other intricate medical appliances came from home factories. The U. S. S. R. formerly bought large gear cutters for special engines in Germany at 500 marks apiece. Some of them, I am told, were of inferior quality. Frazer's is now satisfying all Soviet requirements in this field. A new plant in Batum is producing the machines needed for the score of tea factories under construction near that city. Kiev is building an immense factory to produce completely automatic lathes hitherto purchased abroad. The U. S. S. R. is not only making machines; on a considerable scale it is making the machines which make machines, and its technical dependence on the West is likely to taper off to next to zero in less than two years.

Soviet industries are registering valuable technological successes. The Stalingrad and Kharkov tractor plants, while continuing to work on the wheel tractor, are quickly reequiping themselves for the manufacture of a stronger caterpillar tractor. Until recently Soviet factories borrowed and copied what Europe and America had evolved before them. Now they are forging ahead themselves. The shortage of labor is accelerating technological progress—which is as it should be. To every industrial director I interviewed I posed the same question, "What is your most serious problem?" and the invariable reply was, "Labor scarcity." The Red Banner Textile Mill in Leningrad has a placard on its bulletin board which begs employees to invite their friends and relatives from the village to come and take the jobs at the plant. Putilov's needs 2,000 more hands, skilled and unskilled, but cannot find them. All railway stations have too few porters. The building of a road leading out of Rostov had to stop on account of labor shortage. Every construction operation prominently displays a sign asking bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, and so on, to apply. It is the same story throughout the entire country. Under the pressure of this circumstance two things are happening: the percentage of women in industry, even in metallurgical plants, is rising steadily, and processes are being mechanized which would otherwise continue to be done by hand. From being the most backward, the Donetz coal basin is today the most completely mechanized mining district in Europe, with the exception of some small Belgian fields. The oil fields of Baku were a bustling scene during my previous visits in 1924, 1927, and 1931. This time I saw very few people. Exploitation has been mechanized, and the only workers around are the drillers of new wells. Putilov's has introduced welding instead of riveting in the production of freight platforms and turbines because it gives a 30 per cent economy of labor and because a good welder can be trained in two months while a riveter needs six. Putilov's has been holding conferences on the mechanization of lifting and on the installation of belts, cranes, and the like, to eliminate "dirty work." Some directors are experiencing difficulty in keeping workers in their forging departments and at blast furnaces. To cope with this situation working conditions will have to be improved.

Mechanization has given a powerful impetus to the pursuit of technical studies. In many plants 60 per cent, occasionally as high as 80 per cent, of the workers take evening technical courses. Expert mechanics and engineers, too, attend continuation schools. Every factory has its inventors' club, its rationalization circles, and its production conferences. The parks of culture and rest, and summer camps for "Pioneers," notably Artek in the Crimea, have fitted out excellent workshops where boys and some girls learn science and technique while playing with toy aeroplanes, gliders, radios, telephones, telegraphs, cameras, motors, and pedal automobiles which they have made themselves. Numerous factories possess expensively equipped technical preparatory schools for youths.

Meanwhile, however, the scarcity of qualified workers and even of unskilled labor continues to perturb the authorities. I see no early solution of this problem, especially since fewer peasants are seeking work in the cities. The young generation in the agrarian collectives of course wants to get higher education and to partake of the other amenities of urban life, yet whereas private agriculture in the huge farming region of the Ukraine engaged only 44.5 per cent of the available labor supply in 1925-26, the collectives of the Ukraine now use 72 per cent, and this despite the introduction of 152,162 tractors, 11,332 combines, and 24,706 motor lorries into those collectives in the last four years. The collectives are intensifying and diversifying their work and they need more hands. Indeed, they need qualified hands, and the youth who goes to town to study frequently returns to the country to operate a machine. In Leningrad, furthermore, the press reports that old, highly skilled mechanics are taking jobs in collectives because factory working conditions displease them. Village life is becoming more attractive, and since agrarian mechanization and the organization of village industries, which have already commenced, enable the mechanic to apply his special knowledge on the farm, the competition between city and collective for the labor supply promises to grow fiercer.

This situation challenges the cities to offer more to their inhabitants. Economic compulsion thus supplements the Bolsheviks' will to raise the still low standard of living. All cities are overcrowded, and apartment accommodations are woefully inadequate. Additional houses are canceled by population growth. In Baku, for instance, floor space in dwellings was doubled between 1926 and 1935 (from 1,482,000 square meters to 3,000,000 square meters) but in the same period the population rose from 320,000 to 700,000. Moscow has a grandiose plan for its own complete reconstruction. Other cities have adopted equally ambitious schemes. Their fulfilment, however, will require at least ten years. The Soviets have solved the food problem, and except among a small handful of the declassed and disfranchised, as in Odessa, there is no privation. Prices are falling and real wages rising. But prices, especially of bread, must come down much farther. People are nicely dressed, certainly compared to a couple of years ago, and in Rostov, Kharkov, Moscow, Kiev, Nalchik, and other places the evening crowd of promenaders makes an excellent impression. In entertainment, social services, and health benefits the Soviet city surpasses any foreign town. Nevertheless, limited housing facilities will long depress the Soviet urban living level.

The peasant is not so tempted by the city as in former years when the village was so bad that it offered no counterattraction. It would be difficult to exaggerate the metamorphosis which the Soviet village has undergone since collectivization began in 1929. The peasantry is talking and thinking in Bolshevik terms, and those persons whose wish was father to the notion that collectivization would organize the peasants for the first time in history and thereby enable them to present effective opposition to Bolshevism guessed wrong. The reverse is the case. Culture has entered the village, moreover. Numerous villages now have seven- and even ten-year schools where before the revolution they had none. The village cinema and even theater are becoming customary. A village without a children's nursery is rare. More physicians and a large number of new though primitive hospitals serve rural areas. Expectant peasant mothers receive vacation with pay from the collective before and after childbirth. This blessing, formerly granted only in cities, plus the assurance of prosperity, is raising the already high birth-rate, and I really cannot understand why the Bolsheviks are worrying about undiscoverable small families. The remarkable advance of agrarian technique reduces dependence on meteorological factors; mechanization provides maneuvering power to take advantage of favorable weather and to prevent crop destruction. Collectivization has made Russian farming a more exact science. Vernalization, or the germination of seed before planting, shortens the growing season. Fallow plowing conserves soil moisture and kills weeds. Combines reduce losses in harvesting. The ubiquitous agronomist is dictator in the Soviet countryside. This year's crop is excellent—in the Ukraine it is twice the 1934 yield—and wheat is already being shipped to England and other nations from Black Sea ports.

Nevertheless, the Russian village still wears the face of the ugly, unsanitary Czarist village, with its mud-walled, straw-thatched, floorless huts. The collectivized village has only had time to change its basic economy. It is building piggeries, cow barns, stables, schools, warehouses, vegetable cellars. With rare exceptions it has not yet reached the stage of home construction. But in numerous villages brick kilns and tile factories are being erected, and one sees other preparations for large-scale building activity, which should get under way within a year.

Agricultural productivity per hectare is increasing. I have a suspicion that the value of Soviet crops will this year exceed the cost of consumers' goods available for sale to the peasantry. This was the case in 1934 in the small Kabardinian-Balkarian territory, where I encountered peasants who had between 500 and 700 rubles in cash left over from last year's crop. They could not spend it because the commodities they wanted were unobtainable. This phenomenon will probably spread to much vaster sections of the country. The trouble is that the necessity of broadening the industrial base, because of the threat of war and for other reasons, has prevented the complete transfer of emphasis from heavy to light, or consumers', industries, and the volume of goods, though much greater than in 1933 and 1934, consequently still fails to meet requirements. Peasants are wearing city suits and shoes. Bicycles have invaded the farming regions. Some collectives buy automobiles. But they could buy much more. They tell one that they need metal beds, watches, urban furniture, musical instruments, better clothes. This demand will soon become a loud cry. The Soviets have broken an ancient precedent and are importing consumers' goods from Japan with part of the money realized from the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway. They have plenty of gold and an active foreign trade balance, and I understand that they propose to import in 1935 considerable quantities of wool, cotton, coffee, cocoa, and other articles of daily use. But this welcome procedure will not end the dearth of goods. That consummation must wait upon the completion, late in 1936 and in 1937, of hundreds of light-industry factories provided for by the second Five-Year Plan.

Such is the busy Soviet continent. The whole country boils with activity. During the last six weeks I visited eleven important cities, several smaller ones like Nalchik, Dnieperpetrovsk, and Yalta, and many villages and resorts. I traveled by train, automobile, steamer, and airplane. I talked to hundreds of people in all walks of life and entered many homes, offices, and factories. On such a trip in years gone by one would have encountered many enthusiastic citizens and some disgruntled citizens. Especially the peasants would have grumbled. Peasants, particularly peasant women, are not accustomed to conceal their political sentiments. But this time there were no complaints; there was no discontent. The village tax rate this year is low, and the collectives are gratified by Moscow's cancelation of a debt of 437,529,000 rubles representing credits advanced by the state in recent years to the collectivized peasantry. The efforts of the authorities on behalf of the nation and the results of those efforts are visible to the naked eye. They bring steady improvement in the life of every man, woman, and child. The nations of the U. S. S. R. are full of loyalty, optimism, and unbounded confidence in a bright future. These feelings stem not from verbal official promises but from uninterrupted achievements and from the promise of further progress inherent in those achievements. The Soviet Union is on the way to becoming Europe's greatest economic power. The enemies of Bolshevism are guilty of a serious tactical blunder: they should not worry over Russia's shortcomings and mistakes, whether alleged or real. They should yell about its rising might. Foreign critics have consistently made the mistake of underestimating the Bolsheviks.

Correspondence

Terror in Cuba

To the Editors of The Nation:

In view of the optimistic statements periodically issued from Washington regarding the situation in Cuba, and in view also of the tacit aid and support given the Mendieta government by our embassy there, the Non-Partisan Labor Defense feels it necessary to publish the appalling facts described in a letter to us from the Comité Nacional Pro-Amnistia para los Presos Politicos y Sociales.

This is a committee set up by thirty-one Cuban trade unions and other workers' organizations to struggle against the systematic repression and terror of the Mendieta government. It writes as follows:

> After the strike last March the entire police system was mobilized for the persecution of workers' parties and trade unions. Not a single headquarters was left open. Every labor party and union was outlawed. Emergency tribunals functioned to turn arbitrary arrests into long jail sentences. Thousands of workers, students, and intellectuals, given these sketchy trials, were condemned to monstrous terms. Anyone merely suspected of having had any share whatever in the strike was punished with years of jail. Any accusation, proved or unproved, made by any police agent anxious to pile up rewards and credits, was enough, before the emergency tribunals, to condemn the accused.
>
> In Santiago de Cuba young Jaime Greinstein—tried under the name of Angulo Terry—against whom there were no concrete proofs, was ordered shot. This was done in order to terrorize and silence the protests of a people not satisfied to be the eternal sacrificial lamb. The simplest, most rudimentary civil rights—free speech, free assembly, and so on—were destroyed with guns, machetes, and inquisitorial methods.
>
> These methods are functioning still. In spite of the promulgation of a constitution and of a decree reestablishing civil rights, the reaction follows an ascending curve of refinement in the savagery of its persecution. Recently our comrade Georgina Gutierrez, member of a workers' party, died in prison after weeks of agony. Francisco Mateo Escalona, a labor leader, died of maltreatment and torture inflicted by the police. Naftali Pernas, of the university directory, was savagely tortured after his arrest. Comrades Ramirez Cossió and Pablo Cano are ill in their cells, victims too of maltreatment and torture. A leader of the bakers' union, Crescencio Freire, was arrested during the March strike and murdered by the police. His body was discovered drilled with thirty bullets, and the reactionary press called it a "suicide." . . .
>
> In view of the forthcoming elections, the Mendieta

> government talks of amnesty, but means by it a certain kind of amnesty to some of the prisoners. Its promises extend by no means to hundreds of revolutionary militants, labor leaders, and students who fall under the so-called "gangsterism" law, devised as a weapon against the working class and its sympathizers. . . . We appeal to our friends and comrades in the United States to join with us in our demands; to protest the brutality and high-handed destruction of civil rights for which the Mendieta government is responsible; to help us, with letters, telegrams, and support, in our fight.

New York, October 2 ANITA BRENNER,
Chairman, Committee on Cuba

Angelo Herndon

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Readers of *The Nation* will be interested to know that a Joint Committee to Aid the Herndon Defense, with headquarters at 112 East Nineteenth Street, has been formed by the following defense organizations: General Defense Committee (I. W. W.), International Labor Defense, League for Industrial Democracy, League of Struggle for Negro Rights, National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners, and Non-Partisan Labor Defense. The efforts of this committee are directed to building wide support for the Herndon defense, in the belief that the case concerns not only the freedom of Herndon but the preservation of constitutional liberties.

Although the response to the work of this committee has been immediate and wide, the urgent need of further work is so great that on behalf of the Joint Committee I am writing to ask the help of your readers in the following: (1) the distribution of a factual pamphlet published by this committee (100 for $1.50; $10 a thousand) on the case of Angelo Herndon; (2) the circularization of petitions to Governor Talmadge asking for the freedom of Angelo Herndon; (3) the support of the Herndon Action Conference to be held in New York on Saturday afternoon, October 19, and of meetings sponsored by equally broad committees in other cities.

New York, October 9 MARY FOX,
Secretary-Treasurer

Sacramento Defense

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Several months ago you stated in an editorial that at the Sacramento criminal-syndicalism trial last winter a reporter for the McClatchy-owned Sacramento *Bee* slipped Attorney Albert Goldman a note "apologizing in advance for the fact that the *Bee* would distort the report of his speech to the jury." Walter P. Jones, McClatchy's editorial director, denied the incident and you stood by your guns.

Now, through his columnist, C. K., Jones squawks again. He says you are a shelter for Ananiases and "a thoroughly un-American voice from Moscow." How you got your information is your business, and I don't wonder the poor reporter now disowns the note. But I can testify to his moment of indiscreet candor. I was one who saw him slip the note to Goldman, and I read the note. You described it accurately.

While the propaganda barrage against the innocent victims of the Sacramento frame-up has not subsided, the defense is having somewhat less trouble with the banker-financed California Cavaliers, a red-baiting proto-fascist gang which helped bring pressure on the jury for convictions. Recently U. L. Trussell, SERA executive of Sacramento and president of the Cavaliers, was arrested for assaulting a Miss Vlassis on the street. In the hospital to which it was deemed wise to remove this idol of the Hearst and McClatchy chains, the sterling patriot used (I quote the Sacramento *Union*) "foul and profane language in the presence of Mrs. Trainor [the nurse]."

One more news item. The *Union* reports that "Norman Mini, former West Point cadet, convicted here early this year with seven others of criminal syndicalism, has become the center of another labor fight similar to that carried on in behalf of Tom Mooney. A defense organization known as the National Sacramento Appeal Committee has been organized." The *Union* hits the nail on the head in comparing Mini's case to Mooney's. They are both anti-union frame-ups. In Mini's case a juror has already testified under oath that he never believed in the defendant's guilt.

The officers of the new defense committee are Dr. Harry W. Laidler, chairman, Luigi Antonini, Margaret De Silver, A. J. Muste, Paul Sturm, B. C. Vladeck, vice-chairman, and myself, secretary-treasurer. The committee was constituted by the Socialist Party, I. W. W., Workers' Party, Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Fund, and six other organizations to take over the work begun by the Non-Partisan Labor Defense in the Sacramento trial.

New York, October 1 HERBERT SOLOW

"Ich Bin Jude"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

At least twice in recent weeks there have appeared in the press statements from prominent people which declared that no evidences of anti-Semitism could be noted in Berlin. I should like to refute these allegations by citing an incident to which my wife and I were eyewitnesses. On August 19, 1935, we were standing near Alexanderplatz station. We noticed a small crowd of people reading the obscene sections of Herr Streicher's *Der Stürmer,* which were placarded on several poles. The woman selling these papers also had stickers bearing the legend "Ich bin Jude," which she occasionally distributed. We noticed that a young man had taken one of these labels and pasted it on a bearded German Jew's back. My wife stepped forward, removed the label, and told the old man to go home. The reactions of the crowd were contradictory, only a few voicing their condemnation of my wife's act. The rest said nothing but seemed to be silently commending it.

I should like to add that I saw Streicher's venders in at least four different parts of the city, calling out *Der Stürmer* and preaching the extermination of the "Jewish plague."

New York, September 30 LOUIS FURMAN SAS

Nathan Hale

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am engaged upon a "Documentary Life of Captain Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy of the American Revolution," and am desirous of locating, in particular, letters to Hale and securing photographic or photostatic copies of them, by which copies in my possession may be checked. Anyone having letters to Hale or other documents will confer a great favor by communicating with me at 223 Bradley Street. I have been interested all my life in Hale's story, and bought and restored Hale's birthplace in South Coventry, Connecticut, to constitute a national shrine for him.

GEORGE DUDLEY SEYMOUR
New Haven, Conn., October 3

Fall Book Section

Our Critics, Right or Wrong

By MARGARET MARSHALL and MARY McCARTHY

DO you remember a time when the thin, schoolmasterish form of Thornton Wilder was perched on the chilly peak of Olympus? When Louis Bromfield, that stolid male Cinderella who wrote his way from The Farm to the Algonquin, was likened to Henry James, Mrs. Wharton, and Nathaniel Hawthorne? You may recall that Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" sold 147,000 copies, but you may well have forgotten that Harry Hansen was so bemused by its intellectual charms that he fashioned this tribute for "The Heart of Emerson's Journals," as edited by Bliss Perry: "Here is a book that deserves a place beside Will Durant's 'Story of Philosophy.' It is loaded with nuggets." Do you remember when the Sinclair Lewis of "Elmer Gantry" was being mentioned by such mighty men as Mencken in the same breath with Rabelais, when Emil Ludwig was accounted a great biographer, when Jim Tully was as good as Gorki, and it could be solemnly stated in the Boston *Post* that Vina Delmar was "the foremost literary figure of today"?

Critical tomfoolery of this sort was not peculiar to the gold-plated twenties. It is still being perpetrated. You have only to examine this week's newspapers, this week's literary and political journals, to find a dozen companion pieces to the boners of the past. You will find, moreover, that the authorship of these boners remains virtually unchanged. Oblivious of past mistakes, the critic carries on, head high, reputation untarnished, his well of superlatives not yet dry.

One of the critical names which has long since fallen into professional and perhaps even popular disrepute is that of William Lyon Phelps, the benignant seer of As I Like It, whose passion for friendly superlatives has been his undoing. But Dr. Phelps knows, if those who condescend to him pretend not to, that he is by no means alone in his field, that he has been, indeed, in more than one instance so completely out-phelpsed that he can scarcely be said to lead it.

> As I have frequently been accused of overindulgence in superlatives [wrote Dr. Phelps, back in January, 1927] I thought I would look around a bit—and I find that superlatives are also used by others who are wiser and nobler than I.
>
> Joseph Wood Krutch: Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" is "the greatest novel of our generation."
>
> H. L. Mencken on "My Antonia": "No romantic novel ever written in America is one-half so beautiful."

It is necessary to look only a little farther to discover other, more flagrant examples of the same error, examples which prove beyond question that Dr. Phelps differs only in degree from his "wiser and nobler" fellows. Consider, for instance, the careers of Mr. Thornton Wilder and Mr. Louis Bromfield, whose meager, undistinguished novels turned the greater part of the critical press into as silly a set of sycophants as ever followed a Roman noble's litter. Dr. Phelps himself liked "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." He liked it even better than another "great book" which had preceded it. He wrote:

> "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" has made an impact deeper than any novel since "The Constant Nymph." . . . Although I admired "The Constant Nymph" immensely, I think "The Bridge" a better book in every way. The style is better, the philosophy deeper, the characters more original, the sympathy for human nature more tender. . . . One hesitates to use the word genius but there is something akin to that mysterious essence in the pages of this novel. It is my firm conviction that Thornton Wilder is a star of the first magnitude. . . .

But what about the others? In how many of them will you find the sober judgment, the sense of proportion, the discriminating taste which would at once have assigned Mr. Wilder to the humble niche he now occupies? Burton Rascoe wrote in the *Bookman* with oracular certainty:

> It is on the cards that Thornton Wilder will in time be accounted one of the treasures of our literature. . . . He is almost alone in his eminence; though, perhaps, he might bow in cordial recognition to Glenway Wescott and at least nod courteously to Robert Nathan. . . . At the age of thirty he has achieved the astonishing feat of writing a classic. [He mentions "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," and others, and then continues.] And, if I must say so, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" is finer than any of them.

H. S. Canby wrote of "The Woman of Andros":

> . . . there is not one self-conscious word or superfluous phrase in the book. . . . If "The Woman of Andros" reminds me of Plato and Theocritus as I know them in English, it is because the book rests upon the old wisdom and is finished with that sincerity of art which these great predecessors knew not how to escape.

Arnold Bennett asserted that the writing of "The Bridge" "has not been surpassed in the present epoch." William Rose Benét accorded its author "the stuff of genius." But John Farrar, writing in the *Bookman,* topped him.

> Thornton Wilder [he announced] has kept away from it all and has slowly, deliberately, developed his mind and his style until, with two small books, he takes rank, in my opinion, with Henry James, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, and the one or two other giants of American letters.

Clifton P. Fadiman, in the New York *Evening Post,* thus described "The Bridge": ". . . he clothes the whole conception with a modest and beautiful restraint, as in the lovely old fables of La Fontaine." "A new talent," wrote the late Lee Wilson Dodd in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* "and a very distinguished one has appeared in American letters. . . . This is lavish praise for a tale which I am grievously tempted to call a masterpiece. I would do so and be done with it, if I had not heard so many current books called masterpieces—and subsequently read them."

Isabel Paterson was one of Mr. Wilder's most devoted admirers. Of "The Bridge" she wrote: ". . . this is a little masterpiece, fully confirming the promise implicit in Thornton Wilder's first novel. . . . The character of Pepita is revealed . . . as by a flash of the lightning of genius." The conclusion, she finds, "strikes a note of sublime irony worthy of Anatole France. . . ." But her most ambitious tribute to Thornton Wilder was reserved for "The Angel That Troubled the Waters," a small book of little plays most of which were early Wilder. She reviewed it to the merry tune of 1,600 words in *Books;* and she not only gave expression to her unquestioning admiration for Mr. Wilder but provided a striking example of the reviewer's art:

> Fame [she wrote] grows more and more contemporary. . . . Now we cannot wait and Mr. Wilder's fame is already so widespread and well established that he can afford this act of indulgence toward his first-born. . . . The relative dates of composition afford an interesting ground for critical speculation. Inevitably they provoke close comparison to see whether the last four dialogues . . . are perceptibly better than the preceding dozen, some of which date back many years. . . . Candidly, I can perceive no heightening of quality. Yet it is absurd to maintain that Mr. Wilder's talent has not developed during the period in question. . . . [The plays] are intended to be metaphysical microcosms, presumably. Having written the phrase, I gaze at it doubtfully; I am not sure if it means anything; but let it stand—for the playlets leave me in the same mental condition.

With the big-time critics reduced to such straits by the delicate conceits of Mr. Wilder it is little wonder that Fanny Butcher, that Middle Western mystic who directs the stream of literary taste in the Chicago *Tribune,* broke down completely when "The Woman of Andros" rolled over the dam.

> "The Woman of Andros" [she wrote] is as classically beautiful, as self-sufficient, as compact, as much of the seed of beauty which breeds in each beholder whatever of art and philosophy his soul has the substance to nourish as any exquisite fragment of Greek sculpture.

It should be noted that Miss Butcher is quite as discriminating as her highbrow colleagues; like Dr. Phelps, she is merely less sophisticated.

To be sure, there were dissenting notes. Before Mr. Canby discovered Mr. Wilder, Theodore Purdy, reviewing "The Cabala," slipped this heresy into the *Saturday Review:*

> Altogether, if you care for unlikely people doing improbable things in an irresponsible manner against supernaturally picturesque backgrounds you will like the antics of Mr. Wilder's "Cabala."

Henry Hazlitt, in *The Nation,* kept his feet on the ground, although the high-pitched paeans of his fellow-critics had him worried. Of "The Woman of Andros" he wrote: "I wish I could speak of this book with more enthusiasm. . . . But somehow the novel leaves me cold." In the *New Republic* T. S. Matthews's review of "The Angel That Troubled the Waters" was irreverently headed The Publisher That Bothered Mr. Wilder.

The critical ladies and gentlemen, however, prolonged their salvo of polite applause until, in 1930, Michael Gold, with a rude proletarian gesture of disgust, put his fist through the pretty pink bubble of Mr. Wilder's world. His polemic in the *New Republic* ended with this challenge:

> Let Mr. Wilder write a book about modern America. We predict it will reveal all his fundamental silliness and superficiality, now hidden under a Greek chlamys.

Then the front-line critics began to retrench. Unfortunately for his defenders, Mr. Wilder did write a book about modern America. Burton Rascoe was puzzled. His review of "Heaven's My Destination" was hesitant, ambiguous:

> Experience and our own unregenerate nature make us suspicious of prigs like George Marvin Brush, the hero; but Wilder is careful never to disclose his hero in a hypocrisy. That is what makes the book on the whole weird. . . . Maybe George Brush is a Wilder stripped of his learning, his sophistication, and his talent.

Dr. Canby reluctantly made a strategic half-retreat. Here is his opinion of Wilder, revaluated for 1935:

> . . . a minor . . . figure, narrow in scope, . . . yet with the consecration to perfection, the conscientiousness, and the absolute excellence of, let us say, a Collins or an Addison.

The boom of Bromfield, covering much the same period, was conducted on a somewhat lower plane. It was nevertheless noisy and substantial enough to win him the Pulitzer Prize, and it did reverberate in the best critical circles.

> Mr. Bromfield paints on a large canvas but with almost unfaltering deftness.—The *New Republic.*
>
> He does indeed shrewdly appropriate . . . the "surefire" interests of current fiction; . . . but he insists on none of them; he interweaves them all in a glamorous flowing movement which affects me like the cantabile style in music.—Stuart Sherman in *Books.*
>
> Of American writers today only Sinclair Lewis would be capable of writing a readable novel equally long and equally thronged with living characters.—New York *Times.*
>
> Among American novelists of his years he is best fitted to write an "American Comedy" on the Balzacian plan, and it will be no more plainly realistic than was Balzac's comedy.—Ben Ray Redman in *Books.*
>
> Mr. Bromfield . . . has challenged Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Lewis, Henry James and Mr. Hawthorne, on their own ground, and for a man scarcely thirty he comes off with flying colors.—John Farrar in the *Bookman.*
>
> Louis Bromfield is the most promising of all the young Americans writing today.—John Carter in the New York *Times.*
>
> . . . in Louis Bromfield we have one of the best novelists writing in English today.—Herschel Brickell.
>
> Now there is no doubt that Louis Bromfield is *the* important American writer among the younger men and women.—Dorothea Lawrance Mann in the *Bookman.*
>
> It ["The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg"] reveals Mr. Bromfield clearly, as reviewers sometimes like to say in moments of human frailty, as one of the most important among American novelists.—Alice Beal Parsons in *The Nation.*

The twin pale, meteoric talents of Mr. Wilder and Mr. Bromfield were neither the first nor the last of their kind to reduce the critical world to a quivering jelly of uncritical emotion. There was the case of Margaret Kennedy, and of John Erskine, and of Hervey Allen. There will be next week or next month or next year another gassy literary balloon whose inevitable slow deflation or whose quick, pin-prick explosion will leave a stale pocket of air in the book world. The history of American criticism during the last ten years has been a history of inflations and deflations: the first, raucous, hyperbolic; the second, apologetic, face-saving, whispered. The book-buying public has, naturally, joined in the fun, sending a multitude of bad books into fifteen and sixteen editions while the publishers stood on the sidelines.

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by Katherine Anne Porter

The original, limited edition of *Flowering Judas*, issued five years ago, is now a collector's item. When it appeared it was greeted with such praise as this: "Her style is beyond doubt the most economical and at the same time the richest in American fiction." (*Allen Tate, The Nation.*) Now a new edition appears, containing all the stories printed in the original, together with four new stories, two of which are longer narratives of 15,000 words each. $2.50

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and cheered. Yet, though the public dutifully did its part, put up the cash and read the novels, it must be remembered that it was the critics who called the turn. Literary critics who apologize for the shoddiness of their product by explaining that their writing is geared to the low mentality of the "general reader" are quibbling. It was not the man on the street who, unable clearly to express his delight in "The Woman of Andros," cried aloud that it reminded him of Theocritus; it was Dr. Henry Seidel Canby of Yale University. And now and again the public has been bright enough not to respond: a critic has called "Hardy!" or "Dostoevski!" once too often, and no readers have brought $2.50 to his rescue.

Occasions of this sort are, however, of a discouraging rarity. The public, in this respect as in every other, has been excessively gullible, but the critic who rails against the public taste is himself directly responsible for it. T. S. Eliot remarks in one of his essays that the purpose of criticism is "the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste." Criticism in America during the past ten years has on the whole worked for the misunderstanding of works of art and the debasement of taste. The tony critics as well as the hack book reviewers have contributed to this anarchy of standards. As Burton Rascoe and Isabel Paterson are no whit better than William Lyon Phelps and Fanny Butcher, so Elmer Davis shows himself to be blood brother to the critic of the *Journal of Commerce and Finance,* who joined Mr. Davis in an admiration for "Sorrell and Son." This is the *Journal of Commerce and Finance:*

> We do not as a rule publish reviews of fiction but Mr. Deeping's book is an inspiring story of a father and son who were chums in adversity as well as when the sun of material success was shining upon them. For this reason, we recommend the story to every father who has a son, and we further recommend that every father who reads it should mark it and pass it on to his boy if he has one. It's a bully story.

And here is Mr. Davis, writing in the *Saturday Review of Literature:*

> . . . If he should happen to be the forerunner of a new movement in fiction, even the art authors, or so many of them as live on their royalties, may profitably give him some attention. . . . I believe that the popularity of "Sorrell and Son" was chiefly due to its pervasive tone. The book has guts. Compare his characters with those of Dos Passos, Huxley, Hemingway, who quit in face of life. Roland made the triumphant Saracens shake in their boots with one blast of his ivory horn. Mr. Deeping has ventured a toot on that celebrated trumpet. . . .

The only dissimilarity between the two reviews is that Mr. Davis expresses himself deviously where his fellow-traveler is forthright.

The family likeness between the great and the small will become more apparent in the next article. Important critics will be exhibited together with examples of their work; the Authors Who Write Reviews, the Provincial Critics, and the Lady Book Reviewer will have sections to themselves; and the few critics who have kept their heads, their dignity, and their humor will be placed on an honor roll for distinguished service.

[*This is the first of a series of four articles. The second will appear in the issue of November 6.*]

A Century of Mark Twain

By MARK VAN DOREN

THE quarter of a century since Mark Twain's death has done as much as any equivalent period to give us the author we now possess. The first twenty-five years of his life gave him, of course, his best subject matter—the Mississippi River, the Valley frontier. The next twenty-five years brought him to the point of understanding this material and embodying it in his two masterpieces, "Life on the Mississippi" and "Huckleberry Finn." Another twenty-five years and he had become the white figure of the legend—eccentric, funny, and upon occasion fierce. But it is only since 1910 that criticism has been busy with him in a serious way, establishing him as an artist and considering him in perspective. Albert Bigelow Paine's massive and fascinating biography, following as soon as possible after its hero's death, prepared the ground for many particular studies; and the finest of these, Van Wyck Brooks's "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," is still a center about which opinion and interpretation can whirl. The contemporaries of Mark Twain were content for the most part merely to enjoy him. Already, however, he has grown into an object of thought, a stimulus to abstraction. For better or for worse he has become the author he never quite dared to hope he would have to be.

For better, because no writer perhaps can survive very long without the aid of an articulate criticism which isolates, describes, and keeps on talking about his special quality. For worse, because the special quality of Mark Twain is unusually difficult to describe without destroying, unusually delicate under the threat of analysis. It is delicate because it is not his alone. It is the quality of a people also—his people, the American people—and if it is notorious that we bungle when we dissect the heart of a nation it should be still more obvious that we have little reason to hope for success in the business of cutting the cord between a popular writer and his race. Mark Twain was almost indissolubly attached to America, and America to him; and this is still the case. He still can be read, and is read, merely for enjoyment. So distinctly and happily so, in fact, that it is a question whether there is any better way to read him, and whether most of the criticism has not been worse than irrelevant. To say as much is not of necessity to take literally his words to Andrew Lang: "I have never tried in even one single instance to help cultivate the cultivated classes. . . . I always hunted for bigger game—the masses. I have seldom deliberately tried to instruct them, but have done my best to entertain them. To simply amuse them would have satisfied my dearest ambition at any time." Nor is it to suppose that he was thinking of himself when he dictated the following paragraph to Paine, pretending that it was what an Albany bookseller had said to Robert Louis Stevenson about the works of a hack named Davis:

> Nobody has heard of Davis; you may ask all round and you will see. You never see his name mentioned in print, not even in advertisements; these things are of no use to Davis, not any more than they are to the wind and the sea. You never see one of Davis's books floating on top of the United States, but put on your diving armor and get yourself lowered away down and down and down till you strike the dense region, the sunless region of eternal drudgery and starvation wages—there you will find them by the million. The man that gets that market, his fortune is made, his bread and butter are safe, for those people will never go back on him. An author may have a reputation which is confined to the surface, and lose it and become pitied, then despised, then forgotten, entirely forgotten—the frequent steps in a surface reputation. A surface reputation, however great, is always mortal, and always killable if you go at it right—with pins and needles, and quiet slow poison, not with the club and the tomahawk. But it is a different matter with the submerged reputation—down in the deep water; once a favorite there, always a favorite; once beloved, always beloved; once respected, always respected, honored, and believed in. For what the reviewer says never finds its way down into those placid deeps, nor the newspaper sneers, nor any breath of the winds of slander blowing above. Down there they never hear of these things. Their idol may be painted clay, up there at the surface, and fade and waste and crumple and blow away, there being much weather there; but down below he is gold and adamant and indestructible.

Yet both passages have their pertinence, and the second one has the additional value of perfectly illustrating what has just been said. An American is talking there, and no other kind of man. No American but would talk that way if he could—if he had, that is, the genius. Mark Twain had the genius. And the American people were first to recognize the fact. The critics were second, but it is essential to Mark Twain's reputation that millions of persons should continue capable of feeling the glory of such prose—feeling it immediately, without reflection and without recourse to the idiom of analysis.

Such prose has form, a thing Mark Twain is customarily accused of lacking. His books, as books, do lack it; they trail off, they ravel out, they are heaps of fragments. And in the long run this will doubtless work against him, since a book which does not hold together is doomed to a particularly hard battle with oblivion, there being much wind and weather there. Yet the very looseness of his structure has a certain advantage, for it means that if the good parts are indeed good they will be all the freer to separate themselves from the bad. The mortal parts will blow away in time, leaving the gold and the adamant all the more inviolable. And what are the immortal parts? They are the passages in which Mark Twain has done what he did in the dithyramb to Davis; in which he has exaggerated according to the laws of his own language and of his own people.

It is not enough to say of him that his humor consisted in exaggeration. His whole art consisted in that, and his only art. There was nothing else that he knew how to do with an absolute perfection. He did not think far, even if he thought clearly; he was often deficient in taste; he could be outrageously sentimental; he was in many respects an ignorant man, and could be in turn too proud and too apologetic about this ignorance. But whenever, as frequently happened, he got going about something, it was more than likely that he would develop the speed and the beauty and the form by which we have learned to recognize him at his height. At such moments and in such passages he was possessed by that ancient and noble thing, poetic rage. It possessed him at the same time that he controlled it for the purposes of his peculiar art. He mounted through his theme with an incredible celerity, riding the fieriest steeds known to rhetoric, and the broadest-winged—iteration, reiteration, and multiplied example. He mounted with gigantic ease and a vast naturalness, reaching the top of his subject at last and breathing the great air there with happy lungs; then suddenly descended to the ground and jogged along to the next inspiration. Or, to change the metaphor, he blew a bag up till it almost burst; at his best he did not let it burst, but tossed it lightly away and left it floating. Or, to change the metaphor once more, his prose was a river which regularly widened its banks, swelling and accelerating until there was danger that it should cease to look like a river; when it subsided and narrowed again, pulling us onward to new bays.

The story of the three matches in "Roughing It," or of Slade, or of the lost claim; the picture of Hannibal's indolence in "Life on the Mississippi," or of its animation when a steamboat lands at the wharf, or of the river itself as fearfully studied from a pilot house; the first description of Huck's father; the parody of Mrs. Eddy; the whole of "My Watch"; many an unmailed letter—any of these and a hundred other passages will serve as an illustration of what is meant. Such passages place Mark Twain against that portion of the American background where he belongs. It is not, incidentally, the portion which produces at least once each generation an Artemus Ward, a Mr. Dooley, a Will Rogers. Mark Twain could do what they do, but he never did it better than Artemus Ward, if indeed he did it as well. He was not a cracker-box philosopher, a homespun wit with the gift of sly, dry talk out of the corner of his mouth. Their forte is understatement. His was overstatement, and the tradition which supported him was the tradition of the tall tale, the mighty mendacity. Their pride is in the truths which they insinuate; his pride was in the boldness and grandeur with which he could lie. This is the finer tradition; or at any rate by doing what he did with it he has made it seem so. What he did with it was to realize all its possibilities and to prove that they were beautiful. They had seldom been actually beautiful; we can be sure that a majority of the Sellerses, both then and now, have been tiresome men who did not know when to stop or how as they went on to improve the quality of their utterance. Yet there is a deep instinct in any American which tells him that one liar may be better than another and which encourages him to listen for the perfect note. He heard it in Mark Twain and recognized a master—one who began where he did and who followed all the rules, but who somehow soared and sang; and who, furthermore, lied in a precise, a disciplined language which was so far from being ignorant of irony as almost to use that instrument as its grammar. One more example, a little-known one, must suffice. It is the letter, signed Samuel Langhorne, sent in 1871 to the New York *Tribune* proposing that a substitute be hanged in place of one Ruloff, a condemned murderer whose learning was being set forth in the press as remarkable. The contemporary fame of this letter is not wholly to be explained on the ground of its novelty; papers must have copied it across the country because it got going so well on the theme—not of Ruloff's learning merely, but of learning in general as the mass of men understand it:

> I am not sorry that Ruloff is to be hanged, but I am sincerely sorry that he himself has made it necessary that his vast capabilities for usefulness should be lost to the world. In this, mine and the public's is a common regret. For it is plain that in the person of Ruloff one of the most marvelous of intellects that any age has produced is about to be sacrificed, and that, too, while half of the mystery of its strange powers is yet a secret. Here is a man who has never entered the doors of a college or a university, and yet by the sheer might of his innate gifts has made himself such a colossus in abstruse learning that the ablest of our scholars are but pigmies in his presence. By the evidence of Professor Mather, Mr. Surbridge, Mr. Richmond, and other men qualified to testify, this man is as familiar with the broad domain of philology as common men are with the passing events of the day. His memory has such a limitless grasp that he is able to quote sentence after sentence, paragraph after paragraph, chapter after chapter, from a gnarled and knotty ancient literature that ordinary scholars are capable of achieving little more than a bowing acquaintance with. But his memory is the least of his great endowments. By the testimony of the gentlemen above referred to he is able to *critically analyze* the works of the old masters of literature, and while pointing out the beauties of the originals with a pure and discriminating taste is as quick to detect the defects of the accepted translations; and in the latter case, if exceptions be taken to his judgment, he straightway opens up the quarries of his exhaustless knowledge, and builds a very Chinese wall of evidence around his position. Every learned man who enters Ruloff's presence leaves it amazed and confounded by his prodigious capabilities and attainments. One scholar said he did not believe that in matters of subtle analysis, vast knowledge in his peculiar field of research, comprehensive grasp of subjects, and serene kingship over its limitless and bewildering details, any land or any era of modern times had given birth to Ruloff's intellectual equal. What miracles this murderer might have wrought, and what luster he might have shed upon his country, if he had not put a forfeit upon his life so foolishly!

The words "serene kingship" mark the high point here, but there has been a steady climb to them, and as always the end comes shortly after, with an abruptness both expected and prescribed.

Of course there is more to Mark Twain than this. He had a heart and a brain, and he stood in a very interesting relation to the America of his time, a relation which has been stated quite differently by Van Wyck Brooks and by Bernard DeVoto. But in the long run it may appear that his sheer literary energy, surpassed in amount by no American writer except perhaps Melville, may tell the tale most truly. Whatever the merits of our controversies about his "significance" and about what he reflected or represented, he still stands in a relation to us which will be valuable and delightful as long as we remain capable of responding to great language—the tall tale, the swelling theme. Much of him has ceased to mean what it meant fifty years ago, and his personality no longer dominates the land; nor is the same land here that he observed with such an all-seeing eye. Yet enough of it lingers—in ears born waiting for the magnificent word whenever and by whomever it may be spoken—to suggest that his reputation will be permanent. It is in this respect that he was a great writer, and it is in this sign that he will continue to conquer.

Better Than They Knew

Gilbert and Sullivan. By Hesketh Pearson. Harper and Brothers. $3.

NO doubt some men "die with all their music in them," but perhaps the weight of authority has tended rather to overemphasize the importance of the fact. Mute Miltons are not, from the very nature of the case, easy to recognize, much less to count, and the historian of the arts is more often faced with the problem set by men who managed to get out of themselves rather more than seemed to be there. Popular opinion notwithstanding, the ability to make the most out of what he has is probably more characteristic of the artist than the possession of unutterable thoughts and the vision of inexpressible beauties. Certainly, at least, the case of Gilbert and Sullivan would support the generalization. No one, I suppose, has a higher opinion of their joint work than I, but there is no denying the fact that their limitations were extraordinary. Gilbert repeats the same formula so persistently that the real marvel is that he could get as much out of it as he did, and Sullivan's music is infinitely more charming than anything except his extraordinary luck—which he did not even have the grace to recognize—could have enabled him to extract from his rather second-rate temperament. Both were in constant rebellion against their own work as well as against each other, but the evidence afforded by their independent and more ambitious efforts tends to indicate that both would have been long ago forgotten had either been left free to "express himself" in a manner suitable to what he believed his deeper nature.

Without precisely saying all this, Hesketh Pearson makes it abundantly clear in his very entertaining book about the personalities of the two men. Gilbert was, of course, the more positive personality. He was a sentimentalist to be sure, and, like the even much more inhibited Lewis Carroll, tended to allow his satiric impulse public expression only when it was more or less disguised as nonsense, but privately he was aggressive and vigorous, not to say quarrelsome. He might long to write extremely sentimental plays and might even get around actually to composing some of them, like the one in which four lovesick maidens act in all seriousness very much after the fashion of the twenty in "Patience." But he was also famous for robust and sometimes brutal *bons mots,* like his remark about a certain theatrical manager who puffed his actress-mistress in the press, "Why, the man is blowing his own strumpet," or like his conundrum on the subject of a musical-comedy actress, "Why is Miss —— like a bad photograph? Because she is underdeveloped and overexposed." Sullivan, on the other hand, had nothing except the exigencies of Gilbert's text to protect him from the grandiose sentimentalities into which his music tended to fall. He was gentle but pliable and weak, succumbing luxuriously to the flattery of fashionable people, doting on the attentions of royalty, and losing vast sums at roulette by way of consolation for the oratorios he thought he should be writing.

Notoriously the two did not like each other, and, indeed, when they last met—before the curtain at a revival—they left the theater without speaking. Sullivan thought that Gilbert's earthbound texts kept him from soaring. Gilbert, who did not like music and boasted that he knew only two tunes—"One of them is 'God Save the King' and the other one isn't"—thought that Sullivan's melodies merely obscured his words. But most of Gilbert's best work and all of Sullivan's was the result of the collaboration which each thought so hampering. Sullivan imposed some delicacy on Gilbert; Gilbert drew out of Sullivan the fun that otherwise remained smothered by his sentimentality. In a sense, the Savoy operas are better art than either of the collaborators was artist. It is hard to see how the two men made them. They happened—in the sense, that is to say, that the delicious irony implicit in the contrast between the burlesque of the lines and the lyricism of the melodies is often accidental rather than premeditated. Neither man had a temperament as rich or complex as the operas seem to imply.

Both were, of course, typically Victorian. Gilbert's duenna-like attitude toward the female members of his company made him a public laughing-stock; Sullivan delivered a speech in which he claimed as one of the chief honors of music that it was, unlike all the other arts, "incapable of suggesting improper thoughts." Fortunately for his own peace of mind he never lived to hear a jazz orchestra, but that is not the point. The point is that it is hard to understand how they could have indulged with such solemnity in all the currently fashionable cackle about innocence and purity and the high moral tone; how they could have failed to see that in the Savoy operas had been created something unique, which, just because it was unique and so perfect in its own way, would outlast all the simpering sentimentalities and all the fatuous high thoughts of an age to whose banalities they were so anxious to contribute. But, then, perhaps we should not wonder too much. Fifty years hence some of our own doubts about whether this play or that has enough "social significance" to be really "important" may sound just as funny.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Race, Environment, and Time"

Literature and Society. By Albert Guérard. Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard Company. $3.

ALTHOUGH this work deals with the most widely discussed problem in current literary criticism, it is unlikely to attract a large number of readers. The title is too soberly descriptive, and its author has not had the wisdom to conceal that he is a member of the academic profession. Not only are most of us unable to forget Mr. Mencken's warning that no professor can possibly have anything worth while to say about literature, but we have been persuaded by this time that a familiarity with the classics of the past is a distinct handicap for the critic. Unlike those writers who boast in the Sunday book supplements that they have never read the "Odyssey" and "The Divine Comedy" and "Don Quixote," Professor Guérard betrays a flagrant acquaintance with half a dozen fields of European literature. He does not hesitate to trace a bad popular joke from the *Literary Digest* through Prosper Mérimée to Voltaire and from Voltaire to Fontenelle. If it is a question of the effect of autocracy on literary productivity, he can offer examples from the aristocracy of Venice, the Jesuits of Paraguay in the eighteenth century, and the French Jacobins, as well as from the Bolshevists, the Fascists, and the Nazis. And when he comes to advance his thesis that the most favorable conditions for such productivity are to be found in "the Oppressive state which fails to oppress," he is able to supply an analysis of the societies of Augustus, of Louis XIV, and of Alexander II which can only come out of a thorough knowledge of the whole social and political background of those periods. There can be no mitigation of the charge that Professor Guérard knows a great deal about the two subjects linked in his title; his generalizations are bound to offend by the very weight of the erudition behind them. Yet there will doubtless be a few readers for whom the novelty of reading such a study at the present moment will compensate for the shock to good taste involved in supporting generalizations with a wealth of relevant information.

To begin with, Professor Guérard reminds us how much of what is essential in recent sociological criticism of the more rigorous sort was anticipated by Taine in the famous preface to his history of English literature. The first and most interesting quarter of the present work is a refutation of Taine's doctrine that literature is "explainable" in terms of race, environment, and time (or the *moment*). It is of course not difficult to shatter the assumptions of nineteenth-century racial heredity by summarizing the rich confusion of twentieth-century anthropology and eugenics. Following a résumé of nationality, language, and various pseudo-scientific criteria like "marked differences in bodily structure," facial angle, and cephalic index as definitions of race, Professor Guérard concludes that cultural elements, among which he includes "the political, economic, and social regime," are of vastly more importance than race. As for Taine's conception of time, he makes it indistinguishable from environment: "*Time* adds nothing real to environment: for *environment* exists only in time." Breaking down this distinction leads, it is true, to some unnecessary remarks on the good and the bad role of tradition in literature. But it also makes possible an ampler treatment of that one of the three forces described by Taine which holds the most interest for us today—environment, which is further subdivided into climate and the economic, the political, and the social environments. After a desultory inquiry into the effects of fog and sunshine on national literature, the discussion finally gets to the point in the question to what extent the literary historian can accept economic determinism. Here Professor Guérard brings to the debate all the resources of a rich scholarship, a mellow perception of fundamental literary values, and general good sense. Admitting that the needs of food and shelter precede all other needs for the writer as for everyone else, that obviously no writer can write unless he is alive, this critic points out again that the appropriate realm of the writer is above or beyond the economic realm. In extreme cases, in the Sahara or at the North Pole, physical conditions may prevent culture from arising at all; to this extent culture is "determined." But in civilized countries the connection between material opportunities and cultural development is not always inevitable: the so-called human factor seriously disturbs the logic. Of the four economic states which are examined pragmatically, that is, from the standpoint of their actual cultural accomplishment, the commercial is found to be in all times the most congenial and therefore the richest for literature. The pastoral exists only as a sentimental or retrospective delusion; the agricultural by itself is "heavily dumb"; and the true industrial state does not yet exist. "Literature under the industrial dispensation may be no less great, but it will be different." The chapter on the political environment is the most stimulating in the book. It is here that we find the paradox that a state ruled by an "inefficient tyranny" is the most suitable for the writer. Ineffective despotism "breeds a moderate amount of discontent and therefore thought"; opposition to it creates "a sense of daring, adventure, heroism"—all attitudes appealing to the literary mind. In the last analysis what is required is a regime permitting some scope to conflict, a society which does not impose the bonds either of too great liberty or too great restraint. Professor Guérard concludes his reinterpretation of Taine with a statement which should be tacked over the desk of everyone writing on literature today: "A literary problem is not merely one with three unknown quantities: it is one with an unknown number of unknown quantities."

There is not room to offer a summary of the later sections on "the author as a social type," on the book-reading public, and on the future of American letters. Much in these chapters is unfortunately a condensation in print of what might better have been allowed to evaporate in the lighter air of the classroom. They deal with matters too superficial, too antiquated, or too remote to be of much interest. Only in the chapter entitled Literature in Utopia does Professor Guérard suggest a possible application of the conclusions of his earlier section to the present and the immediate future. The trouble with all Utopias, it is successfully demonstrated, is that they lead to stagnation. But "the Utopia just ahead, the dream born of protest, will save us from the slough of self-satisfaction." According to such a view literature has rarely had a more favorable opportunity for development than the present, in which a situation fertile of protest has created the hope of a Utopia still sufficiently remote not to exercise its real effects of "conformity and dulness." To be consistent with his interpretation of literary history, Professor Guérard should embrace the dream of social revolution as the only generating force capable of saving literature in a period which *does* believe that its Constitution, its economic regime, and the rest are "fundamentally and unchangeably right." Such a view would not commit him to a belief in Utopia—only to a more defined acceptance of "the Utopia just ahead," which he admits is the only kind of Utopia in which literature can flourish or even have its being. WILLIAM TROY

The Chinese Mind

My Country and My People. By Lin Yutang. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

MR. LIN YUTANG, who is well known through his humorous articles in the Lün Yu (*Fortnightly Analects,* a magazine of the *New Yorker* type in China), has written among other things a brilliant analysis of the Chinese mind, its characteristics, political institutions, social customs, and achievements in art and literature. Mr. Lin has studied both in Europe and in America. He is familiar with Western cultural elements and often compares and contrasts them with those of China in "My Country and My People."

The Chinese mind, as he gives it, is nothing more than the development of his own, disciplined in the intellectual decorous traditions of Confucius, relaxing in Taoistic simplicity. In China, when a man succeeds, he is a Confucian. That is his working mood. When he fails, he is Taoistic, in a playing mood adapted to soothe his wounded soul. But when neither the moral conduct of the Confucian nor the mysterious placidity of the Taoist satisfies him, he still has the metaphysics of Buddha to fall back upon. Buddhism is the only element borrowed from abroad by the Chinese mind. And Buddhism has long been completely naturalized in China. Christianity has not—and that is one reason why it has failed to enjoy the same prestige. It is interesting to see that though Mr. Lin was brought up in a mission school, he has not accepted its salvation.

Let us picture a Chinese student, as he is drawn by Mr. Lin, coming to Western universities. He has learned that the salvation of China must be the mastery of Western knowledge. Or so he thinks. He marvels at the system that graduates a bachelor in four years, a master in one year more, and a doctor in still another two. It takes him seven years to realize that this kind of education consists of nothing but a number of sheepskins written in mysterious letters. Of course he has dutifully learned to dance, to go to vaudeville, and to yell at a football game—perhaps even to swing a golf stick. But underneath he has hated all these as mere noise and restless activity. And he has suffered the stiff dog-collars, and hungered for real Chinese meals. His intellectual horizon is far wider than that of the average American student. Finally after years of exile, nearing forty, he returns to China. What has he to show? The Western education seems to have slid off him as water from a duck. Now he cannot see how he could have endured it so long, that lack of comfortable dress, that divorce from his own delicious food, that incessant movement about things that are not important. And he feels that the poetry and painting of his forefathers suit him far better than any substitutes he has found in the West. Life begins at forty!

Such a student has felt within him the Confucian motivation of hard work; now he falls back on Taoistic laughter. Even the menace of the Japanese fails to alarm him now. He has succeeded, and failed. He is ready to accept China for better or for worse. He feels no longer a great crusading spirit for things Western, though he acknowledges the necessity for reform. Yet he has nothing startling to offer.

This is the picture Mr. Lin has given, and in it I can see many of my friends. Lin Yutang is one of the most distinguished Chinese. He knows China and the West. It is only through such a mind that the true analysis of China can be written. Much has been written on China, but mostly by foreigners who may have lived there thirty years, yet have never learned the language well, never visited in Chinese homes, never familiarized themselves with Chinese literary traditions or with Chinese food. Such a man has been satirized by Lin Yutang as "the old China hand."

As for himself, Mr. Lin sees many virtues in Confucianism, but he does not, as some do, advocate going back to it. He is against a government by gentlemen and unwritten laws. Rather than borrow more morals, he urges prisons for politicians. "What China needs is neither benevolence nor righteousness nor honor, but simple justice, and the courage to shoot those officials who are neither benevolent nor righteous nor honorable." A government such as that encouraged at the end of the third century, B. C., by Hanfeitze, the legalist, is more to his liking.

It is true that the Chinese never execute an official. An official is symbolically a gentleman, though, as Mr. Lin says, not every official can be a gentleman. A gentleman's face must be saved. Even the scholarly general of a rebel faction, if he loses, will be sent at government expense for an indefinite stay abroad in order to make some important studies and research. A gentleman, if he is sufficiently well known, may even be a Communist in China. But he runs the risk of being offered some very honorable sinecure which will effectively cut short his freedom of movement and which may, by its very advantage in money and position, betray him to the opposite camp. It is only the small fry who suffer the ignominy of execution.

Lin Yutang does not think that communism could save China. A communistic state in which the human individual is regarded as a member of a class or state rather than of a family would at once lose its attractiveness in the Confucian organism. "Against all systems as such, the human being asserts his right to exist and to seek happiness. For more important than all the political rights is man's right to happiness." Nor does he look to any other foreign *ism.* "A fascist China would have a hard time persuading the Chinese that the strength of the nation is more important than the welfare of the individual." He remarks of such foreign importations: "Even the most fast-dyed and fadeless kind lose color in a Chinese laundry and give off only a stinking laundry-steam odor. . . ."

Being unable to believe, furthermore, in another revolution, of whatever nature, Mr. Lin contends that the salvation of China must lie with some future great leader, one who ignores the face, fate, and favor of traditional China, but who will legalize the underlying morality and discipline of the Chinese mind. Reading him, one gathers that Mr. Lin has become a conservative liberal.

"My Country and My People" is not just another book on China. It has something to say, and says it with charm and humor. YOUNGHILL KANG

Utopia in Springfield

Vachel Lindsay. By Edgar Lee Masters. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THIS book is one of the most interesting and fantastic biographies in contemporary American literature. Written by Masters, who tried to reform the Middle West after his own precept—freedom from middle-class morality and sectionalism—its subject is Lindsay, who consecrated his life, even as a priest might, to building in America, and specifically in Springfield, Illinois, a spiritual Utopia.

The merest outline of Vachel Lindsay's life is fascinating, and Masters gives all the exotic data, the naive diaries and letters and Mrs. Lindsay's terrible story of her husband's growing depression and suicide. With these data Masters does very little except faithfully to chronicle details and then to argue his own, rather than Lindsay's, case. Lindsay, Masters thinks, might have been saved had he found an outlet in sex. To him Lindsay is the horrible example of the way in which the East, dominated by the Jews who cannot be Americans, ruins the native artist of the Middle West. Here, in other words, is some very illogical thinking. Nevertheless, Masters appreciated Lindsay the man and the poet, and knew all about him, and Masters alone could have written this amazing book.

Lindsay's life could, of course be reviewed as a case history. He was strongly dominated by his mother, and he did have a virgin complex. He considered himself consecrated to a great task. But Lindsay, and Masters himself for that matter, can be more fully explained on other grounds.

The facts of Lindsay's life are pretty generally known. The poet who peddled his wares from door to door, who starved until he was taken up and became the famous American minstrel and jazz singer, was so curious a figure, even in the poetic revival of 1914, that his story is familiar. What is not so well known is that Lindsay was forced always thereafter to earn his living by reciting and singing his most popular poems, and that this, in time, killed him.

As I have intimated, Lindsay can, I believe, be explained, and very fairly, in terms of his social background. Especially is this true if we allow the term social background to cover the family training to which the average child of this period, and Lindsay in particular, was subjected. America at that time was just coming into an awareness of its lack of culture; the middle class especially felt this. Vachel Lindsay, perhaps more than most children, was made to feel this American lack. His mother had wished to be an artist. Her son, therefore, was to fulfil her thwarted aspirations. Being a very religious woman, she thought that art and beauty might bring back to the commercial-minded Americans of her day the old Christian virtues. Lindsay adopted her conclusions. He did not see that in his America these virtues were on the decline. Undaunted by the contradictions between the idealism he accepted and the practical materialism of his actual world, Lindsay went through school and college and then began to study art. Having failed as an artist, he began, with the same adolescent idealism upon which he had been suckled, to prepare himself to be a poet-prophet. He read anything and everything, Occidental or Oriental, that fed his unreal dream of what his task might be. Obviously he assimilated and organized very little of what he read. Meanwhile he avoided the practical and the commercial world because he feared it. He fed his naive imagination on theories of goodness, on old legends, and on fairy lore. Lindsay was "stuck fast in yesterday." He was caught between two worlds, his mother's and his own.

Comparison may make this matter clearer. Lindsay was born about the time that Whitman died. He had many of Whitman's ideas. Like Whitman he regarded himself as poet-prophet. Like Whitman he believed in equality, justice, unity, democracy of the Jeffersonian variety. But Whitman had lived and prophesied when these ideas were within the realm of possibility—in an age of expansion. Lindsay lived in an America in which industry was reaching the stage of monopoly. Whitman had been born of sturdy peasant stock. Lindsay was born of middle-class parents just at the period when it became fairly certain that this class would reach no general flowering, build no high degree of culture, before, as a class, it was undermined. Lindsay, holding all of Whitman's ideals, lived in a world where these ideals were denied. Had he been born in Whitman's era, Lindsay might, very possibly, have chosen the career of the evangelical ministry. It would have suited him, and it was at that time a career of which society approved. Born too late, trained in an outdated idealism and individualism, given the usual poor veneer of an American education, Lindsay could do but one thing—retreat, in truth, from the very world he desired to change. He dreamed dreams and saw visions and for a time these sufficed him. But as he grew older he escaped more and more into the realm of fantasy. Like Whitman, Lindsay was a great myth-maker, but his own America had no heroes whom he could admire. He had to find them in the past or in such figures as Bryan, the belated Jeffersonian.

All his life Lindsay desired to write a Utopia. His "Golden Book of Springfield, Illinois" is his attempt. It proves that a man without political or practical knowledge cannot construct a Utopia, for in this book Lindsay is merely the propounder of riddles and the spinner of fairy tales. No wonder the citizens of Springfield thought him a little mad.

Lindsay, in fact, never matured. He remained the adolescent dreamer because he could not bear to grow up in his world. He could not fit into his society and he could not change it. Like Blake he was forced by an alien society to build his own system of symbols. But whereas Blake was truly progressive and mature, Lindsay was a chaos of forces for and against progress. He never became an integrated personality. While he was still young his imagination fused at times with certain ideas, and his finest poems were the result. A kind of Christian socialist, whose mind was charmed with the exotic, Lindsay sometimes found a theme to inspire him. But as his life went on he saw that his heroes were destroyed, that the religion he preached was unpracticed, that he himself had become a mere entertainer for the comfortable, bored middle class. Finally, knowing himself to be a failure as prophet and feeling his mind going, he took lysol.

The exuberant, individualistic, and highly didactic poets of the Middle West of this period had but little time in which to sing. The contradictions between their visions and reality were too great for them—for Lindsay, for Masters, and for Sandburg. They all had their messages which went unheeded. And soon the disillusioned, bitter, and more realistic youngsters who were to follow them appeared, better equipped and shorn of all romanticism. The romantic revival, which had, in this country, come too late, was ended and the dreams of individualistic glory Lindsay had believed in were blotted from the minds of all thinking people. EDA LOU WALTON

Collectivism—Under Whose Control?

Government in Business. By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IN the past Stuart Chase, in his more formal economic writings, has usually been content to expose the inefficiencies, the wastes, the injustices, and the hypocrisies of the profit system, and let it go at that. This task he has, it is true, performed more effectively, more entertainingly, and more brilliantly than any other contemporary writer. Up to the present, however, Mr. Chase has usually refused to follow his thoroughgoing diagnosis of economic ills with as thoroughgoing a prescription of how these evils might best be dealt with. He has vaguely spoken of the need for abolishing the "price system," of substituting planning for chaos, and has occasionally slapped together a few planks dealing with next steps in economic progress, in the final pages of his books. But his emphasis has been on the evils of capitalism, not on what should be done about them.

In his latest book, "Government in Business," Mr. Chase has begun the less dramatic, more controversial, more difficult, and yet more important task of constructing a bridge from a profit to a non-profit economy. With a zest and vividness that is distinctly Chasian, he has brought up to date the works on collectivism of the Shaws, the Davieses, the Thompsons, the Webbs, the L. I. D., and others, and has clearly set forth the startling trends toward public ownership and public regulation here and abroad during the last generation or so. From his watch tower at Redding he sees the government, whether we like it or not, entering almost all phases of business life. In the United States, during the pre-war days, "private enterprise could look over its great realm without a qualm. In spite of bitter criticisms by Socialists and humanitarians, the system met the pragmatic test." The war, however, led to the development of a vast network of war collectivism, a part of which persisted. Then came the new capitalism and the New Deal.

Chase describes the manner in which the New Deal has been striving to bolster up the capitalist order during the last two years with state subsidies—thus far socializing, not profits, but deficits—and brings to our attention the progress made toward public ownership. He catalogues the forces that are tending to undermine the system of private enterprise, describes the needs of the masses that can be met only by the substitution of collective for individual control, maps out the fields which, in his opinion, might be left to private initiative, calls attention to the advantages of the new type of government corporations over government departments, and discusses the problems of incentive, compensation, and management that a collectivist society will have to face.

In doing this he makes a contribution of distinct value to the whole confused problem of the relation of government to business, a contribution which no student of social trends today can with impunity ignore. The main lack in the book is in the author's failure to analyze with any degree of thoroughness the relative social advantages of various types of collectivism. To Mr. Chase the AAA's effort to subsidize scarcity is an example of collectivism no less than the government's development of electricty through its Tennessee Valley Authority, and frequently attempts at regulation are placed on a par with attempts at public ownership and management. Nor does the author analyze carefully the advantages and disadvantages of collectivism under different types of class control of the state. State ownership under a Fascist or a Nazi state is a far cry from collectivism under a democratic state. The question who controls the government is one of prime importance in any discussion of whether trends toward further state control should be encouraged or discouraged. And yet this problem is given only passing attention by the author. Mr. Chase has likewise left practically untouched the problem of democratic representation in public industry, a problem to which the guild socialists have contributed so much of value.

It is to be hoped that the whole question of the development of democratic organizations of labor in the economic and political fields as a means of advancing into the economy of abundance will receive the author's careful attention in future volumes. It is to be regretted that in setting forth his views on the subject he did not see his way clear to call greater attention to the rich literature on public ownership here and abroad. In the meantime we are grateful to him for making it clear beyond a shadow of a doubt that the "rugged individualism" of the past can never return. HARRY W. LAIDLER

A Citation of T. S. Eliot

The Achievement of T. S. Eliot. By F. O. Matthiessen. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.25.

THE great temptation in writing of T. S. Eliot's poetry is to batten upon the frequent illuminations provided for it in his critical essays; and to this temptation Mr. Matthiessen has again and again given in. His book is a citation rather than an examination of Eliot's work, and the circulating energy—what keeps the book going and unites its effects—is Mr. Matthiessen's felt appreciation of Eliot's governing obsessions. Thus the successive crises of interpretation and judgment tend naturally without a jar to appear as unrelieved quotation. There could be no better testimony of the scope, the consistency, and the expressive persuasiveness of Eliot's work once one gives in to it, and no clearer warning, perhaps, of the intellectual necessity of not always and never entirely giving in either to Eliot himself or, now, to Mr. Matthiessen's redaction. One gives in intellectually, emotionally, with all a reader's equipment, to find out what is there, but one draws back both to see what is not there and to situate what is. However valuable Mr. Matthiessen's book is, its very method of approach prevents it from being enough.

The advantage of the method is obvious: it keeps the discussion in terms which are actually pretty much those of Eliot's work. But the disadvantage is striking: there are no tools for detachment, for setting off, for placing Eliot, as Mr. Matthiessen attempts to do, in relation to the contemporary world and the body of poetry. It is a method which leads at its worst to the distortions of a sectary rather than the developments of a disciple or the elucidations of the genuine critic.

The trouble is, I think, that Mr. Matthiessen brings Eliot's poetry to judgment without, for the most part, having passed beyond the stage of reading it. He recites his adventure and represents its exciting details, and what he recites is an illuminating account of an immersion; but that is all he actually does, and it is not the equivalent of judgment. It is better than the application of a preconcerted formula of what poetry ought and ought not to be; and it is better, as Mr. Matthiessen himself ably argues, than judging poetry by some formula of politics or religion or of some snobbery of morals; it is better because it is at least an immersion in the poetry and not an immersion of the poetry in something else—to see, perhaps, what color it turns—which is what most judgment comes to. There is a question whether judgment is possible and if possible whether it can stand. But if it is possible and if it is to stand, it must be the product of an experience beyond the best reading, an experience very like remaking the poetry it-

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self. That is why Ezra Pound was right in saying that the best criticism of Flaubert was in the novels of Henry James. Since good criticism is not all in novels and poetry, we may say, perhaps, that criticism approaches valid judgment when it remakes its object, after and in consequence of the intimacy of immersion, in generalized or intellectual terms. Thus we schedule and point the consonance of art and life. These remarks would not apply to Mr. Matthiessen were it not for his declared intention: "My one aim in this essay is to evaluate Eliot's method and achievement as an artist. . . ." That aim, with his method of citation and still dripping from immersion, Mr. Matthiessen could only partly achieve.

But if we mark that limit for his book, there is yet in it plenty of material, both that which is enlightening on the way and that which directly aids a genuine evaluation of Eliot's achievement. There can be nothing but approval of the fact that Mr. Matthiessen's approach to Eliot's poetry "is through close attention to its technique," and of the assertion that "what matters is not what a poem says, but what it *is.*" Especially valuable are the chapters on "The Objective Correlative" and "The Auditory Imagination"—and these because they come nearest to the positive act of remaking the poems. For the rest, especially for the unoriented reader, the book is full of instruction for reading in the light of the two phrases just quoted.

R. P. Blackmur

A Novel of the New South

A Sign for Cain. By Grace Lumpkin. Lee Furman. $2.50.

"A SIGN FOR CAIN" does not disappoint the expectations which Miss Lumpkin raised in "To Make My Bread." It is, indeed, a novel which makes you feel and makes you think; and your thinking and your feeling merge to reinforce each other. There are yeast and vitality in the protest it makes, but there are also yeast and vitality in the narrative it tells, which, though long in getting under way, moves finally at top speed with the genuine pulse of life. In writing of highly contemporary matters in a small Southern town Miss Lumpkin recounts things of which all social-minded people have long been aware, but she much increases their awareness. In writing propaganda she so unanswerably reveals the need for propaganda that her book, instead of reading like a plea, reads like a vindication.

Miss Lumpkin's Southern town is not synthetic but organic. Its inhabitants, black or white, are not simply a part but also a product of the place, and react to conditions equally in terms of human character and of regional conditioning. Those who have left the town and come back to it are recognizably changed for having been away. The town itself is just what we know a reactionary Southern town can be. At the top are the Gaults. Old Colonel Gault, whose fortunes started to decline after the Civil War, is a condescending patrician toward the town and a condescending patriarch toward his black servants. One son, Charles, is a genteel rector schooled against facing facts; his other son, Jim, is an embittered wastrel and souse; his daughter Caroline, a twice-divorced New York novelist, is a highfaluting individualist. There is also the Colonel's wealthy sister Evelyn, to whom he has not spoken for years because she married a successful poor white who trampled on the high ideals of the South.

Back from the North, and ostensibly back into the Colonel's fold, comes his former servant, a young Negro named Denis, whose real purpose in returning is to organize his people. Denis is a Communist. So are two or three white people in the town. While these few go about their work, the Gaults sink farther into poverty and inertia. Then Jim Gault, while liquored up, murders his Aunt Evelyn. Denis and another young Negro are arrested and charged with the murder. They come within an ace of being lynched by an excited crowd; Denis's companion is manhandled until he signs a "confession"; and before their case can come to trial, Jim Gault, again liquored up, avenges the murder of his aunt by shooting them down.

Whatever may, in general, differentiate drama from melodrama must be ignored in any story dealing with Negroes in the South. There is very little in "A Sign for Cain" which has not had its counterpart in the newspaper headlines; there is very little which, in Miss Lumpkin's carefully planned and vigorously projected narrative, fails to seem plausible. If some of her people are fantastic, undernourished caricatures it is because there are people in Southern towns who *are* fantastic, undernourished caricatures. We know how large a part their ignorant and misguided prejudices play in the lives of a Colonel Gault, a Judge Bell, a Sheriff Harrison; we know to what extent the Southerner has mastery over the man. And because we know these things, we not only accept the complete movement of Miss Lumpkin's story toward its tragic ending, but are also aroused by it. It is in that sense that our thinking and our feeling go hand in hand, without conflict. For the real problem of this book, it should be pointed out, is the Negro problem, not the Communist problem. What happens to Denis happens to him as a Negro, not as a Communist. And if Miss Lumpkin happens to be speaking for communism too, it is as a solution of the difficulties of men like Denis, and not as a cause.

My only serious criticism of "A Sign for Cain" has to do with Jim Gault's shooting of Denis and Ficents. However sound it may be psychologically, however double-dyed an irony it serves to provide, it makes for a kind of confusion of the social issues at stake in the book. What we needed here was, in some detail, an account of Denis's and Ficents's trial, even though we may have foreseen its outcome. In that way we should have had, socially, a more significant indictment; we should have witnessed *legal* injustice in the South, which is something even more heinous, and a great deal more terrifying, than private villainies or caste behavior. But except for that, here is a book to read and profit by. If Miss Lumpkin is not in all respects a finished writer, she is something more important—a real novelist. The force of this book, I submit, resides even more in its story-telling than in its plainly needed propaganda.

Louis Kronenberger

Jeffers and the Tragic Sense

Solstice and Other Poems. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.

MR. JEFFERS has been something of a puzzle to the critics, who have called him everything from a talented thrill-monger to a major voice comparable with Shakespeare and Homer. The difficulty has been partly that no one quite knew what all his magnificent sound and fury were about; the obscurity lay not in his language—for he is easier to read than most contemporary poets—but in his intentions. This new volume should help to clarify matters. It may be considered as a summation and, in a sense, as a realization of all that he has been trying to do heretofore. Not only does it contain some of his best poetry, but it makes explicit the ideas and values upon which his work has been based and toward whose elaboration it has been tending.

"Solstice and Other Poems" contains two long poems, the title piece and At the Birth of an Age, and eighteen shorter pieces. Solstice, another tale of violence in the California hinterland, is what we have come to regard as the typical Jeffers poem. Again the author makes use of a Greek theme, this time the Medea story. The protagonist, the newly divorced wife of a rancher, kills her children when their father, to whom they have been awarded by the court, comes to take them away and to turn her out of their home. Mr. Jeffers parallels the Greek story so closely that the question inevitably arises: Why has he seen fit to retell it?

When a poet works over an old plot, he usually has something to add, whether it be a new insight into the motivation of characters or an oblique judgment on contemporary society. Nothing really significant, one feels, has happened to the minds of these people in the course of twenty-four centuries. The poet could have taken his plot from a tabloid just as easily as from a Greek play; the behavior patterns of his characters are as plausible today as they were in the fifth century B. C. But to change the scene from Corinth to the Carmel coast, and to have Medea carry away the murdered children in an old automobile instead of a winged chariot would hardly be sufficient reason for recasting the story; it would be about like putting Hamlet in plus fours. There are, indeed, elements of social criticism, of the obvious sort, in Mr. Jeffers's version. The divorce courts are criticized by implication, and the mother gives as a motive, or a pretext, for her act that she wishes to save the children from the stereotyped life of her husband's city. But such elements are not prominent enough to constitute the main point, and there is less of them than in Euripides.

When this poem is read together with the rest of the volume, it becomes apparent that Mr. Jeffers's point is not a criticism of our institutions; it is not even, primarily, to state the recurrence of a universal pattern. What he wishes to state is not so much a recurrence as a reversion. The emotions of his characters are simpler, fiercer, and more direct than those of the Greek characters. Madrone Bothwell hesitates less, and makes less attempt to justify herself, than Medea, who was, it must be remembered, not only a barbarian but a witch. Mr. Jeffers, a behaviorist, is more objective than the Greeks. He returns not to the Age of Pericles but to the Age of Saturn. Rather than decadent Greeks, as they have been called, his characters are primitive Greeks.

The place which this primitivism occupies in the general context of his thought is shown by the longer and more important poem, At the Birth of an Age, and its preface. While disclaiming the role of prophet, Mr. Jeffers sets down certain thoughts which came to him as he was writing the poem and which "added themselves to the thought of the poem." We are, he believes, passing over the summit of the age in which we live, the Christian age. "Its civilization is the greatest, but also the most bewildered and the most self-contradictory, the least integrated, in some phases the most ignoble, that has ever existed. All these qualities, together with the characteristic restlessness of the age, its energy, its extremes of hope and fear, its passion for discovery, I think, are bred from the tension between its two poles, of Western blood and superimposed Oriental religion." The greater part of the poem dramatizes the conflict between the two factors of the Christian or modern spirit in a story taken from the close of the Nibelung Saga, written about the beginning of the era. Gudrun has married Attila the Hun in order to gain the power to revenge herself on her brothers Gunnar and Hoegni for their murder of her first husband, Sigurd. Having been subjected to Christian influences, she is no longer the pure child of the forest, and she relents and tries to save her brothers—only, however, after her vacillations have caused their death and that of her younger brother, Carling, whom she loves. Because of the conflicting tendencies within her, she has wrought "neither justice nor mercy."

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The tension between the two poles of the modern spirit, according to Mr. Jeffers, is beginning to weaken, as Christian faith dissolves into humanitarian ethics, which takes the forms of philanthropy, liberalism, socialism, and communism. The last third of the poem charts its dissolution, as the figure of the Christ fades and gives place to the Hanged God, identified with Woden, Prometheus, and young Carling of the story. This divinity pronounces a message of doom for our culture; neither the "gnomes of the chaste machines" nor the "scared rich" can save us. Mr. Jeffers not only foresees this decline; he welcomes it. Our civilization is impelled by the pursuit of happiness, which he equates with mechanical toys and physical comforts. But value, and especially the supreme value, tragedy, resides in the "shining pain"; and if we do not have it we must seek it:

> . . . We think
> there's a great wisdom in pain that's hidden from
> the happy.
> Woden's our God of Gods and no power could hurt him:
> then he could hurt himself to learn it.

Hence Mr. Jeffers's primitivism: he admires the primitive and the modern who is reverting to the primitive because they are integrated and because they suffer and inflict pain.

Mr. Jeffers's ideas, some would say, have little bearing on the merit of his poems, and should be noted only to pass on. But it is hard to adopt such an attitude of detachment when one recalls that Herr Hitler, too, worships Woden, and that he has given us the most fervent eulogies on the nobility of suffering delivered in our time. These lines, likewise, are good fascism:

> I can understand the guns and the airplanes,
> But the other conveniences leave me cold.

(Mr. Jeffers professes, however, to be a liberal, preferring the word "independence" to "en masse," and praising freedom, which is "poor and laborious.") When one goes on to learn that the poet prefers "blind war" to the "economics of the new abundance," and to read of the "dignity" of famine and the "tragic beauty" of rearmament, an attempt at a purely aesthetic evaluation of Mr. Jeffers's work would seem intolerable.

But his aesthetic will as little bear examination as his philosophy of history. His conception of the tragic sense of life is certainly not Hellenic, and it is not even "primitive." For primitive man subjected himself to a painful ordeal not as an end in itself but as a means of disciplining himself for the inescapable hardships of his life and of obtaining, through magical processes, certain desired practical results. And for the great classical writers, modern as well as Greek, tragedy lay not in the repudiation of happiness but in the failure, through some irreconcilable duality either in the human will or in the universe, to attain it. It is ironical that in the story of Gudrun alone of his dramatic poems has Mr. Jeffers written tragedy in the classical sense, and this despite his explicit intention. In the others he has given us the romantic substitute for tragedy, the terror without the pity. Mr. Jeffers himself may be considered a phenomenon of the Christian decadence; his lust for pain traces its descent to that perverted form of medieval asceticism which indulged in flagellation for its masochistic pleasures and not for the purification of the soul.

These matters are far from irrelevant to the question of Mr. Jeffers's stature as an artist, for shallow thinking usually results in tawdry emotions. It is only necessary, for example, to point to his frequent use of the theatrical symbol of the hawk and the hawk-faced man. Mr. Jeffers's range is broad but his focus is narrow, and the universality of understanding to be found in great poetry is absent. His technical equipment, while considerable, has, I think, been overrated, for there is flabbiness as well as power in those long rhythms, and he often requires shrapnel for an effect that another poet would achieve with a rifle or a dart. These things said, it remains undeniable that Mr. Jeffers is one of the bulkiest figures of his time. His vision of life commands respect for its vigor and its unity. In his perception of the decline of an old culture there is a grandeur which is not invalidated by his failure to detect the stirrings of a new. And he is, above all, a superb story-teller.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Karl Radek

Portraits and Pamphlets. By Karl Radek. With an Introduction by A. J. Cummings and Notes by Alec Brown. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

"PORTRAITS AND PAMPHLETS" is the first of Karl Radek's books to find mercy in the eyes of American publishers. Periodicals in this country, foremost among them *Foreign Affairs,* occasionally gave space to his brilliant essays on the passing scene. The readers of radical literature were fairly familiar with his works from not always skilful translations in Communist pamphlets and the Communist press. The public at large knew Radek as one of the most frequently quoted of Russian publicists. Of the genius of his more profound works, of his extraordinary knowledge of the cultural as well as the political backgrounds of the great and small nations of Europe, of his ability to read, speak, and write in half a dozen languages with equal fluency, they knew little or nothing.

How times change! In September, 1928, I received a letter from Karl Radek, who was then in exile in Tomsk, Siberia, in expiation of his Trotzkyist sins. Mrs. Radek, he wrote, was sending me from Moscow the manuscript of a series of essays entitled "Portraits and Pamphlets" which he hoped I would be able to place with some reputable American publishing firm. Radek was at that time in serious financial straits. His wife had returned to Moscow from her voluntary exile to earn a few rubles for herself and her husband. A sizable advance on his book would make it possible for him to concentrate on an ambitious treatise on Lenin's life and contribution to the Russian (Bolshevist) Revolution. The manuscript never arrived. I went from publisher to publisher nevertheless, in the vain hope that I might find one so unbusinesslike as to advance fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars toward the projected work. Needless to say I found no takers. They had no confidence in Radek's ability to get mail, particularly a bulky manuscript, past the eye of the watchful Russian censor. One or two even doubted that the merciless critic of the Stalin regime would remain alive long enough to produce the promised work.

All this somewhat mitigated my appreciation of "Stalin," the first of the sixteen pen pictures which make up his "Portraits and Pamphlets." No Nazi biographer could speak of his *Führer* with greater respect for his ability and achievements than Karl Radek of the Stalin of January, 1934. Is it really the ruthless satirist, the rebel Trotzkyist of yore, who writes this appreciation of the Russian leader?

> On Lenin's Mausoleum, surrounded by his immediate comrades in arms—Molotov, Kaganovich, Voroshilov, Kalinin, and Orjonikidze—stood Stalin in his gray soldier's great-coat. His calm eyes gazed thoughtfully on the hundreds of thousands of proletarians marching past Lenin's tomb with the firm step of shock troops, future conquerors of the capitalist world. He knew that he had fulfilled the vow he had uttered ten years before at Lenin's grave. And all the toilers of the U. S. S. R. and—what is more—the world revolutionary proletariat knew this too. And toward that compact, calm, rocky figure of our leader

> Stalin rolled the vast waves of love and confidence of the masses marching by, firm in knowledge that there, on Lenin's tomb, stood the general staff of the coming victorious world revolution. . . .

For all that, this chapter is the most valuable of the collection. Beyond its appreciation of Stalin the man and leader, it gives us a brilliant exposition of the theory of Stalinism in the later phase of the Russian Revolution. It clarifies the somewhat hazy conception of the outsider concerning the exact significance of the various "right" and "left" deviations. It explains the meaning of Trotzky's theory of the "permanent revolution" as opposed to Stalin's concept of "socialism in one country." It gives the inquiring reader a working concept of the difference between fascist and proletarian dictatorship. It presents the peasant-worker controversy and the attitude of the various revolutionary groups to the peasant question with something less than absolute historical accuracy. Read this chapter twice, but with mental reservations. Then make it your business to get the other side.

No one can write a series of biographies without betraying something of his own intellectual past. Paul Scheffer, author of a recent work on the Soviet Union, editor of the coordinated *Berliner Tageblatt,* and for years Moscow and American correspondent for that publication, once assured me that Radek joined the opposition more out of his intimate personal friendship for Trotzky than out of real conviction. Knowing this the reader cannot shake off the uncomfortable feeling of resentment that the author should feel it necessary to administer a gratuitous kick to the "dead" lion. Phrases such as "Trotzky, by proving for the benefit of imperialism, which was preparing to attack the U. S. S. R., . . ." and "despite all his 'left' phrases his standpoint did not differ in any way from that of the Dans and Scheidemanns . . ." a greater delicacy would have left to others. No one knows better than Radek how untrue it is to say: "Like the whole of the Second International, Trotzky, the Menshevik, capitulated before imperialism. As the second round of revolutions and wars began, he made his report to international capitalism: 'Your realm stands firm, socialism is a Utopia.'" In the same category belong the statement that "Stalin organized the Red Army from below," and the insistence that Stalin was not responsible for the mistakes made in the treatment of the Russian peasant.

A real treat is in store for the gourmet who appreciates fine political fare. The chapters on Woodrow Wilson, Friedrich Ebert, and Lloyd George are a delightful contribution to satirical literature. This is Radek at his truest and best, the merciless satirist, the penetrating mind whose scientific earnestness cannot quite conceal the keen delight he takes in his rapier-like thrusts against a political adversary. Still another Radek, the Polish sentimentalist, whose existence this cynic has always managed to conceal under a harsh outer coat of acerbity, makes his appearance in the chapters which deal with Felix Dzershinsky, the founder and director of the Cheka, whose Polish origin struck a responsive chord in his own Polish heart. There is tenderness and deep feeling in his story of the gifted writer Clarissa Reissner, who until her too early death a few years ago brought brightness and sweetness into the life of the hard-hitting young Polish Jew who had won his literary spurs as revolutionary journalist in the German, Swiss, Polish, and Russian labor movements.

The reader will be deeply impressed with the wide range of the author's scholarship and erudition. Certainly "Portraits and Pamphlets" is a panegyric on revolutionary socialism, the Soviet Union, and its leaders. But presenting its political convictions as it does against the rich, colorful, and often stormy background of the cultural life of our generation, what might in less skilled hands have been dry propaganda becomes a vivid intellectual achievement.

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The Wordsworths

The Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth (1787-1805). Arranged and Edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford University Press. $8.75.

THIS is the first of three volumes which will contain all the letters so far discovered in one of the most famous brother-and-sister relationships in literature. The first volume brings William and Dorothy together in the cottage at Grasmere where they spent perhaps the happiest years of their lives, and certainly for William the most productive. They were the early years of William's marriage to Mary Hutchinson, during which his two oldest children were born. Coleridge was still a dearly beloved friend. The famous debt from the Lonsdale family had not yet actually been paid, and the Wordsworth finances were precarious, necessitating, indeed, the most frugal manner of living. And William was busy pacing the country lanes and muttering poetry to himself, the best poetry he was to write in a long lifetime of literary production.

Dorothy's letters begin with schoolgirlish epistles to Jane Pollard, in whose family she had been brought up. They are taken up with ordinary missish chitchat, with lengthy apologies for not having written sooner, but they are full of the devotion to her brothers, particularly William, which was to govern her life. Her first day dream is of a cottage in which she and William might make themselves a home. She never thinks of a husband or children; apparently she never thought very seriously of them in her life. William and William's family—for he was not equal to Dorothy's single-minded devotion—were her family, too. She nursed William's children as faithfully as if they had been her own; his wife was her sister and friend. As the years progress Dorothy's letters become more mature, but they are still family letters, letters of friendship, love, devotion, family duty, and service. She reads, she spends long hours copying William's poems for him, she is nurse, household manager, midwife, and many times cook and laundress to the household; she companions William and Coleridge on walking tours through England and Scotland.

William, if he is less occupied with family matters, shows himself, in letters to old friends or to his brothers, no less concerned and devoted a brother and family man. His letters, earlier to university friends, later to Coleridge, and still later, when his fame was beginning to grow, to certain eminent literary men or to men of wealth and position who admired him—Walter Scott, De Quincy, Sir George Beaumont, Southey—are long, full of his plans, his work, his ideas, his thoughts about the world. He never doubted that he himself as a subject would be interesting to his correspondent; he never hesitated to inclose a poem, however long, that he had just written, to elucidate an idea at length. And in the main he was right in assuming that his letters would be a pleasure to read. Occasionally his self-confidence becomes a rather priggish egotism; once at least his complacent vanity is almost tragically ridiculous, as when, writing to Sir George Beaumont on the day he learned of the death of his brother John—a brother whom actually he dearly loved—he said in the second paragraph:

> Alas! what is human life! This present moment I thought this morning would have been devoted to the pleasing employment of writing a letter to amuse you in your confinement. I had singled out several little fragments which I purposed to have transcribed from my poems . . . thinking that the perusal of them might give you a few minutes' gratification; and now I am called to this melancholy office.

Such extreme moments of forgetting that he might forget himself were, however, rare. The letters as a whole give a well-rounded picture of a man. If they do not depict a man who might have written The Prelude or the other poems by which he will be remembered as long as English poetry is read, they are, by virtue of this very fact, further reminders that what a man writes and what he is have no necessary relationship to each other.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Studs Lonigan's World

Guillotine Party. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

ALMOST all Mr. Farrell's short stories deal with the milieu of the Studs Lonigan trilogy and might almost be chapters of those admirable novels. Indeed, one of the stories is, as Mr. Farrell tells us, the seed from which the cycle grew, and the whole collection seems to be made up of gleanings from the major work.

There can be no doubt of the importance of Farrell's writing. He has brilliantly exploited the theme of poverty, not primarily physical poverty—actual hunger plays small part in his books—but spiritual poverty. His people all live in what one of his few articulate characters calls "a poverty not only of mind but of spirit, even a poverty of the senses, so that they [can] scarcely even look at many things and enjoy them." Farrell's novels are perhaps more significant than Asch's and Dahlberg's because, though all deal with a similar theme, Asch and Dahlberg present individuals who are in one way or another shut out from any organized community life, whereas Farrell's characters are members of a rather self-conscious community. When we observe the defeat of his characters we also observe the deterioration of communal institutions—the family, the school, the church. The members of Studs's gang die early spiritual—and, indeed, physical—deaths because they are socially betrayed by institutions which have lost their power for good but not their power for harm.

Much of the interest of Farrell's books comes from his care to point out that his people are not done in by crude economic facts so much as by subtle social facts. Studs himself comes from a family that is (until 1929) comfortable and even prospectively wealthy. And we may assure ourselves of the rightness of Farrell's insight by contemplating, for example, the wealthy people of John O'Hara's novels, who are destroyed in much the same way, exhibiting the same incidental cruelties and sexual perversities.

What gives stature to Farrell's work is not merely that he presents the poverty of spirit but that he knows what causes it and what should take its place. He tells us that these people have no loyalty, no recognition of other egos than their own, that they drop a sick man's teeth in the gutter, leave their drunken pals to freeze in the snow, gang-shag, rape, torture the lone and defenseless, desert their gang leaders. These are the people, he is always implying, whom fascism organizes, exploiting their vices and desires, offering them power in terms of their cruelty and immaturity; and whether organized or not, he is saying, their debasement stands as a perpetual denial of the vaunt of culture and the intellect.

Yet, when the importance of Farrell's theme is understood, it is fair to ask whether he has made literature which is, in the sense in which Matthew Arnold used the word, adequate. Does it, that is, so synthesize modern life, or enough of it, as to give us emotional clarity? Admitting all that Farrell's books do, it is hard to feel that they do this.

Adequacy to modern life comes in two ways: from presenting an organized view of a scene so full and complex that it gives the reader a sense of understanding the principle behind the chaos of life—"Ulysses" is perhaps the best example of this; or it comes from presenting a situation in which the characters are able to act, even mistakenly, with some measure of ethical principle and free will and, by acting, to affirm the qualities essential to decent human life—and of this Malraux's "Man's Fate" is a great example.

Farrell's books are adequate in neither of these two ways. The segment of society which he presents is, as we have said, suggestive, even revelatory; but though it aids our understanding it does not sufficiently give the sense of the principle behind complexity in modern life; it is too simple, and complexity is not supplied by the introduction of the Insull débâcle or a Communist parade. Nor can Farrell's people be engaged in morally significant action, because the essence of the truth about them is that society has robbed them of principles and free will. Their action is ultimately induced by wills other than their own and it can only have elementary—however important—historical or sociological meaning. Whoever reads about these people is accepting an invitation to regard them with sympathy but always at a remove, from above looking down.

The limitations of Mr. Farrell's theme and treatment are perhaps better seen in his short stories than in his novels, for in the novels there is quasi-action in the passage of time, and the overexpansion of detail may pass for complexity. The short story, if it is not to be a mere sketch, must be the record of sharp and critical resolutions; it must turn brevity to account by using symbols; and its finest charm lies in telling more than it seems to say. But Mr. Farrell's stories tell scarcely more than the elementary fact, though they tell it sharply: a young priest loses his faith and breaks his vows; a young husband struggles to be happy in his poverty-threatened marriage; students in a parochial school are inflamed against pacifism; the Merry Clouters torture a Negro boy, then desert their leaders in a gang fight; a Greek leaves his Arcadian flocks and becomes a Marathon dancer in America. And so on with the forceful underscoring of observed facts which can never be sufficiently underscored but which, of themselves, do not make a literature adequate to modern life. Yet there is so much awareness in Mr. Farrell (his later novels exhibit it better than these stories) and so much power of growth (the superiority of the novels to the stories attests it, for most of the stories predate the best of the novels) that one can be confident that he will see this for himself.

LIONEL TRILLING

History of Science

A History of Science, Technology, and Philosophy in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By A. Wolf. The Macmillan Company. $7.

THIS book is packed with information much of which is difficult of access to the ordinary reader. To have brought it within a single pair of covers and to have done so in such a readable manner is a notable achievement.

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FAREWELL TO POVERTY
By MAURICE PARMELEE

Wolf has taken pains to bring together for the amusement as well as instruction of his readers. There are 316 of these, many of them rare outside of museums. Especially in the chapters on technology they are a great help to the reader's understanding of the exposition, besides being, of course, of interest in themselves.

As for the text, the author is particularly masterful in his analyses of important scientific writings, which constitute a considerable portion of the book. Leaving aside the few who are acquainted with these writings at first hand, most educated people know them in the form of hackneyed summaries, which select unscrupulously from the standpoint of contemporary interest and for that reason are far from providing a historical understanding of the works summarized. Professor Wolf seeks to give his readers an appreciation of these contributions in terms of the past situation which their authors were trying to meet. Sometimes these expositions assume some familiarity on the reader's part with the detailed subject matter of the science in question and will be of value only to specially prepared students; in most cases a reader with a fair general education can follow the entire discussion.

The book opens with a brief summary of the heritage of the two centuries under portrayal and an account of the gradual secularization of knowledge which paved the way for the rapid advance of modern science. Chapters are then devoted to the Copernican astronomy, Galileo, the early development of scientific academies and instruments, the contributions of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, and the Newtonian "synthesis" in the form of the law of universal gravitation. There follow successively chapters on mathematics, the main branches of physics, meteorology, chemistry, geology, geography, the biological sciences, and medicine. At this point a hundred pages are given to the technological advances of the period, and the volume concludes with a chapter each on psychology, the social sciences, and philosophy.

Any reviewer of a book covering such a vast amount of ground will be sure to find statements which will seem to him one-sided, or apt to suggest to the reader misleading implications. I have no doubt that Professor Wolf would have a scholarly rejoinder to objections that might be raised on the score of certain passages at which I paused. Of more concern from the critical standpoint is the nature of the author's historical scholarship. There are limitations here which are unfortunate for the kind of undertaking on which he has embarked. He is meticulous, cautious, objective, encyclopedic in dealing with the masses of detail which he has gathered, and these are difficult virtues to exemplify when one takes the whole course of scientific progress under his wing. But he has little constructive, synoptic vision of his material, nor does he bring it into unity in the mind of his reader. The things that occurred in these two centuries are just so many different things that occurred; there is no reason for them and no underlying continuity. Accordingly, the book is not strictly a history of scientific thought in the period dealt with; it is a group of rather detached historical sketches of particular branches of science, as classified and separated by a later period. The living march of the Western mind as it reaches out for new conquests during these centuries in the main escapes Professor Wolf.

I think the explanation for this absence of unity is in part to be found in the author's stereotyped anti-theological bias in his assessment of medieval thought and the meager function which he evidently assigns to philosophy. For him the sciences gradually escape into full intellectual freedom from the superstitions of theology and the hampering speculations of philosophers. I do not mean that he allows no function or validity to these latter enterprises, but that in their medieval and early modern forms they have for him no vital and illuminating continuity with the development of scientific thinking. As for philosophy, Professor Wolf ends his book with a chapter of forty-five pages on the speculations of the period, an isolated summary of the history of philosophy during the centuries covered. But what a glorious opportunity he had given himself to show how philosophic ideas were interwoven with the observations and experiments of the scientists he has analyzed, unifying their otherwise separate achievements and attaining integration in new directions from them! He does not see how in a complex transformation of culture one great idea after another gradually emerges in such a way that their sequence and amalgamation provide dynamic continuity in the efforts of individual thinkers. To be sure, such suggestions of unity in the thought of an age must be offered in full recognition of their liability to correction. But without them we are writing fragmentary essays, not the history of the scientific mind at its most creative period.

I say this not to detract from the honor due Professor Wolf for the monumental labor embodied in this book and for the values which it indisputably possesses. It seemed pertinent to indicate a treatise on the same theme which remains to be written.

E. A. BURTT

Librarians and Books

Living with Books. The Art of Book Selection. By Helen E. Haines. Columbia University Press. $4.

THE subtitle of this book indicates that it is primarily a manual for library-school students and for those "whose work lies with books and readers in educational or social fields or in book-trade relationship." As such it touches upon the history of publishing, book-selling, and library service; it deals with the physical make-up of books, with bibliography, reviewing, and the fine art of annotation; it devises and suggests standards by which books shall be selected; it comments upon hundreds of series, collections, and editions of ancient and modern classics and of works in every branch of the printed manifestation of man's agitated and self-important spirit.

Obviously, a lay reader must be a ferocious bibliomaniac to open such a book at all. But when he does open it, a surprise awaits him. Embedded in the utilitarian and admonitory matter that forms the skeleton of this book is a profusion of shrewd and discriminating observation, of acute and illuminating criticism, revealing a true humanist. The discussions of fiction, of the American attitude toward translations, of censorship, the pages on biography and on poetry, make one regret that Miss Haines did not make two books out of the contents of this volume—a textbook proper and a collection of essays on literature.

As might be expected, the shortcomings of the book, judged by the canons of a frequenter of great literature, are rather those of its intention than of its accomplishment. It is a fact which may be asserted without loftiness that a public library is like a gramophone shop: as the "Liebestraum" will be considered a classic by the custodians of the one, so will "The Adventures of David Grayson" by those of the other. Though Miss Haines is not a librarian, nevertheless there is a fearful lot of junk in some of her selected lists of books, in those on philosophy and religion, for example. We see here the influence of a lifelong association with librarians and their bibliographic output—which is recurrently, on each occasion, composed half of the classics and half of the "best" of the current season (Aristotle and Trine, Aristotle and Durant, Aristotle and Keyserling, Aristotle and Dimnet). However, for this wind of a civilized spirit blown through one of the social services, we should be extremely grateful.

LEWIS GALANTIERE

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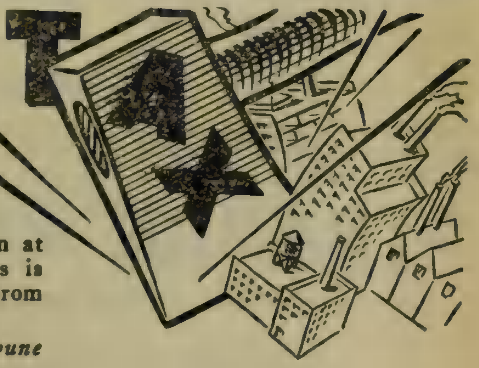

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Life of Cézanne

Paul Cézanne. By Gerstle Mack. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

GERSTLE MACK has written a thorough, dependable biography of Paul Cézanne, in which errors of previous writers are carefully checked and apocryphal stories conclusively disproved or verified. The book is so commendable a piece of research that it is to be regretted the author saw fit to ignore many of the implications of the material he unearthed.

One is not to be surprised, therefore, if after a reading of Gerstle Mack's biography Cézanne remains as much a puzzle as after a reading of Roger Fry's study of his art. Both Fry and Mack implicitly accept a dichotomy between art and life. To Fry, Cézanne remained the paradox of a classic master formed by the repression of a naturally romantic nature; to Gerstle Mack he is but an aesthetic foil to the insensitive bourgeois of the period. Beyond question Cézanne did not exaggerate the callousness of the bourgeois or, for that matter, the stupid, rigid conservatism of the official art world of his day. But to interpret Cézanne and his work in terms of his revolt against aesthetic obtuseness is to take sides in a conflict whose issues are settled and to neglect the opportunity of comprehending Cézanne through comprehension of the nature of his revolt.

Gerstle Mack neither undertakes that broader interpretation nor provides his reader with the background necessary for the task. Against such a background Cézanne would no longer appear as an unaccountable, psychopathic recluse but as the epitome of art removed from life, in which justification of painting is unconsciously sought in a hocus-pocus about "expressing nature" and "realizing a motif." Granted Cézanne's congenitally unstable, tempestuous nature and a disruptive family relation tending to keep him from normal social intercourse—a picture most adequately drawn by Gerstle Mack—one more than ever wants to know why Cézanne, completely uninterested in the vast industrial, social, and political changes and in the intellectual movements of his time, should have become the "father of modern art"—an art claimed to be organically related to modern life.

Lacking an orientation that would give a measure for selection Gerstle Mack introduces much unnecessary material. The name Marius Roux, for example, when first introduced is dismissed with the words, "they played but a small part in each other's later lives." Numerous letters and references belabor the fact that Cézanne could not remain long in any one place and that until he was forty-seven he was dependent upon his father for money.

In this extensive biography, notable for its accuracy and unique in that it is the first fully documented life of Cézanne, the author rarely rises above the factual. Yet when he does, as in his treatment of Le Père Tanguy, the gentle, old paintmaker whose shop was crammed with canvases bartered for tubes of color, he writes very movingly.

The book contains more than one hundred hitherto unpublished letters from Cézanne to Zola, Pissarro, Solari, and others; some forty well-chosen illustrations of the artist's work; a number of photographs of Cézanne and of his family; and an appendix of the artist's youthful verse. As a dignified volume on a great painter, so unlike a recent treatment of one of Cézanne's contemporaries, it will remain the one indispensable source for those who undertake to interpret the modern master.

C. ADOLPH GLASSGOLD

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Lo, the Poor Liberal!

Lord Brougham. By G. T. Garratt. The Macmillan Company. $5.50.

LIKE many another nineteenth-century figure, Henry Brougham has been consistently and wilfully misrepresented. Except as the sponsor of a vehicle, the butt of Peacock's wit, and the donor of the gardens at Cannes, he is today virtually unknown. Since Brougham was in life and act not only very much a romanticist but likewise a Liberal—one might almost say, *the* Liberal in politics—it was hardly to be expected that he would find in our own sneering century a biographer willing to go against the stream of disapprobation. But Mr. Garratt's admirably written life does just that, in a manner at once self-confident, lively, and convincing. At every turn where calumny and stupidity have diminished the prestige or impugned the character of Brougham, Mr. Garratt turns up a document, a letter, a sound witness that effectually removes the imputation. The author is not for that reason a hero-worshiper. While bringing out all that Brougham did for education, the better administration of justice, the anti-slavery movement, the Reform Bill of 1832, in the teeth of prejudice, hatred, and private financial worries, he shows equally clearly the limitations of the liberal reformer working within an established party, and also the limitations of the man, occasionally blinded by ambition and led into error by versatility and overwork.

Perhaps the most vivid impression one receives from Mr. Garratt's work is a sense of the actual way in which general reform ideas have to be pushed and squeezed through the wringer of a parliamentary machine. The "mangle" is made up of jobbers, stand-patters, personal enemies of the proponents, and a cloud of theorists—all of them inseparable from any political system and a constant obstacle to change in whatever direction. Brougham's ability to maneuver his schemes through this clumsy engine, while keeping his own thinking broad and clear, is a lesson in statesmanship; and the author's management of detail and analogy in making that lesson plain is no less a work of art.

JACQUES BARZUN

Shorter Notices

Russia Laughs. By Mikhail Zostchenko. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $2.

Even though these stories come out of Russia, not one of them could be described as propaganda. Zostchenko's attitude toward some of the institutions of his native land is the very reverse of reverence and points to the fact that censorship in the U. S. S. R. has reached a very tolerant stage. One cannot imagine such a collection of stories, satirizing state programs and bureaucratic blunders, being published, for example, in modern Germany. Yet Zostchenko's satire never becomes malicious; it is all in the spirit of fun, as though the author knew that certain plans and by-laws of the present regime weren't to last forever and could, having a solid purpose behind them, stand up under a little good-natured, comradely kidding. Whit Burnett, in a preface, notes a "valid kinship" between this author and Chekhov; to credit his statement, it is necessary to discount everything in Chekhov but his technical skill. Of skill Zostchenko has a great deal, but he has none of the famous insight and sensibility of his forbears—and these qualities are as necessary to comedy as they are to tragedy. Dostoevski, when he chose to be, and Chekhov himself were capable of far richer comedy than anything in "Russia Laughs." In time great literary achievements may be expected of the U. S. S. R.; at present, however, its progress must be reckoned in terms of its enormous external activity. As an antidote, as relief from pressure, there is Zostchenko's diverting joke-book.

The Sun Sets in the West. By Myron Brinig. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

In this novel Mr. Brinig proves himself to be preeminently a popularizer. That is to say, he takes his material not from life but from other writers; waters it down or dress it up, as the case requires, for public consumption, and counts on public naivete to do the rest. Even to its title—more than faintly reminiscent of that of a celebrated novel of the twenties—"The Sun Sets in the West" reads like a catalogue of literary fashions in the last two decades. There is first of all the Midwestern town which is directly in the Gopher Prairie tradition; there are the sensitive, dreamy youth who doesn't fit and the faded spinster-librarian who alone understands him. There is the aggressive clubwoman who organizes a clean-up drive and runs the prostitutes out of town; and there are the prostitutes, who are exactly like all the prostitutes whom one has ever encountered—in books. The list of dated and shop-worn themes is enormous; but there is one situation which Mr. Brinig seems to have discovered for himself in the life of our time and appropriated while it was still hot. The scene in which two Communists find themselves bruised and half-conscious on a country road after they have been taken for a ride by vigilantes is new to this type of fiction and ought to strike a welcome, if slightly incongruous, note of freshness. But freshness is no barrier to Mr. Brinig's passion for clichés; and his treatment of this scene merely goes to show how anything can become a literary stock in trade once we put our minds to it. He has, however, established a precedent; and from now on we may expect any number of novels about Communists who speak either the flowery jargon of magazine heroes or the kind of broken English which some thirty years ago used to be popular on the vaudeville stage.

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Drama

Soviet Farce

"SQUARING THE CIRCLE," the Russian farce now current at the Lyceum Theater, is said to have been acted nearly eight hundred times in Moscow alone and some fifteen thousand times in the Soviet Union as a whole. One American critic has called it the "Abie's Irish Rose" of Russia, but the comparison is highly unfortunate in some respects, however happy it may be in others. It is true that Valentine Katayev has chosen for the foundation of his piece a series of farcical situations quite as elementary and, in general outline, quite as familiar as those in Miss Nichols's masterpiece. It is, however, impossible to escape the impression that what the latter wrote out of the simplicity of her heart Katayev has concocted, not only with the full knowledge of what he was doing, but for very sly purposes of his own.

In reality "Squaring the Circle" is at least three things at once. In the first place, it is a lively, knock-about farce making simple-hearted fun of the more obvious paradoxes in Soviet life. In the second place, it is a piece which manages very adroitly to reconcile this boisterous satire with a subtly effective profession of fervent faith in the Communist enterprise. In the third place, it is also a play provided with an elusively ironic conclusion which is bound to leave the audience wondering just how deeply it is intended to cut, and which in all probability left some Soviet officials wondering whether or not the author had succeeded in putting something over on them after all. Katayev's art is not merely a weapon, it is a two edged weapon; and the skill with which he wields it is revealed in the fact that he manages somehow not to cut himself with either edge. "Squaring the Circle" is, to change the metaphor, a dance on eggs which seems to be conducted with boisterous abandon until one realizes that by some miracle none of the eggs have been broken.

Let us begin with the simple farce. Two young Communists sharing a dreary room bring home new wives unannounced. The room is divided down the center with a chalk line, but serious incompatibilities soon reveal themselves. One wife is an ardent party member full of revolutionary clichés; the other is an "undeveloped non-partisan" whose progress in Soviet society is blocked at the beginning by the fact that she will not surrender her canary. But though this refusal is ideologically unsound, she is also a home-maker whose womanly charms—plus the cutlets she manages to wangle most unethically from a relative connected with a cooperative store—irresistibly seduce the husband of the woman who reads aloud chapters from revolutionary literature instead of providing dinner. This simple situation is worked out to its inevitable conclusion by means of all the standard devices of farce, and in the course of the action there are innumerable bits of obvious but effective satire. One husband argues with his "sound" wife as to whether or not it would be ethical to socialize their neighbor's sausage in the absence of the said neighbor; the other wife, in a storm of tears, demands to know "why everything turns out unethical when it feels so ethical," and her answers in an examination provide a series of burlesque definitions: "A bourgeois is anyone who has got something somebody else wants"; "Dialectic is when two ideas don't fit and you put them together with a long argument in between."

Yet recklessly heretical as these jibes may seem, they are rendered harmless in two ways. In the first place, the author, using a device not unfamiliar in the satiric literature produced under previous autocratic governments, is careful to explain that the follies he is ridiculing are neither shared nor countenanced by those wise superiors who descend in their machines from time to time to correct the errors of over-zealous subordinates. In the second place, he writes a subtle scene, in many ways the best of the play, in which the starved husband who has just been fed by his neighbor's wife discusses with her the existence of countries where wheat is burned up and fruits dumped into the sea. "If only I were really nourished for just one week," he says, "*then* I could march." Suddenly both leap to their feet. Half in jest, half in earnest, they seize the flag and prancing about the room, chant a litany: "We would march, we would march, we would march. Thousands strong we would march, we would march, we would march, . . . to the lands where the wheat is burned and the fruits are thrown into the sea." The turn from jest to earnest is very neatly made and I can imagine a Soviet audience being suddenly brought cheering to its feet.

So much for the first two aspects of the play, but what shall we say of the conclusion? The *deus* has descended in the shape of an exalted party officer who sets everything straight by blessing the exchange of wives and explaining that Communist dialectic never breaks down—it only seems to do so when bourgeois errors have been allowed to creep in. In what other country, he asks, could such a mess as this be cleaned up so quickly; but as his eloquence grows more and more facile, there arises a haunting suspicion that the author may just possibly have his tongue in his cheek after all. "There," says the *deus* suddenly, "is the future," and points to the grotesque, blubbering figure of a child who has been all along an unnoticed member of the excited group. It is not, one must confess, a very hopeful-looking figure, this symbol of the future, but the great man grows mystical. "Tell us, Sasha," he says, "will you go on marching and building or will you destroy it all?" Dramatically he pauses for an answer, but as the child turns his silent, uncomprehending face, the lights dim and the curtain goes down.

At this moment in the performance which I saw the balcony broke out into concerted "boos." It was not, I am sure, occupied by members of the Liberty League. But why should the comrades boo a play which the homeland has taken to its heart? Do they doubt the truth of the program note which explains that the translation and adaptation do not alter the political point of view of the original play? Or are they—as on some previous occasions—merely determined to be more Catholic than the Pope?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Blind Alley" (Booth Theater) is the story of Public Enemy No. 1 being literally talked to death by a psychologist. The gangster comes with his moll and a couple of pals to pass twenty-four hours in what he believes is merely the modest suburban home of a harmless university professor. But the professor, a practicing psychiatrist, is more than a match for him; through three acts of fairly absorbing talk he makes the gangster disclose his nasty past, which includes all the more fancy varieties of incest (mostly mental) and murder, shows him that he can't run away from his troubles, and sends him offstage to do himself in with his own gun. The professor is well played by George Coulouris, the gangster by Roy Hargrave. The rest of the cast is only moderately competent, and the last act should have been shortened by a third. As a variation on the clever gunman of the "Petrified Forest" variety, who except for a couple of murders, is really one of nature's gentlemen, "Blind Alley" is entertaining enough. The plot is unhackneyed and the disclosure of the psychosis is interesting, although it is discovered with rather more speed than most psychoanalysts would believe possible.

D. V. D.

Films

Shakespeare Without Words

THOSE who find Max Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Hollywood Theater) to be a travesty upon Shakespeare's play with the same title may derive a little comfort from history, which tells us that the piece has been travestied before, and frequently with results more lamentable than these. In 1692 even the title was changed, the poem becoming an opera called "The Fairy Queen" and much cut down from the original so as to leave time at the end for a sumptuous spectacle featuring a Chinese chorus and a dance of six monkeys; the music was by Henry Purcell. In the eighteenth century the music might be by Smith instead of Purcell, and at the whim of the producer any portion of the plot might be removed altogether—the lovers in one case, the clowns in another, Theseus and Hippolyta in a third; but the thing remained an opera, a spectacle, an extravaganza.

As late as 1816 it was still an opera, with music by Henry Bishop now and with the spectacle developed to such a splendid point that William Hazlitt, who preferred his Shakespeare straight, was inspired to write as follows:

> All that is fine in the play was lost in the representation. The spirit was evaporated, the genius was fled; but the spectacle was fine: it was that which saved the play. Oh, ye scene-shifters, ye scene-painters, ye machinists and dressmakers, ye manufacturers of moon and stars that give no light, ye musical composers, ye men in the orchestra, fiddlers and trumpeters and players on the double drum and the loud bassoon, rejoice! This is your triumph; it is not ours: and ye full-grown, well-fed, substantial, real fairies, we shall remember you: we shall believe no more in the existence of your fantastic tribe. . . . All that was good in this piece (except the scenery) was Mr. Liston's Bottom.

To translate. Oh, Mr. Reinhardt, oh, Warner Brothers, and oh, you supervisors, you adapters to the screen, you manipulators of special photographic effects, you herders of six hundred fairies through a maze of misty birches, you stringers of strong cables on which Oberon might soar with dangling legs until he disappeared above the redwoods, you ballet masters, you sound-producers, you bringer of real live owls and ravens and turtle doves and horseflesh into action, rejoice and be boastful, and sell the best seats for eleven dollars! This is your triumph; it is not Shakespeare's; and you white-limbed, well-trained, numberless gesticulating fairies, we fear we shall remember you: we fear it will be harder henceforward to believe in the felicity of your first maker. . . . All that was good in this piece (except the music by Mendelssohn) was Mr. Cagney's Bottom.

James Cagney's Bottom was good, that is to say, whenever the direction allowed it to be; whenever Mr. Cagney was left to himself and permitted to speak the lines which were written for him. Among the other clowns he overacted, probably because it had been laid down that everything in the performance must be overdone in order that we might feel ourselves present at a masterpiece. The clowns, the four lovers, the king and queen of the fairies, and Puck—the trouble lay not so much with them as with the preposterous notion that Shakespeare can be effective without words. The whole point about him is that he could produce any imaginable effect with words and with words alone. He could be funny, for instance, as these clowns with all their gymnastics and their guffaws were not; he could be light and dry and farcical, as these tempestuous lovers never were; and he could make

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possible things not so held, he could give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, as Mr. Reinhardt's vast mechanisms completely failed to do.

There can be no objection to the splendor of this production as such. The play calls for splendor—and got it, contrary to the legend, at its first performance almost three centuries and a half ago. But one can miss the words, and miss them badly; so badly indeed as to be convinced that nothing can take their place, not even a thousand yards of billowing black gauze intended to represent the passage of night, or eighteen hundred square feet of cellophane struggling to express shimmer. Not only was the text altered and rearranged; most of it was cut out altogether, which means that the special distinction of Shakespeare's play, its poetry, was ignored. And the pity of this is profound, for more is signified than the loss of many lovely speeches. Something quite practical was lost—the capacity of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to be effective. With the words all there, or most of them there, the cinema tricks would have been well enough, though half of them were unnecessary; lacking their magical accompaniment they merely demonstrated that the thing they were trying to do cannot be done. Shakespeare is for the ear, not the eye; to hear his fairies talk is to believe them, but merely to see them maneuver in white rayon is to know that they are studio flesh and blood.

The moral is obvious. Several more of Shakespeare's plays are coming in the movies, and we are holding our breath; but meanwhile we know that if they do not come as audible poetry—whatever else is done to them, and perhaps anything may legitimately be done to them—they cannot possibly be good.

MARK VAN DOREN

Contributors to This Issue

M. W. FODOR, is the Vienna correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian.*

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, is the author of "Soviet Journey."

MARK VAN DOREN is well known as poet and critic.

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English Department of Bennington College.

YOUNGHILL KANG, a Korean, is a member of the English Department of New York University.

EDA LOU WALTON is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

HARRY W. LAIDLER, director of the League for Industrial Democracy, is the author of "Socializing Our Democracy."

R. P. BLACKMUR contributes reviews and critical articles to various periodicals.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is the editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse."

PHILIP BLAIR RICE frequently reviews new books of poetry for *The Nation.*

LUDWIG LORE, formerly editor of the New York *Staatszeitung,* now conducts a column, "Behind the Cables," in the New York *Post.*

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English Department of Columbia University.

C. A. BURTT is on the staff of the Sage School of Philosophy of Cornell University.

C. ADOLPH GLASSGOLD, formerly associate editor of *Creative Art,* lectures on contemporary American art at the New School of Social Research.

JACQUES BARZUN, of the History Department of Columbia University, is the author of "The French Race."

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ADOPTION by the League of Sanction No. 4, calling for an embargo on the export to Italy of key war materials which may be used for war purposes, places the United States in an extremely difficult position. Although this country does not export rubber, bauxite, aluminum, iron ore, nickel, manganese, tin, or any of the other items specifically barred from Italy under the new measure, it furnishes other supplies which are of even greater value to Italy in its illegal war against Ethiopia. The League deliberately included only those commodities in its embargo which are now obtainable exclusively from member states. But it drew up another and much longer list of essential products that are supplied primarily by non-League powers, chiefly the United States, and voted to sound out the non-member nations regarding action on these items. According to the figures of the Department of Commerce, Italian purchases of cotton waste, iron and steel scrap, copper, benzol, toluol, and xylol from the United States in the first six months of 1935 were double to quadruple the volume of similar purchases in the first half of 1934. These products are not included in the list of "implements of war" barred from export to belligerent countries under the President's interpretation of the neutrality act, although the increase in exports is clearly attributable to war preparations. A simple chemical treatment is all that is needed, for example, to transform cotton waste into gun cotton, while Italy's armament industry is completely dependent on the importation of steel scrap and copper. In continuing to supply these products to Italy in war time, American business is subsidizing Mussolini's defiance of international law.

IN AN ATTEMPT to meet this challenge, President Roosevelt has sought to discourage all business with the belligerents by declaring that individuals and corporations carrying on such trade do so at their own risk. While this marks a significant advance over the concept of neutrality which the United States adopted at the beginning of the World War, its effect thus far has been extremely meager. The Ford Motor Company and several smaller concerns have cooperated whole-heartedly with the government by ceasing all transactions with Italy and Ethiopia, but the great majority of American business establishments have shown very frankly that they do not intend to let such considerations as keeping the country out of war interfere with potential profits. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, for instance, has declared that it intends to ship to Italy "so long as there is no objection on the part of the United States government." The General Motors Corporation, through its Near East subsidiary, is at present engaged in filling orders for 218 trucks and automobiles, valued at $235,000, destined for Italian Africa. Scrap-steel exports to Italy are said to have stopped, but unusually large orders are reported from Austria and Germany and are almost certainly destined for Italy. Despite the President's proclamation asking American citizens not to travel on the ships of warring countries, the Italian liner Rex recently arrived in New York with eight hundred American passengers. Obviously, something more strenuous than a polite request is necessary if American business is to be prevented from entering into engagements which nullify the value of the Neutrality Act. The President has power under existing legislation to stop this indefensible trade. If he is unwilling to take the responsibility, he should call a special session of Congress and ask for a strengthening of the neutrality legislation.

WITH DEVASTATING LOGIC, former Supreme Court Justice Jeremiah T. Mahoney, president of the Amateur Athletic Union, answers the protests of Nazi officials that the Olympic games at Berlin will be conducted according to the Olympic code. Charging that the German government is acting as self-constituted host to the Olympic games, that sport in Germany is government-controlled and therefore subject, like any other activity, to the anti-religious principles of the Reich, that German Jews have been discriminated against in sport as in other walks of life, that foreign Jews cannot be assured of welcome in Berlin, and that the anti-religious bias extends not only to Jewish athletes but to Catholic and Protestant groups which do not

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subscribe to Nazi doctrine, Mr. Mahoney supports his charges with chapter and verse. His letter making clear his position is addressed to Dr. Theodor Lewald, president of the German Olympic Committee, himself suspect as a non-Aryan and holding his position only as a result of the protests of the international sports community. Mr. Mahoney points out that Dr. Lewald, in spite of his official status, refuses to guarantee that placards insulting to Jews will not be displayed at the games; he cites case after case in which Jews have been barred from German athletic clubs; to Dr. Lewald's protest that Jews are being trained for the Olympics in two training courses of from three to six weeks, he answers that the regulation training period of an Olympic champion is more like two years. And he winds up his letter by assuring Dr. Lewald that he will put the weight of his office and his influence behind the movement to vote the United States out of the Berlin games next year.

THE MOVEMENT against American participation is growing fast. The Committee on Fair Play in Sports, under the chairmanship of George Gordon Battle and Henry Smith Leiper, has presented a letter of protest to Brigadier General Charles H. Sherrill, American member of the International Olympic Committee. The A. F. of L. at its convention in Atlantic City joined with numerous other labor organizations in demanding that no American teams be sent to Berlin. The question will in effect be decided at the convention of the A. A. U. early in December, when the resolution passed in 1933 urging withdrawal unless the Olympic code was observed will be reconsidered in the light of German declarations and actions since then. The A. A. U. decides the membership of all non-collegiate teams; if it supports withdrawal, the Intercollegiate American Amateur Athletic Association may be expected to follow its example. It is estimated that 50 per cent of the delegates to the A. A. U. convention in December will be opposed to participation—the Pacific Coast, Southern, South Atlantic, and New Jersey associations are already officially committed to the boycott. To bring the remaining groups into line it is only necessary for the American public to make clear, by protests and direct representations to athletic officials, its belief that fair play will not tolerate the Hitler Olympics.

ANGELO HERNDON is on his way to Georgia to begin his stint of eighteen years on the chain gang. The Herndon defense has exhausted all the avenues of the judicial process to avert this vicious sentence against a young Negro whose sole crime was an attempt to organize Negro and white workers. The case has twice been presented to the United States Supreme Court and twice refused on the ground that the court has no jurisdiction. Herndon's fate now rests with the Governor of Georgia. Two hundred and sixty-four delegates to the Herndon Action Conference in New York City on October 17 took a pledge which every person interested in the rights of workers may well echo: "We solemnly promise that we will never cease working, day and night, North and South, to inform all toilers of this nation of your faithfulness and your courage, and to rally them in one great triumphant movement to set you free." Governor Talmadge cannot be forced to hear this protest too often. And while the Herndon case is now out of the courts, the Gallup, New Mexico, miners charged with the murder of Sheriff M. R. Carmichael, killed during a riot last April, are still very much in the hands of the law. Seven of the ten men tried were acquitted on October 17; three were convicted of second-degree murder and have been sentenced to from forty-five to sixty years at hard labor—obviously the equivalent of a life sentence. Five of the acquitted defendants are to be deported, one to Spain and four to Mexico; the remaining two are being held on charges of "aiding a prisoner to escape." The case will be appealed to the highest court if necessary, and the National Gallup Defense Committee announces that it needs not only support in the form of protests but funds to carry on.

BELIEVING that the hearings before a referee in San Francisco were a farce, Tom Mooney's counsel appealed to the United States Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus. The court replied, as it did last spring, that every recourse in the California courts must be exhausted before the case could be considered in Washington. A second similar appeal is now waiting to be heard. The hearings, now in their fifth week, are expected to last another month. Evidence of the Oxman perjury is piling up, and the complicity of the state's officials in obtaining perjured testimony is daily becoming clearer. It has, of course, been clear for eighteen years. Everything about the Mooney case has been clear for eighteen years. Mooney was convicted on the alleged eyewitness testimony of three persons: Frank Oxman, a California cattleman, now dead and repeatedly proved to have been a liar when he said he saw Mooney at the scene of the bombing; John McDonald, who has on numerous occasions vainly admitted that he lied when he said the same thing; and Mrs. Edeau, who did not even say she was present, but who declared that her "astral body" was there and saw Mooney. If all this hocus-pocus had not kept a man in San Quentin prison for eighteen years, it would be funny. If it were not spread upon the records of various courts of law as fact, it would be incredible. But it all happened. Those persons who find the repetition tiresome must be reminded that spending a lifetime in jail for a crime not committed is also wearing—and for those forces of society which keep a man there it is shameful.

IF MOST TRUSTS are big rackets, New York City's poultry racket is a little trust. Bloody and crude in its methods, it exacts $2,000,000 a year from the housewives of the city by price-fixing monopolies maintained by the use of gangsters and corrupt labor leaders. One of the labor leaders, whose name figures on the public-enemy list of the New York police, was ousted recently by his rank and file. But his injured feelings were assuaged by a generous coat of whitewash from the Butchers' International on the eve of the A. F. of L. convention; and as soon as a troublesome court injunction is lifted, the rank and file will lose their charter and Brother Charlie Herbert will get a new one. The opposition to Brother Charlie, of course, was labeled "communistic" and will be dealt with accordingly. In the meantime Secretary of Agriculture Wallace is the latest public official to enter the lists against the racket. Under a new amendment to the Packers and Stockyards Act, all dealers and handlers of live poultry in the New York market will have to obtain licenses from the Department of Agriculture. Whether licensing will end the evil remains to be seen. Evidence is necessary to refuse licenses, and witnesses are afraid to talk. Licensing holds the possibility of new litigation and new corruption. It might even be used against legitimate union activities. One of the scandals of the Walker regime was the refusal of the department to license eighteen independent dealers who refused to pay tribute to the poultry ring. Benjamin F. Schreiber, who had been Jimmy Walker's campaign manager, appeared as counsel for the poultry trust in opposing the issuance of licenses to the independents. Conviction of sixty-six defendants under the anti-trust laws in 1929 failed to break up the racket. An NRA code had little, if any, effect on its efficacy in maintaining exorbitant prices for feeding, trucking, and crating poultry. We hope Secretary Wallace and his licensing plan will have better luck.

THE PERSONAL SUCCESS of Pierre Laval, who was elected to the French senate from two districts, must count as an indorsement of his foreign policy, though not an impressive one. Voting for the senate is by indirect ballot and does not register public opinion with any precision. Strong surges of political change would be felt, but the time has not come for an overwhelming left-front victory, though certainly the vote showed no change from the drift in that direction. Socialists and Communists between them gained six seats, though at the expense of middle parties rather than of the right, which maintained its numbers. Marcel Cachin, veteran Communist leader and editor of *L'Humanité,* becomes the first Communist senator, a sign of the changing order in France, where the cloistered senate was presumed to be safe from any rude proletarian incursion. Despite his success Laval appears to be on the way out unless he scores a spectacular personal triumph as a peacemaker in Europe. A more moderate victory would not stem the rising tide of opposition caused by his drastic deflationary decrees.

ARTHUR HENDERSON died in the tragic knowledge that the two causes to which he had dedicated his life had gone into a long eclipse. One was disarmament, the other the Labor Party. His greatest achievement was to build up that party to its strength in 1929. With patience and diligence he devoted himself to fostering it in local districts, knowing that without deep local roots it never could hope for national power. Until the depression the future of the Labor Party seemed blessed, and it was reasonable to anticipate the day when it would win a majority and set about the gradual socialization of Britain. But the defection of MacDonald ruined the edifice which Henderson had built so painstakingly, and he turned to the field of disarmament. He already had made a name for himself as Foreign Secretary, to the surprise even of his closest friends. He threw himself into the new service without stint. He tried to rally world opinion, to cajole and even threaten governments. But here again destiny was against him. The Manchurian crisis, the rise of Hitler, and now the Italian aggression have made disarmament an almost archaic conception. Henderson was not a pacifist; he not only supported conscription during the war but accepted membership in the War Cabinet of four, acts for which his ardent contribution to disarmament has largely atoned. Never doctrinaire, his was a plodding, sincere, and reasonable mind, free enough to bowl over traditions in Downing Street when he was Foreign Secretary but not alight with the fires that burned in MacDonald in his pacifist days, or in Lansbury during his brave leadership of the little band of Labor members in the present Parliament. He will long be remembered as one of the greatest political organizers of the post-war era.

THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE of events took place recently in the New York office of the Associated Press, a world-wide news service of great prestige. On October 7 the A. P. reverted without notice to the six-day week for its editorial employees. On October 9 the A. P. unit of the Newspaper Guild adopted for submission to the membership a resolution appointing the American Newspaper Guild its agent for the purpose of negotiating a collective agreement with the Associated Press. This resolution was introduced by Morris Watson, leader of the guild in the A. P. and vice-president for wire services on the guild's National Executive Board. On October 17 the National Executive Board sent a letter to the A. P. requesting a meeting. It was marked for the attention of Kent Cooper, general manager. The letter, sent by registered mail, arrived at the A. P. office on the same day after business hours. On the following day Mr. Watson was called to the office of the executive news editor and fired. The news editor told Mr. Watson that he was dissatisfied with his work. He added, "You are dissatisfied with the A. P. and I am convinced that you will be happier elsewhere." The discharge of Mr. Watson, who had been on the staff for seven years and, until he became active in the guild, was regularly assigned to cover important stories, raises the issue of collective bargaining even more sharply and clearly than the Jennings case. Since it involves a country-wide wire service, the case is clearly within the provisions of the Labor Disputes Act.

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED PERSONS a day were killed in the United States in 1934 by automobile accidents, a total of 33,980, or 23 per cent more than in 1932. This is a rate of 26.9 per 100,000 of population, as against 23.3 for 1933. It must be remembered that automobile fatalities are far down on the list of causes of death: the rate for diseases of the circulatory system, including heart affections, was 293 in 1933, for cancer it was 126, for pneumonia 87, and for nephritis 78. But since automobile deaths may be regarded as in large measure preventable, the figures are sufficiently horrible to cause national concern. It is interesting to note that the death-rate tends to be lower in the areas of most congested traffic. Illinois is nineteenth on the list, Pennsylvania is thirty-second, and New York thirty-ninth. The dubious honor of having the highest death-rate goes to Nevada, with Wyoming, Arizona, and California following in order, the rates being 73, 45, 44, and 42 respectively. It will be seen that in general the rate is high in states possessing long stretches of open road and little traffic congestion. It is high, in other words, where high speed in driving is possible. During the last five years—when fatalities have steadily increased—moderate- and low-priced cars have been increasingly capable of more speed. And it is plain that the faster you go the harder you hit, the more difficult it is to keep a car under control, and the more likely is some fault in the mechanism to produce fatal results. It is an interesting support for this theory that in Rhode Island, where the death-rate is lowest—14.6—a speed of forty-five miles an hour on the open road is rigidly enforced.

Can Laval Make the Peace?

THE astonishing celerity with which the League has defined and voted economic sanctions against Italy is somewhat offset by the policy of France as mediator and the peace terms which Laval is supposed to be sponsoring. The activity in Europe now falls into two separate compartments. The League, having aligned itself against Italy, has developed a degree of harmony and logic which its most optimistic friends could hardly have anticipated. It has voted to cut Italy off from arms, credits, and essential war materials, and now its members, save Austria and Hungary, will refuse to accept any Italian exports. By October 31 it expects the ratification of member governments and to be able to set an early date for the actual enforcement of the new economic penalties. This is collective action which, if it is at all effective, Italy cannot hope to resist.

But in the other compartment individual national policies are pitted against one another much as though the League did not exist. Britain, maintaining a modern Armada in the Mediterranean, is the chief antagonist of Italy; France, bound to Britain by duties prescribed by the League Covenant, is doing its utmost to save Italy from a major war and to extricate it from the Ethiopian crisis, and at the same time to protect its new friendship with Italy; Italy, embarked on an expensive colonial adventure, is suddenly confronted with the threat of destruction at the hands of Britain or the League under Britain's leadership. For a second time during the crisis a war between Italy and Britain has come perilously close, and for a second time London and Rome have been frightened enough to resume direct negotiation, and so to relieve the tension. But this time the sharpening of the crisis has found France swept by bitterness against Britain, and the British press abusing the French as though there were little to distinguish them from Italians.

The international mediator is seldom popular or free from suspicion, and the discord between France and Britain is not unnatural. France for once is the "honest broker," traditionally the role of Britain on the continent of Europe. Success in this part is a prime political necessity for Laval. His support comes largely from the right, more friendly to Italy than to Britain. The left, despite its traditional devotion to the League, has cooled off in this respect, fearing that sanctions may lead to war. If Laval can harmonize London and Rome he will be the great leader of Europe and can surmount his domestic difficulties; if he fails he will fall. But to succeed he must espouse Mussolini's most impracticable peace terms. His task really comes down to winning over the British to a peace which the League in honor must reject, so that the British will join him in the unpleasant hypocrisy of sponsoring it at Geneva.

The terms themselves have hardly been mentioned in the spate of foreign news. They consist of giving to Italy nearly all the land lying between Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, permitting Italy to build a railroad through Ethiopia west of Addis Ababa, and compensating a greatly reduced Ethiopia with a seaport in British Somaliland joined to Addis Ababa by a railroad, which would, however, cross Italian territory. These are shocking proposals from any moral standpoint, and Haile Selassie would only accept them, if at all, under the strongest pressure from Britain. They would crown the Italian invasion of Ethiopia with victory, ignoring the fateful fact that the invasion violated the Covenant and set fifty nations against the aggressor. But to the French in this affair the moral principle counts for little. They have been courting the British with dissertations on moral principles ever since the League was established, and have found them hesitant, evasive, and highly egotistical. British interests on the Continent always ended at the Rhine, and beyond that river moral principles, so far as Britain was concerned, did not penetrate. To the French, moral principles in primitive Ethiopia count for far less than in Eastern Europe. So they refuse to be involved in a war growing out of a colonial adventure, just as the British so long refused to commit themselves to an ultimate war over East European frontiers. From an ethical standpoint there is little to choose between the two countries. The immediate question is whether the French mediation has any chance of success. Had London agreed to withdraw its fleet from the Mediterranean, Laval would know he was going to achieve his success. But London refused; all it promised was to recall the Hood and the Renown from Gibraltar if Mussolini, for his part, took some of his 70,000 white soldiers out of Libya, where they threaten the British base at Alexandria. The British fleet remains, suggesting that the British will resist plans to save Mussolini and with him the new Franco-Italian friendship. Not only has Britain not budged; it has driven the French into a pledge to open their naval bases to the British fleet if it is attacked by Italy, or if in carrying out League instructions it encounters Italian resistance.

To some extent British policy may be colored by the approaching general election. The fleet in the Mediterranean and Captain Eden's driving leadership at Geneva will be used to convince British voters that at last their government is taking a strong line to support peace through collective action. Hints have been heard that after the election the fleet might be recalled and the British then be more amenable to compromise proposals from France. But this presupposes that the British government, once it wins its majority in Parliament, will be free to flout the now passionate League sentiment in England. It also presupposes that the League itself can be led around by the nose by France and Britain together. Russia will certainly not agree to a disgraceful peace in Ethiopia, and small League states, which for the first time see some prospect of being protected by collective action, will follow Russia in rejecting terms which give Mussolini any rewards for his aggression. The League sanctions may not work smoothly, but probably in the main they will be effective. The punishment that will hurt Italy most is the paralysis of its export trade. This will inflict a loss which Italy cannot recoup for a long time, since trade once gone is not easily recaptured. In the light of the surprising forcefulness of League action the tune for the peace probably will not be called by Laval but by the British with League support. And if that is what Mussolini foresees, he already knows he has his back to the wall.

The A. F. of L. Wakes Up

LAST year at the San Francisco convention of the American Federation of Labor, John Lewis of the miners, Charles P. Howard of the Typographers, Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky of the needle trades, and others led a fight more or less behind the scenes for industrial unionism as against the decrepit craft system which now divides American labor. Without precipitating an open battle this group got the 1934 convention definitely on record for the industrial unionization of the automobile, cement, and aluminum workers.

What happened? During the last twelve months William Green and his craft-union colleagues on the council have neglected completely the aluminum and cement workers and have issued—illegally according to the convention's vote—"limited" industrial charters to the automobile and rubber workers, that is, charters permitting only unskilled labor in these fields to organize industrially; and Mr. Green actually circulated a "confidential" letter among his organizers directing them not to push skilled workers into the new unions. Needless to say, this strategy was primarily responsible for checking the automobile and rubber strikes.

It was immediately as a result of this betrayal by the Executive Council, but also for reasons which go much deeper, that the paramount issue of industrial unionism was this year dragged into the open by the same group in a manner far more dangerous for the old craft unionists. The motives of John L. Lewis, who led the progressive attack with his accustomed militancy, are of course not revolutionary. But he does want a powerful labor movement—presumably headed by John Lewis—and he realizes that craft unionism can never be powerful. He has always been an industrial unionist; but it was no doubt his experience with the NRA which convinced him that the whole union movement must be reorganized along industrial lines. He was in a position to realize that the nullification of Section 7-a was brought about as much by the complete ineffectiveness of antiquated craft unionism as by the tactics of big business.

Having taken up the cause of industrial unionism, Mr. Lewis has had the sense to accept its implications. He knows, for instance, that industrial unionism involves more than a structural change, that it cannot be achieved without some radicalization of the labor movement. It is for this reason that Lewis took a course at the Atlantic City convention which allies him with the "left" forces in the American Federation of Labor. Following that course, he spiked the maneuver of Woll and Green for a red-baiting alliance with the American Legion and for the excommunication of the radical elements; he forced Woll's immediate resignation from the National Civic Federation, and toward the last even had Mr. Woll seconding his resolution barring any federation official from holding a post in Mr. Easley's fascist organization; he put an end to the inconsistent practice of the *American Federationist* of running advertisements from the largest open-shop concerns in the country; he made a frontal attack on the present craft-ridden leadership for having failed to advance the interests of organized labor in the past two years and made fun of William Green's boast of 1933 that he would organize "25,000,000 Americans," pointing out that hundreds of local and federal unions have disbanded from sheer inanition. As for his physical attack on President Hutcheson of the carpenters, the most reactionary leader of the most reactionary union in the A. F. of L., it was a pat symbol of what happened to the American labor movement in Atlantic City. Hutcheson, through parliamentary trickery, was attempting to keep from the convention floor and from its records the story of the betrayal of the automobile workers. He had already succeeded in silencing the delegate of the rubber workers, who had the same general story to tell. It was literally Mr. Lewis's fist which forced the issue to the floor. Finally, the progressives, Lewis, Hillman, and Dubinsky, a few minutes before final adjournment, forced Mr. Woll's resolutions committee to bring before the convention President Dubinsky's resolution to seek an amendment to the Constitution of the United States permitting social legislation—a resolution which had previously been tabled.

The convention, to be sure, settled none of the jurisdictional fights or other important issues, and industrial unionism was defeated by a safe margin. It came out for the thirty-hour week, the Labor Disputes Act, and other "great objectives." Yet this gathering was the most important convention of the A. F. of L. in its entire history, for the fight between horse-and-buggy unionism and industrial unionism is now not only in the open but practically settled. There is no doubt that the rank and file is overwhelmingly with the progressives. The official vote was 18,025 against to 10,924 in its favor; but it is much more significant that 90 per cent of the delegates from city and state labor bodies voted in favor of the industrial form of organization. Within the next year or two industrial unionism seems slated to become the official structure of American labor.

Japan Presses On

WHILE the attention of the world was centered on the problem of stopping a war in Africa, Japanese military leaders gathered at Dairen recently to lay plans for renewed hostilities in Asia. The connection was not, of course, accidental. Since the days of the Twenty-one Demands, Japan has always been careful to stage each new act of its pan-Asian pageant at a time when the Western nations were preoccupied with their own affairs, and the link between the recent conference and the Ethiopian crisis was freely admitted by the participants. Although the decisions reached at Dairen remain a matter for speculation, the general nature of Japan's "new" policy in North China had already been made clear by the amazingly frank declarations of Major General Tada, commander of the Japanese forces in North China, and General Isogai, military attaché at Peiping. The next item on the militarists' agenda is admittedly the establishment of a puppet government in North China similar to that in power in Manchoukuo, and financially as well as politically independent of Nanking. In view of the influence which Japan already has in this region, it is unlikely that China will offer effective resistance to this latest step.

It has become obvious, however, that Japanese ambition will not be satisfied with the domination of North China. As the invasion of Manchuria was "necessary" to safeguard

Japanese interests in Korea, and Jehol had to be added to protect Manchuria, and finally North China was brought under Japanese influence to prevent the Chinese from attacking Jehol, so Japan is already bringing renewed pressure on China proper to protect its interests in the north. Twice within the past month Japanese warships have been mobilized to enforce a trivial and wholly unreasonable demand on the local Chinese authorities. At Hankow the Japanese insisted on a formal apology and the removal of the head of the local government because the targets at the military rifle range resembled the Japanese flag. At Swatow, in South China, the Japanese staged a great naval display as a protest against the arrest of a Chinese junkman for non-payment of duties on rice imported from Japan. Only the fortuitous arrival of American warships from Hongkong is believed to have prevented Japan from landing troops and occupying a section of Kwangtung province. The Japanese are also reported to have demanded the right to send observers to the approaching plenary session of the Kuomintang central committee at Nanking, and are said to be grooming General Ho Ying-chin, with whom they have worked amicably in North China, to replace Chiang Kai-shek as commander-in-chief of the Chinese armies.

Japan has not sought to disguise the fact that its renewed pressure on Nanking is the result of anxiety over the growth of the soviet areas in China's northwestern provinces. Within the past few weeks portions of the Chinese Red Army have pushed their way northward from Szechuan into Kansu, Shensi, and Ninghsia, where they are within a few hundred miles of another large soviet district in Shansi. One need only glance at the map to see why Japan is disturbed by this development. Should the Communists make further progress in the direction in which they have been moving in recent months they will be in a position to establish a direct line of communication with the Soviet Union, either by way of Outer Mongolia or Sinkiang. They will also be able to block Japan's penetration into Inner Mongolia, thus preventing the Japanese, in the event of a war with Soviet Russia, from attacking Siberia by the way of Outer Mongolia. Japan's recent threat to employ force if the Mongolian Peoples' Republic does not allow the Japanese to build their own line of communications from Urga to Manchoukuo indicates the immediacy of this danger. It is conceivable that the world-wide struggle between communism and fascism may be settled by the developments in this remote region. Notwithstanding the recent sorties into Soviet territory north of Manchoukuo, there is little likelihood that Japan will dare to attack the Soviet Union alone. It is almost a certainty, however, that when Hitler launches his widely advertised drive for expansion toward the East, he will count on Japanese cooperation. The effectiveness of Japan's role in such a campaign would depend very largely on its ability to obtain a strong base in these border regions. Already it has a military mission at Kalgan—the gateway between Peiping and Urga. Plans are under way for the dispatch of similar missions to Taiyuanfu, capital of Shansi, as well as to Kweihua and Ninghsia City. Against the formidable military forces of Japan, which can be mobilized without the formality of declaring war, the Chinese Red Army's hope of holding this region depends very largely on the speed with which its projected united front with other left-wing forces can be consummated.

Reward-of-Merit Story

WHEN Cinderella marries the prince, even today, audiences rise and cheer; when the poor boy attains riches and honor in the fulness of years, he gets his name in the papers. And when the reverse happens, it is still news. Thus six years ago *The Nation* published in its correspondence columns a letter complaining of the fact that Eugene Augustus Lauste, inventor of the device by which sound is recorded and reproduced photographically—the method of producing the talking picture—"enfeebled by age and broken in health," was practically without resources and "dependent upon the uncertain help of a few friends."

But what is Mr. Lauste's state today? John Mills, in a book lately published entitled "A Fugue in Cycles and Bels" (bels having evidently some relation to decibels, and not being simply a typographical error), tells us that one of the patent attorneys of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, being fortunately a reader of *The Nation,* ran across the letter, verified it, and as a result Mr. Lauste was made a member of the technical staff of the Bell laboratories, with the task of assembling or reconstructing his own apparatus and assisting the patent departments in their new mechanical devices. The Smithsonian Institution has accepted a model of his system for sound pictures; he has been made an honorary member of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers. And at eighty or thereabouts he may be presumed to be no longer eating the hard bread of charity, but to be self-supporting with a satisfactory amount of fame to boot.

Out of modesty we forbear to stress *The Nation's* part in Mr. Lauste's success story. We merely cite it as an example of gratitude occasionally displayed, even in hard-boiled capitalist countries, to individuals who have performed some service to the state or even to industry. We have not, to be sure, heard Mr. Lauste's side of the story. His invention was patented almost thirty years ago; since that time, particularly since the widespread development of the talkies, somebody must have been collecting large sums in royalties on certain mechanical devices which made them possible, and it was evidently not Mr. Lauste. Moreover, it would be rash to assume that the action of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in employing him was mere gratitude—he is no doubt useful in his present capacity. But the story of the inventor who lives in poverty while his inventions are making other persons rich is only too common. The converse, with a happy ending, cannot fail to be heart-warming.

There is only one thing to add to this pleasant tale. *The Nation's* letter of 1929 mentioned not only Mr. Lauste but Jean Acme LeRoy, designer and inventor of the first motion-picture projection machine, the cinematograph. He also was described as old and poor, and half paralyzed to boot; so far no word has come of a better fortune for him. We wish that one of the Bell Telephone attorneys would seek him out also, if he is still alive. We wish that the Smithsonian Institution would do him honor. We wish that friends of the inventor of the electric light, if it was not Thomas A. Edison, or of the telephone, if it was not Alexander Graham Bell, would write us a letter for publication. We are enjoying our new role of benefactor, and should like to do more of it.

Issues and Men

George Lansbury

"MEMBER of Church of England; teetotaler; non-smoker; twice in prison"—thus George Lansbury describes himself in "Who's Who." "George Lansbury," the *New Statesman and Nation* writes, "is the only name that is known and loved in every town and village of Great Britain"—that is, of the leaders of the Labor Party. He is so simple, straightforward, and lovable and so obviously unconcerned with what happens to George Lansbury that one's admiration—and affection—at once go out to him. "Political saint" and "the truest Christian in all England" are other descriptions of him. I have felt similarly about him, and also that he is the most consistent of men, the most scrupulously loyal to his principles and beliefs. He never pretends to be what he is not. If he is aware that his speech at times betrays the absence of boyhood educational opportunities, he is the last man who would seek to conceal the fact; his sincerity and honesty have never been challenged.

This is the man who has just resigned the leadership of the British Labor Party, leaving His Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons without a strong head; his successor, Major Clement Attlee, cannot be so successful as Lansbury as he lacks force and dominance. Lansbury took on that highly responsible Parliament job at seventy-two years of age. There were those who feared that his idealism and his deeply emotional nature would get him into trouble. Instead, he made himself a completely respected Parliamentary personality throughout Great Britain, which is certainly an extraordinary achievement. Augustine Birrell is quoted as saying once that "the trouble with Lansbury is that he *will* let his bleeding heart run away with his bloody head." But as a writer in the *New Statesman and Nation* points out, Lansbury is "immensely shrewd in practical affairs, and a most astute political fighter. One of the most experienced Conservative politicians remarked the other day that he was the shrewdest leader of the Opposition that the House of Commons had seen since the war." His resignation was only to have been expected. Lansbury is a convinced pacifist and nothing could make him anything else. I have always felt that if anybody was ready to go to the stake for the cause of world peace, it was this kindly, gentle, yet entirely resolute person.

Four or five years ago the British Labor Party voted never to go into another war and to have nothing to do with one if it came. It wanted British labor to make another war impossible by refusing to carry on any war work of any kind. For that Lansbury stood as a matter of course. But now the Labor Party is squarely behind the National Government in its leadership of the League of Nations to stop the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. It is ready for any peaceful sanctions, and there is little doubt that if England commits the supreme folly of going to war with Mussolini —and there are many in England who believe that they are on the eve of a war in which their country will have to take part—the Labor Party will again "do its bit." Hence Lansbury felt that he could no longer go along. The risk was too great for him to run, for he will under no circumstances ever approve of or take part in any war.

Let us honor George Lansbury in fullest measure for that. We have too few examples in the world of a man's putting conscience above preferment and refusing to salve that conscience by convincing himself that he is indispensable or that he must cling to his party in order to prevent something worse. The fact that his successor would not be so able a leader would have been reason enough with many another man for not taking the idealistic and intellectually honest course. Ramsay MacDonald was able to convince himself four years ago that he must abandon almost all his old associates and beliefs and save the country by remaining as Prime Minister of the National Government. (It is characteristic of Lansbury's kindliness toward everyone that in his recent memoirs, "Looking Backwards—And Forwards," he makes no other criticism of MacDonald than that always when he was speaking "he seemed to have something at the back of his mind which he did not intend to reveal.") It will not worry Lansbury if he is charged in some quarters with leaving his party in the lurch in one of the real crises of history. He went through fire during the war years, in and out of prison. It would mean nothing to him should he be vilified and abused again. But he will not be. No one will deny that he has been true to himself, just as no one will question his crystal-clear integrity or the sincerity of his religion.

As to the latter there is a delightful story in his memoirs. Once when he was hunger striking, a prison chaplain "rebuked me for injuring my body by voluntary starvation because it was the Temple of the Holy Ghost." When Lansbury asked the clergyman if he were a Protestant and the latter said that he was, Lansbury replied: "If it had not been for Latimer and Ridley allowing their Temple of the Holy Ghost to be burned in defense of their faith, you could not have been a Protestant at all. You would not have come into my cell to talk this nonsense to me."

So there he is at seventy-six just as full of the zest of life, just as keen, just as happy, just as sure of his own views and of himself as he was in the years when he was "shoveling coal out of railway trucks into arches—dirty, dusty work." Then he often worked all night in order to get to a cricket match, but never, no matter how hard fate might seem to be, did he lose his delightful sense of humor; he recalls in his memoirs the joyous interruption "shouted at canvassers for a school-board candidate who was in favor of secular education: 'They want to rob us of our bloody religion.'" Well, no one can rob him of his religion, and no one can darken that lovely spirit. To have known him I count one of the greatest privileges of my life.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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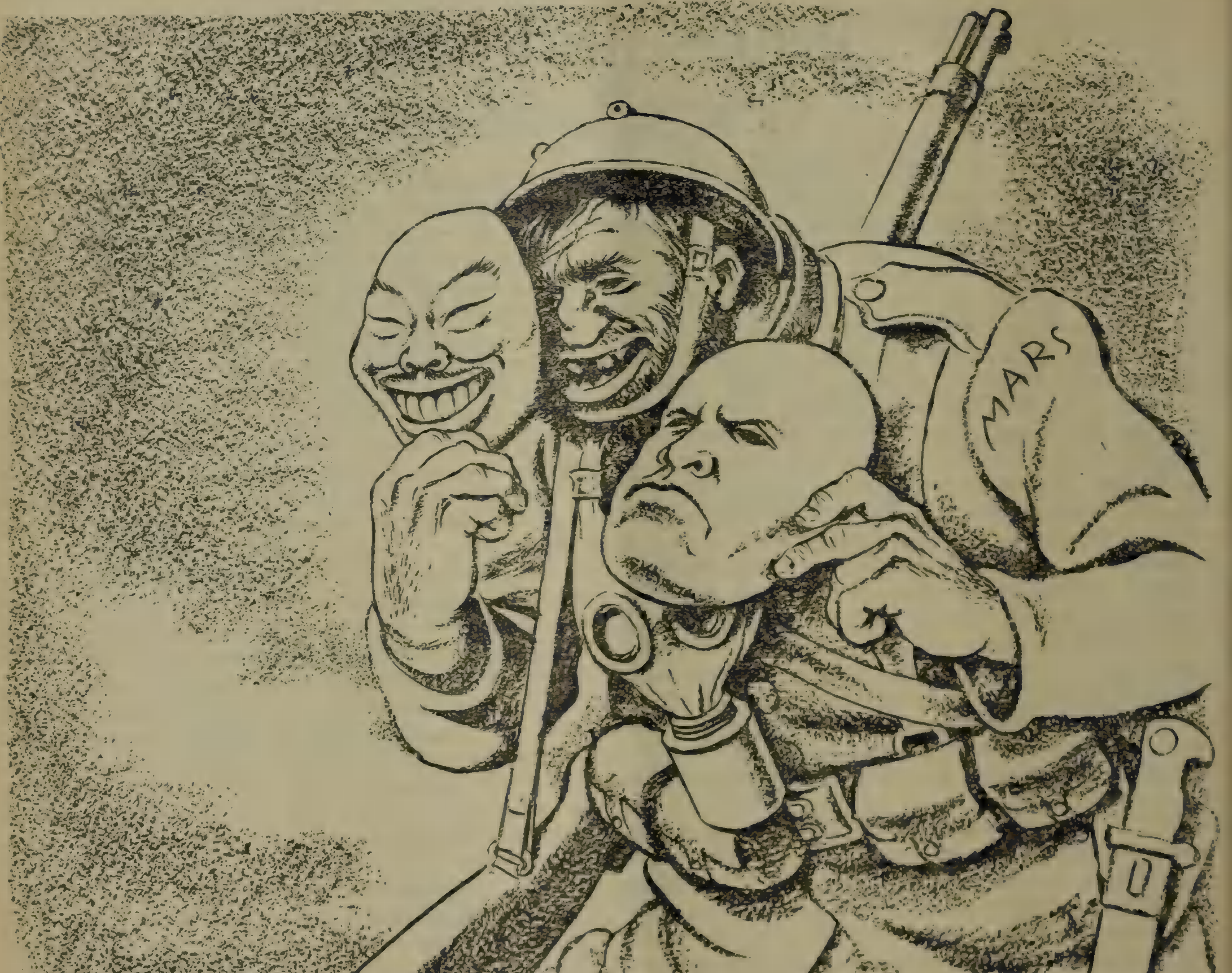

Mars: "Let's try another mask."

The Milk Racket

By ALLAN CHASE and ALFRED GOLDSMITH

CHARLES C. BURLINGHAM, Special Master appointed by the federal District Court in the suit of the Borden Company against the one-cent-differential provision of the New York Milk Control Law, ruled in favor of Borden's. That his report, being contrary to the previous decision of the same court, has been thrown out by the court is not the consideration at the moment.

The one-cent differential which the Borden Company contested as unconstitutional is one of the provisions of the Milk Control Law of 1934. It permits independent dealers to charge one cent less for a quart of milk than such dealers in advertised brands as Borden, Sheffield (National Dairy), and the Dairymen's League. This was the single sop thrown to the small dealers to counterbalance the advantages of the big companies. According to Dr. Frederic C. Howe, who, until President Roosevelt "purged" the Administration alphabetical agencies of their liberal members, was Consumers' Counsel to the AAA, "Sheffield Farms, Borden's, the Dairymen's League, and subsidiaries probably identified with them control about 80 to 90 per cent of the distribution [in New York City]." Now the Burlingham report informs the federal court that the state milk law hampers the tendency toward complete control of the metropolitan market by the giant companies.

The past five years have seen a parade of public and semi-public attempts to solve the milk problem. First in point of time in this parade came the New York City Loose Milk Commission of 1931. This body, after due consideration, decided that the 3,500,000 quarts of milk sold daily in the city must henceforth be sold in bottles. Presumably it acted with sincerity; presumably it desired solely to safeguard the health of the city's inhabitants when it decided that they should pay from five to six cents more per quart for milk.

The commission was appointed by Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, then Health Commissioner, on the heels of a newspaper crusade against loose milk. The names of Edward Fisher Brown, Professors Leland Spencer and E. V. McCollum, Charles C. Burlingham, and others appeared at the foot of the final voluminous report on the subject of loose milk. Gentlemen like Patrick D. Fox of Borden's, C. W. Halliday of Sheffield's, and Frederick Sexauer of the Dairymen's League, who might be interested less in the health of the citizens than in the financial aspect of the question, had been fired from the commission as a result of the outcries of suspicious persons like former Health Commissioner Harris and the independent loose-milk dealers.

Both Saul Kramer, Deputy Attorney General for New York, and George Manley, of the New York Milk Control Division, who presented the case for the state in the Borden case, objected vigorously to Burlingham's appointment on the ground that he was a close personal friend of A. G. Milbank, president of the Borden Company. Mr. Untermyer, in a thoroughgoing report paid for by the independents, neatly proved that financial and economic factors involving millions were implicit in the decision; also that the scientific arguments for loose milk were at least as weighty as those against it. Handy devices for the sanitary dispensing of loose milk were demonstrated before the commission. Concerning them Dr. Harris said: "I would stake my scientific reputation on [such] devices . . . which the Loose Milk Report dismisses in such cavalier fashion." In the whole course of the inquiry nothing more serious was proved against loose milk than that the methods used in dispensing it were not of the best. On this ground the commission decided that the several million consumers of milk in New York would have to pay five or six cents more per quart.

Edward Fisher Brown, by profession a press agent, has figured prominently in the milk controversy since 1930, when he went on the payroll of the Milbank Foundation. During the regime of Dr. Wynne, Brown was made Deputy Commissioner of Health assigned particularly to handle milk dealers. His salary as Deputy Commissioner was paid by the Milbank Foundation. The Milbank Foundation, it is interesting to note, is a health organization controlled by A. G. Milbank, former president of Borden's. Mr. Brown is at present the head of the milk lobby at Albany, known as the Milk Research Council.

Professor Spencer crops up later in this account in another connection; Professor McCollum, in all the reports issued by the commission, is listed as "Professor E. V. McCollum, the Johns Hopkins University." Nowhere is it indicated that Mr. McCollum has drawn large "research" retainers from the National Dairy Company—a fact which is common knowledge in milk circles.

What has happened to Dr. Wynne, who "appointed" Spencer, McCollum, and Brown, since he left the office of New York Health Commissioner? He has bobbed up as executive head of the New York-New Jersey Milk Conference Board, Inc., which is a dignified handle for a lobby for the local milk industry.

The Burlingham report to the federal court might imply that the Milk Control Board really functions for the farmers and small dealers. This is not the case. The operations of the board are based on its schedules of minimum milk prices. The board has set up classification prices to be paid farmers by dealers. Milk is retailed in nine distinct forms, ranging from fluid milk to such end products as butter, cheese, ice cream, and so forth. Retail prices for these by-products vary considerably. A quart of milk in the bottle costs thirteen cents, but a quart of milk in butter or cheese brings but a fraction of this price. This difference necessitates varying wholesale prices to the farmer—depending on the ultimate use of the raw milk.

The board might have achieved a certain degree of stability in the milk industry if it had established a minimum bulk price—that is, a uniform fixed price to the farmer regardless of the ultimate use made of the milk. As it is, however, the farmer is at the mercy of the speculative interests of the dealers—particularly the larger dealers. For example, dealers escape paying the fixed price for fluid milk by purchasing it outside New York State; their other milk needs—for butter, cheese, ice cream, and so on—can be met at the below-production prices for New York milk bought in these latter classifications. No farmer can exist on the returns from milk bought for butter, cheese, and ice-cream manufacture at the classified prices. Many New York farmers are getting as little as one or two cents a quart for their milk. When this situation results in law cases that go up to the Supreme Court, the court points out that to stop Vermont milk from coming into New York would constitute restraint of trade. So it would, but a cent a quart for New York farmers means many farm foreclosures.

The charge of special privilege can be made against the Milk Law of 1933, which created the board. One provision in it—evidently inserted as an afterthought—carefully prohibits cooperatives other than the Dairymen's Cooperative League from participating in the benefits granted cooperatives. The Dairymen's League does not have to abide by the state schedule of prices, low as these are, because it is recognized by the state as a farmers' organization, which is ridiculous. It is not and has not been for years anything other than a dealer, purchasing milk from farmers and selling to consumers—at a profit and with fat salaries for its leading officials. Just how the state arrives at its recognition of the league as a cooperative—and the only true cooperative in the state—is beyond ordinary logic. Anybody in the milk industry knows that the league is to all intents and purposes a subsidiary of Borden's. This was practically admitted on the witness stand by Mr. Milbank, then president of Borden's, in an obscure lawsuit in Putnam County in 1924. Since the league controls nearly half the output of milk in New York, the Borden Company is guaranteed a dominant price position in the milk industry in this state.

A few months after the regulations of the Milk Board went into effect, farmer and consumer spokesmen were protesting against the "spread" between the price paid the farmer and the price the consumer was paying for milk—a fixed thirteen cents at one end and a varying penny to four cents at the other. The board responded by appointing Professor Leland Spencer, who had been research director of the Loose Milk Commission, to investigate the spread. The survey which followed resulted in a pity-the-poor-dealer report which dragged in, as legitimate distribution expenses, life-insurance premiums, holding-company charges, salaries in excess of earnings, and so on. This was patently the kind of bookkeeping which reveals as perennial bankrupts the Schwabs, the Mellons, and the Graces of this land. The basic conclusion of Professor Spencer's report was that the dealers were making only one cent for every 143 quarts of milk they sold, a net profit of 0.12 per cent.

A few pertinent questions asked by Morris Ernst at a closed hearing in Albany led to a number of enlightening admissions on Spencer's part. After this hearing the uneasy professor issued a "confidential—not for publication" report which pecked cautiously at the pessimistic bookkeeping of the large dealers. Even this apologetic pecking was sufficient to obtain a revised estimate of percentage profits for dealers some thirty times higher than that in his original published and much-publicized report. But it is still "confidential—not for publication" that for every 143 quarts of milk sold dealers make not one but thirty cents. A less cautious man than Professor Spencer might do even more to decrease dealers' estimates of costs.

An idea of how large the profits and the spread may actually be in New York can be obtained from the mass of material collected by the AAA and other federal bureaus. There is, for instance, the survey summarized by Secretary Wallace in these words:

> I have the composite figures on distributors' profits in Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and Philadelphia for the five years ending December 31, 1933. These figures are for distributors handling from two-thirds to 80 per cent of the milk in these cities. As the government auditors—not the distributors, of course—figure, the distributors in these four cities took profits during the five years as follows: St. Louis distributors averaged 14.6 net profit; Boston, 22.5 per cent; Chicago, 25.8 per cent; Philadelphia, 30.8 per cent. In 1933 our auditors' estimates indicate that St. Louis distributors averaged 7.3 per cent net profit; Chicago, 10.9 per cent; Boston, 16.3 per cent; and Philadelphia, 21.7 per cent.

What this meant in dollars can be seen by glancing at the balance sheets of Borden's and National Dairy for this period. The Borden Company, operating in the United States and Canada with a capital stock of $200,000,000, enjoyed in 1933 a dividend balance of close to $4,000,000. For the 1929-32 period its balance sheet showed the following:

	Total Sales	*Balance Before Dividend*	*Balance After Dividend*
1932 . . .	$212,348,871 . . .	$ 7,524,489 . . .	$ 3,469,139
1931 . . .	284,586,877 . . .	16,812,269 . . .	3,669,151
1930 . . .	345,422,779 . . .	21,681,214 . . .	9,602,075
1929 . . .	328,466,989 . . .	20,403,725 . . .	10,356,088

The National Dairy Products Corporation (Sheffield, in New York) boasts of "good-will" assets of more than $22,000,000, of property holdings in excess of $123,000,000. Its balance sheets for the period 1929-33 show profits about equal to Borden's.

When the AAA wanted to include the New York distributors in their survey, the company books were withheld. Every other attempt to investigate the spread was met with rebuffs from the big dealers of New York, until Professor Leland Spencer made his own astounding discoveries about the New York market.

In all the legal bickering which has followed on the heels of the milk law and the milk board, the milk consumption level has been very much ignored. A national survey made under the direction of Dr. Frederic C. Howe last year showed an average consumption of less than half the minimum health requirement. A broad CWA survey of New York City consumption, made at the same time, indicates that for the majority of the population in the city consumption is equally low. It indicates further that for this same majority the milk cost ate up as much as one-tenth of the weekly income.

All this confirms what has been said many times—namely, that milk should be considered a public utility like gas, water, and electricity. The CWA survey revealed a resistance to declining demand on the part of consumers. Fully 87 per cent of the New York families included earned less than $30 a week. But the difference in milk consumption between them and the families which earned more than $30 a week was slight, not at all proportionate to the difference in income.

Like gas, water, and electricity, the production and distribution of milk must be on a mass basis for mass purposes. With the public-utility character of milk so apparent we have the spectacle of an industry which is run as a monopoly. The purposes of individualized farming and individualized profit-making are not calculated to run parallel to the needs of a mass market with low purchasing power. With this so evident, the Milk Board regulations appear woefully inadequate to the most casual observer.

Amid all the uncertainties of the milk controversy, one certainty persists—the constant presence of a gallery of Browns, Wynnes, Spencers, McCollums, Fees, and Burlinghams who harass the long-suffering farmer with impossible solutions for his ills. Their constant reappearance on official bodies having to do with milk points to friends in high places. Even before the days of the Loose Milk Commission, men like Thomas J. Clougher, convicted and jailed in 1926 for participating in a New York City milk-adulterating and bootlegging ring which was coining millions, were getting off easily. Clougher was released on one of the first pardons granted by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt. John Flournoy Montgomery, accused by the head of this ring and several of its members of being a cream bootlegger, and called to account by Dr. Harris as Health Commissioner, was made United States Minister to Hungary when Roosevelt became President in 1933.

Louisiana's Black Utopia

By CARLETON BEALS and ABEL PLENN

THE so-called civilization of Louisiana rests on a black cushion. The submergence and exploitation of the Negro condition all social phenomena, shape all institutions, and determine Southern reaction to significant problems. In every social and economic activity, from the separate basins for holy water in Catholic churches to the working of the state educational system, the Negro is confronted with racial discrimination and hatred. His life at any given moment hangs on the slender thread of white emotional stability.

The condition of Louisiana is demonstrated in its race relations. Let us pick 1933, though any year would do: January, Fell Jenkins, a Negro (Aycock), charged with trespassing, beaten to death; three Negro fishermen (Tavernia), no charge, hacked to death; February, Robert Richardson (Baton Rouge), charged with annoying a white woman, unnamed, shot; Nelson Nash (Ringgold), no charge, hanged. Skip six months: September, John White, charged with attacking a white woman, shot; October, Freddy Moore (Labadieville), charged with murder to which a white man later confessed, tortured and hanged.

Such cases get into the national records; they do not include the dozens that never appear in the press. They do not include the record of Negroes shot at from ambush while peacefully working in the fields or on the roads. They do not include the petty thefts of Negro property, the intimidation and brutal maltreatment accorded Negroes in rural regions. They do not include the depredations committed on Saturday-night larks, when the customary sport is for a gang of white drunks to rush into "nigger town" and "shoot it up," break up Negro restaurants, insult black women, and commit any violence that comes into their alcoholic brains.

On August 10, 1934, in Bastrop, a mob of 3,000 stormed the Morehouse Parish jail and dragged out Andrew McCloud, a twenty-six-year-old Negro suspected of attempting to assault a white girl (name unknown). With blood gushing from a knife wound in his neck, his body crumpled from a beating, his inert form was hoisted to the top of an automobile in the public square, a rope was tied around his neck, and the car was driven from under. The jail was undefended. Chief of Police B. C. Walton was "out of town." Sheriff Carpenter failed to recognize any of the mob.

On October 11, 1933, the merchants and landowners of Labadieville and the surrounding country, led and organized by a deputy sheriff, lynched Freddie Moore and Norman Thibodeaux, on the charge of having murdered a white girl. Moore is dead. Thibodeaux, one of the few Negroes ever to escape alive from a lynching, was yanked out of bed, tortured, and hung beside the already dead Moore from the railroad bridge. After Thibodeaux was cut down at the behest of two courageous white railway workers, the sheriff took him into the fields, shot him down, and left him for dead in the cane. Thibodeaux dragged his battered body to the home of Negroes he knew. They were afraid to help him and he made his way to the Flint Goodrich Hospital in New Orleans. The police then held him five days waiting for the lynchers to take him back and string him up again. But the murdered girl's stepfather by that time had confessed the murder. Prior to the lynching Thibodeaux had loaded bananas for a pittance, or had worked at rolling concrete twelve hours a day for $3.50 a week, or in the cane fields for about the same wage.

Early in January of this year a gang of eight men entered the Washington Parish jail where Jerome Wilson, a respected and well-to-do Negro farmer whom petty white officials and others were trying to do out of his father's property, was waiting for the appeal of his case. He had been convicted, with a howling mob threatening the jury constantly, of shooting a sheriff with a shotgun (the evidence showed a pistol wound). The lynchers began sawing the lock on his cell. Jerome screamed. The men straightway riddled him with bullets. Once in the cell, one lyncher beat Jerome over the head with a hammer until he was lifeless. Sheriff J. L. Brock reported: "There wasn't any lynching. There were just six or eight men who were going about their business."

After this lynching protest telegrams were sent to Huey Long. He is not known to have replied to any of them. In February, 1935, Roy Wilkins, editor of the *Crisis,* interviewed Huey Long on the case. Long said: "This one slipped up. I can't do anything about it, no sir. Can't do the dead nigga no good. Why, if I tried to go after those lynchers, it might cause a hundred niggas to be killed." (He had just opposed the Costigan-Wagner federal anti-lynching bill on the ground that Louisiana could prevent such crimes.) "There are some things," he continued, "even Huey Long can't get away with. We'll just have to watch out for the next one. Anyway that nigga was guilty of cold-blooded murder. [Not true.] Sure we got a law which allows a reversal on technical points. This nigga got hold of a smart lawyer somewhere and proved a technicality. He was guilty as hell."

Often the law is as brutal as mob violence. The following case is unusual only in getting into the papers: On Saturday, May 5, 1928, a Negro woman who had been sent to jail for thirty days by Recorder Paul Leblanc for having no visible means of support had to be taken to the charity hospital with a fractured skull. As often happens, the daily paper reporting it (*Times Picayune,* May 6, 1928) gave the name neither of the black victim nor of the abusive white assailant. "A short bald-headed policeman heard her crying in her cell, entered it, knocked her down, threw water in her face, beat her on the head with a bucket, and then kicked her in the stomach." Four deputies, who went to get the sentenced woman, found her lying unconscious on the cell floor.

In 1930 Governor Long, in defiance of the constitution, revived a practice which had been abolished thirty-five years before, that of farming out prisoners to private contractors. Prisoners sent to a rice farm declared a pacific strike because of brutal conditions, bad food, bad housing, long hours, and being obliged to work when ill without medical care. A Negro leader was killed, some say after being badly maltreated, and his body was buried adjacent to the rice field. His wife was not notified.

Never since the days of chattel slavery have the conditions of Negro share-croppers in Huey Long's Share Our Wealth Utopia been worse. Many have been forced to become day laborers—wages sixty-five cents for twelve hours. Cash wages are rarely paid, nor is the share-cropper likely to see any cash for his products. He must buy at the plantation store at 30 per cent above cash prices and frequently must pay interest. Conditions for Negro lumber workers (Louisiana has the largest output next to Oregon and Washington) are even worse; the workers have been ejected from company shacks all over the state, and the FERA has been too busy building $18 outhouses to provide them with proper homes. The bulk of domestic help in New Orleans is Negro; the average wage is under $4 a week.

The discrimination is seen even in federal relief. In New Orleans 66⅔ per cent of the people on relief are Negroes, but a white worker receives $16.80 a week, a Negro $10.50. Negro teachers in the FERA schools for adults receive $9.60 a week, white teachers, with lighter schedules, $14.40.

The Negro ward in Huey Long's "model" state charity hospital is a disgrace to civilization: patients sleep three in a bed, in chairs, on the floor; the screens are thick with dust; the place is filthy; ants crawl on the beds. The obstetrics ward would disgrace a Quechua Indian village. Shortly before his death, however, Huey boasted of the fine attention given Negroes in public clinics and hospitals. "Got to keep 'em healthy. That's fair and it's good sense. I said to them [the whites], you wouldn't want a colored woman watching over your children if she had pyorrhea, would you?" Note the psychology—they are to receive proper charity treatment merely to protect the health of the whites.

Last year a study of 523 Negro households was made by the social-service department of the Flint Goodrich Hospital and Tulane University. In the typical New Orleans residential district surveyed, probably the best for Negroes in the whole state, the streets, except for main thoroughfares, were unpaved, with such deep ruts that transit was impossible. The report adds: "The city street department at various times seeks to remedy this by dumping on the roads trash, garbage, and tin cans. The trash is often stacked three or four feet deep, and although it is supposed to have been put through incinerators, unburned garbage and dead animals are often uncovered." Elongated tenement buildings of approximately three dozen rooms are usually rented out a room to a family. A typical one had only four toilets in the front yard and running water in only six sinks in the lower gallery. There was no electric light or gas. Thirty-six such buildings in this district had been condemned. Only eight had actually been removed.

Louisiana illiteracy by the 1930 census was surpassed only by that of South Carolina. Negro illiteracy is 300 per cent higher than white. According to the 1932-33 Louisiana State School Report, an average of $44.98 was spent for each white pupil and $7.88 for each black pupil, although the constitution states that an equal amount shall be spent on both races, and the minimum is set at $12. During that school year—and things have not improved—the average number of days taught in white schools was 156, a decline of 20 days from the previous year, and in Negro schools, 100 days. The report shows that "$50,384.88 was spent on supplies for teaching white students; Negro schools received $6,116.58." In hundreds of Negro schools throughout Louisiana there are no desks; pupils write on their laps. Paper and pencils are often lacking. Often there are no blackboards. White teachers' salaries average $662 per annum, black teachers $219. School libraries in white schools got $30,560.89, Negro school libraries $818.20. Huey was always boasting that he provided buses to take Negro children to school—very necessary because of the inaccessible location of most Negro schools. In 1932-33, 3,388 buses transported 113,377 white children, including [this is unconstitutional] 3,328 children of private, mostly sectarian, schools, to and from classes. Nine buses in the whole state transported 305 Negro children; $1,521,604.34 was spent to transport white children, $2,549.65 for Negro children.

"Negro educational facilities are abundantly taken care of in New Orleans," smugly states an Association of Commerce Bulletin, May 30, 1934. Actually conditions are almost as appalling as in rural districts. The Crescent City with 130,000 Negroes boasts one four-year high school—"McDonogh 35," an old condemned brick structure, abandoned as a white grammar school decades ago, considered unsafe because of the railroad tracks running past the front-door, with gloomy rooms, creaky walls, no playgrounds, no assembly hall.

Grammar schools are worse, badly located, frequently in the red-light district. Thus in the J. P. Benjamin School district a survey last December showed that although 1,292 Negro children live there as opposed to 77 white children, the only school was for whites. At Lafon School inadequate police protection permits undesirables to hang around, and the children are in constant danger of being corrupted by dope fiends. In various Negro schools one teacher takes care of from 124 to 150 children. Accidents are common from collapse of parts of the buildings. Last year eight children were seriously injured when the stairs at the Arthur P. Williams School collapsed. This school is also surrounded by brothels.

When it came to Negroes the bitter political differences between Long and his old and new opponents vanished. Whenever the dread question of Negro rights arose, Huey Long and his followers were good Southerners. At local Share Our Wealth meetings, I have heard the following: "Now yo' niggas get back in the rear. Don' crowd up front where the white folks belong. Yo' welcome. Yo' can stay or go home, but don' sign any Share Our Wealth cards. They's fo' white folk."

In Louisiana there would seem, at first glance, to be perfect tinder for a Southern Nazi or Fascist movement, based on race brutality, prejudice, and violence. But unfortunately for any budding *Führer,* the Negro is already down to the lowest level of exploitation. No jobs for loyal followers would be gained by persecuting him further. The real fascism developed when the carpet-baggers were driven out. The resultant alliance of the old plantation owners and the new outside corporation interests, established by force, has kept the state under an American version of Nazism ever since.

Louisiana was built on the exploitation and murder first of the Indian, then of the Negro. Even in the earliest days the abuse of the Negroes became so vicious that Bienville issued his famous "Black Code," which detailed the manner in which slave-owners could discipline and manage their slaves. But abuse has continued to the present day, has narrowed the minds of the white citizens and brutalized their conduct. It has demoralized and prostituted the subnormal of city and country and profaned the history of Louisiana and the nation.

The Townsend Plan Exposed

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

DISSENSION within the movement for the Townsend old-age revolving-pension plan has been reported from a dozen widely scattered sections. The most serious rebellion is under way in Denver, but there is also trouble in Ohio, California, Oregon, Minnestota, Texas, Oklahoma, and several other states. The uprising in Colorado occurred early this year after the Townsend clubs of that state had sent three members to assist in the promotion of the plan in Washington. These delegates returned asserting that Dr. Townsend and R. E. Clements, "cofounder" of the movement, did not want enactment of the plan in the present Congress, but merely wanted to make enough of a showing to justify the continued solicitation of financial support, and that Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements proposed to keep control of the Townsend clubs of the nation in their own hands, and to remove from the organization all persons who persisted in efforts to establish rank-and-file control. These grave charges gave rise to a bitter quarrel in the Colorado movement, and eventually brought about the formation of the Citizens' Retirement Annuity League, Inc., a new organization working for the Townsend plan but repudiating the national officers. A publication called the *People* was established, and several radio addresses were delivered in Denver by Frank Peterson, former national publicity director for Dr. Townsend.

Peterson directed a series of accusations at the headquarters in Washington. He said that no one in the national office was bonded because no bonding company would accept the risk. He declared that Clements was at one time a California real-estate speculator and had injected the "acquisitive instinct" into the organization. When the pension scheme first began to attain popularity, Peterson charged, Clements was "broke," while at present "Mr. Clements possesses a beautiful Lincoln car back in California, his clothes are of the finest weave, he lives at the finest hotels and uses airplanes almost exclusively. All this from the pennies and nickels of the poor old people of California." Peterson also asserted that Clements and Townsend were reaping handsome dividends from the publication of the *Townsend Weekly,* official paper of the organization. He offered this amplification of his charges relative to the publication:

> Mr. Clements is a 50 per cent owner of the official *Townsend Weekly.* This newspaper has a circulation of 150,000 and has more than 50 employees on its payroll. It is truly a valuable piece of property, created by the pennies and nickels and dimes of the poor old people of this land. When the third issue came off the press, Mr. Clements told Congressman McGroarty that the paper was already showing a profit of $300 a week. Lately Mr. McGroarty has learned from what he considers reliable authority that the paper is netting Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements $2,000 a week.

Clements and Dr. Townsend were further accused by Peterson of misusing their influence with the Congress to delay the passage of an adequate old-age pension law in order that they might continue to collect funds "from anxious and eager folks and relatives." Several months ago Frank E. Coulter, an economist of Portland, Oregon, visited Clements in Los Angeles and returned with the same story. After he had repeated it before several clubs he was banished from the Portland speakers' roll.

In various radio speeches Peterson charged that sums ranging from $150 to $400 for platform engagements were never turned in to the national Townsend treasury but "were kept in a private safe-deposit box in a Washington hotel by Dr. Townsend in the form of cash." When supporters of Townsend and Clements attempted to refute Peterson's claim that the *Townsend Weekly* was making large sums of money for those individuals, he asked why they clung so tenaciously to its ownership instead of turning over the paper to the organization. He concluded his verbal broadside with a challenge to Townsend and Clements to have him jailed if any of his contentions were untrue, but his defiance has not yet been accepted.

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Townsend's former publicity director also has stated that there are approximately 7,000,000 names on the Townsend-plan petitions instead of the 30,000,000 claimed by the organization. He has demanded to know what is being done with these petitions, and has hinted that "sucker lists" have been compiled from them.

Until recently no one apparently realized the revenue possibilities in the Townsend movement. However, Mr. Clements and his associates now seem to be awake to the opportunity. They have founded the Townsend National Legion of Honor with dues of one dollar a month, and high-powered publicists are exerting pressure on the old people to join this section of the movement. This is from the *Townsend Weekly* of July 22:

> The ideal and the plan of the Townsend National Legion is all but an inspiration or a revelation. . . . The Townsend National Legion is a Program of Proxy. It personalizes the purse that it substitutes for self. . . . Thousands of the world's best people do not possess the high qualifications for personal leadership in our great cause; yet they can partake in the program by letting their money become proxy for them. . . . Your dollars can become *you*. . . .

Printed in red across the bottom of the front page of the paper is a call for 50,000 members in the Townsend National Legion. The dues of one dollar a month would thus amount to $600,000 annually. The club membership, estimated conservatively at about 3,000,000 persons, is expected to contribute ten cents apiece a month for the maintenance of the national movement—in addition to dues for state and local purposes. If half of this number pays the quota, there is an additional $1,800,000 a year for headquarters. As one observer remarked, "They seem to be trying to start the Townsend plan with membership dues!" These are not the only source of revenue. There are sales of banners, pins, buttons, pictures and busts of Dr. Townsend, posters, and tire covers, not to speak of collections, picnic funds, and other schemes for extracting money from people already close to the bread line. Merchants in small communities are virtually coerced into buying Townsend placards to place in their windows.

With the possible exception of a few liberals who are vainly trying to steer the movement into progressive channels, most of the Townsend speakers copy the methods of Los Angeles evangelism. Dr. Townsend is compared to Gandhi, Jefferson, Lincoln, Washington, Moses, and Voltaire: "Lincoln was the Great Emancipator, Townsend is the Great Eradicator [of poverty]." One lecturer says the Townsend plan is a "labor of love." Another calls it "heaven-sent." Others term it "the cure for all economic and spiritual ills."

That the Townsend movement is operating under dictatorial rule can hardly be challenged. The most important portions of the by-laws are not subject to amendment. A club in St. Johns, Oregon, which refused to accept this sort of constitution was promptly dubbed "red," and later had its charter revoked because its president condemned the transactions tax. Congressman Martin of Colorado has written: "I learned that the Townsend movement is in the control of a limited or closed corporation of a few persons." State managers are appointed from Los Angeles, not left to the choice of the membership. Clements continually decries "local politics" and demands strict obedience to orders from headquarters. Townsend-club platforms are closed to all persons except those duly authorized by the overlords of the movement. A letter to the Portland *Oregonian* from a delegate to the recent district convention of Townsend clubs in Portland charged gag rule and dictatorship in the selection of an area advisory board.

Of great significance is the change from the original Townsend plan embodied in the McGroarty bill (HR 7154), which calls for a pension "not to exceed $200 a month." This might mean as little as ten cents a month and certainly is not the unequivocal $200 allotment which most of the followers of Townsend still believe they are seeking. Several other alterations have been made. Writing in *The Nation* for March 6, Raymond Gram Swing stated: "The one really meritorious argument for the Townsend plan is that in the first months it would set unemployed people to work through public spending." He was referring to the provision calling for the printing of two billion dollars to start the program. This feature has been eliminated from the new bill, which now includes little more than a national transactions tax.

Sponsorship of the Townsend plan in Congress by Representative McGroarty indicates another change in the movement, its deviation toward extreme conservatism. Mr. McGroarty's integrity has never been impugned, but there is no doubt that he is an extreme reactionary. So too, for that matter, is Dr. Townsend. The support of the Townsend clubs probably elected Dr. Townsend's friend and neighbor, the unspeakable Frank F. Merriam, governor of California over Upton Sinclair. Dr. Townsend flatly rejected the EPIC program of production for use because he said it was opposed to the profit system. It was through the influence of California's tories that Dr. Townsend became wedded to the sales tax as an essential part of his plan.

In Oregon, Townsend state headquarters have been urging club members not to participate in any move to recall Charles H. Martin, Oregon's utility-dominated governor, the most notorious anti-labor Chief Executive in the state's history. Townsend speakers have at the same time been attacking State Senators Peter Zimmerman and Byron Carney, and Ben T. Osborne, secretary of the State Federation of Labor, the real leaders of liberal thought in Oregon, who are whole-heartedly in favor of old-age pensions and have fought for them for several decades but refuse to stomach the Townsend sales tax and high-handed rule.

The Townsend rebellion in Minnesota has assumed considerable importance and the insurgent organization threatens to engulf the original unit. The new group is enthusiastic in its praise of Mr. McGroarty, probably because it has faith in his integrity and character. The insurgents believe that under him the organization at least would cease its frantic drive for funds. A liberal element in virtually every club wants the transaction tax abolished in favor of levies which would reach concentrated wealth.

Renewed revolt has just broken out in Townsend ranks in California over alleged mishandling by national headquarters of money contributed by the various clubs. Samuel J. Daly, organizer for the Santa Cruz district, has charged that funds which should have been returned to each of the eighty clubs in his territory have failed to arrive. He also has asserted that the national leaders have failed to account to the rank and file for the spending or disposal of thousands of dollars collected to advance the movement. A petition demanding that the national headquarters adopt an open financial policy is being circulated in Daly's district.

The prospect of $200 a month is the lodestone which Mr. Clements and his associates employ to attract the nickels and dimes of the aged. They evade the issue whenever they are confronted with the embarrassing fact that the present McGroarty bill provides for no such amount. Literally thousands of old people believe they are on the verge of receiving $2,400 a year from the government. I met one couple who planned to sell their furniture and send the proceeds to Townsend headquarters. Of course this cruel exploitation is being facilitated by politicians who shout, "Vote for me and get your $200 in the next mail!" At present there is no indication that solicitation of contributions is to be curtailed. Dr. George W. Bunton of the National Legion has just suggested that each member try to send $25 to his unit! "Doubtless," he writes, "there are 10,000 persons who will read this article who with or without sacrifice could make such a donation to the Townsend Legion."

One is moved to ask why persons who can pay out $25 at one time "without sacrifice" need an old-age pension—particularly when that pension is to be financed by the working people and farmers of the nation. Or if it is "with sacrifice" one wonders whether the Townsend movement was organized so that needy old people might be provided with pensions or so that needy old people might provide expense money for glib-tongued organizers.

The German Underground Movement

By KURT ROSENFELD

ADOLF Hitler's seizure of power in Germany was possible only because his opponents were disunited and he was able to defeat them one by one. Of the 35,363,744 votes cast at the Reichstag elections of November 6, 1932, the Nazis received only 11,737,185. The Social Democrats received 7,251,410 votes and the Communists 5,980,240. Thus these two Marxist parties with their total of 13,231,650 votes had more supporters than the Nazis. The other parties obtained 10,394,909 votes—the Catholic Center about four million and liberal groups about one million.

The Reichstag elections of March 5, 1933, showed a great Nazi upswing, for which Hitler could thank the Reichstag fire and the resulting murderous agitation against the Communists. The Nazi vote rose to 17,269,629; the Social Democratic Party held its position with 7,177,294 votes; while the Communists, against whom the Nazi terror was chiefly directed, lost a million, retaining only 4,845,651. But still the Nazis lacked a half-million votes for a majority. They achieved a majority only through a coalition with the Nationalists, who had received 3,235,896 votes. A large number of these Nationalists are today vigorous opponents of fascism.

But a mere majority was of little use to the Nazis if they wanted to alter the Constitution with even apparent legality, since a change in the Constitution required a two-thirds vote. The dissension among the anti-fascists gave Hitler the opportunity, unconstitutionally, to declare the Communist votes invalid and in this way to permit the National Socialist–Nationalist government of Hitler and Hugenberg to "achieve" a two-thirds majority. On this breach of the constitution and on the fact that the other anti-fascist parties kept silent rests the apparent legality of Hitler's seizure of power.

Since the Nazis, even at the peak of their power, had only a part of the people behind them, power, once seized, could be maintained only by terror. The great masses of voters who marked their ballots against Hitler (22,000,000) have not been won over by Hitler, least of all the two Marxist parties with their 12,000,000 voters. Even those who believe that Hitler has since won the allegiance of many of those who voted against him before and after his seizure of power admit that there are still millions—liberals, Catholics, Jews, and Marxists—whose opposition to the Nazi system has remained unshakable, despite propaganda and the bloody "educative" arts of Hitler. It was of course possible by means of the Nazi terror to prevent these millions from displaying any overt opposition. For the time being they have been driven into illegal underground activity.

The largest German workers' organization, the Social Democratic Party, with its full million of organized followers, and the German trade unions allied with it by interlocking directorates and political agreement were wholly unprepared for this illegal war against Hitlerism. Most leaders of the Social Democrats and the trade-union organizations believed, even after January 30, 1933, the day of Hitler's appointment to the chancellorship, that they would be able to fight in the parliamentary field. It did not occur to them to begin the battle at once underground. It is clear that with this attitude the strongest German workers' organization could be destroyed overnight, and its members could afterward begin underground work only gradually and in limited areas and partly in opposition to the opinions of their leaders.

As regards the underground movement, the Social Democratic Party cannot be considered a unified structure. The leaders of the party, who were in possession of whatever party funds were salvaged, have only gradually entered upon the underground struggle, whereas the left wing of the party and the non-party Socialists allied with it have waged this fight from the beginning. It is characteristic of the situation in the Social Democratic Party that the official directorate, sitting in Prague, adopted a resolution at the beginning of this year to withdraw financial support from a party group carrying on illegal work in Germany because it would no longer submit to instructions from Prague.

Entirely different was the situation of the Communist Party of Germany. In the process of development after the revolution of 1918 it had had to undergo many forms of repression exercised against the party itself or organizations created by it, such as the League of Red Front Fighters. Long before Hitler's seizure of power it had made preparations for an illegal fight and could withdraw from the surface of the political arena into the underground movement without leaving behind anything but buildings and institutions which were so deeply in debt that the Nazis had very little joy of them. The Communist Party transformed its entire organization very quickly and was prepared to engage in underground activities almost immediately.

Confident of an ultimate triumph over Hitler the Communist Party, a great part of the Social Democratic Party, and the several numerically insignificant groups standing between the two great parties went resolutely into the illegal fight, which was and is being waged with all possible weapons. There is no German border without a gap in its guard. And through every gap in the border defense illegal books and pamphlets are smuggled into the Third Reich. By train and by car, by boat and by airplane, to say nothing of the Reich Post Office, the literature of enlightenment reaches the Nazi domain. Leaflets which resemble in binding and in their first pages common editions of other books bring the famous "Brown Book" or other anti-fascist writings and manifestos into Adolf Hitler's Reich. Especially liked and safe from discovery for a long time were pamphlets which bore the covers of widely distributed cheap editions of the classics. Some books went through the post office as "fresh asparagus." Exposed films on which messages have been photographed are sent by mail in light-proof sealed envelopes to anti-Nazis who know that the letter may be opened only in a dark room. If an enemy opens the letter the first ray makes the film blank. Small balloons with anti-fascist publications attached are sent over the German border by night when the wind is favorable. Countless leaflets are prepared in Germany itself in secret printing establishments or on mimeographing machines. There are also newspapers which appear more or less regularly in Germany—the *Neue Vorwärts,* organ of the Socialist Party, and the *Rote Fahne,* organ of the Communist Party. Numerous other pamphlets and newspapers appear, especially in the large cities. In Berlin individual districts and individual blocks and factories have their own special newspapers. I know the names of twenty-one of these. To support the issuance of these papers, an illegal "press service of the Berlin-Brandenburg district of the C. P." appears regularly.

The distribution of leaflets entails special dangers because unexpected street patrols can easily lead to detection. The underground workers circumvent this danger by leaving a stack of leaflets on the roof of a house at night for the first wind flurry to disperse in the streets. When the Nazi search the roofs, no one is to be found. More interesting is the use of productive processes in industry for the distribution of illegal propaganda. The leaflets are placed on the conveyor belt in the factory and carried through the whole factory to the workers; in the mines the empty returning wagons are filled with them; leaflets are distributed at night on trains used for the transportation of workers.

The radio, too, is used by the underground movement. Again and again the Nazis, especially in the German frontier districts, have been disturbed by the truths which come from abroad through the air to Germany. We need only recall the emigrant who was murdered in Czecho-Slovakia by Nazi agents because he was suspected of having sent news to Germany on behalf of the Black Front, formerly a Nazi group but now working illegally.

The first signs of the effect of the underground movement were observable in 1934 when workers began to express their discontent by sabotaging factory meetings and by appearing in ever smaller numbers at Nazi ceremonies. When the Nazi leaders compelled the presence of workers through strict check-up, the speakers met with an icy reception if not with open resistance. At the celebration arranged by the Nazis in Munich in May of this year so few workers appeared that the entire celebration had to be canceled.

Even more clearly does the significance of the underground movement manifest itself in factory unrest, which leads to countless cases of passive resistance and to many strikes. At the Daimler works in Stuttgart in 1935 sabotage by passive resistance achieved tremendous success. In Berlin and in other industrial centers thousands of workers struck in war-material factories, although for these branches of industry especially severe ordinances have been issued, threatening every movement among the workers with the most severe punishment. At the submarine works at Vegesack during a strike a considerable battle took place between workers and police. In the Wanderer works at Chemnitz in Saxony 6,000 workers struck, and in Stuttgart 3,000 struck in the Neckars-Ulmer Union works, where motors are constructed. These strikes were not generally based upon political demands, like the restoration of the stolen right to strike, to organize, and to assemble; the strikers sought only to hinder wage cuts or demanded wage increases or better conditions. Yet they were forbidden.

The most deplorable but also the surest proof of the growing underground movement is furnished by the frightful measures directed against the activity of the "enemies of the state" and by the brutal sentences of the so-called courts of justice. It is impossible to give the exact number of convictions since many trials are held *in camera* and often only meager newspaper items give the results. We know only those convictions that are announced or are reported by anti-fascist observers. According to very carefully compiled statistics of the German Red Aid for the first half-year of 1935, known convictions are as follows:

	Persons Sentenced	*Hard Labor, Years*	*Imprisonment, Years*
January	407	585.9	299.4
February	662	757.7	594.2
March	485	879.8	417.9
April	250	300	200
May	239	387.9	200
June	375	708.8	276.6

Unfortunately, the underground movement still suffers from the fact that the anti-fascists have not yet formed a united front. Besides the fight against the common enemy some of the illegal literature contains attacks on brother groups. Nevertheless, the underground united front between Socialists and Communists is growing steadily. In the Berlin-Brandenburg district the following document was signed on June 29, 1935:

> In the recognition that the situation is extremely urgent and that only united action of the working class can be successful, the undersigned directorates of the Socialist Party of Germany and the Red Aid have entered into an agreement by which they pledge themselves, without detriment to their respective political and philosophical outlooks, to (a) common measures against fascist terror and against spies and provocateurs, (b) common sup-

port of the victims of fascist terror, without regard to their party affiliations and beliefs, (c) common measures for raising funds for their support, (d) the creation of organizational facilities for the performance of work.

By making this public, the undersigned directorates pledge all the groups subordinate to themselves to conform to the instructions of the district authorities relative to common work and to display on their own part the greatest possible initiative in the field of united struggle.

To all foes of fascist terror outside their own ranks the undersigned organizations direct an appeal not to stand aside, but to help with all their powers to widen the united front against fascist terror.

This agreement was reached by the Socialist Party, not with the Communist Party directly, but with the Red Aid. But the Communist Party gave the agreement its full recognition, approval, and support, and a united-front Socialist-Communist agreement has *in effect* been concluded and is being duplicated in other parts of Germany.

Happily, thousands of Catholic workers, especially in western Germany, and many liberals are also working with the Marxists. The fight against the common enemy unites the anti-fascists. Nazi leaders have become genuinely nervous. Industrial, financial, and political difficulties are swamping them. But their opponents have as yet no power to put an end to the Third Reich. This power can come only from the underground movement, whose stern training is developing the men and women who will take the control of Germany into their own hands.

England Faces War

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, October 4

WE await with grave anxiety the decision of the League. As I write, Italian aggression is a fact, and the future of collective security hangs by a thread. No one can say with certainty what is to happen. French opinion is divided between those who want to prove the strength of the League and those who, like the Prime Minister, want to pay it formal tribute but only so much as does not jeopardize Franco-Italian relations. Russia and most of the smaller powers are wholly pro-League. But the attitudes of semi-fascist powers—Austria, Poland, Hungary, and Yugoslavia—is still uncertain. In the background the shadow of Hitler looms like a vague grim menace whose meaning it is difficult indeed to determine.

What of England? Ever since Sir Samuel Hoare's speech of September 11 at Geneva this country has taken the lead there in insisting that if Italy challenges the League, the reality of collective sanctions must be proved. What is behind this determination? A long record, alas, of doubt and hesitation; as Lord Cecil has well said, good as was Sir Samuel Hoare's speech, it was made one year too late. We have known at least for that time of Mussolini's Abyssinian ambitions. Yet not until June were steps taken to arrest them. The issue has been consistently evaded. It was not until August that Mr. Eden, at the League Council, made Mussolini feel that Great Britain meant seriously to apply the Covenant if she could. Why the delay? Why the sudden decisiveness? Was it the peace ballot on which millions recorded their enthusiasm for the League? Was it the realization that an Italian occupation of Ethiopia was a threat to British security in Africa? Was it a realization that if Mussolini were allowed an unrestrained triumph, every reckless adventurer in Europe would take it as an invitation to aggression?

We do not know. We know only that, whatever the causes, Great Britain stands at Geneva for collective action against Italian aggression. We do not yet know the form that action is to take. Rumor varies from a proposal for serious sanctions to measures which will have their appearance without the reality. My own judgment is that the latter view is likely to be correct. I think Mussolini will have some kind of triumph, and then conclude a deal with France and Great Britain which the League will be persuaded to ratify. The independence of Ethiopia will be reduced to a bare form. But European peace will have been saved; and the fact that the League has ratified the settlement will be used as a proof that its principles have triumphed. The really interesting thing after the conclusion of peace will be the ways devised to correct Italy's financial position. Without foreign loans (Mussolini is said to have received large credits from France) the present dictatorship cannot last. Will it receive a European loan? If not, what will be the attitude of the great powers to a revolutionary Italy which supersedes it? And will the settlement, whatever its nature, lead to an epoch of security if, as Mr. Chamberlain has announced, Great Britain, in the light of this crisis, is to proceed to large-scale rearmament? In my own view, only a victory for socialism at the forthcoming general election can prevent that tragedy. Such a victory being highly problematical, I believe we have entered upon an epoch of imperialist conflict certain to lead in the end to European war.

What of British opinion in this crisis? In the Conservative Party the general tendency has been strongly pro-government; only a few unimportant voices have been raised for isolation. But Conservative opinion strongly demands wholesale rearmament, and the government will accede to this demand. What kind of peace conservatism envisages at the close of the present operations, no one knows. It is only certain that any peace which localizes the conflict will meet with its approval.

The Labor Party has just passed through a passionate debate over the crisis in its annual conference at Brighton. Three views were given expression there. The Christian pacifist view, voiced by Mr. Lansbury, was for British abstention from any action which might involve the use of force, on the ground that this is unmoral. The view was heard with respect but without conviction. I think its expression will cost Mr. Lansbury the leadership of the Labor Party since, clearly, the party cannot be effectively led by a man who does not accept the fundamental consequences of its foreign policy. A view expressed by Sir Stafford Cripps was that this war was in essence a conflict of imperialisms; that the League was merely a theater of antagonisms between satisfied imperialist powers like England and France and dissatisfied ones like Italy; that Socialists cannot support a capitalist government in a policy leading to war without being trapped as in 1914; that the business of Socialists is to secure a Socialist victory, and this involves a refusal to be involved in support of a League which does not express or fulfil Socialist objectives. Sir Stafford's speech was the most brilliant analysis of the conference. It did not, however, impress it for two reasons: first, as late as last May Sir Stafford was supporting sanctions; and, second, his views of the League made it difficult to explain the attitude of Russia and the Scandinavian countries, which have Socialist governments.

The third view, that of the National Executive, finally prevailed by 2,100,000 votes to 100,000. It expressed support of the League in taking action to restrain Italy's aggression, whatever the consequences. The motives which led to this decision are complicated: (1) the sense that since the party, ever since 1918, has been in favor of the use of sanctions against an aggressor, it could not run away from the application of its policy the first time there was a chance of it, especially after its denunciation of the government's refusal to act in the Sino-Japanese dispute; (2) the widespread hatred of fascism, and the sense that the defeat of Mussolini might be a decisive blow at its prestige; (3) the conviction that since Russia and all the Socialist parties of Europe were in favor of sanctions, this could not be legitimately regarded as an imperialist war; (4) the sense that if Italy's aggression were unimpeded, we had no hope of avoiding a European war as soon as Hitler was ready to embark upon it.

But the decisive vote of the conference does not obscure grave doubts in the mind of Labor. These were expressed by Mr. Herbert Morrison in the superb speech with which he closed the debate—a speech which may well make him the next Labor Prime Minister. Labor's support of the government, he said, was conditional. The latter must apply the whole of the Covenant to the settlement of the dispute. It must make no imperialist settlement. It must deal with the underlying economic issues, even to the extent of being willing to place its own Crown colonies under League control.

The future is full of perplexities. What will Labor do if a fictitious League settlement is patched up? It cannot go to the country in the next few months upon a cry that war should have been made on Italy rather than a bad settlement accepted. If there is a patched-up peace, will Labor any longer believe that collective security means anything in a predominantly capitalist world? If the situation so develops that sanctions involving war with Italy have to be applied, what will Labor do? Will it recruit for the government? Will it ask for a definition of the peace the government will support? Will it oppose the government if the latter refuses to reveal its hand? Has it not, in fact, been trapped as in 1914 into support of a government whose actions it is powerless to control? We have, as yet, no answers to these questions. What will be the attitude of Labor to the proposals of the government for rearmament? The government will say that, granted the rearmament of nations outside the League, especially Germany, it cannot fulfil its obligations to the League without additional expenditure. That is the view of its technical advisers, and they would advise a Labor government in the same sense. Since Labor now supports the government in its attitude to the League, what is its answer? What attitude will Labor take if, in the event of war, the government brings in a new Defense of the Realm Act and operates that Incitement to Disaffection Act against which Labor fought so earnestly last year?

I add that, in my own view, there is no likelihood at all of a split in the Labor ranks. Whatever their differences on the question of sanctions, Socialists will find themselves opposed to any solution this government will accept as the way out of the present crisis. They will find that they have been supporting an abstract or conceptual League which has no relation to the present League. They will find that neither their purposes nor their conditions command any support from the "National" government. The latter dare not abandon the League in theory and openly; but the Paris negotiations and even later conversations show that it will make a deal with Italy if it possibly can. This deal may be covered with some fig-leaf of international convention. It will leave Labor convinced that collective security, in any effective sense, is definitely unattainable in a capitalist world. As a result the need for a complete reconsideration of the foundations of policy by the party will be apparent.

Correspondence

Is Ex-Lax Dangerous?

To the Editors of The Nation:

Our attention has been called to an article in *The Nation* of July 17 by Richard Lee Strout, based on a statement previously made before the Federal Communications Commission by Dr. A. J. Cramp, in which our product, Ex-Lax, among other products, has been unjustly slandered.

Unfortunately this article appeared in print before we had an opportunity to file our answer to Dr. Cramp's charges. However, on July 26 we duly transmitted to the Federal Communications Commission a detailed statement refuting every one of Dr. Cramp's charges as far as Ex-Lax is concerned. Limitation of space prevents us from giving the statement in full, but it is filed with the F. C. C. and may be examined by anyone interested.

In our statement we quoted no less than twenty-five authorities, some of international repute, to disprove Dr. Cramp's various charges against Ex-Lax, one of which is that the medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax, which is phenolphthalein, *"may* form a habit."

Dr. Cramp lays much stress on the statement issued in 1933 by Dr. F. J. Cullen of the Federal Food and Drug Administration warning the public against phenolphthalein products. This is evidently the backbone of Dr. Cramp's charges. It is interesting to note, however, that after a further and more thorough study of the effects of phenolphthalein, Dr. Cullen openly and courageously announced his complete reversal of his original stand on phenolphthalein. In his recent article, The Question of Phenolphthalein and its Effects (*Standard Remedies,* September, 1935), Dr. Cullen says:

> A more exhaustive study of the effects of phenolphthalein since the issuance of that article has resulted in a change in my opinion as to its harmful effects. . . . I personally know of a number of people who have consumed large quantities of phenolphthalein *without harmful results.* It is recommended very extensively as a laxative by physicians, and is used in hospitals.

Brooklyn, N. Y. September 30

I. Maltz,
President, Ex-Lax, Inc.

To the Editors of The Nation:

Through your courtesy I have had the opportunity of seeing a copy of the "detailed statement" sent by Ex-Lax, Inc., to the Federal Communications Commission. It is true that there were twenty-five authorities quoted, but, with three exceptions, all the quotations were a quarter of a century or more old. Furthermore, no quotations of the past two or three years, in which the potential harmfulness of phenolphthalein was brought out, were given.

Phenolphthalein has only been in extensive use for about fifteen or twenty years. It is not surprising, therefore, that the medical literature of twenty-five years or more ago had little to say regarding its possibly harmful effects. There is no getting around the fact that there have been reported in medical literature cases of albuminuria, cardiac weakness, irregular respiration, gastro-intestinal disturbances, blood in the urine, skin eruptions, and recurring ulcers of the mouth due to the use of phenolphthalein.

It is an exaggeration to state that in my address to the Federal Communications Commission I laid "much stress on the statement issued in 1933 by Dr. F. J. Cullen of the Federal Food and Drug Administration warning the public against phenolphthalein products." I did not stress it; I merely mentioned the fact. As to Dr. Cullen's about-face on phenolphthalein, one can but allow the facts to speak for themselves: In 1933, as a government employee in the Federal Food and Drug Administration, Dr. Cullen warned the public against phenolphthalein products; in 1935, as an employee of the "patent-medicine" interests (Proprietary Association), Dr. Cullen states that "a more exhaustive study of the effects of phenolphthalein since the issuance of that article has resulted in a change in my opinion as to its harmful effects." *The Journal of the American Medical Association* for September 21, 1935, commenting upon Dr. Cullen's reversal of opinion, asked, "Have new controlled studies been reported to warrant such a remarkable change of front, or is there just a new job?"

But all this is really incidental. The question is not whether a given drug, when prescribed under scientific control, may or may not be a useful and even valuable substance, but whether a drug known to have potentialities for harm should be sold under misleading claims in the enticing form of candy for the indiscriminate use of a public that knows nothing about the problem involved.

Chicago, October 5

Arthur J. Cramp,
Director, Bureau of Investigation,
American Medical Association

Professor Oppenheimer

To the Editors of The Nation:

The arrival in this country of the grand old man of German sociology will arouse kind remembrances in the minds of many of us.

Franz Oppenheimer kept himself continuously aloof from the petty struggles of daily politics, and his main endeavor was to show a new road for German progressive thought. His whole life-work (and few men, even in that hard-working Germany, have produced such a number of challenging books as he, culminating in his monumental work on the "System of Sociology," in eight volumes, covering almost 4,500 pages) was devoted to a new foundation of socialism, called by him liberal socialism. Accepting almost without qualification Marx's criticism of the capitalistic system, Franz Oppenheimer tried to demonstrate that though Marx truly described the results of the capitalistic system, yet he erred in evaluating the causes of the capitalistic crisis. According to Professor Oppenheimer, it is not private property in general, competition, anarchy of production, or technological unemployment which pushes the system toward disaster, but the sickness of the agricultural structure of society caused by feudal monopolies and by the artificial concentration of landed property in the hands of usurpers of political power. These "political means" have created that "industrial army of reserve" which Marx put at the center of his system as the immediate cause of exploitation, low wages, slow starvation, and incapacity of producers to purchase their own products.

From this diagnosis it follows that the real cure for our society would not be the creation of an artificial and compulsory communistic system, but the liberation of the soil and its transfer to those who are eager and able to develop the natural resources of the community. With the disappearance of a surplus landless agricultural population, the abnormal concentration in industrial cities would cease, wages would continuously rise with the growing productivity of labor, and the monopoly of the capitalistic class would be broken. In this way the capitalistic system would develop into a more and more cooperative economic structure in which ultimately free associations of the producers would replace capitalistic monopoly. There would be no place for either rent or profit.

In these ideas Franz Oppenheimer feels himself in some measure the follower of Saint-Simon, Proudhon, and John Stuart Mill in his later period. Two great Americans, H. C. Carey and Henry George, have exercised a decisive influence on his thought. Among the Germans, Eugene Dühring and Theodore Hertzka may be regarded as his precursors. However, his system is a deeply original contribution to social philosophy, and his final solution, the *Siedelungsgenossenschaft,* internal colonization on a vast scale creating new industrial markets around the new agricultural nuclei, became the principal aim of his practical activity. He studied the evolution of the state in the fields of history, ethnology, and social and racial psychology in order to prove his diagnosis of the pathology of our present society, and promoted several notable experiments in agricultural productive associations. The *Siedelungen* Bärenklau and Eden in Brandenburg were especially successful.

Franz Oppenheimer very soon realized that the struggle between the increasingly inefficient capitalistic system and its communistic remedy would destroy our Western civilization if no other therapy were offered. At the end of a brilliant academic career in Berlin and Frankfort he felt the need of going among the people to fire an intellectual "pistol shot on the street" (as Charles Gide called the first book of Proudhon) which would impress even the average citizen with the danger of a situation which can only end—according to the inevitable logic of the opposing principles—in fascism or bolshevism.

The message of Franz Oppenheimer remained unheard. The German catastrophe came, and the tension between fascism and bolshevism is continuously growing in the world; yet the faith of Oppenheimer, now a septuagenarian, remains unbroken. He cannot believe in a world order which would sacrifice security and decent living to the claims of a Manchesterian capitalism. He cannot believe in a system which would sacrifice personal freedom and human dignity to a compulsory and terroristic system of security and economic equalization.

That is the reason that his eyes are now turned so eagerly toward the great experiment which is going on in this country. He came to America in order to study, above all, the work of the AAA, because his conviction is unaltered that the only real solution lies in the agricultural field. It is to be hoped that Professor Oppenheimer will enjoy the satisfaction of contributing something to the practical realization of those ideas to which he has devoted his whole strenuous, fighting, and unselfish life.

Oberlin, Ohio, October 15 Oscar Jaszi

Labor and Industry

Minneapolis—One Year Later

By CARLOS HUDSON

Minneapolis

MRS. EBERT, housewife, is being cross-examined at the mass public trial—The People *vs.* Mayor Latimer—held under the auspices of the Non-Partisan Labor Defense to determine exactly what happened on the night of September 11 when the police fired on a crowd of men and women at the Flour City Ornamental Iron Works, where the workers were on strike. Two boys were killed that night and thirty people injured.

> Q. You say before the police started to shoot, the people were standing in the street in front of your house?
>
> A. Yes, I tell you how I saw it. I saw people standing there like it was in my church it was so quiet. I belong to the Pentecost Church. It was on the corner like it was in my church. . . . It was so quiet that I don't know a strike was there. I could see nothing. Then I heard a shot. I thought it was something else, and then it came again a second time, and then there came right there on the corner where I live, people standing all quiet, a rush, and my heart almost stopped beating. The people started to run up in my yard and I bet I had a hundred people there. One of the cars then came close to the house, then I took the people inside so they could get away from this. Then comes the police with the shotguns, running, I don't know how many, about fifteen or twenty of them, and then shots. I started back in my house and started to pray to God that if I was able, that no soul should be harmed in my house. The police were shooting and I heard screams and then I heard, I don't know, I think it was the ambulance was taking two people right away from between my house and the next house. Right on the porch they was shot. Then after I thought everything was quiet and I went to the window and then I stepped to the side and then there was a pain in my arm. It was a shot from the window.

The Ornamental Iron workers won their strike. Now the local press announces the formation of vigilante gangs to war on strike leaders. The employers are split into warring factions. Farmer-Labor Mayor Latimer stumbles off to Washington to invoke the aid of William Green. The strike of the Strutwear hosiery workers drags on, with the employers pressing hard on the police to reopen the plant although it would be certain to provoke another massacre.

The Minneapolis labor movement has been torn asunder in recent months by the long-distance manipulations of Daniel J. Tobin, president of the International Teamsters' Union, functioning through T. E. Cunningham, president of the State Federation of Labor, and other local trade-union officials. Actually there exist today two trade-union movements, each with its own headquarters and press: the Central Labor Union (A. F. of L.) and those workers grouped around Local 574, which won such a dramatic victory in 1934. The official central body has its headquarters behind a bank building in the financial district. Its offices resemble those of a brokerage firm still struggling along waiting for the "turn." Its official organ, the *Labor Review,* is one of those typical labor weeklies whose editorial columns accurately reflect the temperature of the labor movement and forever fail to give a diagnosis.

In the workers' district, a mile away, in a large building which formerly housed a roller-skating rink, are the headquarters of Local 574. At any hour of the day or night one finds some sort of meeting in progress. On Monday the full membership of the General Drivers' union gathers, on Tuesday the taxi drivers, on Wednesday the ice drivers or the market workers, on Thursday the independent truck owners. A large unit of federal workers recently organized by Local 574 meets each Friday evening in the third-floor auditorium. Every Saturday night there is dancing. A workers' forum is held Sunday afternoon. In one or another of the numerous halls a stewards' meeting is usually in session; or a group of raw workers is busy organizing itself, with the help of 574. On the second floor is located what must be the most popular bar in town, where every evening crowds of workers with their wives and sweethearts sit around the tables gossiping, or dance to the music of a mandolin and guitar. It is doubtful whether, since the 1890's, a union has come to mean so much to so many thousands of workers.

Local 574 has been forced outside the American Federation of Labor. Yet in membership and prestige it is stronger than ever. Just a year has passed since the elections terminating the strike of General Drivers' Local 574 gave to that union the right to represent the majority of the workers in the local trucking industry. The employers, since their defeat, have steered clear of a showdown with Local 574, but that does not mean that the General Drivers' union has not engaged in numerous battles, all of them in behalf of brother unions. Besides rescuing the strikes of the iron workers and the hosiery workers, members of 574 have appeared on the picket lines in the Arrowhead steel strike, the Minneapolis-St. Paul mechanics' strike of last January, the Fargo drivers' strike of last winter, and the New England building-trades strike. In each instance the truck drivers gave a good account of themselves. A picket detachment from 574 is bad news both to employers and the police.

The story of how Local 574, with its militant record, was squeezed out of the local labor movement has significance for every worker. In April, 1935, a letter arrived from Daniel Tobin demanding that Local 574 hand over its charter. The ostensible reason was that the Minneapolis body was not keeping up its per capita payments. The real reason of course was that the general policies of Mr. Tobin and the local trade-union officialdom collide at every step with the policies of the Workers' Party men in the leadership of Local 574. When a committee from the Minneapolis Central Labor Union journeyed to Indianapolis to question Tobin, he amplified his demands. He called upon the Minneapolis union to deny membership to all "inside" workers, independent truck drivers, and those who do not devote at least 51 per cent of their time to driving; he demanded that the ice drivers, the coal drivers, and the taxi drivers be organized in separate locals; he further demanded that a new charter be issued on the following basis: all present officers and active members of Local 574 to be denied membership; all applications for membership to be subject to Tobin's approval; the teamsters' joint council to reorganize the local under supervision of Tobin's special representative. These shameful demands, which would have reduced the local labor movement to impotency, were actually more reactionary than those put forward by the employers last summer.

The action of the International Teamsters bewildered the majority of local trade unionists. The central body was evenly divided on the question of expelling Local 574 from its ranks, but the threat of further expulsions from the A. F. of L. was effective. For six months Local 574 has been a fatherless child, though certainly a precocious kid and well able to take care of itself. Nevertheless, despite its treatment at the hands of the International and of the city and state federation officials, Local 574 is by no means anti-A. F. of L. A recent issue of the *Organizer* states: "Local 574 believes that the A. F. of L. is the proper organization for the American workers, it supports the A. F. of L. in every manner possible, it believes that its expulsion from that body was unjustified and is fighting for reinstatement."

Five or ten years ago a union could hardly have stood up under the blows the Minneapolis organization has received. The depression years have had their effect on the workers, and revolutionists have come a long way since the days of De Leon, the I. W. W., and the late unlamented T. U. U. L. So Local 574, though ostensibly an "outlaw," is in reality an integral part of the official labor movement. It forms a joint council with the unions of the filling-station attendants and the automobile mechanics. Its leaders are invited to sit in on all strike committees. The organizer of the Central Labor Union comes to 574's hall and appeals for help on the picket lines. A few days ago a delegated conference of fifteen local unions met in the machinists' headquarters and voted to send resolutions to Tobin, Green, the State Federation of Labor, and the Central Labor Union, demanding reinstatement of Local 574 as essential to the welfare of all local unions.

The trade-union movement is further complicated by the local political set-up. The municipal elections of last June brought to power for the first time a Farmer-Labor mayor and a Farmer-Labor majority in the city council. The Farmer-Labor Party campaigned on pledges not to use the police in industrial disputes, and to fight for more liberal unemployment relief. These campaign promises have been broken. Two weeks after taking office, Mayor Thomas Latimer personally escorted strike-breakers through the iron workers' picket line. In August the police were used several times against the Strutwear strikers. One of the officers of the General Drivers, Vincent Dunne, received three broken ribs at the hands of the police and a sentence of fifteen days in the workhouse for his picketing activities in behalf of the Strutwear workers. In the second week in September it was the "Farmer-Labor cops" who wound up their three-night attack on the picket line at the Flour City plant with a murder charge in armored cars. The Farmer-Labor administration has cut down on relief allowances and has twice used riot squads to break up unemployed demonstrations. To cap the climax, it is Mayor Latimer who has taken the lead in forming an "employer-employee committee" to bring about "industrial peace." State and city leaders of the "official" labor movement have conveyed to Mayor Latimer that he will have their support should it become necessary to exercise law and order against "unlawful picketing." "Progress," says the Mayor, "has been and is being endangered by industrial strife. . . . I call upon both employers and employees to use the means of adjustment provided by this board, and in future misunderstandings which may arise, to follow this same orderly procedure without interruption of operations."

The statement has a familiar ring, but hitherto it has not been heard from labor mayors. Members of Latimer's committee include President Cunningham of the State Federation of Labor, two other conservative trade-union officials, a vice-president of the local Manufacturing Association, the managers of the Northern States Power Company and of General Mills—neither of whom has allowed a union within hollering distance of his workers—and a seventh "neutral" member, director of a local industrial institute. As Bill Brown, 574's president, put it: "The board bats four to three against the labor fakers, and seven to nothing against the workers." It is extremely doubtful whether this latest industrial peace plan has a future; the waves of tear gas and the ping of bullets furnish too discordant a background. The local unions continue to negotiate directly with the employers. And the latter, though they call for "a sane and reasonable development of the labor movement," refuse to arbitrate, continue to organize vigilantes, and import such men as Richard Enright, former New York police commissioner, to appear at luncheon clubs and call openly for violence against the "reds and other lawless elements."

In the meantime the General Drivers' union continues to forge ahead and win increasing support for its struggle against the right-wingers. In the past few days it has signed what amounts to closed-shop contracts with the employers in the coal and transfer industries. When one of the employers jokingly mentioned to Local 574's secretary that his group had received a tempting offer from another union (Tobin's Local 500, a reconstituted drivers' union without officers or members), the reply was: "You can sign agreements right and left with all the organizations you wish. But when you're all through, you will still have to deal with Local 574 —because we've got the men." Local 574 has the men in Minneapolis—and the leadership.

The actions of the city officials have not passed without protest in Farmer-Labor ranks. The night after the shootings at the Flour City plant, the Farmer-Labor Women's Federation called an open meeting. The Mayor was booed loudly as he begged for three more months in which to prove himself. He was repudiated by sincere Farmer-Laborites—aldermen and state representatives—who called for his expulsion from the party and his recall from office. The parties of the right grow fat on Latimer's mistakes; the parties of the left are busy drawing the lessons of the Farmer-Labor disaster. Local branches of the Communist Party and the Workers' Party of the United States work overtime with meetings and proclamations. At the Farmer-Labor Hennepin County central meeting the delegates cursed their elected representatives for hours and finally decided to ignore them. Rank-and-filers are asking, What is the use of electing our representatives to office if the only result is that we are forced to give up the struggle to improve our conditions?

Incidentally the Minneapolis battles are bringing the old-time rebels out of their lairs. From Christian Socialists to ageless wobblies, they are making pilgrimages to Minneapolis and the 574 hall to see for themselves the new militants, to offer advice, to recall old times. Last week an old Socialist, inactive in the movement since he was jailed as a war objector, came back to town. "I've just made the rounds of the country, and Minneapolis is the hope of the movement," he said. "I heard things were breaking wide open here, and I've come to see the fireworks." So far he has not been disappointed.

Butte Remembers Big Bill Haywood

By KINSEY HOWARD

Butte, Montana, October 9

THE ghost of Big Bill Haywood is stalking the scarred battlements of Butte's copper hill again, prompting and dominating the Butte miners' union, Local No. 1 of the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers—an industrial union. Butte was Local No. 1 in the Western Federation of Miners, Bill Haywood's bloody, roaring army of thirty years ago, which fought and died on a hundred fronts in the cause of industrial unionism. From its agony was born the Industrial Workers of the World, America's first truly proletarian revolutionary movement.

Butte is still Local No. 1 in W. F. M.'s successor, the A. F. of L.-affiliated International. But in the interim it has traversed the full historical cycle; from the hell-roaring belligerency of the past, when it ruled its roost with an iron hand, it has passed through civil war and death and decay; now under young, aggressive leadership, it has surged back to militancy, a warning and a portent for the American Federation of Labor.

Local No. 1 is so big it can control its International—it has nearly a third of the total votes and handles them in a disciplined manner. Moreover, since its name begins with "B" and its neighbor's, Anaconda, with "A," they lead the voting at International roll calls, and when fence-sitting delegates from other, more timorous locals hear those thumping votes recorded at the start of the ballot, most of them jump off on the "left" side.

The new president of Local No. 1 is Reid Robinson, aged twenty-seven, son of Jim Robinson, a veteran labor scrapper who helped keep unionism alive in Butte in the lean years. (Currently Father Jim is running for International president against Tom Brown of Butte, who some insist was elected last time by mistake because the miners thought they were voting for Bob Brown, at that time the militant president of the Butte local.) Dennis McCarthy, the financial secretary, is thirty-five; Vice-President Mickey Ryan and Recording Secretary James Leary are both in the early thirties. Bob Brown, older, experienced, but just as aggressive, and Donald Mundy, an able class-conscious miner of about thirty who divides his time between the pits and the pen, make up the press committee which publishes the local's monthly newspaper, the only one in the International.

Local No. 1 sent a young, tough trio of delegates from the International to the A. F. of L. convention: Paul Peterson of Park City, Utah, Alex Cashin of Burke, Idaho, both in their thirties, and Reid Robinson. With them they took Butte's slate of resolutions adopted by the International, demanding immediate reorganization of the A. F. of L. for industrial unionism, a general strike in the event of a serious war threat, a labor party pledged to replace capitalism by collectivism, the Lundeen workers'-unemployment-insurance bill, workers'-rights and child-labor amendments, withdrawal of army officers from the CCC and an increase of pay in the CCC to $75 monthly, and other measures favoring labor.

The villain of the piece is the whole intrenched, wealthy craft-union hierarchy in the A. F. of L.; in particular it is John P. Frey, head of the metal-trades department and foremost craft-union spokesman. Local No. 1 and Frey met in a preliminary skirmish in 1934; it was an indecisive affair but sufficient to test the mettle of the combatants. Frey won the first round, after which there was talk of riding him out of Butte on a rail; but, said a miner a bit regretfully, "you can't do that sort of thing nowadays!" Second round was Butte's, third was Frey's, and the fourth was foredestined to be his, too; but Butte is far from licked. Here's the round-by-round story:

Twenty years ago the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers were given by Gompers the right—on paper—to organize everybody in the metal mining industry with minor exceptions. This was accomplished in some small camps, but never in Butte, biggest of them all, where the crafts were already strongly intrenched. In the big copper strike of 1934 involving 5,000 men, Butte crafts went out with the miners, though they represented fewer than 500 of the total, with the electrical workers their only important faction. However, the entering wedge for the bosses in ending that strike was driven by Frey when he negotiated a separate agreement for the crafts and came to Butte to see that his subjects signed it. Frey's round.

"We knew," said a miner, "that when an A. F. of L. big shot came to Butte it wasn't to *help* us!" It was after the miners discovered the import of Frey's maneuver that a few suggested his escorted departure astride a rail; nothing came of that, and instead the miners set to work to make the best of it and concluded a settlement so superior to the one Frey had obtained that he had some difficulty persuading his followers to go through with his. Butte's round.

The lesson learned, the miners attempted to take advantage of that paper right to organize craftsmen on the hill, and failed. The political machines of the craft bosses, the fear of losing fraternal insurance benefits, and other factors worked against them, and in the midst of the campaign the crafts protested to the A. F. of L. Whereupon the executive council, ignoring Gompers's promise and overriding Lewis and Gorman, ordered the miners to cease and desist. Frey's round.

Appeal from that ruling was carried to the October convention by the International; this was the fourth round and even the miners admitted that Frey would win it. But it provided a medium for continued agitation of the industrial-union principle: "We'll raise enough hell to keep it stirred up," said Butte. Frey and his cohorts are old and tiring; Butte has just started.

Unionism was born in Butte in 1878. Some twenty years later its local helped to form the W. F. M.; 5,000 strong, it was credited by Bill Haywood with being the largest union in America. In 1914 the I. W. W., charging Butte's local had become a company union, smashed it with blood and dynamite; but the Wobbly union which followed lasted less than a year, being broken by impeachment of Butte's Socialist mayor, harboring of troops in the city, and sentencing of its leaders for "kidnapping" scabs.

In 1915 the W. F. M. became the present International and entered the A. F. of L. In Butte it retained barely enough members, perhaps twenty, to hold its charter—which is inscribed with the mottoes "Labor produces all wealth"; "All wealth belongs to the producers thereof." Butte, they said, had died; labor would never come back.

So it was in 1933, with a score of union miners. Suddenly, under the deceptive wing of the Blue Eagle and out of the bitterness born of depression injustice, the union was reborn. The next year it conducted a moderately successful strike and won the closed shop. Not bad for a fledgling! Now, two years later, it has more than 4,000 active members in Butte and some 7,000, counting unemployed and absentees, on its rolls. Old timers say it is even more militant, better educated, and better disciplined than it ever was under the W. F. M. Its newspaper has two front-page "ears" alongside the mast-head. One quotes Marx's "Workers of the world, unite," the other Jefferson's "The tree of liberty must frequently be nourished by the blood of tyrants." Local No. 1 is young, confident, even cocky, new to union intrigue but reared in a warlike tradition. It is going places; and in the meantime, just to keep its hand in, it intends to keep on annoying the A. F. of L.

[Heywood Broun's regular comment is unavoidably omitted from this issue. It will appear as usual next week.]

Contributors to This Issue

Allan Chase is a former New York newspaperman, and **Alfred Goldsmith** is a New York labor journalist.

Carleton Beals, journalist and author, has recently been in Louisiana investigating social conditions.

Richard L. Neuberger is a feature writer for the Portland *Oregonian*.

Kurt Rosenfeld was Prussian Minister of Justice in the Social Democratic government established after the World War.

Harold J. Laski, professor of political science at the University of London, is the author of "Democracy in Crisis."

Carlos Hudson is an active worker in the Northwest Labor Unity Conference.

Kinsey Howard is a Montana newspaperman.

R. P. Blackmur contributes reviews and critical articles to various periodicals.

Arthur Livingston is associate professor of Romance languages at Columbia University.

Ferner Nuhn is an Iowan writer who has been doing field work for the AAA in the South and West.

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE *in* MARRIAGE

By C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By Robert L. Dickinson, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

CONTENTS

Section I. Bride and Groom
Section II. The Cold Wife–Frigidity
Section III. The Unsatisfied Wife
Section IV. Married Courtship
Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

THE CHARTS

Female Sex Organs, Side View ■ The Internal Sex Organs ● The External Sex Organs ● Female Sex Organs, Front View ■ Entrance to Female Genital Parts ● Male Sex Organs, Side View ◆ Male Sex Organs, Front View ■ Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views. (*Detailed explanations accompany charts.*)

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COMMENTS

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Books, Drama, the Dance

Utopia, or Uncle Tom's Cabin

It Can't Happen Here. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS is a weapon of the intellect rather than a novel; there is hardly a literary question that it does not fail to raise and there is hardly a rule for the good conduct of novels that it does not break. Its success depends on incident not character, and on editorial interpretation not representation; depends most on the urgency of the theme and the emotion of the author in presenting it. There is nowhere in it the ultimate persuasiveness of language as an art, but a great deal of that vehemently presented fact which at the ripe time does as well.

It is not, then, a novel, not a seizure and showing forth of life, but, using for freedom the overt form of a novel, a declaration of things to come sprung from a faith of which the substance is things hated not hoped for. Out of the same impulse that in times of less dismay produced visions of Utopia Mr. Lewis has projected an inferno. We see the rise, in 1936, of an American fascist dictatorship, its inevitable progress in perfecting terror, maturing oppression, and developing a maximum corruption. The dictatorship passes through three persons: first, Senator Berzelius Windrip modeled on Huey Long and elected President with the aid of a Methodist bishop's League of Forgotten Men; second, Lee Sarason, his brilliant but morally depraved Secretary of State, who overthrows and expels Windrip; and, third, the revolted but no less bloody puritan Colonel Haik, the Secretary of War, who gains power by murdering Sarason and preserves it by warring on Mexico. With the first success of the fascist revolution there is the immediate rise of a counter-revolution, which sets out to create the American Cooperative Commonwealth under the leadership of Walt Trowbridge, the defeated Republican candidate of 1936, and later with the military aid of General Emmanuel Coon, who brings part of the regular army to support the spontaneous revolt of the Western farmers. Which wins, the Cooperative Commonwealth or the Corporate State, is conspicuously left in doubt.

Victory is round the corner, in the aroused or resurrected character of Doremus Jessup, Vermont editor and old-time liberal intellectual bourgeois; victory is in the re-created character of Jessup and of you, the reader. That, if anything, is the purpose of Mr. Lewis's book: so to arouse his great audience—and no serious writer short of Walter Lippmann has a greater—that the horror of fascist revolution may be prevented. That—and the fact that Mr. Lewis has always been a publicist in fiction—is the reason that his book appears in the guise of a novel. The impact of the revolution is shown as it is felt by the Jessup family, its friends and associates, as they attempt under it, some to take advantage of new avenues to power, but most to live their ordinary lives in the small city of Fort Beulah, Vermont. The horror of fascism is shown by translating the Hitler terror and the earlier Italian terror into characteristic American terms and individuals. There is a history of terror in the bowels of every nation only awaiting the moment's impetus to be articulated and made general. People have, as Mr. Lewis remarks, a natural and unprejudiced love of violence—if not of violence itself, of seeing it, inciting it, and writing about it; so it is with surprising ease that Mr. Lewis's translations are made from European to American fascist violence; and it is almost superfluous to hear one of the minor characters remind Doremus Jessup, in their cell at a concentration camp, of such classic seminal examples as the Scottsboro boys, Tom Mooney, and the West Coast longshoremen. The credibility of the individuals and events in the novel is for the moment of reading enough. We see and know, as the time passes, for Doremus Jessup the slow expense of a disinterested mind as he gradually loses caste, his newspaper, and his peace of mind. We see him, with others, driven to start the N. U., the New Underground based on the old Underground Railway, to deliver fugitives and exiles to the safety of Canada. We see him toy with communism and desert it. We see him printing leaflets and pamphlets and distributing them at the risk of his life. We see his books burned, his college made a mockery. We see him discovered, beaten, and imprisoned; we see him escape to Canada with a shorn beard and dyed hair; and finally we see him return secretly to incite revolt in the Middle West. We see his son-in-law murdered, and his daughter in revenge commit murder. We see his other daughter almost raped for the cause. We see most of his friends imprisoned and some of them killed. And so on. We see for irony his son Philip become a stuffed shirt and a military judge of the Corporate State. And with all this and more we see intermittent reports of the responsible career of dictatorship through various acts of blood and folly in Washington and elsewhere.

So much will the reader of the moment see and, because it is in a novel, easily believe; and, the moment over, repeat, not at all disheartened, Mr. Lewis's title: It can't happen here. After all, Huey Long is dead. That is because the reader has missed the one lesson in the book worth learning; missed it largely because he was not the person to learn it, but partly because Mr. Lewis was not quite the person to teach it—although he has learned it himself. This is the lesson of American liberalism for liberals. The career of Doremus Jessup, here all so strewn with blight and violence, has this emphasis: that only when the actuality of what he hated and distrusted destroyed the life he loved, only then did he convert his disinterested opinion into desperately interested action; and then, for all we know, it was too late. In more general terms, can it not be put that in a comparatively stable society the liberal can afford to be disinterested and is most valuable so, but in an unstable society disinterestedness is the very last thing he can afford if he is to live or be valuable at all? Or is liberalism only good for a prosperous society? Is it, after all, Utopia out of which Mr. Lewis has produced Doremus Jessup, and only there that, as the book ends by saying, "a Doremus Jessup can never die"? R. P. BLACKMUR

The World's Prose

An Anthology of World Prose. Edited by Carl Van Doren. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.

CARL VAN DOREN'S "Anthology" is a sort of literary bible. When properly used, it should be on a table at one's bedside for that moment of devotional exercise in the evening which calls the mind away from the day's troubles, refreshes with a glimpse of some distant scene, amuses with some well-told anecdote, sketches some faint perspective of history, or inspires with a suggestion of thought. I open at random and here is the "Outlaws" of Selma Lagerlöf with a breath of resin from the Scandinavian mountains. I open again and here is Melville discoursing in an intriguingly ornate style on Ahab's hatred for Moby Dick. A third try and here is Cicero striving in a quaint old English to show that if black is not white it is at least purple or scarlet or some other attractive color. Here is a page of Castiglione—*laudator tem-*

poris acti (I always like Castiglione from a certain feeling of superiority the old fool's dull complacency gives me). The most amusing pages I have found to date are those in which Thoreau gives a kick at the machine age as it goes rushing past him, *anno* 1845, while he plays hide and seek with reality (a bad case of Buddhistic indigestion) on the shores of Walden Pond. Here is a story by Sigrid Undset, but if you do not like it, take a nip at the Upanishads, from the Sanskrit, or read the story of the Book of Thoth from the Egyptian papyri. Or perhaps you would prefer an eyewitness's account of the battle of Crécy from Froissart, or Herodotus on the crossing of the Hellespont by Xerxes, or Samuel Pepys on the London fire (which made me miss, by the way, Pliny's description of the destruction of Pompeii).

One can find no fault with this book from any angle. The editor has conceived his anthology not as a history of world literature, nor yet as a bird's-eye view of world culture. It is just a thousand and a half of good pages culled from all the literature available as English prose, and for the goodness one can always trust Carl Van Doren's faultless perception of literary values. In a book so conceived, one takes what one finds—what one fails to find could be for another similar volume.

And what, meantime, is prose? A pious meditation of Lao Tsu (some of the maxims would not have come amiss), a preface by Thucydides, a treatise by Harvey, a tale of Bre'r Rabbit, a story by Dreiser (a trite theme this last—Flaubert, Maupassant, D'Annunzio)—they are all prose. Yet not all prose is "prose." Prose, for Carl Van Doren, if I divine aright, should have a certain striking originality of phrasing coupled with a content so treated that it can arouse and hold the interest of the majority of readers. As for striking phrases, this anthology is an encyclopedia of them—they might almost deserve a special index—"the unabated Hudson, flowing unfathomably through the Highland Gorge." That is Melville. The New England Sunday—"the fit conclusion of an ill-spent week." That is Thoreau. "They hadn't been doing nothing and was being chased for it." That is Mark Twain. And so the phrase "remembrance of things past" is not Proust rendered by Moncrieff, but Cicero rendered by Newton. Perhaps I should have known it. But I didn't.

Carl Van Doren's introduction has the merit of stressing the importance from the cultural and literary standpoint of that vast amount of translation which has truly made of English literature the literature of the world. However, the question of what a good translation is still remains open. No two people will ever agree on it, or at least no two translators. It is clear that in the rush of traversing such an enormous amount of material the editor here has been guided by names and traditions rather than by actual comparisons. And he seems by implication to adhere to that very questionable theory that the best translators are those so-called creative writers who at one time or another have been able to produce a best-seller. I can see no other reason for doing so much publicity for Lawrence's versions of Verga, which have no significance either as regards a rather anemic Verga fad or in themselves. It is also the fashion to mention Richard Aldington with bated breath, though I doubt if his specimen of Boccaccio in this "Anthology" would stand technical analysis. I find the Oxenford version of Goethe frankly detestable, and one could mention other cases. I personally prefer a translation that is logically exact and idiomatically sound from the standpoint of spoken English, words counting for little, but the phrase and the paragraph stress counting for everything. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that some form of verbal literalism, even if it show a trace of foreign accent, has the best chance of success in the long run. Literary English is itself a form of Mandarinism, an unnatural type of speech that has fewer contacts with spoken realities than is commonly imagined. Melville's English, for instance, has the flavor of being translated from some strange foreign language. I would wager that if it were presented to a publisher as translation, he would set someone to revising it. Yet the fact that Melville's English passes for good English among the littérateurs may show how it comes about that many egregious specimens of "translationese" are often accepted as good English.

One might best appreciate this anthology by thinking of the many ponderous "libraries of world literature" that clutter our library shelves. None of them is so uniformly interesting or instructive as this anthology, none so thoroughly enjoyable. Its compactness, along with its richness, makes it unique.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

A Matter of Quality

Flowering Judas and Other Stories. By Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN the five years that have passed since the almost surreptitious publication of "Flowering Judas" Miss Porter has apparently written only four stories which she believes worthy of being included in the same collection. With such a record, obviously, this writer can hardly expect to attain to the Titanic company of those recent fictionists who have been busily demonstrating the superiority of matter over mind in literary production. She offers no panoramic survey of modern society, no saga of the American or any other soil, no documentary materials for a study in the elephantiasis of the literary sensibility in our time. She cannot successfully be compared with Balzac, Tolstoy, or Proust—and Rabelais is quite out of the question. Confronted with Miss Porter's 285 widely spaced pages, the most popular of current standards, the standard of quantitative measurement, becomes as ineffectual as a yardstick in an Einsteinian universe. Quality rather than quantity being the only possible issue, criticism is suddenly made aware how little prepared it is for its task.

But it is possible to isolate the essential quality of these stories as an honesty that manages to steer a successful course between the two worst perils of the contemporary prose writer—artificiality and that self-conscious effort at sincerity which is a special kind of artificiality. "A spray of lantern light shot through the hedge, a single voice slashed the blackness, ripped the fragile layer of silence suspended above the hut." This passage, with its too vivid parade of strong verbs, does come pretty close to being "literary." But it is just enough justified by the situation and there is no more of it than is necessary. More often an effect depends on a single word so casually imbedded in the sentence as to escape individual attention: Maria Concepcion's friends "were around her, speaking for her, defending her, the forces of life were ranged invincibly with her against the beaten dead." Here the whole weight of the feeling is contained, with Flaubertian inevitability, in the one adjective toward the end. The same kind of force without emphasis is achieved when Maria Concepcion looks down upon the dead body of her rival: "Maria Rosa had eaten too much honey and had had too much love." As it happens, Maria Rosa had been a bee-keeper, so that even in this rare use of symbolism Miss Porter does not depart from the literal: the fact and the symbol are one and the same. And throughout these stories it is the same strict adherence to the fact for what the fact can produce that saves Miss Porter both from the rhetorical emphasis of Mrs. Woolf and her followers and from the equally rhetorical understatement of the Hemingway school.

This gift for making audible what might be called the overtones of fact is responsible for Miss Porter's success over such a wide range of subjects. Whether it is the phonographic recording of a quarrel between two young people in the country, or the predicament of a young American schoolmistress in Mexico, or the incorrigible Bovaryism of an Irish immigrant woman on a Connecticut farm, Miss Porter is able to secure richness without too much reliance on the brush. The only objection that may be raised is that in certain of the stories, Hacienda and That Tree, there is an insufficient crystallization of theme. In Theft, the tenuous mood is properly condensed in the "moral" attached at the close: "I was right not to be afraid of any thief but myself, who will end by leaving me nothing." But in Magic and He, no such definition is given to the experience that has been recorded. From this point of view the most satisfactory items are Maria Concepcion and The Cracked Looking-Glass. If Miss Porter had written nothing but these two short narratives, she would still be among the most distinguished masters of her craft in this country.

WILLIAM TROY

Seeing the People First

Some American People. By Erskine Caldwell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

"THERE are more than two score states, there are hundreds of cities, and there are thousands of miles of wayside, and each has its own specialized character. . . ." Thus Caldwell, after "a small amount of travel during a year's time, from May, 1934, to May, 1935, in the United States," in his foreword called "Advertisement"; and they are the words of a real United States wayfarer. True, the observation has the sound of sudden discovery. Caldwell castigates his fellow-Americans for not knowing how to travel in their own country; and while this goes for many, particularly of urban and Eastern background, it hardly applies to great numbers of car-owning and hitch-hiking ordinary Americans out over the country. They have been collecting America for years, camping along the road, gassing in tourist camps, comparing the states and the people and "conditions," and not in a superficial sense, either. It is almost an American folkway.

But this is incidental. There should be more books like this. Few, however, would be written with the talent of this one for reproducing local talk, conveying attitudes, setting. This is not the ill-digested copy of a journalist, after a thirty-day "swing around the country" authorized by a newspaper. Caldwell is artist enough not to generalize. He doesn't estimate "recovery," or tell how America will vote in 1936. The sketches stand by themselves, as specific pictures of specific cases, and it's up to the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Caldwell was in western North Dakota about the time of the great drought-cattle buying program, and The Last Round-Up vividly tells the story of that amazing feat. It should be read both by those who think the measure was unnecessary, and by those who think distress is at an end in the dry Western range lands. The sketches of Southern tenant farmers, famous from previous publications, make up the most elaborate section of the present volume. Granting that the worst pictures—those of stranded and in-bred families in Georgia's worst tier of counties—are more or less isolated instances, Caldwell's studies in general tally with the best of other surveys. His views corroborate, for example, the conclusion of Johnson, Embree, and Alexander of the University of North Carolina in their recent book, "The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy," when they write: "It is the blunt truth to say that under the present system the landowner is more and more protected from risk by government activity, while the tenant is left open to risk on every side."

The solution is another thing. Blackwell (also of North Carolina) found that the displacement of tenants became serious as early as 1929, and that the peak year for evictions was actually 1932, though the trend was upward again in 1934. Return to unlimited production and six-cent cotton would probably not solve anything, either for the tenant or the South as a whole. As for the failure of many tenants to share in benefit payments, Caldwell attributes this to local administration, but adds, "However, it is difficult to understand how such widespread thieving [by landlords] continues month after month, in county after county, without detection in Washington." One suspects that Caldwell knows the answer to this as well as anybody. It is not a matter of detection but of enforcement; and the strict enforcement from Washington of even the small benefits for tenants under the cotton program would be looked upon locally as another carpetbag invasion, to be resisted as vehemently.

The heart of the problem, of course, is the social system, and short of its overturn, as Caldwell and others point out, the program most likely to improve the share-croppers' lot would be a federally administered land-credit program: the government to purchase large blocks of land from banks and insurance companies, and become the landlord of as many share-croppers as possible. This program is tentatively approached in some of the present resettlement activities, as it was in the Bankhead tenant bill. Administrative difficulties no doubt would hamper such a program also, but it would seem to be the best course now open.

There is not space to treat all the sections of Caldwell's book. The sketches vary in quality; the humor of some of them, of Grandpa in the Bathtub, for instance, is a bit synthetic; in others, such as A Badland Tale, the authentic local flavor is unmistakable. In its underlying material, however, the book is sober and revealing, and should be read by everyone interested in the people of the United States.

FERNER NUHN

Drama

Dissenting Opinion

"PORGY," first produced some eight years ago, was one of the Theater Guild's most resounding successes. Rechristened "Porgy and Bess," it now reappears as an opera with music by George Gershwin, and unless all signs fail it is destined for a second triumphant career. Mr. Gershwin is popular; the text has an easy romantic glamor; and the Guild's production at the Alvin Theater is both lavish and showy. Here is "an American theme" set to a score by a composer whom it is fashionable to regard as the genius born to accomplish a predestined miracle—the elevation of jazz into the realm of art. The piece will be much admired this winter but that is not all. Admiring it will also be one of the Things Being Done.

From what has just been said it is no doubt clear enough that my own enthusiasm is not as high as it ought to be. I am abashed to be compelled to disagree with many whose opinions I respect, but the plain truth of the matter is that I never found myself profoundly interested or deeply moved and that, in retrospect, I have no great difficulty in assigning good reasons for the fact. They apply almost equally to the text, the score, and the production. They are also both definite and specific but they can be reduced very easily to a general statement: "Porgy and Bess" is more elaborate than the effect which it produces gives it any right to be.

Here are drama and music and pantomime. Here are crowds of people, many scenes, and at least three bags of stage manager's tricks. But to me the total effect is not unlike that sometimes produced when Hollywood determines to outdo itself. Two or three geniuses, living and dead, are summoned to combine the inspiration of a few classics with the wonders of nature and of mechanics under the generalship of a super-director who not only moves mountains but takes angle shots of the mountain being moved. But when the whole has been recorded on celluloid, the judicious spectator merely begins to suspect that perhaps there is something, after all, in the theory that the palmiest days of the drama were those when two or three actors came out in front of a curtain and said something.

To begin with, the play itself always had an air slightly operatic in the most unfavorable sense of the term. Mr. Heyward's story of the crippled Negro beggar who took a Charleston bad girl under his protection and then lost her to a roistering buck handles these events with a kind of easy romanticism which makes them seem "colorful" rather than especially convincing and achieves a striking superficial effect rather than any emotional depth. As originally played, it depended a great deal upon picturesque pageantry to cover up its dramatic deficiencies, and now music has been called in with the laudable intention of supplying more substance. But instead of actually seeming more substantial the piece seems only more complicated.

Having no equipment for musical criticism I speak with great diffidence, but to my lay ear Mr. Gershwin's music, though pretentious enough, seemed lacking in both memorable melodies and real dramatic effect; most of it was obviously more or less in the idiom of the spiritual, but though this fact gave it a general character it never seemed to achieve much dramatic expressiveness capable of adding to the intensity of any particular situation. As for Mr. Mamoulian's production, I speak with more confidence. It was also very ambitious, but mechanical rather than imaginative. Doubtless it was, for example, very clever of him to represent the storm by the billowing of clothes hung out to dry and by the very rhythmical banging of the tenement shutters. In addition I doubt whether anyone else ever used more brilliant lightning or louder thunder than his—or ever had more of both. But though I knew I was expected to "Ah" and "Oh," and though the audience (I thought dutifully rather than enthusiastically) did both, I was less thrilled by the storm than by the fact that the director was having such a beautiful time playing with all the gadgets with which the science of the theater had provided him.

After the performance was over I found myself wishing that criticism had evolved for itself a formula like that used in mechanics for determining the efficiency of a machine. One divides the output of energy by the amount put in and one gets a percentage figure to express the success of the contrivance in applying to useful work the fuel supplied it. Now the effectiveness of a work of art corresponds to the efficiency of a machine. One expects an effect commensurate with the means employed and one ought to have some way of dividing the impression produced by the means used to produce it. The quotient would then be a measure of its effectiveness, but judged in this way "Porgy and Bess" could hardly be pronounced a success. The various assaults upon the spectators' feeling have been arranged with all the elaborateness of a military campaign. Literature, music, dancing, and pantomime converge upon him. His senses are bewildered and almost taken by storm. But only almost. I, at least, ended by wondering why I should be moved so little by the combined forces of all these arts when, on other occasions, any one by itself had moved me so much more. Perhaps the explanation is simply that generalship is no satisfactory substitute for feeling and imagination.

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A SIGN FOR CAIN

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In Philip Barry's more serious plays I am nearly always disturbed by what seems to me the author's inability to distinguish between what he really feels and what he thinks he feels. Some defect of the sort is still perceptible in "Bright Star" (Empire Theater), but I must say that I found it continuously interesting and less marred than any of his other recent plays by a certain narcissistic tendency to stand lost in admiration before its own "fineness" and integrity. This time the story is concerned with a self-made man who, to further his ambition, marries a pure, whole-hearted girl, but who is finally wrecked by a sense of guilt—by the realization that he is incapable of that love through which alone a man may be saved. Obviously the play might easily be mawkish, and it was, I think, a mistake to make the woman concerned quite so completely angelic. But the play as a whole is not mawkish. The "loveless" man is subtly characterized and his tragedy finely told. As always, Mr. Barry writes very fluent, often witty dialogue and I should list "Bright Star" among the plays decidedly worth seeing. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Last week in reviewing the Soviet farce "Squaring the Circle" I raised some question concerning the meaning of the apparently ironical conclusion. Since then I have been reliably informed that this conclusion is not a part of the original play. J. W. K.

The Dance

Ballet Old and New

COLONEL W. DE BASIL'S Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo returned recently to America for its third appearance in New York. It came with a stronger corp of first-rate dancers, and the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House made it possible for both dancers and audience to expand comfortably. No brand new ballets are in the repertoire but the past has been rich in invention and some very old ballets have been retouched and presented. A sprinkling of three-year-old creations in the program served to show how the form has been modified up to date. The range in variety and time extended from the formal Italian, in "Le Mariage d'Aurore," through the Fokine-Bakst pure Russian period, up to Massine's "Choreartium" with the music of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, produced here for the first time.

Altogether a greater air of confidence and permanence prevailed, and one had less the impression of watching the last brave flickers of an art that had lost its home. Either the impulsion given the ballet at the court of the Czar was a powerful one, making its energy still felt (by the second law of thermo-dynamics necessarily a dwindling energy), or else ballet in itself is tenacious against odds, and there are enough balletomanes born every year to insure its continuance. Certainly, with the successful career of the Monte Carlo before one's eyes, and the formation of the American Ballet group under the direction of Balanchine a fact, hope is granted to those who believe in ballet's survival, not as a hobbling veteran of ancient glories but as an infant full of punch and go, quite at home in the modern world.

Yet there is no blinking the fact that the enjoyment to be got out of watching the Monte Carlo ballets is most often the enjoyment of reminiscence, a lavender and old-lace delight. Two of the most satisfactory ballets in the repertoire are the familiar "Les Sylphides" and "Le Mariage d'Aurore" with choreography modified from Petipa's original ballet in three parts. Quaintness and stiffness are at home. The Bakst scenery is subdued to pastel rococo, and each dancer is given his moment to perform in an irrelevant bit—exquisite light pantomime interspersed with virtuoso display to a Tchaikovsky score. Ballet was like this at its height. And the dancers are still among the best in the world, though they lack the training and the backing that made their predecessors better.

Most of the other ballets, of a total of about twenty, were designed by Fokine and the younger Massine. Balanchine's "Cotillon" and Nijinsky's own "Spectre de la Rose" are exceptions. The Fokine ballets, like "Schehérezade," "Thamar," "Carnaval," "Prince Igor," and "Petrouchka," with Bakst settings and costumes are familiar in spirit and story. They are wild or gay pantomimed fairy stories that bear repeating over and over again, and can be done only by Russian dancers, ballet trained. They belong to one period and one nation, and they will be revived as examples of that period as long as a group of dancers who are direct inheritors of the tradition can be held together to perform them.

Massine and Balanchine are the modern choreographers and still inventing, and it is their work, within this changed environment, that must bear the test of the ballet's future. Massine is maître de ballet and "artistic collaborator" for the Monte Carlo group. Balanchine heads the American Ballet and is its chief choreographer. The American Ballet gave its opening performance last year; the company is now on tour and will return to dance the ballets of the Metropolitan opera.

Massine's abstract composition to the Brahms Fourth is the only one of his ballets not danced before in New York. His others will be remembered. "Three-Cornered Hat" is a nervous, rather silly pantomimic retelling of the old Spanish story. The trivial, comic air of the De Falla music is amusingly interpreted in the quick modified Spanish dance gestures. It is modern only in its music and its sophisticated shallowness. "Union Pacific," based on the libretto of Archibald MacLeish, is more thoughtfully designed, pleasing and amusing in tempo. "Le Beau Danube" has a dignity that the waltz rhythm always gives. "Midnight Sun" is a brief, animated Russian pagan festival concocted of Russian ballet steps. Massine is a clever showman and is at his best telling a story humorously in movements familiar to classic ballet, though more angular than round. His more abstract work comes a cropper, not because he has not an alert sense of design, but because the modern technique cannot mix with the typical ballet gestures. In "Choreartium" the mood of Brahms is solemnly interpreted by hooded Martha Graham figures who suddenly rise stiffly on toe, and the allegro becomes a prancing, jerky spring dance of arabesques and bourrées. The ludicrous intruded in spite of the occasional fine groupings.

Balanchine in "Cotillon" displays a delicate talent for sheer beauty of abstraction, though his "Errante," which the American Ballet performed last year, drifted out of meaning in a combination of attempted design and vague story-telling.

Among the ballets old and new that the Russians presented and the ballets given by the American Ballet last year, it seems to me that the older productions are the best, and that the effort to press modern choreography out of classic technique results often in embarrassing anachronism. Moreover, the classic style depends for its perfection on precision of movement achieved by constant and expensive training from childhood. Only a subsidized school, such as the Czar's, can accomplish this. Pupils studying today want quick results from ballet teaching, for their ambitions turn toward musical comedy, where our native dance of entertainment flowers best.

Choreographers of group movements, such as Martha Graham or Doris Humphrey, whose technique is based on other principles than ballet, and who have worked exclusively with the dance as an art form, have more imagination in abstract design and a deeper penetration than the ballet-trained Russians of today. RUTH PICKERING

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MISS HELENE MAYER, the world's champion woman fencer, has consented to be a member of the German Olympics team next year. Brigadier General Sherrill's visit to Germany, therefore, was not without avail. General Sherrill is one of the three Americans on the International Olympics Committee; returning on the Normandie on October 21, he expressed himself on the question of non-participation by Americans in the Berlin Olympics. "What Germany does to the Jews in Germany," said the General, "is no more my business than what is done to Negroes in the South or to the Japanese in California. . . . I have been striving for two years to accomplish one thing. That is to see that at least one German Jew is on the German team." Having set himself such a modest goal, the General is perhaps to be congratulated on reaching it without too great a struggle. Miss Mayer is to be the German Jew who will establish the fact, to the satisfaction of the General, that there is no anti-Semitism in the Hitler Olympics, or if there is, that it is none of his business. Since we cannot quite attain to the General's attitude of Christian forbearance, we feel that what the South does to Negroes and what Germany does to the Jews are both matters of concern to persons interested in, let us simply say, fair play. But we agree with the General on one point: it is not only what Germany does to the Jews which makes us believe that the United States should withdraw from the games next year if they are held in Berlin; it is the fact that the contest will not be an international sporting event but a manifestation of German National Socialism in which politics—Nazi politics—will be more important than sports. That should make American participation impossible.

THE UNEASINESS felt by Roosevelt's campaign managers over his waning popularity has been greatly relieved by the October poll taken by the American Institute of Public Opinion. The first of these polls, taken in February, 1934, gave the President 69 per cent of the combined Democratic and Republican votes. Then a decline set in, and from November, 1934, till September of this year the curve sagged steadily downward until the President, with a majority of only 50.3 per cent, appeared to be headed for defeat. But in October his stock rose to 53, an indication that if the election were held today, simply on the issue of Roosevelt, he would win by a narrow margin. Geographically the President has lost the New England states, where he polled 51 per cent in 1932; his percentage there in October was 38. In the mid-Atlantic states—New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maryland—he also has lost a majority of 53 per cent and is now at 46. But in all other sections he runs ahead in the ballot, generally somewhat behind his figure in 1932, but actually ahead of it in the mountain states. The poll is instructive but it is not conclusive. Next year the choice will not be for or against Roosevelt but between Roosevelt and a Republican nominee. Roosevelt, measured against what he might have been, cuts a far poorer figure than he will present next year in contrast with the choice of the Republican Party. We hold to our opinion that the President is not sure to win the election but that the Republicans are sure to lose it.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to view the naval conference which is to open at London on December 2 with any degree of optimism. None of the difficulties which caused a breakdown in the preliminary conversations last November have been appreciably lessened in the past twelve months, while the recent friction between Italy and Britain, combined with French anxiety over German rearmament, appears to make genuine limitation almost out of the question. Japan, it is true, has proposed the abolition of capital ships, heavy cruisers, and aircraft carriers, the three classes of ships most useful to an aggressor nation. But these happen to be the only classes of ships in which Japan is inferior either to the United States or to the British Empire. Japan is adamant in insisting that political questions be kept out of the conference, even though the naval ratios established at Washington in 1922 were based on certain pledges regarding China and the Pacific mandates which have since been broken. The Baldwin government is committed to a rearmament program which would add twenty cruisers to its existing fleet within the next few years; it is not likely, therefore, that a reduction in naval armament will even be seriously considered. The most that is hoped for is an arrangement stabilizing the relative strengths of the various fleets and imposing, if possible, an outside limit beyond which naval construction will not go in the next seven years. With Germany, Japan, and Italy determined to improve their relative status as naval powers, and Britain, France, and the United States equally determined to prevent this from occurring, and with a new world war looming ominously on the horizon, even these restricted aims seem unrealistic. The fact that the delegations of the various powers will be made up principally of naval "experts" is perhaps the clearest indication that governments themselves regard the conference as mere window dressing.

AFTER A BRIEF ALARM lest the hog and corn farmers should reject control, the AAA finds that on the farms it remains popular. Early returns forecast a close vote, but at this writing the count is better than five to one for continuance, conclusive evidence which will be anxiously studied by Republican leaders. Administrator Davis, however, reads it as approval not so much of the AAA as of the particular policy of preventing future overproduction. With the shortage of hogs and the high price of pork, the temptation of farmers might have been to plunge into unrestrained competition, with ultimately dangerous results. Mr. Davis believes that the farmers are laying upon themselves a self-denying ordinance, which, if his interpretation is correct, bespeaks a remarkable conversion from individualism to the philosophy of planning. At this moment it is impossible to say whether the increased production of 25 to 30 per cent planned for next year will bring down prices. It should do this particularly for the benefit of consumers. The farmers have the AAA looking out for their interests, and the consumers have only a board or two, armed with no authority. None of the studies which have been made of "fair prices" for farm products have even attempted to determine the effect of prices on consumption. Hence consumers will look upon the vote of the farmers with as much anxiety as the Republicans, though for another reason. The Republicans, we imagine, are busy searching for the right name to give to the AAA when they advocate its continuance in next year's campaign.

PRESIDENT CÁRDENAS'S plea for a resumption of American capital investment in Mexico may be taken as further evidence of the fundamental insincerity of the present regime's revolutionary pretenses. During the past twenty-five years every attempt to improve the basic economic conditions of the Mexican working class has been frustrated by the active or tacit opposition of American vested interests. The annual toll levied by foreign capital is estimated to be between 100 and 300 million pesos ($300,000 to $900,000). This might not be excessive even for a poor country like Mexico if the investments were used to develop the productive resources of the country, in the same way that foreign capital was utilized by the United States in the nineteenth century. But unfortunately this has not been the case. The bulk of American capital has been invested in mining and oil, where American exploitation has been contrary to Mexico's real interests. Even the sums invested by the United States in developing transportation facilities have served rather to bring Mexico under American economic domination than to raise the living standards of the Mexican people. Foreign investments may be necessary to revive American capitalism, but there is vastly less danger of unpleasant repercussions if such investments are confined to countries where there is no temptation for the flag to follow the dollar. President Cárdenas's closing exhortation, "Do not be afraid; there is nothing to fear and much to be gained," might well be added to the collection of "famous last words."

IN SETTING November 14 as the date for the British elections Stanley Baldwin has sought to capitalize on the unanimity with which British public opinion has backed the National Government's policy in the Italo-Ethiopian crisis. The fact that any other government, Liberal, Labor, or Tory, would have followed almost exactly the same path will, of course, be overlooked by the average voter, and the chances are that the Conservatives will win by a landslide only slightly less impressive than that of 1931. Superficially, Baldwin will be able to present a strong case for continuing the National Government in office. The domestic crisis which led to the elections of 1931 has been successfully settled. The budget has been balanced; industrial production has been running above the 1929 level for more than a year; unemployment has been reduced to less than two million for the first time since the onset of the depression. A new crisis has arisen, this time caused by a threat from without, which makes national unity as essential as in 1931. A popular mandate is required before the government can proceed with its ambitious plan for rearmament. Labor will doubtless oppose the armament program, but its task will be a thankless one in the face of the obvious menace of German and Italian fascism. Its one hope lay in the possibility of turning attention back to the domestic scene. The existence of serious discontent in the mining regions, as evidenced by the recent South Wales strike, the unsolved problem of the depressed areas, and failure of the government to take active measures for providing work for the two million who are still jobless would normally react to Labor's advantage. But devoid of leadership and torn by internal strife, the party could scarcely be asked to fight an election under more unfavorable conditions.

THAT MILK RACKETEERING exists on a national scale as well as in local situations such as *The Nation* discussed last week seems to be established by the reports on milk costs of the Consumers' Division of the NRA. On the premise, first, that the distributor and not the milk farmer is the nub of the tangled problem, and, secondly, that distribution costs and therefore retail costs are entirely too high, the division's economists and field men have concentrated on the marketing end of the milk muddle, and have uncovered some interesting facts. There is, for instance, a widespread duplication of delivery routes. This duplication is sanctified under the name of necessary competition and is said to be justified because it gives the consumer a "buyer's choice" with regard to the quart or two of milk he buys daily. But, declares the NRA research unit, there is no such thing as a

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"buyer's choice" since the milk for any community comes from a limited area, the farmers must meet the same public-health regulations, the pasteurization is a purely mechanical matter, and distributors meet the same local health laws. In other words, milk is milk and not bottled sunshine, and the product of one dairy cannot be distinguished from that of another. It might be supposed that if competition in distribution keeps retail prices up, similar competition in production would benefit the farmer, since the country is obviously not suffering from a milk surplus. Perhaps it would in an open market, where he could bargain for a satisfactory price. But there is no open market. He must either sell to the distributing monopoly at its price or see his milk curdle.

TO GIVE POINT to the article on German Catholics by Emil Lengyel in this week's *Nation,* the "suicide" in a Nazi prison on October 3 of the Reverend Thomas Stuhlweissenburg, former head of the Dominican Order in Germany, is announced. Dr. Stuhlweissenburg was being held on a charge of attempting to smuggle currency out of the country in violation of the laws of the Reich. A number of other Dominicans, including the present head of the order, are in prison awaiting trial on similar charges. One of them, Bishop Peter Legge, of Meissen, has been removed to the prison infirmary, suffering, it is declared, from a kidney ailment. While the persecution of Jews in Germany has been spread out for the world to see, the anti-Catholic activities of the German government have been more or less played down. If a German Catholic priest ends his life rather than endure longer the torments of a German prison, it is news. And one may suspect, the Catholic belief in the impropriety of suicide being what it is, that Dr. Stuhlweissenburg's death was actively hastened by his jailers. In spite of Hitler's recent castigation of Germany's new paganism, it is reported that a new drive against Catholics may be expected shortly, and General Göring's speech at Breslau on October 27 does nothing to dispel this rumor. "Whoever in the state administration and in the party does not keep step as ordered by the *Führer* must be purged from the movement," he said. Loyal Germans must not be diverted from National Socialist aims by the inconvenience of food shortage or low wages; a united Germany must face a world which offers a constant threat to peace. "We National Socialists know only one fundamental writ and that is Adolf Hitler's 'My Battle.'" Such a plan promises ill for dissenters.

ALTHOUGH NO FEDERAL LEGISLATION was passed in the recent session of Congress further limiting civil rights, fourteen states, according to the American Civil Liberties Union, enacted repressive laws of one sort or another. Arizona, Georgia, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, Texas, and Vermont passed laws requiring teachers to take an oath of loyalty to the Constitution. The governors of Delaware and Maryland vetoed similar bills, and seven other states defeated them. Arkansas, Delaware, Indiana, and Tennessee adopted legislation barring from the ballot left-wing political parties or candidates advocating the overthrow of the government by force or violence or "carrying on a program of sedition or treason." It is encouraging to note that this measure, sponsored by the American Legion and introduced in twenty-three states, was turned down in nineteen. California, out of a flood of proposed repressive bills, enacted only one, which forbids individuals or parties who advocate the overthrow of the government "by force and violence or other unlawful means" to use school buildings for meeting places. Probably the most serious single piece of repressive legislation passed last year is New Jersey's anti-Nazi law. This provides for punishment of written or spoken incitements to "hatred, violence, or hostility . . . by reason of race, color, religion, or manner of worship." Designed to suppress the violent expression of pro-Nazi sentiments, it is so broad as to offer ground for suppression of any other group that happened to be out of favor with the majority. When Congress meets in January some twenty-odd bills unsuccessfully presented last winter will be reintroduced. The battle is still being fought by those who would continue to erode the Bill of Rights; its champions must be equally vigilant.

INASMUCH as *The Nation* has in the past taken occasion to comment upon the senile degeneracy of the Pulitzer Prize, it naturally welcomes the announcement that seventeen of the leading drama critics of New York (including its own) have decided to award an annual medal to "the best new play by an American author" produced during the year. Their choice is to be made public two weeks before the Pulitzer awards, and though the critics refuse either to affirm or to deny the fact, their medal is obviously a symbol of their dissatisfaction with recent selections for the Pulitzer Prize. If more than four of the seventeen critics refuse to acquiesce in the judgment of the majority, no award will be made; it remains to be seen just how often a sufficiently general agreement can be reached.

THE PUBLISHERS have held all the aces thus far in their dealings with the American Newspaper Guild, but it is plain that the run-around cannot go on forever. At present the guild is engaged in three important battles. Morris Watson has been discharged from the Associated Press for his activities in behalf of the guild. The fight for his reinstatement is just beginning. The issue in this case is so clear that its outcome will be of the utmost significance. The editorial workers of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, after trying vainly for seventeen months to obtain collective bargaining, have turned to the new National Labor Board for help against their absentee publisher. Since the publishers through their national organization have given every indication that they will fight it strenuously, the *Inquirer* case seems slated to become a *cause célèbre.* It will also be the first newspaper test case under the new national labor-relations law. Finally, the lockout at the Amsterdam *Daily News* is still in force. Meanwhile the guild is gradually being developed into a more effective fighting instrument, even though the process is not taking place as rapidly as one might wish. While a large majority of the members favor affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, they fell just short of mustering the necessary two-thirds' vote in the recent referendum on the question. The conservatives have threatened to secede and to set up organizations of their own, filled with little besides professional ethics, but the vote on A. F. of L. affiliation makes it clear that most guild members favor outright labor-union tactics. It is only as labor cases that the three situations which now confront the guild can be intelligently or successfully handled.

We Must Enforce the Kellogg Pact

THE reply of Secretary Hull to the League of Nations does not close the door on ultimate cooperation, and it acknowledges our interest in peace. The Administration takes the position that its arms are pinned in the strait-jacket of the neutrality resolution and that it can do little more than express sentiments. It has, however, expressed them in a way intended to be encouraging to Geneva, and to remind public opinion in this country that we cannot remain disinterested in the European crisis simply because we do not intend to fight. The country is experiencing one of its deep, passionate surges, and is now overwhelmingly isolationist. Such surges are to be expected; but what it is feeling today is not what it will think tomorrow. Isolation is a doctrine of escape, inviting just now because Europe seems perilously close to a destructive war in which we have no immediate economic concern. But the danger of a general conflagration has been overdone, as those who have been frightened out of their better judgment will realize in time. And when there has been further reflection, we shall realize that there is no escape from world responsibilities, that isolation weakens collective action, and that peace is not to be furthered in that way.

The Administration, by implication, has given its blessing to Geneva, and well it may, since the League's action can develop into the most important event in the history of international relations. For the first time coercion is being used to support the outlawry of war, and thus the first step is being taken to establish a system of law among nations, supported by action, to take the place of a system of unsupported moral principles. To this assertion the objection will be raised—it has been in our pages in a recent letter from Frank Simonds—that the events at Geneva are nothing of the sort, but are merely the clash of imperialist interests, Britain versus Italy. Mr. Simonds, in seeing this clash, which is there, fails to see the incomparably greater fact that human society is trying to organize itself on the principle of a Kellogg pact enforced by penalties, and thus to bring to a head the experience of a cursed generation in waging the greatest and most disastrous war in history. Hitler stands in the background, training a nation to fight, and a still more disastrous war looms ahead. Unless collective action can become effective in short order, Western civilization is doomed.

It is no argument against collective action taken to establish law to say that it is serving one or another imperial or national interest. In domestic affairs law is not an alternative to selfishness. Law places a limit on selfishness, and canalizes it within orderly bounds. Joining a collective system is not like joining a church, which presupposes moral conversion. Empires, members of a collective system, will continue to behave imperially, and selfish states selfishly. But a legal system, enforced by collective coercion, limits their greed at this one point of ruling out the use of war in furthering national policy.

It is true that the conflict at Geneva is between the haves and the have-nots. It also is true that forbidding the use of war to the have-nots does not solve the problem. But there are two problems: the outlawry of war as an instrument of national policy, and the dire necessity of finding peaceable means of rectifying intolerable treaties and assuring raw materials and markets to industrial nations. In domestic society we have not settled the conflict between the haves and the have-nots; and in domestic society, too, the law is on the side of the haves. But few would argue on that account that law is useless and anarchy preferable. Instead, we set ourselves to pursue that conflict under legal protection, knowing that in time the law itself can be made more just.

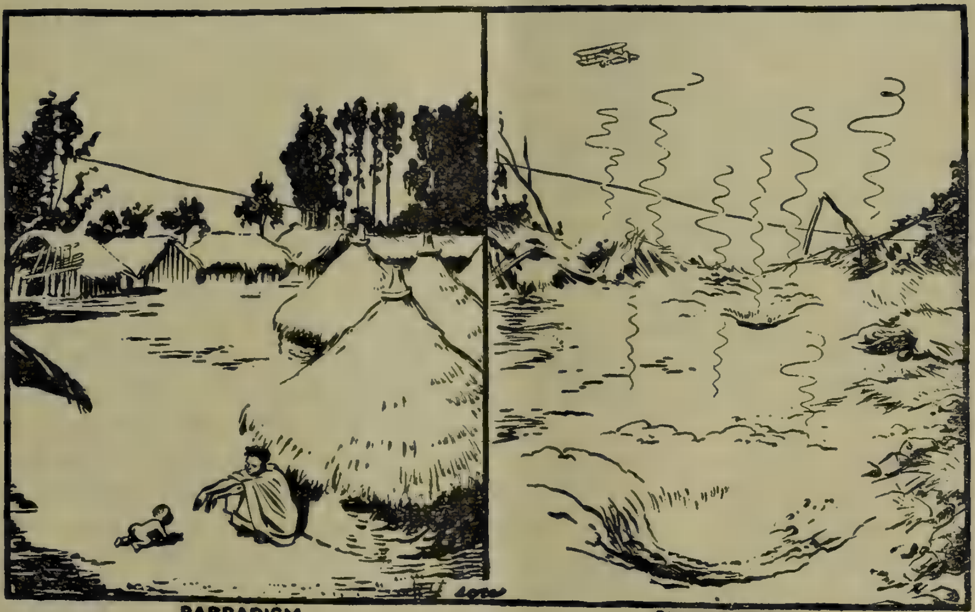
Carrying the analogy back to international relations, we cannot reject a system of law in international life merely because accepting it does not of itself redistribute colonies and raw materials. The chaos of the war system guarantees change, but surely no one would argue that it furthers justice. Either we choose to work for justice in a lawful system or we choose to remain in anarchy, arming against one another, suspicious of one another, and ultimately destroying one another. And isolation cannot provide an ultimate escape.

This would have been plain to the United States had the League not been woven together as a piece with the treaties of 1919. The Covenant leveled its threat of coercion for many years, not against war, but against violation of the treaties. We would have nothing to do with the treaties, hence remained out of the League. And as the iniquity of the treaties became apparent, the British weakened in their cooperation with the League and virtually abandoned the Covenant. The value of the present action at Geneva lies in its being focused entirely on the outlawry of a war of unprovoked aggression. We are now at a new and saner stage of international effort. And Britain, in pledging its permanent cooperation, has virtually told France that it will apply coercion to outlaw national war but not to defend the treaties. In other words, Geneva is now the executant of our own instrument, the Kellogg pact, and it is as much our concern to have it enforced as it is that of any other country.

Our policy, then, must be to accept our responsibility in creating a lawful international society. We cannot hope that others, while we take to the storm cellar, will establish it. Our cooperation may be decisive in forming it. *The Nation* believes that economic action will be enough to bring Italy to terms. We also believe it will warn Hitler that his war is going to create a united economic front against him. So we urge the President to take sides by joining in the economic sanctions against the violator of the Kellogg pact; to call Congress; to ask for a new policy of cooperation; to remind the country that until this hour it always has been a leader in the effort to organize world peace. We urge him, at the same time, to accept the twice-made offer of Sir Samuel Hoare to call a world conference on raw materials, and to press for an early vitalization by the League of Article XIX. It must be clear that America's interest is the outlawry of war and not the aggrandizement of the haves. Such action will do more than anything else in our power to reduce the danger of war in Europe. The alternative to it is to arm ourselves for an ultimate war in a world of anarchy.

Britain Holds Its Ground

AFTER a week of sensational rumors the Anglo-Italian situation remains essentially unchanged. Mussolini has played his trump card. As a gesture of conciliation toward England, made with the hope of obtaining a renewal of three-power negotiations, he voluntarily withdrew a division of troops from Libya and submitted through Laval a peace plan which was slightly less outrageous than his previous demands. While the terms of this proposal were naturally shrouded in secrecy, they are reported to have included a suggestion that Ethiopia be divided into two zones, that the non-Amharic zone bordering Italy's present possessions be placed under Italian rule, and that the remainder of Ethiopia be put under some sort of international control in order to protect the newly formed colony against attack. Italy also asked that Assab in Eritrea be opened to Ethiopia as a free port rather than Zeila in British Somaliland, because of fear that use of the latter port would strengthen Britain's hold on Ethiopia.



BARBARISM. CIVILIZATION.

For a brief period it looked as if Mussolini's strategy would be successful. There was a visible softening in England's attitude toward Italy. After telling the House of Commons that Great Britain would neither close the Suez Canal nor advocate military sanctions, Sir Samuel Hoare asked whether the breathing space before the actual application of the economic penalties "could not be used for another attempt at . . . settlement." The following day Prime Minister Baldwin and Anthony Eden echoed this hope, adding, however, that any such settlement would have to be acceptable to both the League and Ethiopia. With Laval striving to obtain an agreement on any basis and Britain apparently in a mood to make substantial concessions, it seemed possible that the long-rumored partitioning of Ethiopia was about to take place.

Then, as suddenly as it had weakened, England's policy once more stiffened. The strength of the British fleet in the Mediterranean was maintained despite the report that a reduction had been agreed to in return for the withdrawal of Italian troops from Libya. Prime Minister Baldwin admitted that the British fleet might be called upon to act independently in blockading an "aggressor," though Italy was not named. Financial and economic sanctions were given official approval without any indication of possible postponement. Rumor had it that the Italian peace terms had been received and flatly rejected. While various factors were probably back of the strengthening of the British attitude, the most important was doubtless the proximity of the general elections. The opposition parties had already started attacking the Cabinet for its lukewarm support of the League, and it is obvious that the National Government must base its appeal to the electorate primarily on its foreign policy. If Britain is eager to make a deal with Mussolini it will have to be after November 14. Another factor contributing to the change may well have been the enthusiasm with which the French Radical Socialist Congress applauded ex-Premier Herriot's demand that France be more vigorous in its support of Great Britain and the League. For Laval is in an extremely precarious position, despite his victory in the recent senatorial elections. Support for his pro-Italian policies comes almost entirely from relatively unimportant right groups, while the powerful Front Populaire—consisting of left-wing Radical Socialists, Socialists, and Communists—could almost certainly deliver a clear majority in the Chamber of Deputies in favor of a more aggressive program. Should Laval fall, his successor would unquestionably take a position much closer to Britain's.

Meanwhile there can be no doubt that Mussolini is seriously disturbed by the prospect of sanctions. Italy's gold reserve is already down to four billion lire—approximately $320,000,000—and since credits are out of the question and exports are certain to be reduced, he is faced with the necessity of cutting imports below the level of safety. While the pinch may not be felt for three or four months, an equally long period will be required after the termination of hostilities before normal conditions can be restored. Mussolini doubtless recognizes this, and realizes that he has only a few more weeks in which to maneuver if he is to avert serious injury to Italy. Although he has thus far failed to win British approval to a plan for partitioning Ethiopia, the new scheme drafted by British and French experts appears to give Mussolini a great deal more than he could have obtained by peaceful means. The tragedy of such an outcome is self-evident. Capitulation now would destroy nearly all the value of the League's courageous action in recent weeks. For if the League is to hold Hitler in check, it must not only show that it can apply effective sanctions within a relatively short time but also demonstrate that any power which defies the collective law will suffer the consequences of its folly.

Miracles

ENGLAND is just now being mildly stirred by a young Hindu who walks on fire. A demonstration has been given under scientifically controlled conditions, and there seems to be no doubt about the facts. Kuda Bux takes several steps along a trench of glowing coals carefully prepared by the examiners. A hardy "control" who consents merely to touch the fire with his bare foot gets a nasty burn, but Kuda Bux, whose feet appear perfectly normal, is entirely unaffected by his adventure.

Professor C. R. Darling, a physicist, has suggested that perhaps the miracle worker walks with a springy step which greatly reduces the length of time that his feet are in contact with the coals. He adds that a thermometer touched to the embers for an equal time registers little rise in temperature; but it has been replied that a springy step implies hard pressure of the feet during the period of contact and that merely touching the thermometer for an equal time affords no fair test. No one appears to have any other explanations, rational or otherwise, to offer, and there are facts which make it difficult even to assign the phenomenon to a category. Certain conditions have to be fulfilled—the coals, for example, have to be of charcoal of a certain kind—and one concludes, therefore, that if the wonder worker really rises superior to nature, his supremacy over it is of a ridiculously limited sort. If, on the other hand, there is a natural explanation, one would expect some clews to the existence of a natural process. But Kuda Bux's feet are unaffected in any way and there is no reason to suspect a mere anaesthesia to pain because there are no apparent physiological processes by which pain could be caused. Perhaps the fact that a piece of adhesive plaster attached to the foot is only scorched is a suspicious circumstance.

The most annoying feature of the whole business is that no satisfactory explanation may ever be forthcoming. The evidence in favor of miracles does not actually convert most men, but in many instances it has been so good that the skeptic is thrown back upon the contention that, whatever proof may be offered in a particular case, it must be discarded on the ground that the weight of continuing experience is against it. As is pretty generally admitted, the evidence for the existence of witchcraft in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is at least as good as the evidence upon which our credence in many historical events is based, and at least one prominent scholar in the Church of England, Montague Summers by name, has written several books to prove that witchcraft cannot be rejected unless one is willing to reject the whole law of evidence.

More interesting are the cases of isolated phenomena which have defied all attempts to explain them. Five or six years ago Robert T. Gould, a retired English naval officer, published the results of his careful investigation of eleven such in a curious volume called "Oddities: A Book of Unexplained Facts." Among them were the appearance of "devil's hoof marks" in widely scattered sections of Devonshire in 1855 under circumstances which seemed to rule out every attempt to explain them either as animal footprints or as purely physical manifestations. In another category there is the perpetual-motion machine, demonstrated in the eighteenth century by one Orffyreus; this was examined by competent observers, whose accounts include details which seem to make unacceptable any explanations of how the effect might have been produced by trickery.

Skeptics need a general defense, and we have always liked the one invented by Bishop Burnet to defend his disbelief in the doctrine of transubstantiation. Even, he said, if it be granted that all statements in the Bible are true and that the Bible appears to say that the wine is changed into blood, we can still say that we have the evidences of three senses that the wine is not blood and the evidence of sight alone that the Bible actually does say that it is.

Buyers, Beware!

THE forgotten consumer has received frequent editorial mention during the past two years, but he needs a lot more. In addition, in a world overflowing with commodities sold in pretty packages, he needs specific advice on what and how to buy. It is a truism that the government should collect and disperse such information, making it available through the press and by other means to every potential buyer. Such a service obviously would cost a large sum of money and it would encounter the forceful opposition of the main support of the newspapers, the advertisers of commodities, who object to true talk about their products. Nevertheless, various government bureaus are in fact publishing a certain amount of information of value to consumers, although in general the consumers do not know it. It is in an attempt to give more publicity to such facts as are now available that *The Nation,* beginning with this issue, will give space to a regular fortnightly column, conducted by Miss Ruth Brindze, which will print selections from the findings of the Food and Drug Administration, the Federal Trade Commission, and similar government bureaus, as a help in the everyday allocation of the family budget.

Under the National Recovery Administration the Consumers' Advisory Board was created to protect consumer interests. Fierce and unrelenting pressure from interested manufacturers—interested in their own business, that is, of selling goods by whatever means—prevented this agency from functioning in an effective manner, and it has of course passed out with the NRA. The Consumers' Division, also established under the NRA, is still operating, and a recent announcement by Dr. Walton Hamilton, its director, that a study of the milk industry is in progress indicates that agency to be less moribund than its friends feared it was. Cooperative Distributors, which for three years has been building a national distributive service in tested products along cooperative lines, has changed its publication, the *Consumers' Defender,* into a monthly and will publish articles and information of value to consumers. Consumers' Research remains under a cloud, the result of its director's hostility to striking workers who attempted to organize a union. Mr. Schlink continues to display all the characteristics of a little Mussolini and the strikers continue to picket. But in spite of its anti-labor bias, Consumers' Research has been of real service to buyers. Its work and the other activities in behalf of the consumer show that some attempt is being made to create an intelligent and informed buying public. *The Nation's* consumer column will further extend these efforts.

Issues and Men

Mr. Lamont Defends the Morgans

THOMAS W. LAMONT has criticized in a letter to the New York *Times* a review by Robert L. Duffus of Harold Nicolson's life of Dwight Morrow. Mr. Duffus dared to disagree with Mr. Nicolson's portrayal of the House of Morgan as a highly benevolent institution actuated solely by love of humanity and rendering inestimably valuable services to the Allies—and therefore, incidentally, to the United States. Mr. Duffus wrote of "the manner in which our financiers actually made us an ally of the Allies while we were still officially neutral," and also used these words: "Let it be admitted that in helping to draw the country into the European war he [Dwight Morrow] had a part in decivilizing the world." Mr. Lamont ventures "to inquire what Mr. Duffus thinks our firm or Mr. Morrow did to get the United States into the World War."

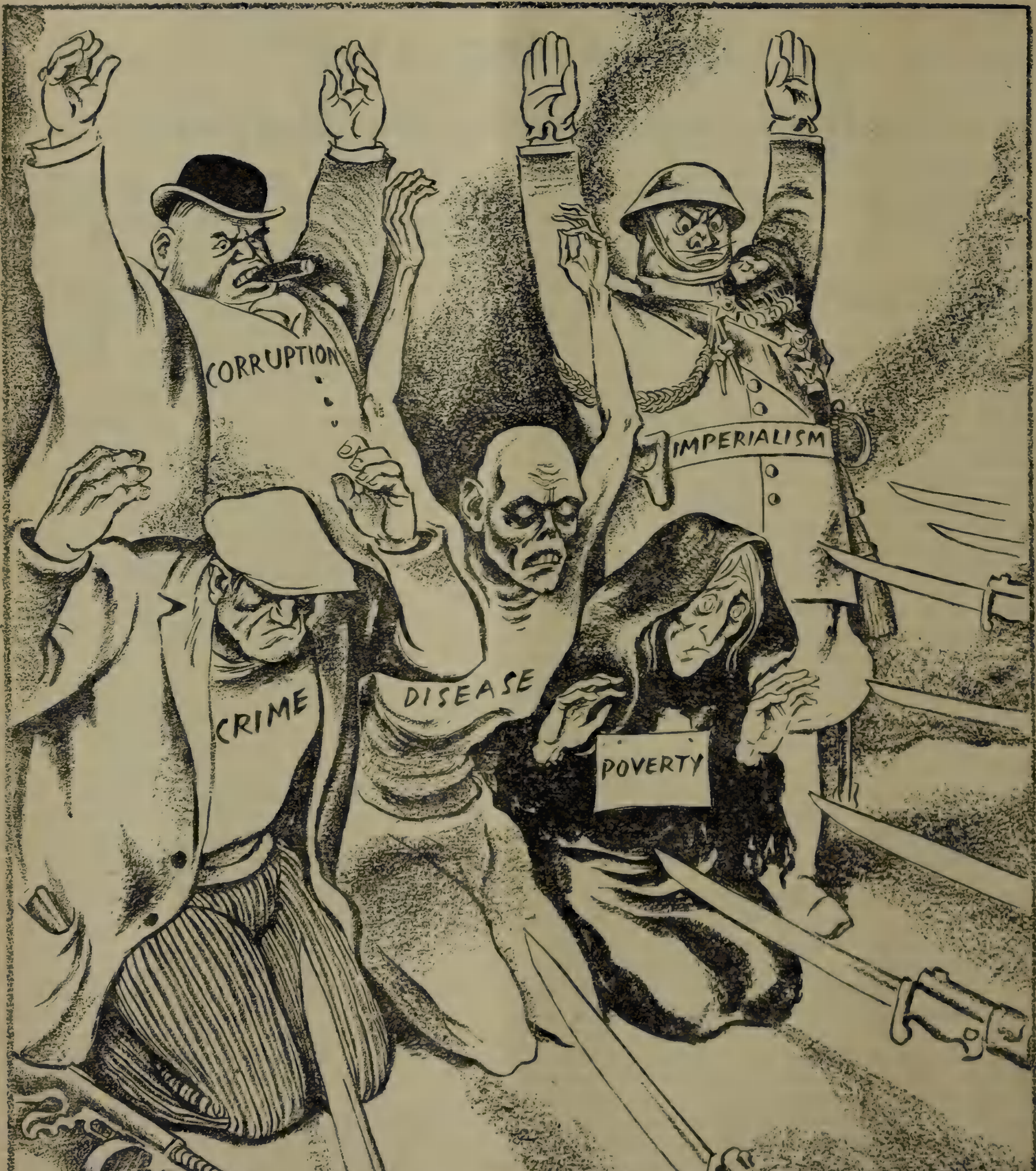
Mr. Lamont then proceeds to assert (1) that he and his partners in favoring the Allies were but a part of a "heavily preponderant majority that hoped the Allies would win"; (2) that he and his partners did not carry on "propaganda in favor of our going to war," or seek "to influence Washington in favor of war"; (3) that the vast sum (more than $30,000,000) which the Morgans made out of selling supplies to the Allies and floating their bond issues before the United States went into the war did not determine "the pro-Ally sentiments of Morrow or Morgan or any of us"—"we were pro-Ally by inheritance, by instinct, by opinion"; (4) that no one "can believe that the Allies' demand for American supplies was created by our firm"; (5) that there is current a new and false version of the causes of our going into the war to the effect that "it was American business men rather than Germany that got us into the war," and that "it will not do good but harm to encourage the acceptance of this myth."

First of all let me point out that Mr. Lamont has knocked down men of straw he himself set up. No one has charged the Morgan firm with indulging in propaganda. They did not have to do so. That was done for them by their employers, the British government, with precisely the same complete disregard for truth that characterized the Germans, and with vastly more cleverness and ability. No one has charged the Morgan firm with having influenced Woodrow Wilson to go into the war, for Mr. Lamont knows, as I know, that under Wilson, until we got into the war, the White House was closed to the House of Morgan—for the first and only time. No one has charged that the Allies' demand for supplies was created by the Morgans; no sane man would think of doing so. They are only charged with taking a modest 1 per cent of the blood money. And of this modest 1 per cent Mr. Lamont is proud. No one has charged that preponderant American opinion was not on the side of the Allies. It *was*. But this does not mean that the preponderant sentiment *was in favor of our going into the war* to aid the Allies and to make safe for our democracy the Allied bonds floated by the House of Morgan. That was something entirely different. Indubitably the men and women Mr. Lamont and his associates met socially and in a business way were for our entering the war. Why not? But the country as a whole voted Mr. Wilson back into the White House because "he kept us out of war," a phrase written into Ollie James's keynote address at the St. Louis convention and, as we now know, read and approved in advance by Colonel House and Mr. Wilson, who well knew the pacifist temper of the people. Not a single one of these charges answered by Mr. Lamont was made by Mr. Duffus, or even referred to by him in his review.

I agree that "it will not do good but harm" to encourage the acceptance of the "myth" that American business men helped to get us into the war—which is the only charge Mr. Duffus made—that is, harm to the bankers. But the question is not of harm or benefit to the Morgans or anyone else; the question is simply, What is the truth? I have no doubt that Mr. Lamont, for whom since our college days I have had a warm personal regard, believes that he and his associates were not influenced by the huge sums that they were making by their association with the Allies. I cannot believe it, because I do not think that there are any persons in existence who would not be consciously or unconsciously affected by such an association. I know I should have been. That they would have been pro-Ally if they had never made a cent out of the war I gladly recognize. So was I, and so was any man who valued ethics and justice on the day the Germans swept into Belgium. But all this cannot veil the fact that the huge vested interest in the war created by British purchases engineered by the Morgans went far toward pushing us into the war, and would have helped to do so had the Germans refrained from their wicked submarine warfare. Mr. Lansing's letters prove this as Mr. Lamont should know. He insisted to Mr. Wilson that we must go into the war lest our vast Allied-created prosperity be checked and an economic crash ensue.

The gentlemen of the House of Morgan live in an exalted and rarefied atmosphere to which few of us can aspire. Perhaps that is why they often seem so detached from the realities and facts of American life. One would think that they would at least recognize that the neutrality resolution passed by Congress, which Senator Van Nuys and others say will be strengthened just as soon as Congress meets again by forbidding credits and loans to belligerents, is a vote to make it impossible for the Morgans or any other bankers to repeat their procedure in any future war. They are not to have the opportunity to decide, however justly, which side they think Americans should favor and then ally themselves with it. They will be compelled to be neutral—Mr. Lamont has written, "We were not neutral for a single moment"—to be loyal and not disloyal to their government's neutrality.

Oswald Garrison Villard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How About a War Against These?

Paradoxes of American Recovery

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE press, particularly that section of it which supports the Democratic Party, has been working hard to convince the American people that the depression is over. And, indeed, it is possible to pile up an impressive amount of evidence that the long-sought corner has been turned. The *Annalist* Index of Business Activity for September was at the highest level since May, 1931, with the exception of July, 1933. Industrial production for October, as estimated by the Standard Statistics Company, was above that of any other October since 1930, and exceeded last year's mark by 18 per cent. Electric-power consumption is at an all-time high, while car loadings and other business indices are far more favorable than in any recent fall.

Unlike several of the false booms which have occurred in recent years, the improvement appears—at least to the average newspaper reader—to affect every section of our national economy. Recovery has been particularly marked in the heavy industries, where the depression had been most acute. Cash farm income, including benefit payments, was 7 per cent higher in the first eight months of 1935 than in the same period of 1934. Payrolls in the first half of the present year were 9 per cent above those of the corresponding months of the previous year, and employment was up 1.3 per cent. Department-store sales are at the best level, when adjusted for seasonal variation, they have reached in the past four years. Even farm laborers, literally the "forgotten men" of this generation, are reported to be receiving the highest wages since 1931, though still less than the pre-war average.

The greatest gains have been in the profits of big industrial corporations. According to Moody's Investment Survey, the earnings of 168 of the largest of these concerns in the first half of 1935 were 21 per cent above the January-June period in 1934. For the third quarter the first 138 companies reporting showed a 37 per cent rise in net profits as compared with the same quarter a year ago. Dividend declarations for the first nine months of 1935—including all types of business enterprises—exceeded those of the corresponding period last year by 6 per cent, and were 15 per cent above the first nine months of 1933.

That recovery has set in is a fact that will be accepted by the average person without dispute. Although he himself may not be better off than he was two or three years ago, he knows dozens of persons who are. And even where financial conditions have not actually improved, there are less panic and insecurity than were prevalent a few years back—at least for the upper and middle classes. The real question, therefore, is not whether confidence has returned—for it undoubtedly has—but whether the existing optimism is justified. Is there a basis of stability in the present upturn which was lacking in the false revivals of the summer of 1933 and the spring of 1934? Or like the boom of 1928-29 does our so-called recovery contain the seeds of future disaster?

To answer these questions it is necessary to consider both the causes of the recent improvement and the forces of instability in our present economic structure. Both are complex but susceptible to analysis. The main factor back of the upturn is doubtless the accumulation of consumer demand following the virtual cessation of buying, both by individuals and corporations, during the depression. Recent large expenditures for repairs and expansion by the automobile and steel industries illustrate the length of time which must elapse before this force gains its full momentum. Gradually, however, the rising prices brought about by the Administration's monetary policy, together with the increased purchasing power resulting from improved agricultural conditions and public-works expenditures, have stimulated business concerns to make necessary replacements and provide for expansion. The recent gains in the heavy industries indicate that business spending is now reaching sizable proportions, which is of utmost importance since expenditures of this type are normally far larger than those for consumers' goods.

Under the existing economic system the volume of business spending depends on one factor and one factor alone—the prospect of future profits. With prices rising more rapidly than wages and other costs of production, the immediate outlook for earnings would appear to be excellent. But business activity cannot continue to expand unless there is a steady increase in consumer buying power. At the moment, at least, this process appears to have been checked by the unholy scramble for profits. We find, for example, that while net earnings in the first six months of 1935 were approximately three times as large as in the corresponding period of 1933, unemployment has been reduced by less than 20 per cent and wages of industrial workers have advanced no more than has the cost of living. A rise of 36 per cent in factory production has been achieved since 1932 with only a 23 per cent increase in employment. Real wages remain 15 per cent lower than in 1929, and are even slightly below the level prevailing at the depth of the depression in 1932. As is usually the case in a period of rising prices, profits appear to have expanded at the expense of working-class living standards. This is possible and even "normal" during the first stage in the economic cycle, but is one of the primary causes of the instability of capitalist economy.

As a result of a recent Brookings Institution study of the relationship between the distribution of income and economic progress, the underlying causes of our economic difficulties are much more clearly understood than they were even a year ago. The key to the problem is to be found, according to this study, in the tendency for savings to accumulate more rapidly than capital may profitably be invested in new enterprises. In the period between 1922 and 1929 this tendency had its roots in the growing concentration of wealth in the hands of a small group of individuals who neither needed nor used their expanded incomes for living purposes. The 219,000 families which reported an income of over $20,000 in 1929 accumulated more than half of the country's total savings, though they spent on the average more than 25 times as much per family as the group earning between $1,000 and $1,500. When savings are promptly invested in new capital equipment—factories, machinery, or railroads—there is no loss of consumer buying power. But when they pile up unused, there is an actual decline in mass purchasing power, which in turn reacts to make investment less profitable. In the early days of the depression the tendency toward over-savings became even stronger. Panic-stricken, large numbers of persons hoarded their surplus funds, and capital expenditures practically ceased. The recent upturn has temporarily revived investment, but has not corrected the basic maldistribution of income.

A confirmation of this analysis may be found in a recent article by Professor T. J. Kreps in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*. Taking the average of 1923 to 1925 as a basis, Kreps points out that by 1929 dividend and interest payments had advanced 46 per cent as against an increase of only 9 per cent in factory payrolls. In 1932 payrolls declined to 46 per cent of the 1923-25 level, while the index for interest and dividend payments remained at 70 and that for the salaries of corporation officials was 76. By the fourth quarter of 1934 payrolls had recovered to 61, but dividend and interest payments had risen to 76, and the compensation of corporation officials had dropped to 70. Profits, although still only one-half of the 1926 level, showed a greater recovery in 1934 than payrolls.

The accumulation of surplus capital from over-savings presented no immediate difficulty as long as it was absorbed by foreign loans. Between 1922 and 1930 the United States invested no less than ten billion dollars abroad, an average of $1,100,000,000 annually. While most of this vast amount has been defaulted, the existence of this outlet for our surpluses was primarily responsible for the high level of business activity which was maintained during the twenties. Today this door has been virtually closed, legally by the Johnson act and financially by disillusionment over the losses incurred in the boom period. Despite the recovery in domestic business activity, our exports—measured in terms of gold—have dwindled to less than 30 per cent of the 1929 level. Apart from an unwillingness to advance further foreign loans, the commercial policy of the United States has remained unchanged. But instead of allowing our export surplus to be balanced by foreign credits, we are now demanding payment in gold and silver. The total imports of these two monetary metals thus far this year is $1,064,000,000, after an influx of approximately $1,150,000,000 in the whole of 1934. During these two years the United States has added to its already excessive hoard 10 per cent of the world's supply of gold, which gives us a stock nearly as large as that held by the whole of Europe. The Administration has the choice of using this reserve as a basis for the wildest inflationary spree in our history, which might ultimately correct our trade balance, or of withdrawing it altogether from use with disastrous consequences to the world's monetary system. Neither course offers more than a temporary solution for the problem of surpluses.

The limitations of the American recovery movement are readily apparent when comparison is made with Great Britain and the other countries which have benefited by depreciated currencies. Although the total amount of unemployment in Europe has declined by at least a million in the past year, the United States has fully as many jobless as in 1934. With eleven million persons seeking work, we have one and a half times as many persons out of jobs as the whole of Europe with a population four times as large. And though industrial production in Great Britain has risen 4 per cent above the 1929 level, that of Norway and Sweden 10 per cent, and that of Japan nearly 50 per cent, industrial activity in the United States remains nearly 30 per cent below 1929. Only France, Poland, the Netherlands, and Czecho-Slovakia have a less favorable record.

The tardiness of American recovery is doubtless due in part to the fact that the United States suffered more severely from the world crisis than any other country. The depression was the result of our attempted defiance of economic law, and we paid heavily for it. But in addition there can be no question that many of the policies of the New Deal have retarded the normal upward swing of the economic cycle. Almost every error known to economic science has been committed. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been squandered in maintaining an unsound capital structure so that the real return to bondholders might be increased. Agricultural and industrial production has been limited or reduced at the expense of living standards. Tens of millions of dollars have been jammed into the pockets of a few silver producers, even though the policy has brought ruin to China. Under the guise of tariff reform, a series of trade agreements has been signed which tends to accentuate the maladjustments of American commercial policy. A monetary program has been followed which, though it gives temporary relief to American business, has resulted in the accumulation of billions of dollars of useless gold and an intensification of deflation in the gold-standard countries. Monopoly and price-fixing have been encouraged, even though it has been demonstrated that these practices were among the chief causes of our downfall. The nullification of the NRA has mitigated some of these errors, but the full effect of most of the others will not be felt for some time to come. Governmental expenditures of any kind are stimulating in their immediate effect on business, but organized raids on the Treasury must ultimately lead to inflation unless Congress has the courage to increase taxes to match its unprecedented largess.

Machine civilization has engendered two conflicting tendencies in economic organization which have gradually become irreconcilable. On the one hand, the growth of large-scale production has eliminated competition from large sectors of our economic structure and thereby increased the temptation to rig prices. The result has been that many business enterprises have failed to pass on the benefits of technical improvements in the form of lower prices for consumers. Instead of stimulating production through increased purchasing power, each advance in technique has meant that money which formerly went to labor was diverted to stockholders. With the resulting concentration of wealth has come a centralization of economic power against which even the most liberal governments have been powerless. Parallel with this development, another equally far-reaching and important has taken place. Faced by growing insecurity, the working class has sought and to a certain degree obtained regulation of hours, wages, and working conditions, together with protection against the hazards of sickness, unemployment, and old age. While the demand for security clashes fundamentally with the lust for profits, it carries a promise of stability and order which our economic system sorely needs. Under the New Deal the conflict between these forces has become sharper than at any time in our history. The character of our recovery depends on the outcome of this struggle.

Is the Endowment Policy a Good Investment?

By MURRY LEVINE

THERE are millions of endowment policies in force on the books of the life-insurance companies today, held by hundreds of thousands of policy-holders in this country. These policies are not held exclusively by the common laborer who has no knowledge of mathematics but by many thousands of lawyers, teachers, accountants, and other professional people. They are sold by the underwriters, waylaying their prospects with figures from every angle but the right one, to parents of small children for an educational fund, to growing boys and girls just beginning to earn, and to young couples just married for a savings fund in their middle life, when the going will be harder and the earning power will begin to wane.

What has made the endowment policy so popular? Is it the satisfaction of the insured person which has made it so, or is it that of the agent, who has two thoughts in mind when he proposes it—the size of the premium (twice as large as that on an ordinary life policy) and of the consequent commission for himself, and the ease with which he can sell it? The average man or woman is interested in saving, and the agent usually finds it less difficult to sell an endowment policy than a straight life or limited life policy. Some persons who have purchased this form of contract turn a deaf ear to arguments in favor of any other, and would shudder at the thought of setting money aside to create an estate for their dependents after death.

Let us assume that the agent has made a contact with a prospective purchaser. The prospect may be a young man or woman, or middle-aged and beginning to turn gray. Whoever he is, he is interested in saving a certain sum every month or year. The agent takes pad and pencil and begins to put down figures. He speaks of "net low cost" and "reserve" and many other technical terms. The prospect tries to keep pace with him but sadly fails. The sheet of paper is quickly covered with figures; the prospect does not understand them; he grows tired; it is all so complicated. Then the final "push-over" is brought into play—the large annual dividend. The agent remarks, "My dear Mr. Smith, do you realize that the company has paid out some fifteen million dollars in dividends alone to its many policy-holders this year?" This sounds like a lot of money—and it is. But the agent fails to mention on how many millions of policies this sum is paid, and also omits to mention the many hundreds of millions of dollars already paid in as premiums that are not drawing any interest. The prospect is told that on his annual premium of $48 for a $1,000 endowment policy he will receive an annual dividend of from $4.50 to $8—or an average of more than 10 per cent. He is told that there isn't as safe an investment in the country with as large a dividend, but the agent does not add that the prospect will receive this dividend *only on each annual premium paid.* Holding the agent and the company strictly to the representations they make, we find that other past paid premiums draw interest only if the policy reaches the date of maturity, and even then the interest amounts to less than 2 per cent.

For example, at the end of the tenth year of your policy at that particular premium of $48 you have deposited $480. When you make your eleventh payment of $48 you receive the handsome dividend of $6, or nearly 12 per cent. Figure it out for yourself and you will realize what a poor investment you have made as a savings account. You are actually receiving 1 per cent on your gross deposit. The longer the policy is in force, the lower becomes the rate of interest.

Let us now assume that the policy-holder did not use this dividend to reduce his premiums when making his annual payments. The average company will pay 3 per cent interest on the *dividend only.* True, it is compound interest, but the compound interest on the dividend alone is a minor factor when compared to the size of the premium. The technical term "reserve" refers to that portion of the premium paid, over and above the net cost of the insurance. This reserve is set aside in a separate fund, and it is from this fund that the policy-holder can obtain a loan or get a cash surrender. This money—and this "reserve" money alone—is the savings the policy-holder really has. However, should the policy-holder borrow money from his reserve, he is charged 6 per cent compound interest on the loan. If a loan is made on his policy, his insurance is immediately reduced and his premium increased. For example, you receive a $300 loan on a $1,000 endowment policy. You are charged $18 interest for this loan annually, which, paid yearly, increases the $48 premium to $66 (less the dividend), and you reduce your insurance coverage to $700. If you cannot pay the interest each year on this loan, you may continue to pay the original premium of $48—although you are only insured for $700—and if the $300 loan is not returned after one year, your premium remains $48, less the dividend, but the insurance and the amount of reserve decrease each year at the rate of 6 per cent compound interest on the $300 loan.

Getting a loan on any kind of life-insurance policy is a greater evil than purchasing the endowment policy itself. Unless you are prepared to repay your loan within the year, *don't borrow on your life-insurance policy,* because you are borrowing your own money and paying 6 per cent interest on it. Would you deal with a bank if, when you had a deposit of $500 and withdrew $300, it charged you 6 per cent interest on this $300 withdrawal? That is exactly what happens when you draw on the reserve of your life insurance. This money is yours; it is taken from the premiums you have paid; it is a sum over and above the cost of carrying your life insurance.

If you must borrow money on your life insurance, then make a cash surrender of the policy to the company and take the entire reserve out, reinsuring on a new policy.

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In the long run it will pay to carry the additional premium required by your increased age. The cost will not be nearly so great as the interest charges on a loan on your old policy.

Let us say that you have a $1,000 endowment policy, ten years old, on which $300 has been borrowed. What is the wisest course for you to pursue? The average policyholder who has made a loan is usually unable to pay the interest charges on this loan—rarely, if ever, is he able to repay the loan itself. Invariably he deducts his dividend each year, and pays a net premium of about $40. The proper thing to do, if this policy is to run ten more years, is to apply for a ten-year term policy at the rate of $9 per year net per $1,000. (Any physically sound man up to age thirty-five can purchase this form of contract.) After the term policy is issued, cash surrender the original endowment policy; you will then receive an additional cash reserve of about $75. If you deposit this $75 in the bank, and each year continue to deposit $31, at 4 per cent, as religiously as you pay your premium of $9 annually for the new term policy, at the end of ten years you will have in the bank about $490, and during that period you will have carried $1,000 worth of life insurance—all for the price of the original $1,000 endowment policy with the $300 loan. By this course you will have accomplished three objectives:

1. You will have carried $1,000 worth of life insurance instead of $700—which $700 was being reduced annually by the interest on the loan.

2. You will have carried the lowest-cost plan of life insurance issued, one in which there is no reserve whatever to be confiscated. (The term policy has no reserve.)

3. At the end of the ten-year period you will have on hand in cash about $490, and during that period, in the event of your death, your beneficiary would have received both the $1,000 insurance and whatever cash was in the bank at that time.

Or you may purchase a $1,000 straight life policy, which costs about $18 a year net up to age thirty-three. Deposit the difference between the premium on a $1,000 straight-life policy and one on a twenty-year endowment policy—which will be around $30 a year—in an industrial bank at 4 per cent interest; deposit it as religiously as you would pay your insurance premium. In twenty years you will have about $950 in the bank, in addition to which you will have carried $1,000 worth of life insurance for that period. Moreover, you have a cash reserve of $300 on the surrender of this policy, if you wish to surrender it. You will have invested no more than the cost of a twenty-year endowment policy. If you have had recourse to a loan during this period, you have simply withdrawn that money from the bank and repaid it at your leisure, at no cost. In the event of death within this period, the insured has two separate estates instead of one: the beneficiary receives $1,000 from the life-insurance policy, plus the amount of money in the bank.

A great many persons feel that by purchasing an endowment policy they are forced to save. This is true. But though a person is forced to save he is not forced to keep his savings intact. As soon as he realizes that after three years he can get a loan, the "forced saving" idea is lost, and his original purpose is defeated.

The Catholic War on Hitler

By EMIL LENGYEL

THE religious war between the Catholics of Germany and the Nazis has reached a critical stage. The Catholics are in revolt against the Third Reich, which they want placed under papal interdiction and boycotted by their coreligionists throughout the world. The Nazis, on the other hand, want to set up a totalitarian state that does not tolerate a rival God.

Foreign opinion is misled about the gravity of the conflict by the German government's assertion that it wants to have no repetition of Prince Bismarck's famous religious war, *Kulturkampf,* and by the fact that soon after Hitler's coming to power the Vatican concluded a Concordat with the Third Reich. As a matter of record, the *Kulturkampf* is on, and the Vatican has reversed its previous policy toward the Hitler rule. The right wing of the Catholics has lost its influence at the Holy See. The powerful Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli, gave notice of this changed opinion not long ago, when he spoke bitterly about the country where "Catholics are pining in fetters."

The most recent move in the war was made by the College of German Bishops at Fulda, which issued what is called a pastoral letter but is in reality a broadside. "From the tomb of the Apostle Boniface, who twelve centuries ago led our ancestors into the light of the Gospel, we address these pastoral words to the German Catholics, that their souls may be armored against the new paganism." Declaring that the number of the enemies of the Catholic religion has become legion, the letter protests against the persecution of Christian conscience and warns the Catholics of Germany that they "must obey God rather than men!" The main attack on Hitlerism is thus carried on not by those who were expected to lead it—Socialists, Communists, Junkers, dissident Protestants, world Jewry, and the former allied powers—but by the followers of a church which has the reputation of always trying to come to an agreement with the powers that be.

While the Catholics are carrying on their war, the Socialists are squabbling about the united front with the Communists, unable to reach a decision. The Communists have also failed to become a serious menace to the Nazis through their underground organizations, which are too weak to harass the foe in a relentless guerrilla warfare. The revolt of the Junkers has failed to materialize and they are content with having their spokesmen in government positions, renouncing the attempt to get rid of their uncomfortable allies, who have already laid plans to get rid of the Junkers. There was a time when the Protestant dissidents gave hope of reclaiming Germany's good name by staging a Second Reformation, but they can evidently find no new Luther to lead them into battle. World Jewry has given much copy to the newspapers on what it would do to the Third Reich, but its optimistic claims have not been substantiated. In the United States and in certain other parts of the world many Jews have staged a five-and-ten-cent boycott of German wares, which, however, seems to be less effective than the boycott of the Catholics. As to the victors of the World War, England met Hitler's breach of the Versailles treaty by concluding with Germany a separate naval agreement which sanctioned the deed. And the present French government is still seeking a common ground with the Nazi Third Reich.

In the early days of the Third Reich, at the beginning of 1933, German Catholics were divided into a conservative right and a progressive left wing. The right wing was chiefly under the influence of the titular heads of the Catholic Center Party, Prälat Ludwig Kaas and former Chancellor Heinrich Brüning, both inclined to be conciliatory. The left wing, on the other hand, was inspired by the policies of former Chancellors Karl Wirth and Wilhelm Marx, who were not only inclined toward reform but ready to cooperate with the Socialists. It was under the influence of Kaas that the Catholic deputies gave their votes to Hitler before the providential burning of the Reichstag. Prälat Kaas also directed the Vatican's German policy, supporting the views of the pro-German Cardinal Pacelli against the anti-German Pope Pius XI, whose twenty months as Papal Nuncio in Warsaw had prejudiced him against the German cause.

Today the situation is entirely different. The Catholics of Germany are definitely more radical, and neither Kaas nor Brüning has much influence. The majority would gladly make common cause with the Socialists and dissident Protestants—some of them even with the Communists—if these potential allies were not too weak to move. German Catholics have reached the conclusion that it is their religious and patriotic duty to resist the Hitler regime, which they regard as that of the anti-Christ. The German nuns and monks whom the Nazi tribunals have sentenced to long prison terms for smuggling money out of the Reich are suffering under the heavy hand of laws that they consider the work of the devil. Parenthetically, these laws may well seem diabolic to nuns and monks who know that the money in question was collected for the Vatican and foreign missionary work.

The spirit of the Roman catacombs is once more alive. Catholics cultivate one another's company, having had sad experiences with so-called Nazi friends who have turned informer and given away the secrets of houses where they were guests. In Berlin they have several meeting places, one of which is a large beer restaurant. They do not have a speaker address them, but sit at separate tables talking in whispers, outlining their future conduct. Large number of Catholics patronize only the stores of their coreligionists. Defying Nazi wrath, Catholic young people put on their uniforms, sing their religious songs, tramp the woods, and often manage to get across the frontier; several groups of them have seen the Pope. Instances have been noted in the Nazi press of Catholic parents who have forbidden their children to give the Nazi salute, which is compulsory for all Aryans. In recent months acts of Catholic sabotage have increased; some of them get into the papers, but most of them are hushed up. In the Rhineland terroristic Hitler Youth organizations have been raided, and squads of Catholic young men and women have defied the police and the Hitler private armies in removing from the walls anti-Catholic Nazi posters—a serious offense.

The Catholics have even their own secret information service on what films to see and what foreign papers to read. One of the most successful films of last summer was "Das Mädchen Johanna," depicting the life of the Maid of Orleans. Catholics frequented it because they saw in its brutal scenes of drunken orgies among Dunois's *Landsknechte* a faithful picture of the orgies of the Nazi mercenaries, and it was their patronage which helped this film to have an excellent run.

The Catholics of Germany march into battle under the leadership of Cardinals Michael von Faulhaber of Munich and Adolf Bertram of Breslau. Cardinal Faulhaber is not only a prince of the church but also an adherent of Crown Prince Rupprecht of the former Bavarian ruling dynasty of the Wittelsbachs. His outspoken sermons draw immense crowds to the Marienkirche, and his voice is heard far beyond the city limits of old Munich. Less spectacular but perhaps even more influential is Cardinal Bertram, an older man, halting of speech, modest of approach, but with a fanatical courage and persistency and a knack of using cutting words. The provincial clergy worship him, and now he is the adviser of Cardinal Pacelli in matters relating to Germany.

The persecution of the Catholics is less open than that of the Jews, but it is almost as virulent. Here is an instance of which I have personal knowledge, among many other similar ones. The victim in this case was formerly an important state official active in the Catholic Center Party during the defunct republican regime. He can prove his Aryan blood by family records and has been patriotic enough to have five children, whose fair hair is additional evidence of his Nordic origin. He spent four years in the trenches, where his distinguished service brought him many decorations and the command of a company. In other words, he has all the qualifications for membership in the new German aristocracy of blood. But the Nazis, instead of rewarding him for his origin, children, and war service, dismissed him from his position and deprived him of his pension on some flimsy pretext. He has barely managed to keep out of jail or the concentration camp. His only crime is that he is a devout Catholic.

A glance at the front page of the *Völkischer Beobachter,* the leading Nazi daily, shows one how desperate is the situation of the Catholics in the Reich. They are referred to as members of the "black international," as *Dunkelmänner,* obscurantists, *Klostergauner* (monastery crooks), or just plain traitors. Posters proclaim the dark doings of "political Catholicism" and call on all right-minded persons to keep an eye on it. In Nazi circles Catholics are usually referred to as "blacks," sharing the pillory with the reds and only slightly better off than the Jews. The main difference between Jews and Catholics seems to be that while the Jews are legally outlawed, the Catholics are outlawed not in law but in fact.

The persecution of Catholics is inherent in the Nazi philosophy. Since their ambition is to build up a totalitarian state in which there is only one *Führer,* one thought, and one will, Nazis cannot tolerate the Catholics' contention that religion does not belong in the sphere of such a state and that freedom of worship is their right. The hatred of the

Nazis for the Catholics also has a historical basis. The Hitlerites like to dwell on the fact that Germany was kept from becoming a united nation by the intrigues of the popes in the Middle Ages, who used the princes and towns to stir up trouble against emperors that were too strong to please Rome's masters. Because of the persistence of these internal quarrels, the Nazi theorists hold, Germany missed its chance of sharing in the partition of the world, when the two strongly centralized countries, Great Britain and France, set out to obtain their places in the sun. Hostility to Catholicism is also motivated by the Nazis' revolt against the influence of Roman culture, which has persisted through the centuries. They want to purge their country of the southern influence and return to the ideals of the pre-Christian Teutonic tribes. Hence the worship of pagan gods and the idolization of the heathen heroes who set their will against the cultural influence of Rome.

But above all the Nazis cannot forgive the Catholics for lending their help to the late Weimar republic, born of the World War only to die after a hectic existence of some fifteen years. The Catholics did, indeed, identify themselves with the republic, partly because they were under the influence of a liberal pacifist, the martyred Matthias Erzberger, and partly because they had never liked the rule of the Protestant Hohenzollerns. Although the Catholic Center Party was never the largest party in the republican Reichstag, it took part in all the post-war, pre-Hitler governments. It gave more chancellors and ministers to the Weimar regime than did the Socialists, although it scored smaller returns in the elections. The Center was the only party that was represented in all cabinets, and this in itself would be sufficient reason for the Hitlerites to hate it. Moreover, the suspicion cannot be rejected that through their attacks on the Catholics the National Socialists seek to obtain possession of their wealth; the wholesale confiscation of moneys belonging to monasteries indicates the trend. The Nazis are short of gold to spend on propaganda and the army.

One of the most implacable leaders of the anti-Catholics is Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, spiritual dictator of the Third Reich and editor-in-chief of the *Völkischer Beobachter*. His principal books, which are on the index of forbidden literature for the Catholic world, are tirades not only against liberalism and Judaism but also against Christianity in general and Catholicism in particular. He sees Christianity as an enemy because its goal is brotherly love, which he finds unworthy of the Teutonic superman. His idols are will and strength, which are not compatible with current religious ideals. As to Catholicism, he sees in its super-national organization a force directly contrary to Nazi ambitions.

Chancellor Adolf Hitler was born a Catholic and he does not openly participate in the fight. Yet, he would not be a dictator if the persecution of the Catholics could go on without his approval. Probably he does not realize the dangers he faces by engaging such an enemy in battle. Even Hitler may find Germany's Catholic population of more than 20,000,000, and the world's Catholic population of more than 330,000,000, too strong an enemy to combat. Already the Vatican has built up an iron ring around the Reich. Prince Bismarck was not strong enough to subdue the Catholic opposition, and it would be surprising if Hitler succeeded where the great Chancellor had to admit defeat.

Finance

For Widows and Orphans

THE story of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad should be instructive to advocates of a breathing spell for business. Breathing spells ruined the New Haven. Louis Brandeis's fight against the New Haven's transportation monopoly in southern New England was probably the most brilliant liberal crusade in our history. In 1914 the Interstate Commerce Commission recommended civil and criminal prosecution of the responsible directors, and the transit combine was ordered dissolved under the anti-trust laws. The battle seemed won. But the dissolution decree was modified so many times in the courts between 1914 and 1923 to give the road a breathing spell that the decree was finally modified out of existence.

The same evils that Mr. Brandeis fought more than two decades ago reappear in the New Haven receivership. The road is still loaded down with trolley, utility, bus, and steamship properties, many of them acquired at exorbitant prices. If the Senate railroad investigation goes into the subject, we shall probably learn how much of the New Haven's troubles are due to its pre-war expansion. From 1903 to 1913 its capitalization rose from $93,000,000 to $417,000,000. But only $120,000,000 of this increase went into its railroad properties. The other $204,000,000 was spent outside it. The trolley lines of Providence, representing an investment of $9,000,000, were bought up by the New Haven for $24,000,000, and the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia was paid $10,000,000 more for its Connecticut trolley lines than Charles Mellen, president of the New Haven, thought they were worth. As one financial editor suggested gingerly, a contributing factor in the receivership was "the road's entrance some years back into the trolley business, when that industry really was starting to go into decline." In announcing the application for reorganization under Section 77, Howard S. Palmer, president of the road, was consoling. "The New Haven management," he told the press, "has every confidence in the fundamental soundness of the southern New England territory." It is a pity southern New England cannot return the compliment.

The entrance of the New Haven into the corporate purgatory attracts attention to the condition of Pennroad Corporation. The New Haven went into receivership after the RFC and the PWA both refused it further loans. It already owes $7,700,000 to the RFC, $3,428,000 to the RCC, $7,000,000 to the PWA, and $16,275,000 to kind-hearted bankers. There had been a forlorn hope that the Pennsylvania Railroad and Pennroad, which own a strong minority interest, would step into the breach and guarantee the loan the New Haven needed to meet taxes and other payments. The relations between the Pennsylvania and the New Haven had been protested by both the ICC and the governors of the New England States. Was not "mutual helpfulness" the excuse for that relationship? No aid was offered. The Pennsylvania now has its own investors to consider, even though it be somewhat belatedly. Pennsylvania Railroad holds 319,925 shares of New Haven. The par value is $100. Pennroad, Pennsylvania's holding company, has 148,800 shares, for which it paid an average of $115 a share. New Haven common did sell as high as 8½ this year. It closed at 2⅞ the day the receivership was announced.

The depreciation of its New Haven holdings is not exceptional in the portfolio of Pennroad. Securities it acquired in thirteen railroads at a cost of more than $51,000,000 now have a market value of less than $4,000,000. In addition it has $91,000,000 invested in the Canton Company, the Detroit, Toledo, and Ironton, the Pittsburgh and West Virginia, and the Springfield Surburban Railroad. Most of these securities are unlisted. But some idea of their present market value may be obtained from the fact that its holdings in Pittsburgh and West Virginia, acquired at a cost of almost $38,000,000, now have a market value of considerably less than $4,000,000. Under the circumstances perhaps Pennroad cannot be blamed for declining to play the good Samaritan. It could use a good Samaritan itself. ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

Correspondence

Upton Sinclair Hits Back

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation* for September 25 Benjamin Stolberg adds his name to the long list of those who discuss the EPIC Plan without knowing what it is. Setting out to dispose of the late Huey Long, Mr. Stolberg incidentally and in passing eliminates Upton Sinclair, Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend, and Dr. Coué, all in his first paragraph. He says: "Upton Sinclair, who is as naive as Dostoevski's Idiot might be in American politics, would End Poverty in California, and elsewhere, by erecting a rag-tag economy within monopoly capitalism, and then wave the rag to frighten the House of Morgan."

The statement that EPIC proposes to erect "a rag-tag economy" was first made in substance by my friend Norman Thomas. I immediately corrected it in a published article and quoted passages from "I, Governor of California," to show that it was the EPIC proposal to use the capital of the state to purchase the *best* land and the *best* machinery and the *best* expert advice, and to put skilled workers at the jobs for which they have been trained, and have them turn out goods for the unemployed on a mass-production basis. In the last EPIC book, "We, People of America," which outlines the national program, every effort possible has been made to avoid this misconception. I quote from page 38:

> Twenty-five million people refuse to starve to death, and accordingly we demand that the government shall provide them, not with a dole, not with charity, but with the right to work and the chance to work. By work we mean, not useless work, not fake work, but real work, the work that produces. . . .
>
> They want to do real work, they want to do the best work possible; they want to use modern machinery and really turn out goods wholesale, and when they have produced goods they want the right to consume them. They want to have a system of exchange, publicly owned and controlled. This will require a nation-wide system of production whereby ten million unemployed workers can produce for themselves and their loved ones everything which is needed for a decent and secure life, and then make these goods available on fair and equal terms to all who are willing to help produce them.

My critic adds to the phrase "rag-tag economy" the words "within monopoly capitalism." I am at a loss to understand what this has to do with the matter; for monopoly capitalism is powerless to injure cooperative undertakings, unless it has such a complete monopoly that it can keep the cooperatives from getting any land or machinery. It was the original proposition of EPIC that the State of California should put its credit behind the existing cooperatives of the unemployed and enable them to purchase the best land and the best machinery with which to produce goods for themselves. If my critic thinks that you cannot buy land for cash in California today, let him apply to any real-estate agency in the state. If he thinks that you cannot buy factories and machinery, let him put an advertisement in any California newspaper.

The proposition of National EPIC is that the ten or twelve million unemployed of the country shall have federal credit put behind them. A large part of the land of the nation is for sale for less than the mortgages, and another large part is already in the hands of the state for non-payment of taxes. Many factories stand idle, many more are running at a loss, and even more are keeping going solely because of the dole, which provides artificial purchasing power for twenty-five million consumers. Monopoly capitalism can do nothing to prevent the unemployed from going to work on this land and in these factories, producing raw materials and goods, and setting up a system whereby these products can be made available to all the twenty-five million. Production for that number of persons is mass-production, and there is no reason in the world why it should not be conducted on a basis of maximum efficiency. If that were done, it would compete with monopoly capitalism by providing for the workers several times as much as monopoly capitalism is paying them in wages today.

I was talking with the manager of one of our California cooperatives just recently, and he said that I was asking for more than was necessary. This expert said: "Give us any one thing and we will get everything else for ourselves." He meant that if the unemployed could get one kind of production, they would turn out goods so fast that they would soon be in a position to buy other means of production for themselves.

There is a curious illustration here in California now. The UXA of Oakland, one of our strongest cooperatives, refuses to take gifts from anybody, even from the United States government. About a year ago it accepted a loan of $100,000, and with that it bought out an idle lumber company with some timber land and a mill. It has been operating the mill and producing lumber for its 600 members and their families. It is now in position to pay off the government loan with $100,000 worth of lumber; the government needs lumber for its projects but it dares not take the lumber from the UXA. I asked why, and the answer was: "The relief authorities are afraid of the Lumber Dealers' Association."

That kind of opposition from monopoly capitalism the EPIC movement has indeed to face. That kind of opposition kept us from political success in California last fall. That kind of opposition has to be met by organizing the unemployed and the half-employed and the in-danger-of-unemployment—which means all the workers in America of both hand and brain—to demand the establishment of a cooperative economy for the unemployed, and to stand behind that program with their political, economic, intellectual, and moral power, and see that the job is put through in spite of all influence and sabotage.

Mr. Stolberg concludes his all-inclusive sentence with another clause: "and then wave the rag to frighten the House of Morgan." I have to confess humbly that I am unable to figure out what this clause means, and can only say that it corresponds to nothing in the EPIC program. We are not trying to frighten anybody, and we think that in a crisis such as this only a madman would take pleasure in frightening anybody. We are expounding a simple and common-sense way out of the depression, and we are asking the support of all classes in the country—even of the masters of monopoly capitalism. We are pointing out to these gentlemen that their system is sliding into an abyss. They have twenty-five million dependent people permanently upon their hands, and the process of feeding this number of persons as objects of charity, or by means of imitation or useless work, is leading cities, counties, states, and the nation straight into bankruptcy and inflation. We are explaining to them the manifest proposition that if the unemployed cannot be kept on charity, there is no other way out except to let them produce what they are going to consume, and thus make them independent and self-respecting citizens once more. We say that to do this will involve no loss to the monopoly capitalists; for the unemployed are no longer of any use as customers—the money which they spend is money which must be given them by the state, and the state has no way to get it except to take it from the taxpayers, among whom are the monopoly capitalists.

To the Socialists and the rest of the "radicals" we say that a production-for-use economy for twenty-five million people is a sufficient experiment station to satisfy even the most radical demand. It is a far more radical demand than ever appeared among the "immediate demands" of any Socialist Party platform. It is a sufficiently large productive unit to get all the benefits of large-scale production in every market. It would include every kind of worker and would occupy the energies of all the intellectuals, liberals, radicals, and progressives of every school, and keep them busy for the next five or ten years at least.

There are persons in the "radical" movement who maintain the thesis that the Russian method of industrial change is the only method possible for any country. I do not attempt to argue with such persons. But for all those who agree with Karl Marx that the American people may be able to find an American way of bringing about the social change, I present the simple plan which has proved its political potency by polling 40 per cent of the total vote in a bitter fight in the third most wealthy and the first most reactionary state of this Union.

Pasadena, Cal., October 20 UPTON SINCLAIR

Inebriety and Illiteracy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The article by Carleton Beals in *The Nation* for October 2 is largely untrue by innuendo and contains to my knowledge at least one base lie. The article states on page 379, "On the evening of the thirteenth Huey . . . became intoxicated." Visiting New Orleans on February 13, 1929 (the anniversary of my birthday), I gave a dinner to sixteen persons, among whom was Governor Huey P. Long. Mr. Long did not drink at all, merely toyed with a highball. I have since asked the people present on that occasion, "Did not Huey Long behave himself that evening as a gentleman?" Everyone answered my question with an emphatic yes.

I have no desire to sum up all the lies of said article, but I feel obligated to make one more statement, in reference to the sentence that "Louisiana is the third most illiterate state in the Union." This was true before Huey Long came into power, but through his success in making education cheap and available to the masses he boosted Louisiana in a few years to the eleventh place. Owing to the peculiar problem of twin languages, of which the mother tongue is not officially recognized, and the difficult swamp country, many Acadians living at the bayous of southern Louisiana fail to hold on to their little knowledge of the three R's, the veneer so proudly paraded elsewhere. But their background of culture surpasses that of more literate neighbors. Their social life is polished, as may be seen in their conversation.

The whole article is an example of the low status of our present-day press. Once, some eight or nine years ago, I received a booklet listing me among the friends of *The Nation*. I have never been a special friend of Huey Long; he would hardly know me if he were alive. I have never voted (having no desire to appear silly), nor have I coveted or ever held a political position.

New Orleans, October 5 JOHN H. BERNHARD

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Mr. Bernhard knows perfectly well that I was not referring to his decorous and solemn birthday party—where at least one of the guests merely toyed with a highball—but to the studio party in the Vieux Carré afterward, which is famous in the annals of the state. Full accounts of it may be found in the newspapers of February and March, 1929, and in the sworn testimony of numerous witnesses at the subsequent impeachment investigations in the legislature.

In the 1920 federal census Louisiana ranked second among the states in illiteracy, a proud position it easily maintained in the 1930 census. A survey made in 1933 ranked it third. If any survey of a serious nature has been made since then by state authorities, of which I am not informed, certainly similar surveys have not been made in the other states. Moreover, such a great change could not have been effected in such a short time even if educational facilities had improved and even if all the children in the state had attended school. As a matter of fact, attendance ranks very low compared to that in most states, and Louisiana is still one of the worst child-labor spots in the world. Apparently Mr. Bernhard excludes Negro illiteracy and refers to white illiteracy only. We gladly admit that if other states be denied the privilege of excluding Negro and certain foreign elements from the table, Louisiana can by such unfair legerdemain be ranked eleventh. But the noble Crescent City far surpasses in total illiteracy all the other eighty-six largest cities of the United States except New Bedford with its great numbers of first-generation immigrants.

Louisiana has had two centuries to make the "Cajans" literate or to devise an adequate bilingual education. But I agree that the Acadians are a fine people with a great body of primitive legend, song, and superstition; except for some of the literate ones, I prefer their company to that of the local politicians or the cream of New Orleans society.

New York, October 16 CARLETON BEALS

Democracy vs. Autocracy

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

America was lately held up as an awful example of the failure of democracy. In a debate in the British Parliament over India, the Bishop of Exeter opposed allowing India any larger measure of self-government, saying that the Indians might fall under the influence of "some great machine," like the Republican and Democratic machines in the United States. He had visited this country, and been shocked by what he saw.

The government of India is really a British dictatorship. A law of long standing authorizes the government to put any one in prison without trial, and hold him there indefinitely. Sir John Anderson, former leader of the "Black and Tans" in Ireland, is governor of Bengal. According to the *India Bulletin*, published in London, he is holding 2,509 young Bengalese in prison without trial, and has kept most of them there for the last six years, under such conditions that many have committed suicide. There are plenty of faults in American democracy, but the evils of autocracy are greater.

Boston, September 20 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Christmas Letter Prize

The Nation's prize of $25 for the best Christmas Letter was awarded to Sydney Justin Harris of Chicago, Illinois. We thank the many readers who submitted letters in this contest for their interest in helping us to persuade our friends that *The Nation* is an ideal Christmas gift.

Labor and Industry

Fascism Enters New Mexico

By KATHARINE GAY

Aztec, New Mexico, October 22

"BIG things happen in little places. This is true of the world's history from the beginning." Judge Simms, defense attorney for the ten Gallup miners accused of the murder of Sheriff Carmichael on April 4, was addressing his final plea for acquittal to twelve farmer jurors in the antiquated little red brick courthouse of Aztec.

Thoughtful persons in the little courtroom realized also that they were witnessing the beginnings—feeble, if you like, but none the less unmistakable—of the spirit of fascism in the United States. It has been apparent in this case from the very start—in the eviction of jobless workers from houses built by their own hands, in the denial of bond to Exiquio Navarro for the "shirt-tail crime" (I quote Judge Simms again) of replacing the furniture after eviction, in the round-up of hundreds of Gallup's poor in the hope of identifying those present at the shooting of Carmichael, in the arming and deputizing of scores of irresponsible men and boys, in the beatings, the terror against women and children, the illegal raids on workers' homes, and the subsequent denial of the right of assembly, which is still in force more than six months after the sheriff's death. At the trial just ended Judge James B. McGhee presided with an excess of nervousness, an armed guard at his elbow. The State of New Mexico was represented by Attorney General Frank Patton and District Attorney David Chaves. At the prosecution table from time to time sat Acting Sheriff "Dee" Roberts of Gallup, star witness for the prosecution and confessed slayer of the workers Ignacio Velarde and Salomon Esquibel. (Esquibel was shot in the back.)

The eight hundred souls in the farming village of Aztec showed a surprising indifference to the trial. The visitors' section of the court, seating only eighty-five, was half empty until the last few days, when high-school students were excused from classes so that they might attend the proceedings. The people of San Juan County were harvesting their apple crop and were unmoved by this tragedy of industrial conflict. Certainly there was no lynch spirit abroad although there were efforts to whip it into flame. Floyd D. Painton, former baker, carpenter, undertaker, and now minister of the Baptist church, did his best to start a "red scare." He is the regional organizer for the United American Patriots, a violently anti-Communist organization originating in Atlanta, Georgia. The secretary of the U. A. P. for Gallup, a Miss Sabin, acted as clerk of court during the trial. Assistant District Attorney Claude Smith of Aztec worked himself into a frenzy of terror at the reported approach of a "red army," marching on the town across one hundred miles of uninhabited, waterless desert—the only approach to Aztec from any direction. Judge McGhee believed this rumor and reported to defense attorneys that the march had been organized by the reporter for *The Nation* and by Sue Adams, correspondent for the Federated Press. The army did not materialize however and we were grudgingly allowed to remain at the press table.

At the end of the trial it became clear why these rumors had been started and why there was such a show of armed force—barbed wire around the jail, bloodhounds, machine-guns, tear-gas bombs, and nine state police in addition to the flock of deputies from Gallup. The state's case against Juan Ochoa, Manuel Avitia, Leandro Velarde, Augustin Calvillo, Rafael Gomez, Jo Bartol, Willie Gonzales, Serapio Sosa, and Gregorio and Victorio Correa was surprisingly weak. The charge of rioting resulting in the death of an officer had been virtually abandoned by the state since the preliminary hearing in April, and six theories were presented in the bill of particulars, which charged that the defendants were (1) accessories to assault with deadly weapons; (2) accessories in the unlawful killing of Sheriff Carmichael; (3) engaged in perpetrating a felony in assisting a prisoner to escape; (4) conspiring to liberate a felon; (5) conspiring to make an assault with a deadly weapon; (6) conspiring to murder Carmichael. Testimony presented by the prosecution utterly failed to establish conspiracy but did make it clear that the defendants and their friends had held an orderly meeting of the unemployed local of the miners' union on April 3, the day before the shooting, and had elected a committee to call on Carmichael for permission to see the prisoner Navarro, who was being held without bail and without advice of counsel in the county jail. Testimony showed that Carmichael had told the committee that they could see Navarro after his hearing before Justice of the Peace Bickel on the morning of April 4. Hence the crowd of men, women, and children who gathered in front of Bickel's office that morning seeking admission to this hearing, which was in the nature of a test case for others who might also attempt to reenter their homes after eviction.

The crowd was illegally excluded from Bickel's office—an ordinary business office with plate-glass windows on the street. Navarro was granted a postponement for the purpose of engaging an attorney. But this was not explained to the crowd outside. He was hastily rushed out through the back doors of the office behind a screen of officers and taken fifty feet down a back alley through the protesting crowd before Carmichael fell dead, shot by a bullet from a Smith and Wesson forty-five, double-action automatic pistol. This type of gun was carried by one deputy only, Hoy Boggess, who was knocked out after throwing a tear-gas bomb into the thickly packed crowd of workers. His gun disappeared and has never been recovered. Navarro took to his heels and is still at large.

Dee Roberts repeated the story he told at the preliminary hearing. He said that he had turned after the first shots and had seen two workers, Ignacio Velarde and Salomon Esquibel, firing in his direction and had shot and killed them both. Esquibel died later in the hospital shot through the small of the back. Several other workers were wounded and Deputy Bobcat Wilson was shot through the chest, but no guns were found on any members of the crowd or on Esquibel or Velarde. The only weapon the state was able to produce was a small, light wooden billy, which it was claimed was taken from the hands of Augustin Calvillo as he ran out of the alley.

The state attempted to indicate that Leandro Velarde, brother of the dead Ignacio, had stabbed Hoy Boggess with an ice-pick. But testimony to the effect that he had returned to his home on the fatal morning and put an ice-pick in the refrigerator was left uncorroborated when District Attorney Chaves failed to establish that Boggess or anyone else had received an ice-pick wound. Defense attorneys successfully blocked the state's request that Boggess be recalled for this purpose. Uncorroborated testimony was given by a Spanish deputy that Leandro had raised a weaponless right hand as the officers entered the alley and had said in Spanish: "Now you shall see something, you disgraced ones!" which was twisted in the state's argument to mean, "Now you shall see a disgraceful thing!" This constitutes the evidence against Leandro Velarde.

Sherman Porter, a man of thirty-one, for sixteen years employed by the Gallup American Coal Company, testified that he had seen Manuel Avitia, an exceptionally short man, pull a gun from his belt and rush through the crowd toward Carmichael and run out again after the shooting. On cross-examination he admitted that there were some fifty or sixty people standing between him and Avitia in a sixteen-foot alley and that the crowd was so thick that he could see only the heads of the officers. He insisted, however, that he had been able to see Avitia down to the waist. He did not see him fire the gun. This is the only testimony against Avitia that could be construed as damaging and it is wholly uncorroborated. Avitia admits picking up a warm gun from the ground near where Esquibel lay and starting out of the alley with it, when it was snatched from his hand by someone in the crowd. No gun was found on Avitia as he stood near the alley entrance five minutes later.

There is no state's testimony against Juan Ochoa except the uncorroborated statement of Dee Roberts that he saw Ochoa and Avitia kicking Boggess *after the shots,* and that as the officers entered the alley, Ochoa brandished a hammer at him. The defense argues that any man in that crowd who had made a motion in the direction of four armed and excited officers would unquestionably have been shot at once. Ochoa presented three witnesses to testify to his presence in front of Bickel's office until after the fatal shots had been fired.

The failure on the part of the state to call Bobcat Wilson as a witness can only be explained by the certainty that his story would not have agreed with those of the other officers. Wilson was not knocked out. He was conscious and active through all the excitement and confusion. Did Wilson see Boggess lose his head and fire blindly toward the sheriff, or was it Wilson himself who made that fatal mistake? Guns, after all, can be swapped between deputies, and stories made to fit.

For six of the defendants, Jo Bartol, Victorio Correa, Gregorio Correa, Serapio Sosa, Willie Gonzales, and Rafael Gomez, no defense was offered, since the state had failed even to attempt to prove anything beyond their presence in the alley. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty for these six and also for Augustin Calvillo, the soft-voiced little Jalisco Mexican who, although his three alibi witnesses had all been deported to Mexico before the trial, was able to convince the jury of his innocence by the simple honesty of his own words on the stand. Though all the defendants requested instruction of the jury by Judge McGhee in first-degree murder (predicated on a killing during the attempted liberation of a prisoner) or acquittal, the judge instructed also in second degree; and Juan Ochoa, Manuel Avitia, and Leandro Velarde were found guilty on this charge with a recommendation of clemency. They were sentenced to from forty-five to sixty years at hard labor and have already taken an appeal. Bond was set at $25,000 each.

This case, though conducted as a murder trial, was in no sense a straight criminal case. Back of the incidents in the alley on April 4 lies a long history of struggle for betterment of living and working conditions among the Gallup miners through their leaders Exiquio Navarro, Salomon Esquibel, Juan Ochoa, Jo Bartol, and others. The Gallup American Coal Company, whose domination can be uncovered in the testimony of practically every one of the twenty-five prosecution witnesses, is determined at all costs to rid Gallup of its militant workers. It has succeeded for the time being. For even in the case of the seven men who were acquitted a second charge of aiding and abetting a prisoner to escape has not been dismissed by the vindictive Chaves, but is held as a club over their heads by Judge McGhee, to be used if they fail to keep their promise never to return to Gallup.

Back of the evictions of blacklisted strikers from their homes in Chihuahuita, back of the terror and the abrogation of all civil liberties now in force in the evil little mining town, back of the kidnapping and beating of Attorney David Levinson and Robert Minor, when on May 2 they attempted to interview witnesses for the defense, stands the corporation without which Gallup would cease to be anything but a coaling station for the Santa Fé Railroad. These facts, true beyond any necessity of proof, were not brought out in the present trial.

From June 4, when Judge Miguel A. Otero was disqualified by the District Attorney, until August 14, when Judge J. B. McGhee was appointed to sit in the case, defense attorneys were without a judge before whom to take various legal steps necessary to the preparation of their case. McGhee again and again refused a continuance to permit the active participation of Colonel William J. Donovan of New York as chief defense counsel. Attorneys Hugh B. Woodward and John Simms, two leading criminal lawyers of New Mexico, were, it is true, appointed by the court, but were given only two weeks' time in which to prepare their extraordinarily brilliant defense. These men are not labor lawyers and with the shortness of time allotted them were not equipped to bring out from a multitude of Spanish-speaking workers the true nature of the case.

As a result the jurors, small farmers remote from the industrial struggle, may well have been mystified when the frightened Judge McGhee, on the day of sentence, after throwing Ochoa's young wife into jail for signing a protest, and issuing warrants for a number of others on the same charge, indulged in a tirade against "Communists, reds, radicals, and anarchists" (he forgot the Socialists), and announced to the prisoners that, though many people had demanded that they be set at liberty, "many more and larger bodies of American citizens have demanded your execution without trial."

High Tide at Atlantic City

By JULIUS HOCHMAN

WHEN William Green opened the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor with the lofty words, "We are not here assembled for the purpose of considering the sordid material things of life but of dealing with intangible human values," little did he, or, for that matter, the assembled delegates, realize that he was standing on a powder-keg. The explosion did not come until the second week of the convention, when John L. Lewis attacked the National Civic Federation, forcing Mr. Woll to run for cover. From this moment until the final round on Saturday night the administration forces were given scarcely a chance to breathe. At last the fight was in the open. No longer did the opposition express itself in low whispers in the lobby and around the tables in the convention hall. Their protests became loud and forceful, and they kept their opponents groggy, on the defensive.

Lewis followed up his opening blow by bluntly attacking the Executive Council, of which he is a member. He took the officers to task for their inaction on 78 of 102 mandates given them by the 1934 convention. He charged the council with lack of good faith in not carrying out that convention's unanimous decision favoring vertical organization in mass-production industries. Craft unionism has brought us a "record of twenty-five years of constant, unbroken failure," he said.

Although in numerical control of the convention, the officials were thrown into confusion. They were forced to retreat on their red-baiting amendment, to give up open-shop advertising in the *Federationist,* to allow full discussion on a labor party. The resolutions calling for boycotts on Nazi goods and the Olympics and condemning the Fascist invasion of Ethiopia by a "notorious dictator" had punch to them. Mr. Dubinsky's resolution for a constitutional amendment to allow Congress to enact social legislation, which in the absence of progressive delegates had been tabled by some Republican leaders, was rescued. This resolution had been unanimously approved by the Resolutions Committee, but Messrs. Woll and Frey, who had never before failed to defend against all comers a report from their committee, had allowed it to be tabled.

Last year the A. F. of L. approved the principle of industrial unionism for the cement, aluminum, rubber, and automobile industries. But what was indorsed in principle was soon forgotten in practice. "At San Francisco I was younger and more gullible," said Mr. Lewis. With a maiden-like smile, he added, "They seduced me with fair words." Neither Mr. Lewis nor Mr. Howard nor any other leader of the industrial-union forces intends to be tricked again. They know now that the Executive Council can—and does—place its own interpretation on convention decisions. They are prepared to lead the battle for a modern, twentieth-century form of unionism in the country's mass-production industries. In the first two industrial skirmishes the craft unionists won—but their opponents gained 38 per cent of the vote, and the war has just commenced.

Twice during the convention the question of industrial unionism came to the fore: first, when the Resolutions Committee brought in a majority report asking continuation of the San Francisco decision, and a minority report for industrial unionism; secondly, in the jurisdictional battle between the smelter workers and the metal trades. The debate was the bitterest and most acrimonious in the long history of the federation. Advocates of industrial unionism stated their case frankly and openly. "We refuse to accept existing conditions as evidence that the organization policies of the A. F. of L. have been successful," declared the minority report. "The fact that it has won only 3,500,000 workers out of 39,000,000 after fifty-five years of activity . . . is a condition that speaks for itself." The report concludes: "Continuous employment, economic security, and the ability to protect the individual worker depend upon organization along industrial lines."

In speaking for the minority Mr. Lewis referred to the 21,000 captive coal miners locked out in Alabama. He went on to explain that his interest in organizing the steel industry was "selfish because our people know that if the workers were organized in the steel industry and collective bargaining there was an actuality, it would remove the incentive of the great captains of the steel industry to destroy and punish and harass our people who work in the captive coal mines."

Unable to present any cogent arguments, the craft leaders evaded the issue. They based their case on two points: (1) many crafts have been in continuous existence since the Civil War, and therefore must be good; (2) the federation should uphold the sacredness of age-old contracts granted its affiliated unions. When it came to the smelter workers, however, the craft advocates repudiated the jurisdiction granted them by Samuel Gompers and the 1911 convention. One of the tensest moments of the convention came when Peterson, a smelter worker, accused the metal trades of "scabbery." To this accusation, Mr. Frey took objection.

> FREY: The point of order is that the delegate charges a delegate to this convention with scabbing.
> PETERSON: I said the organization that you represent.
> FREY: With scabbing?
> PETERSON: Yes.

Amid laughter Mr. Frey later admitted being put out of a strike meeting in Butte with "that same customary Western courtesy" to which he was accustomed.

So insistent were the progressives that even the delegates from the federal locals had to be permitted to state their cases and record their grievances, although it took a well-aimed punch to Mr. Hutcheson's nose to gain them the floor. However, their time was limited and there was much of importance which they could not say. I had the opportunity to meet and talk with these delegates, and there can be no doubt as to their sentiment. They want organization, but it must be along industrial lines. They are eager to stay within the A. F. of L. but they are just as determined not to surrender a single member to the craft unions. From the floor of the convention they echoed Mr. Lewis's warning against any craft-union plans of "imperialistic expansion"; and privately they expressed themselves in even more emphatic terms.

Matthew Woll, in a recent book, claims that "the A. F. of L. does not attempt to dictate in any manner the form and structure of its affiliated organizations." This particular sentence needs revision, according to representatives of the automobile and rubber workers' unions. Not only did the Executive Council, through William Green, attempt to dictate "the form and structure" of their newly formed internationals, but it told them whom to elect as their presidents. In direct contradiction of the San Francisco decision, the new auto workers' international has been denied jurisdiction over machinists, tool and die workers, painters, metal polishers, and electrical workers. What does this mean? "When members of our union are told to join one of these craft unions they drop out altogether," one delegate told me. "Unless we are given a genuine industrial union, we are sunk,"

It is the same story in rubber, in radio, in aluminum, in cement. Delegates from the rubber workers, who were kept from the floor by a parliamentary move, told me how impossible it was to organize except on an industry-wide basis. In 1933 the rubber unions turned craftsmen over to their respective internationals, and the crafts failed to hold them. A little over a year ago the rubber workers' union had 40,000 members; a few months ago it had 4,500. Such is the result of a policy which allows the craft unions, to quote Lewis again, "the unrestricted right to take their members where they find them and flit from flower to flower while they sip the honey."

Perhaps the case of the 8,000 Philco workers in Philadelphia will illustrate exactly what has taken place in the minds of the newly organized. With the advent of the NRA the desire for organization swept over them, but when they asked some craft unions for aid, they were given the cold shoulder. The internationals were not interested. These workers were unskilled, their wages too low for them to pay the initiation fee and dues. The workers, however, succeeded in obtaining a federal charter, apparently with the consent of the interested internationals. The new local called a strike, which was settled after a few days. The workers won a collective agreement which provided a closed shop, a thirty-six-hour week, and substantial wage increases. No sooner was this accomplished than the carpenters and electricians came "sneaking in like thieves in the night," as Bittner, of the miners, put it, to make their jurisdictional claims. The workers refused to dismember their organization and continued to clamor for an international charter. To date it has been refused them. After the breakdown of the NRA the workers asked for a union label which would give the firm an advantage over unorganized competitors. This, too, was refused when one of the crafts objected.

It is hard for these workers to understand why they cannot get an international charter—why they should not be permitted to organize this new industry. The leaders insist that under no circumstances will they give up any of their members. The workers have a letter from Philco in which the company promises to respect its contract but insists on dealing with one union, and not half a dozen.

Industrial unionism has made great strides since 1933. Of the million workers who have entered the federation in the last two years, 65 per cent have joined this type of union, 22 per cent have joined craft unions, and 13 per cent have entered local trade and federal unions. Further analysis of membership figures shows that the thirty-three industrial unions have, during the same period, increased their own membership by 75 per cent, that seventy-six craft unions have increased theirs by 13 per cent, and that the federal unions have gained 146 per cent. Clearly, the future of the American labor movement belongs to the industrial unionists.

The fifty-fifth convention of the A. F. of L. will long be talked about. An opposition was born at this convention that will ultimately change the character of the American labor movement. This opposition centers around the question of industrial unionism. Such an important and vital issue cannot and will not be settled by resolutions alone. A change of policy must inevitably bring with it a change of personnel in the federation's council. The present administration is fully aware of this. When the chance came to elect a new vice-president, William D. Mahon, a street railwayman, and a pillar of craft unionism, won out over Mr. Howard for the seat vacated by Berry of the printing pressmen, whose organization voted with the industrial unionists. Thus the craft units have strengthened their forces on the council.

The progressive ranks will grow during the next few years, and as they grow, new issues will be brought into the struggle. How long this fight will last, no one knows. One thing is certain. There can be no retreat.

[*Heywood Broun will be absent from New York for several weeks. His regular articles in* The Nation *will be resumed on his return.*]

Contributors to This Issue

Murry Levine is employed by the Emergency Home Relief Bureau of New York City as insurance adviser in one of the city's precincts. His article is a chapter from a book which he is writing to teach people what to buy in life insurance.

Emil Lengyel is the author of "Hitler," "The Cauldron Boils," and "The New Deal in Europe."

Isidor Feinstein is an associate editor of the New York *Post.*

Katharine Gay is secretary of the New Mexico branch of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Julius Hochman is vice-president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. He was a delegate to the Atlantic City convention of the A. F. of L.

Ruth Brindze is the chairman of the Consumers' Council of Westchester County, New York, and the author of "How to Spend Money."

Mark Van Doren is well known to *Nation* readers as critic and poet.

Lionel Trilling is a member of the English Department of Columbia University.

Paul Scott Mowrer was a war correspondent in France during the World War, later was foreign correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News,* and is now associate editor of that paper.

Sterling D. Spero, coauthor with Abram L. Harris of "The Black Worker," was a member of the research staff of the Twentieth Century Fund which prepared "Labor and the Government."

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Facts for Consumers

[*Twice a month* The Nation *will publish a page of information of interest and benefit to consumers. The material, collected by Miss Ruth Brindze, will in general be selected from reports and judgments issued by various government bureaus or by the Federal Trade Commission.*]

THE Marmola case, one of the worst in the history of consumer exploitation, is about to be revived by the Federal Trade Commission. Five years ago the United States Supreme Court acknowledged that Marmola, a "cure" for obesity, was a dangerous drug, stating in its opinion that "the findings, supported by evidence, warrant the conclusion that the preparation is one which cannot be used generally with safety to physical health." Yet it held that the Federal Trade Commission could do nothing because there was no proof that Marmola had any competitors who were entitled to protection.

Now the commission believes that it has sufficient evidence of competition and it has again issued a complaint against Marmola. The Raladam Company, owner of the obesity "cure," is resisting the action on the grounds that it has no competitors "of the kind or character entitled to be protected," and that the proceedings have been brought for the purpose of protecting the medical profession. One of the ingredients of this obesity cure is desiccated thyroid, a substance which the F. T. C., backed by medical opinion, maintains should not be used except on prescription. No hearings have yet been held, and it will probably be years before the case is adjudicated.

In the meantime the F. T. C. is proceeding against some of the competitors of Marmola. Representations that Kruschen Salts is a cure for obesity will be discontinued unless the Supreme Court overrules the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals. The proprietors of Carlsbad Sprudel Salt, another saline preparation, have been ordered to cease and desist from advertising it as "the safest and sanest remedy for surplus fat."

* * *

ADVOCATES of grading for consumer goods chalked up another victory last month when Schenectady ruled that all meat on the retail market must be graded and stamped according to the standards and regulations of the United States Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Schenectady is the second city to require government grading of meat; Seattle was the first, and because of its apparent success in keeping up demand, other cities may be induced to follow suit. Reports from Seattle indicate that since the inauguration of the grading service meat consumption has fallen off less than in other cities.

This may convince the packers and meat dealers that there is a real value in the grading and stamping service. Established in 1927 by the United States Department of Agriculture, it has heretofore benefited consumers little, although large-scale buyers have regularly based their buying on the government grades. Grades have now been established for beef, veal, lamb, and pork. The three top grades for all but pork are prime, choice, and good. For pork the designations are No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3. A roller stamp is used for the grade marks, which, preceded by the letters "U. S.," appear on every cut. The cost of grading is borne by the dealer and amounts approximately to 1/80 of a cent per pound.

* * *

ATTEMPTS to remove spots from clothing and furnishings by means of "ringless" cleaners, for which superlative claims are made, all too frequently result in ruining the article. Persons who use dry-cleaning fluids in the home should note the following actions by the Federal Trade Commission:

The Keelow Laboratories have agreed by stipulation to discontinue advertising that Foamol will "clean without work" and that it "will leave worn articles as fresh and full of wear-resisting vitality as when brand new"—both impossibilities according to information supplied by the Bureau of Standards. The bureau also declares that Foamol is explosive.

The Pyrene Manufacturing Company and X Laboratories, Inc., distributors of X Odorless Dry Cleaner, are charged with misrepresentation in claiming that their cleaner will remove grease and other spots without injury to fabric or color. A similar complaint has been issued with regard to claims made for Rid-O-Spot by the Westphalia Manufacturing Company, Inc., and the Poly Chemical Laboratories, Inc.

Clean Home Products, Inc., will change the label on its product, Paris Dry Cleaner, and hereafter desist from making any representations that the liquid will not cause a stain. The Wonder-Mist Polish Company will discontinue statements that its product, Wonder Mist Fabric Stain and Spot Remover, "disappears from the fabric without leaving a trace," which, according to the stipulation, is not true. Similar claims for Grady's Fabric Cleaner will be discontinued by the Grady Manufacturing Company.

* * *

THE fur is flying in the fur trade because of a new process which is purported to make fur garments water repellent. The discovery of the process was advertised at the psychological moment, just when customers were beginning to take fur coats out of storage. Herman Friedlander, fur editor of *Women's Wear Daily,* cynically remarks that "it gives the stores an opportunity to get some additional business from coats that otherwise would be just so much dead weight in storage." There are some furs, notably beaver and nutria, which tend to curl after a wetting. This has long been considered a disadvantage both by the trade and by consumers. If some method were developed of preventing curling it would certainly be valuable. The new process, however, has not been "perfected" for beaver and nutria, but can be applied only to furs which no one has ever before noticed were adversely affected by rain.

L. Bamberger and Company, of Newark, was the first store to advertise this new service. It was closely followed by retailers in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. The retailers, however, have been careful to qualify their statements on the efficacy of the new process. R. H. Macy and Company, of New York, advertise: "We're offering this service without a particle of guaranty beyond our usual promise of sound, proper care of your furs." This should be sufficient to put the buyer on his guard, but of course it is buried in an advertisement that describes how six coats were tested by playing a lawn hose on them for thirty minutes.

* * *

AN all-year-round closed season has been ordered by the Federal Trade Commission on fanciful names to describe rabbit, coney, muskrat, and other lesser members of the animal kingdom. From now on, the correct name of the fur should appear as the last word in the description immediately preceded by any dye or blend used to simulate another fur. Thus:

Formerly Used	*Now Required*
Sealine	Seal-dyed rabbit or coney
Hudson seal	Seal-dyed muskrat or Hudson seal-dyed muskrat
Mendoza beaver	Beaver-dyed rabbit or coney
Leopardine	Leopard-dyed rabbit or coney
American broadtail	Processed lamb
Marmink	Mink-dyed marmot
Bering seal	Seal-dyed rabbit or coney

RUTH BRINDZE

Books, Drama, Films

Our Critics, Right or Wrong

II. The Anti-Intellectuals

By MARY McCARTHY and MARGARET MARSHALL

IN 1927, when, as we have seen, literary critics were massed in a fraternal cheering section for the genius of Louis Bromfield, and the Wilder cohorts were already climbing into the stadium, Alfred Knopf found it necessary to insert a peculiar advertisement in *Herald Tribune Books.* He was, at that moment, presenting the English translation of "The Counterfeiters," by André Gide, and he took the occasion to protest against the previous reception of the eminent Frenchman's works:

> Gide's earlier books—three of his fictions and a study of Dostoevski have been published in English—have had to face an almost complete indifference in America. "Strait Is the Gate" ("La Porte Etroite") . . . has been available for three years; "Lafcadio's Adventures" ("Les Caves du Vatican") was published here in 1925. Neither book has as yet made any great impression on the American reading public if sales are . . . an indication.

Mr. Knopf has so far succeeded in selling 10,000 copies of "The Counterfeiters," and the Modern Library has sold another 7,000. Meanwhile A. and C. Boni report that up to the end of 1934 they had disposed of 293,360 examples of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." For situations of this kind the big-time critics are more than half responsible. While it is true that "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" was probably a more suitable tenant for the suburban book table than "The Counterfeiters" would have been, it is at the same time clear that had Gide received one-third the adulation that Wilder did, his works would have been more widely disseminated in America. The critics, in general, have so exhausted their vocal cords howling for second- and third-rate talents that major works are by comparison neglected. This is not to say that the critics actually denounce good books. Even the average critic, confronted with a first-rate work, however baffled and antagonized he may be, will not fall into that error. He may pause long enough in his simple-hearted enthusiasm for second-rate novels to say that André Gide, an important French writer, has written a book which must be important; but his brief and perfunctory tribute to genuine talent is immediately washed out of mind by his warm and repeated outpourings over the latest "February Hill" or "Constant Nymph." Sometimes, however, he actually deprecates major works. Thus the critic of the *Living Age* wrote of "The Magic Mountain":

> This unregenerate reviewer cannot honestly say that he was deeply interested in the scarce adventures and incessant ruminations and discussions of a boring young German confined for seven years in a tuberculosis sanitarium. Yet even one on whom the book's alleged power was lost could distinguish its merits.

Isabel Paterson's comment struck much the same note:

> Admirers of Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" claim defiantly that appreciation of it is in the nature of an intelligence test for the higher ranks. They say it contains a new philosophy of society. Missing that, I could find in it only a rather long elucidation of the psychological reactions of a group of consumptives in a Swiss sanitarium.

Herschel Brickell wrote of "The Counterfeiters" with a similar air of faint, condescending distaste.

> At bottom it is a story of homosexuality and has been freely expurgated for American readers. M. Gide's position in the present world of European letters gives the book importance.

Mr. Brickell and Mrs. Paterson are, as a matter of fact, typical of one group of front-line critics, a group too amorphous to be called a school, as intensely personal as a social clique, a group whose most notable characteristic is its militant anti-intellectualism. At the head of this group is Burton Rascoe; its house organ is *Herald Tribune Books,* over which Irita Van Doren presides; its club is the Literary Guild. Carl Van Doren, mainly because of long association, appears as its benevolent president emeritus, though intellectually he ranks far above the rest. He was in fact an important and serious critic until he turned literary business man and as editor-in-chief of the guild set about throwing down "the barrier between books and readers." Joseph Wood Krutch, whose name also comes to mind, does not, in any important respect, belong with this group, but he was a member of the board of editors of the Literary Guild until it was bought by Doubleday, Doran, and though the new guild has no nominal editors he continues occasionally to write for *Wings* a brief introduction to the current selection. In the issue for September he enlarged upon the subject of Hugh Walpole's "readability" and remarked about contemporary novels in general:

> We are frequently told that they are tremendously "important" or profoundly "significant." Almost invariably they also "reveal conditions" and very frequently, at least, they "illustrate the working of social forces." . . . Yet surely . . . one of the first requirements of a good novel is just the kind of readability which is so conspicuous in "The Inquisitor."

It was also Mr. Krutch who wrote for *The Nation* an enthusiastic acclaim for "The Green Hat." On the other hand, he was among the first of the critics to applaud "Strait Is the Gate" at the time of its publication and he has done valuable service in clarifying the work of Thomas Mann for the American public.

But around Mr. Rascoe revolve Mrs. Paterson and Mr. Brickell, two stars of lesser magnitude, accompanied along their orbits by a score of small, half-anonymous satellites. For this group literature must be "exciting," history and biography must read like fiction, and fiction must above all be entertaining and easy. Like the man on the street who rails against professors, this critical brotherhood pipes its complaint against the great men of letters. Unequipped to deal with complicated artistic or intellectual problems, they instinctively resist them and affect to despise them. They write rave notices of second-rate, untaxing novels and send lists of the classics they have *not* read to *Books* and to *The Nation.* They plug their favorite writers, applaud one another's efforts, and bolster one another's opinions at literary teas.

Their pace-setter, Burton Rascoe, like William Lyon Phelps, deals in ready-made superlatives. We have already recorded his predilection for Thornton Wilder. We submit these further examples of his ebullience:

> That wise and witty book [James Branch Cabell's "Jurgen"] I consider to be among the world's masterpieces of imaginative literature.
>
> My impression is . . . that this book ["Lo!" by Charles Fort] may or may not be one of the great books of the world, and that, since at the moment I am convinced that it is, it is high time, to use the Fortean formula of skepticism, for me to begin to doubt it.
>
> . . . an obvious masterpiece [T. S. Stribling's "Bright Metal"].
>
> Mr. Deeping has some of the old narrative charm of Anthony Trollope.
>
> "Never Ask the End" [by Isabel Paterson] . . . to me is superior to anything Virginia Woolf ever wrote.
>
> Burton Rascoe writes [said Isabel Paterson in her Turns with a Bookworm]: "If you see me walking down the street with a sandwich board, it won't be what you think; the sign will urge everybody to read 'One More Spring.' It is heartbreakingly beautiful. It is as biting in its satire as Anatole France's "Crainquebille" . . . and it is unlike any other book except another book by Robert Nathan and so far it is his masterpiece. Couldn't we get a couple of megaphones, and you go to Penn Station and I'll go to Grand Central and shout at people that 'One More Spring' will save their lives?"

Now, in 1935, his literary enthusiasms are still undisciplined. On October 6 in reviewing "Some We Loved," by Edward Harris Heth, he wrote in *Books:*

> This is a most unusual novel. They tell me the author is in his early twenties. It is strange that he should have reached a greater maturity than Henry James possessed when he (Henry James) was applying for citizenship papers so that he might die a subject of Great Britain. . . . Let us not say that he is a genius. To say that may be very bad for him—if he isn't. . . . Mr. Heth has learned much from Eugene O'Neill. He has learned something from Virginia Woolf. But he has a fortunate talent of his own which must make him a creature of the pen who should be watched with that eagerness we bestow upon exceptionable [sic] ability.

Mr. Rascoe is much concerned with "humanizing" literature. In the course of performing his self-appointed task he sometimes finds it necessary to "debunk" famous literary men:

> ["The Divine Comedy"] is no more worthy of admiration than a carved replica of the battleship Maine assembled inside of a bottle. . . . To read the "Inferno" through at a sitting is actually an experience so distasteful as to make a sensitive person actually ill. . . . Let the English critics . . . turn from the pathological nastiness of Dante to the sweet, serene, human heart of Ariosto; . . . ["Titans of Literature."]
>
> Henry James . . . did have a certain undefined, unapprehended groping toward form; and in "Daisy Miller" and "What Maisie Knew" he wrote two novels almost as profound as "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." ["Titans."]

Mr. Rascoe has been writing this kind of criticism for a long time, and for an immense audience. For years he wrote a column of literary comment which was syndicated in 400 daily newspapers. Sections of it were subsequently published in "The Bookman's Daybook." In addition he fathered "Titans of Literature" in 1932 and "Prometheans" in 1933. Particularly for the first, Mr. Rascoe received high praise from his literary intimates. Of "Titans" Herschel Brickell wrote in *Books:* "Mr. Rascoe has written a book of enduring value, which stands alone in its combination of scholarship with zest, wit, and humanness." "Lively learning," Carl Van Doren called it, "the most pleasant thing a book can have . . . this is just the sort of book that was needed.'" Isabel Paterson set it down in her column as "the liveliest, most persuasive, most personal work of the kind since Georg Brandes's 'Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature.' . . . It has the singular distinction of being completely modern because it is written from the classical point of view . . . free of the jargon of the critical trade . . . but with no respect whatever for the clichés of pedantry." William Soskin said that ". . . it has the natural, spontaneous, honest emphasis of the free man in a world made dull by polite, timid, and dim-witted professors."

It was a professor, however, who politely but bravely suggested that Mr. Rascoe's "lack of pedantry" was practically synonymous with what is called ignorance in other circles. Professor Harvey W. Hewitt-Thayer of Princeton, in a letter to the editor of *Books,* granted Mr. Rascoe the right to his unconventional opinions but begged leave to cite a few errors in *one* chapter, that on Goethe. According to Professor Hewitt-Thayer, Mr. Rascoe had made ten errors of fact in three pages, capping what was no doubt a "lively" account of Goethe's life with two elementary mistakes, one as to the date of Goethe's death and the other as to the age at which he died. The next year, when "Prometheans" appeared, even Mr. Rascoe's best friends felt it necessary to tell him it was not a masterpiece, though they broke the news gently by saying merely that it was not as good as "Titans." "It is immediately apparent," wrote Mrs. Paterson, "that 'Prometheans' is vastly inferior to 'Titans.'" Mr. Brickell, back at his old stand in *Books,* was milder.

> Speaking as one who finds Burton Rascoe among the most consistently entertaining writers alive today, I hasten to announce that the nine essays . . . are good and exciting reading . . . but [the book] is not nearly so well balanced or so complete [as "Titans of Literature"] . . . not so staggering a feat of apparent omniscience. . . . In general there are fewer minor errors.

So Mr. Rascoe remains influential. In the *Herald Tribune Books* he seldom rates anything less than the first page. His sister in criticism, Isabel Paterson, on the other hand, rarely reaches page one. Yet she is not without honor. Mr. Rascoe has said that she has "one of the most brilliant minds I have ever encountered." One of her less well-known confreres, Basil Davenport, writing in the *Saturday Review,* described her as "a kind of Goddess of Common Sense. Like one of Mr. Shaw's luminous heroines, Candida or Lady Cicely Waynflete, she contemplates the world with a mild impatience that people can make such a mess of things; but her impatience is never more than mild, for like Marcus Aurelius she knows better than to expect stupid people to act wisely. Only, from time to time, she is moved to make a criticism of society, with an extraordinary skill that makes her common sense appear positively impish." In a day-dreaming, unspecific manner Mrs. Paterson likes to affiliate herself with the eighteenth century, to imagine herself born out of her period, a lone sane voice in an Age of Unreason. Mr. Davenport's paragraph indicates that others besides herself have been taken in by this pathetic masquerade. Whatever common sense Mrs. Paterson possesses is, unfortunately, closer in spirit to the horse sense of the cowpuncher than to the high rationalism of the eighteenth century. The lust for knowledge which permeated the Age of Anne and the Age of Voltaire has no counterpart in Mrs. Paterson's bosom. On the contrary, as we have pointed out, ignorance is her fetish. She is easily swayed by her emotions. Her criticism is often petty, often spiteful. It is unsystematic and personal. We have seen Mrs. Paterson's views on Thomas Mann. We can again let her speak for herself on criticism in general.

> To dispose of this question of literary criticism, we have sometimes thought, and never before found occasion to say it, that "real" literary criticism . . . is only a sublimated form of shop talk. . . . It has no intrinsic interest except to the professional.
>
> We do not think we are a highbrow, because we read solely for entertainment, and have no contempt for the literature of escape and we can't make head or tail of Croce's "Theory of Aesthetic," and for a lot of other reasons which now escape us.

Mrs. Paterson's "criticism of society" to which Mr. Davenport bows, has steadily increased both in volume and sharpness. There is space for only two samples. The first will indicate her point of view. The second would make it appear that economics, as well as history and biography, might better be written as fiction.

> Erskine Caldwell . . . writes . . . offering himself as a Communist or something. . . . But after reading his novels, we wonder if he thinks his characters would be quite different people in other circumstances? . . . He gives them neither intelligence nor human emotions; where would they get them then? At a government supply store?
>
> Terence Holliday joins in admiration of Robert Nathan's "One More Spring." . . . That book has more real economic insight than any twenty-five tomes on economics chosen at random out of the last five years' mass output.

Mrs. Paterson's purely literary judgments are also highly individualistic.

> An advance copy of Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" had us reading with pop-eyed amazement for a couple of chapters, but after we confirmed the incredible premise of the plot we wondered if, after all, it was anything to write a novel about. . . . We think a sagacious reporter of life, handed this theme as an assignment, would have replied, "No story."
>
> I cannot read Joyce and who cares?
>
> What has never been alive ["The Great Gatsby," by F. Scott Fitzgerald] cannot very well go on living; so this is a book of the season only.

Here, on the other hand, are a few of her positive judgments.

> Speaking advisedly and with caution, here we have [in "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy] the debut of a talent as brilliant as May Sinclair at her best, and perhaps more versatile. . . . Talent I would call it; not genius, any more than in the case of Miss Sinclair.
>
> To my mind "Andy Brandt's Ark" is the most remarkable of the whole crop of this year's novels [June, 1927].
>
> [Louis Bromfield] suffers from an embarrassment of riches. . . . So he has not yet quite struck off the unforgettable episode, blazed up to the moment of high illumination which genius attains.
>
> [Of "Indeed This Flesh" by Grace Flandrau] Mrs. Flandrau has done her task so well that . . . no one need write of the ordinary man, as such, again . . .
>
> We gathered an informal committee composed of Herschel Brickel and William Soskin and reached an agreement that Grace Flandrau's novel, "Indeed This Flesh," is the best novel of the spring season [1934].
>
> "The Cold Journey" [by Grace Zaring Stone] is the most distinguished novel of 1934.

Herschel Brickell, Mrs. Paterson's fellow-committeeman, though he shares her anti-intellectualism and a number of her tastes, in no way resembles her in character or temperament. He is above all gentle. He likes wholesome novels full of amiable characters. He loves "pure beauty" and finds it—in the novels of Donn Byrne. He patronizes Gide. He patronizes also an innovator like John Dos Passos.

> One must grant it ["Manhattan Transfer"] a rough vigor and something of the vitality of our island; much too of its commonness and sheer vulgarity. My own interest in it was chiefly as a literary experiment; it is unlikely to reach a very large audience.

But to Kathleen Norris's autobiography, "Noon," his heart once warmed.

> For ourselves we can say we found it a relief from the abnormalities of most current literature—a good deal like a visit in the right sort of American home.

"Little Novels of Nowadays," by Sir Philip Gibbs, affected him similarly.

> What we like most about Gibbs is the feeling he gives us of a fine spirit; it is in all that he has written. "Knightly" is the adjective. Perhaps we may risk using another designation, lately fallen into disuse. Sir Philip's attitude toward life . . . is that of a gentleman.

His taste in poetry can be inferred from an old review of an obscure book about trees by one Walter D. Wilcox.

> It was natural that we should think of Joyce Kilmer's lovely poem, "Trees," while reading Mr. Wilcox's book, which is by way of being a tribute to both authors. May we quote "Trees"? Even if you know it, you won't mind it again. [He thereupon quoted "Trees."]

Important novels demand from genuine critics new turns of thought, new patterns of prose. In ten years of literary criticism this small but potent group of anti-intellectualists have demonstrated that they prefer to festoon commonplace novels with the old clichés. Now, as ten years ago, novels are "vivid," "robust," or "earthy," or else they are "delicate," "lovely," "poignant." Important works of art remain by contrast virtually unsung; a gullible horde of readers is happily convinced that when these popular judges "can't put down" some second-rate novel, it is therefore literature, and Mr. Rascoe, Mrs. Paterson, and Mr. Brickell, comfortable, established, and widely recognized, seem to furnish their sizable publics demonstrable proof that it's smart to be stupid.

[*This is the second of a series of articles. The third will deal with the group of critics who dominate the pages of the* Saturday Review of Literature *and the New York* Times Book Review. *It will appear in the issue of November 20.*]

Lawrence of England

Seven Pillars of Wisdom. A Triumph. By T. E. Lawrence. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

THE Lawrence legend has grown so tiresome as to threaten the great fame and even the good name of this book. Since 1930 or thereabouts it has been impossible either to praise or to understand a man about whom so many fantastic stories were told. And now the temptation is strong to dismiss his book as something equally fantastic, equally distasteful to the normal palate.

But the temptation must be resisted—and indeed disappears almost as soon as the reading has been begun. Certainly it is quite gone at the end, when the meeting between Feisal and Allenby stands forth as the final stroke of art in something which has made itself manifest as a work of art all along. "I had had one craving all my life," says Lawrence in his ninety-ninth chapter, and that was "for the power of self-expression in some imaginative form." Doubtless he had wanted to write great novels or great plays; and doubtless he had not dreamed that he would live to write a great history. Yet that was what he did, and that is what we have: a history which is a tragedy, as Thucydides's was, and which is as true to the modern demands of that form as Thucydides's was to the ancient. Lawrence's tragedy is by no means invalidated by the circumstance that he is its hero, or by the circumstance that he was an unspeakably complicated person who lacked the means to understand himself. The whole point lies just there, or almost the whole point; the rest of it consisting in the degree to which he keeps true to those principles of the tragic art which cannot grow old or alter.

He has, for instance, a considered and an important style. Readers of "Revolt in the Desert," which was a carelessly cut version of the book as we now at last have it, were in no position to judge this style, which here reveals and justifies itself as something not only suitable to its matter but high-moving in itself. It is a made style, mixing the archaic and the scriptural with the lean-toothed vernacular, and leaving in the mind a grave and gritty music consonant with the scene. And it is made well, to go with a story which is well made. The meeting between Feisal and Allenby is art because of the relation in which it stands to the previous appearances of those men upon the set stage of Lawrence's Arabia; but so is everything else in a story whose details, however numerous and absorbing they may be in themselves, are always secondary to the proper theme, which is not the Arab revolt but Lawrence himself, the contemplative man become active, the philosopher committed to a cause and therefore drawn inexorably toward catastrophe.

The catastrophe was the thing popularly known as success, and popularly understood as the happy ending to a life well spent. To such a man as Lawrence success was literally a shameful thing, a thing which made oneself suddenly loathsome and desirous of death. His tragic chorus confines itself throughout to this terrible paradox; and nowhere, even at the eloquent end, makes the entire business as clear as we should like to have it. But we shall never have it clearer than this, for Lawrence's book is built somewhere near the center of the modern mind, and the modern mind is not pleased with itself. He took all Europe with him to Arabia—all its doubt and double vision, all its habit of distrusting the best things of which it is capable, all its conviction that heroism died hundreds of weary years ago, all its longing for truth together with its silent disbelief in every truth. He was Lawrence of England, Lawrence of Oxford, bewildered by "the blank light of victory" and dissolved in the very fulfilment of his desire. When he is explained it will be in terms as general as that, and not, surely, in terms of the "personal motive" to which he alludes in his epilogue. He was intolerably, impossibly complex, and he happened also to be an artist of magnitude. Otherwise he could not have achieved the tragedy which in this volume is intrusted to us for safekeeping.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. O'Hara's Talent

Butterfield 8. By John O'Hara. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE history of American literature is white with the bones of young writers who, like Mr. O'Hara, relied too much on their bright, fresh talents and refused to think. Mr. O'Hara is much acclaimed for his perception of social minutiae, of the subtle social distinctions drawn by undistinguished people. He ransacks modern life for detail as a historical novelist ransacks folios; he delves into modern folklore; a Brooks suit and a wisecrack are as delightful to him as a Venetian doublet and a gadzooks were to Savonarola Brown. But apart from this, there is a profounder kind of social observation in his books which, were it developed and fortified by intelligence, might make him an impressive novelist.

It is this latter kind of observation which, in "Appointment in Samarra," skirts—but only skirts—the statement of the forces which made Julian English a braggart and a bully and young Mrs. English a treacherous strumpet for all her niceness and tweeds. But "Appointment in Samarra" was not the book it should have been: it was written on inspiration and instinct, was seemingly untouched by thought, and was muddled and unresolved. It was a book about society and Mr. O'Hara tried to make his readers think it was about Kismet.

"Butterfield 8," filled with a great deal of social perception, some merely alert, some very revealing, is even farther from success. Its plot is either pointless or puerile, bearing a burden of social thought about equivalent to that borne by Walter Winchell's column. Mr. Winchell, like Mr. O'Hara, is alert to society and is on the side of the angels, respecting the home, the family, and chastity—but Mr. Winchell can afford so light a burden as this. Mr. O'Hara cannot. After all, he is the writer who, in the midst of much that is merely bright, gives us the portrait of a man, a class, and a society in these few lines:

> He did not know how to use a slide rule, but he knew enough to call it a slip-stick. He could not use a transit, but among engineers he could talk about "running the gun." Instead of handwriting he always used the Reinhard style of lettering, the slanting style of printing which is the first thing engineers learn. He would disclaim any real knowledge of engineering, frankly and sometimes a little sadly, but this had a disarming effect upon real engineers: they would think here is a guy who is just like a kid the way he wants to be an engineer and he might have made a good one. The superficial touches which he affected . . . made him a good fellow among engineers. . . . They liked him and did little things for him which they would not have done for another engineer: he was a non-competing brother.

It is not enough for a man with this power of perception to produce an ill-formed book in very efficient prose about a nice girl who is sexually corrupted in her childhood and seduced in her teens, who learns to practice every kind of perversity, and who, when she suddenly desires monogamy and purity, discovers that, even to the men who love her, her past makes her repulsive, and who therefore dies. A writer who sees as much as Mr. O'Hara sees must see more or mean nothing.

LIONEL TRILLING

The Life of Dwight Morrow

Dwight Morrow. By Harold Nicolson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

SOME readers will enjoy Mr. Nicolson's admirable biography for the story it tells of effort crowned by success. Horatio Alger himself could not have imagined better. Luck played small part in the steady advance of the bright schoolboy of Allegheny, the penurious youth at Amherst, the debt-burdened law student at Columbia, to the status, first, of corporation lawyer, then of partner in J. P. Morgan's, then diplomat and Senator. Moreover, the curve of Dwight Morrow's career was such that, if it had not been cut short when he was only fifty-eight, it might have carried him one day to the Presidency of the United States.

Some, again, will be more interested in the account of Mr. Morrow's achievements in business and politics. He reorganized corporations. He helped to finance the Allies in the World War. He distinguished himself as a member of the Allied maritime transport council. In the days of President Harding he probably saved Cuba from American intervention. President Coolidge, his old Amherst classmate, asked him to become Ambassador to Mexico. He went to Mexico and gained the Mexicans' affectionate admiration. More use might have been made of his gifts had not the politicians been a little afraid of his Morgan connections. However, President Hoover appointed him a delegate to the badly complicated London Naval Disarmament Conference. His skill as a negotiator and conciliator kept that conference from complete collapse.

Still others will delight in Mr. Nicolson's charming character portrait. Dwight Morrow, for all his eminence in banking and statecraft, was a whimsical, lovable personality. His daughters teased him with impunity, and he teased them. His characteristic expression, as his wife said, was one of "creative benignity." Always eager and public-spirited, he never took himself too seriously. Not seeking money, he yet became wealthy. He spent this wealth upon others. For himself he bought books. All his life his hair stood on end, his clothes somehow never looked pressed, and his absent-mindedness was proverbial.

But after all, the remarkable thing about Dwight Morrow was his mind. Given a problem, he would first get books and papers together and painstakingly study all the facts and the history of the facts. Then he would consult others. He would talk to experts. Concentrating, he would strip away inessentials, and "twist the gimlet of his inquiry toward first principles." Suddenly he would have an idea for a solution. Immediately he would push it away from him, examine it critically, turn it in every light. Only if it met this patient test would he retain it. His next step was to put himself sympathetically in the place of his opponents, to reexamine the entire question from their point of view, not content until he felt able to state their case better than they could themselves. And now again, his solution: could his opponents reasonably accept it? Was it fair and just to them? For a hard bargain, he would say, is always a bad bargain. If, after all this effort to be fair and considerate, his exceptional powers of tact, logic, and persuasion could not effect a full agreement, he would patiently seek a partial agreement. Most good things come gradually. It is better to go a little way in the right direction than a long way in the wrong. "The attainable," he would say, "is always preferable to the unattainable." And finally, when a solution had been reached, he never sought credit for it. His interest was in getting things done. "The credit does not count," he would say; "it is the durable results in which real men are interested."

By these means, in this manner, excellently analyzed by Mr. Nicolson, Dwight Morrow gained the respect and admiration of all who knew him.

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

"The Key to Communism"

Communism in the United States. By Earl Browder. International Publishers. $2.

THE section of the population for whom presumably this volume was published is hungry for information about the principles and policies of communism. It is a great pity, therefore, that the Communist Party permitted its general secretary to gather together his speeches, reports, and official pronouncements and offer them here as "the key to an understanding of communism in the United States." The reader who turns to these pages for the information and enlightenment which they promise will come away bewildered and confused. He will find positions taken on one page changed on another, and he will know from his reading of the newspapers that the Communist International at its recent Congress has repudiated or reversed the stand expounded by the author on nearly every major issue.

The book begins with an analysis of the New Deal. "All these domestic policies," it declares, "are identical in their content with the measures of professed fascist governments. . . . The policies of the government at Washington have one purpose . . . to establish fascism at home. . . . The Socialist Party supports every particular policy of the New Deal . . ."

On the author's return to the United States after attending the sessions of the Communist International, he found, according to his own statement, that the fascists were no longer the government at Washington but its opponents. "All the bloc being gathered against Roosevelt," he told the press, "is headed toward fascism. . . . He is not a fascist but if he doesn't oppose it the fascists will eat him up."

The reader who returns to the "key to Communism" to see if it will unlock the identity of some of the fascist enemies who are threatening to eat Roosevelt up is rewarded with this: "In the labor section of the New Deal are to be seen the clearest examples of the tendencies toward fascism. It is the American brother to Mussolini's 'corporate state,' with state-controlled labor unions closely tied up with and under the direction of employers. Here we have the sharpest example of the role of the Socialist Party and the trade-union bureaucracy, the role of social fascism as the bearer among the masses of the program of fascism." But the reader quickly remembers that this was written before the executive committee of the Comintern condemned this attitude, declaring "a great mistake was [that] . . . fascism was seen where it did not exist."

The logic of the position taken in this book led inevitably to the rejection of united action by the Communist and Socialist Party leaderships. "No," declares the author, "it is clear unity behind these gentlemen [Socialist leaders] means a surrender to capitalist attacks. . . . We need a united fighting front against the capitalists. . . . But that means that unity must be built up, not *with* these leaders on their present policies, but *against* them. That means not a united front from on top, but a united front built up by the workers from below. . . ." In plain language this meant that the only way in which the Communist Party would engage in united action with the Socialists would be to break up their organizations and assume the leadership of their former members. But that, too, was before the Congress of the Comintern, before Georgi Dimitrov asked in his keynote speech: "Is it not clear that joint action by the adherents of the parties and organizations of the two Internationals, the Communist and the Second International, would facilitate the repulse by the masses of the fascist onslaught, and would enhance the political importance of the working class?"

It would be easy, though not particularly profitable, to continue to cite party policies and show how they were reversed by the International Congress. It would be easy, too, to show how item after item of the party program failed and had to be abandoned even before the International Congress. Thus while Browder boasts on page 181 that the red unions with but "5 per cent of the volume of membership of the A. F. of L. . . . directly led 20 per cent of all strikers and indirectly influenced in a decisive manner more than half the struggles of the A. F. of L.," he confesses on page 196 that it was necessary "to shift main emphasis to work inside the A. F. of L." and to abandon one after another of the red unions. One page 179 it is the purpose of the A. F. of L. "to control and eventually choke off the strike movement," while three pages farther on "the reformist United Mine Workers' Union (A. F. of L.) swept through the field with a broad recruitment campaign, and our red union members (without even consulting us) went along with the masses and together with them organized the strike movement."

There is a great deal in this volume to which the party still adheres on paper but which, if it is to keep in tune with reality, it must also modify or abandon. Chief among such issues is the Negro question, which the party still speaks of solving through "self-determination of the black belt." Well-informed travelers from Moscow declare that the policy is already slated for the same wastebasket as the red unions.

The International has shown the ability to abandon its untenable positions, even though it did maintain them far beyond the time when some of the most intelligent Communists in the world insistently showed the necessity for their repudiation. The movement would do itself a great service if it prevented the publication of books tending to perpetuate a confusion which has proved so disastrous to itself and to the world.

STERLING D. SPERO

Drama

Run of the Mill

FROM its title on, J. B. Priestley's "Eden End" (Masque Theater) is the sort of thing which the English seem fonder of than we usually are—a story of provincial family life told with quiet, slightly sentimental realism. By now Mr. Priestley's defects as well as his virtues are pretty well known and the new play holds no surprises. His greatest strength is his ability to sketch in broad, superficial strokes slightly eccentric characters very much like those favored by the Victorian novelists whom he so much admires. His greatest defect is not his penchant for a kind of hearts-of-oak sentiment—which may be pleasant enough in its mild way—but a certain aggressive commonplaceness of thought which he insists upon parading. "Eden End" exhibits both his virtues and his vices in characteristic manner. The easy-going actor, Jack Appleby, hero of a score of provincial tours and proud of his ability to find an evening of good fun in the pubs of the most god-forsaken community, is an entertaining caricature. The provincial doctor, though a familiar enough personage, is also pleasantly sketched. But when one of the characters remarks, for example, that life is like that, "it can't go on without hurting somebody," the observation is not inserted primarily because it happens to be in character. Mr. Priestley expects—and from many doubtless gets—an appreciative mur-

☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

At Home Abroad. Winter Garden. Beatrice Lillie in a very handsome offering with Ethel Waters and various others. Best of this year's song and dance parties.

Crime Marches On. Morosco Theater. Reviewed this week.

Eden End. Masque Theater. Reviewed this week.

Jubilee. Imperial Theater. Reviewed this week.

Night of January 16. Ambassador. High doings in a courtroom with a jury drawn from the audience. Fair example of the genre which *Variety* now calls a "Whodunit."

Porgy & Bess. Alvin Theater. Operatic version of the well-known play with the score by Gershwin. Lavish production supervised by Mamoulian. One of the big hits of the year but to me less effective than anything so elaborate ought to be.

Remember The Day. National Theater. Touching and entertaining story of a boy who fell in love with his teacher. Unusually well acted and with enough humor to give it edge.

Squaring The Circle. Lyceum Theater. Slapstick satiric farce which has been tremendously popular in Russia. Plenty of fun and ending with an ironic conclusion.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. "Winterset" seems to me bold, original and engrossing.

The Epic Plan Discussed in an Exciting Debate
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UPTON SINCLAIR vs. NORMAN THOMAS
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Mecca Temple, Sunday Eve., Nov. 17, 8 P. M.
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mur of "How true that is!" The judicious, if they do not grieve, are at least a bit embarrassed by a simplicity of mind which enables the author to emerge from a period of cogitation with such a contribution to wisdom. Mr. Priestley's repeated declaration that "life is strange" tempts one to reply with the well-known but crushing question, "By comparison with what?" As for the story, it is concerned with the return to the family circle of a run-away daughter who decides in the end that she had better not disillusion her father, who has been consoling himself with the thought that her rather dismal career has been a series of glamorous triumphs—life of the sort he gave up when he retired to the safety of the country instead of looking for fame in London. The English cast knows its business.

In the clear if not elegant phraseology of *Variety* only the musical shows (including "Porgy and Bess") are so far "in the big money." "Jubilee" (Imperial Theater) now joins "At Home Abroad" in this pleasant category of big successes and, like its predecessor, earns its position. If the full truth must be told, neither Cole Porter's lyrics nor his music are quite as dashing as they were in "Anything Goes," but both are decidedly pleasant in a very suave, very "smart" fashion. Mary Boland is funny as the queen who uses the opportunity provided by a period of freedom to strike up a long-desired acquaintance with a movie actor who plays wild men and is not too heavily disguised under the name of Charles Rausmiller. Melville Cooper is also funny as the king with a hardly suppressed passion for parlor tricks, and the rest of the all too democratic royal family acquit themselves well. For good measure there is the blond and smiling June Knight, who is pleasant to look at and not unpleasant to hear. All in all, "Jubilee" provides the kind of entertainment it sets out to provide, and like "At Home Abroad" its décor is not only splendid but in unusually good taste.

Like one or two previous plays about radio, "Crime Marches On" (Morosco Theater) is considerably more noisy, extravagant, and generally goofy than the institution it satirizes. The story of a rustic poet who is lured to New York for a soap program, who dreams a wild fantasia in the course of which he is compelled to poetize a weekly Crime of the Hour, and who finally wakes to find his employers actually ready to embark upon that very thing, would seem rather confusing in synopsis. On the stage it is even more so.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Films

Nature and Artifice

ONE thing the movies can do, though in the long run it is not the best thing they do, is to catch nature napping and let us see the inscrutable smile which sleeps on her featureless face. A better thing for any art to do, of course, is to put a meaning there; but the peculiar advantage of the camera is that when it has no meaning to promote it can at least arrest our eyes with a glimpse of what must be fascinating because it is so indisputably actual. Most of the credit for whatever success is achieved by "La Maternelle," the French film which recently had its American première at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse, goes to the forty or fifty children who play an essential role without seeming to be aware that they are playing at all. This is not to deny that the directors, Jean Benoit-Levy and Marie Epstein, acted wisely in keeping the children unconscious of what they did, or that they put immediately to shame every Hollywood director who has exploited some child wonder; but it is to insist that their triumph was at the best negative. The children, from big Marie down to little Fondant, are irresistibly interesting and indeed quite crushingly credible; the result of this hour or two with them being the impression that one has been, for better or for worse, in the company of all the children in the world. What such an experience would mean I do not know; nor does the picture tell, its chief business being to offer the experience raw.

M. Benoit-Levy, to be sure, was present at the première to suggest that there was a meaning and to prove thereby that his picture was a work of art. But his remarks about the importance of human kindness were sentimental and unconvincing. Misery will always exist, he said, and yet there will always be pity to mitigate it—and he pointed to Rose, the adult heroine of the film, as a significant embodiment of the unspoiled human heart. The restrained and rather trancelike acting of Madeleine Renaud as Rose, however, did not balance the primitive force of all these nameless juveniles among whom she moved like an angel. The idea behind her direction was inadequate to the material—poor children of Paris—which she was supposed to transform; and the addition of a love story involving her and the director of "la maternelle" was far from helping out. Ezra Pound once wrote a memorable line about "the sturdy unkillable infants of the very poor." The picture magnificently annotates that line—and fails, in spite of M. Benoit-Levy's sweet intentions, to do anything more.

Another French film, René Clair's "Le Dernier Milliardaire" (Cinéma de Paris), has so little plain nature in it that it must stand or fall according as it becomes interesting for its idea. For me it falls, not because its idea seems to be that the world is a silly place, but because it is everywhere silly in itself. René Clair was being groomed several years ago as a cinema satirist, and the late Harry Alan Potamkin expected something important from him if he ever managed to do a little thinking. It looks now as if he had grown incapable of thought; for the mythical kingdom of Casinario which he creates—or copies from Monte Carlo of all places—in order to say something about the depression and the world order says next to nothing at all. Casinario does not for a moment represent Europe, nor do the antics of its population succeed in reminding us of anything better than Graustark. The capers of the Queen, the Princess, and the Last Millionaire, who is imported to keep Casinario solvent, are cut to no end which is visible or worth trying to make visible. Where all is movement there is nothing that looks like progress; there is only the whirr and flutter of celluloid.

"Red Army Days" (Cameo) is the only worthless Russian film I have ever seen. The Red Army tanks that maneuver through it have all the merit which inanimate objects are capable of having in newsreels, but after them comes merely a very sorry and infantile attempt to tell a love story in what was once the Hollywood manner, or in what the misguided directors, A. Zharky and Joseph Heifitz, conceive that manner to have been. What it now is seems all at once by comparison fresh and strong, and under cover of the comparison such a picture as Hecht and MacArthur's "Barbary Coast" comes off pretty well. The story of how a bad woman (Miriam Hopkins) is made by a Shelley-reading poet (Joel McCrea) to realize how good she can be in spite of the fact that a villain (Edward G. Robinson) has her in his Mexican grip is foolish beyond the need of proof. Why is it, by the way, that these poets never nourish themselves on someone earlier or later or better than Shelley? But San Francisco in the Gold Rush days, and particularly its waterfront, is presented with considerable vigor and with something of that imagination which is never wholly lacking from the Hecht-MacArthur product.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

SANCTIONS against Italy are to be made effective by the League on November 18; the election in Great Britain is on the fourteenth. The gap of four days suggests a peace drive before Italy finally is subjected to economic penalties. The British government cannot risk the public discussion of peace during a political campaign. After the election its hands will be free. It will not wish or dare to abandon the League principle, but if peace can be had without outrage to the League, the British government may be willing to make it. Sanctions, even if administered in all good faith by League states, probably will not bring Italy to its knees for a year. Italy can buy essential raw materials as long as its gold and foreign exchange hold out. No government can be complacent in determining to prolong the conflict and tension in Europe for as long as a year, and the British, though leading the opposition to Italy, may want peace if it is at all possible. The French certainly want it at any price. A settlement which goes beyond the League offer, as drawn up by the committee of five, would be rejected by Geneva. One which offers less remains impossible for Mussolini. The only escape from the impasse would be for Britain and France to compensate Italy independently of the League. That is, the League principle could be maintained in Ethiopia, but Mussolini might be given a large loan, part of it to save him from bankruptcy, part of it to finance colonization in the districts of Ethiopia where the League gives Italy the economic priority already promised. Only some such solution can end the hostilities in Africa and Europe. If it is not offered this month, we shall know that the British have determined to overthrow Mussolini.

THE RESUMPTION of military action in northern Ethiopia is not inconsistent with the possibility of peace negotiations later this month. Mussolini obviously delayed the advance hoping that Geneva would not be able to form a united front against him. In this he was disappointed. His gesture of removing two divisions from Libya also failed to bring the withdrawal of any British warships from the Mediterranean. Peace talks had already begun, but they were embarrassing to London, which complained bitterly to Paris for allowing news of them to leak into the French press. With two weeks to wait, Mussolini could continue his invasion in the Tigre province. So he put his army in motion again, an event played up by the newspapers far beyond its significance. Ethiopian resistance still is being withheld, and at little cost the Italians are able to advance a few more miles on the long trail to Addis Ababa. Having lengthened their lines of communication they will have to pause shortly while the tedious work of building motor roads and aeroplane fields behind the army is completed. The military problem in Ethiopia is obscured by the want of accurate information about the vaunted Ethiopian armies. The northern and northwestern armies are reported to have united, taking up a position to the southwest of the advancing Italians. Another army is reported to be marching to the north at a rate of ten or twelve miles a day. But the "war" correspondents with the Ethiopians can report little of value as they are kept from the front. A hundred thousand Ethiopians armed with modern rifles and plenty of machine-guns, if adequately provisioned and fairly well disciplined, could work havoc among the invaders. But nobody can say whether the Ethiopians can cope with a modernized army, and the element of surprise, so important in earlier wars over this terrain, has been eliminated by Italy's aeroplanes.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION of Wang Ching-wei, president of the Executive Yuan and Foreign Minister of the Nanking government, is a symbol of the growing opposition to Nanking's pro-Japanese policies. Wang, although the titular head of the Chinese government, was not personally responsible for these policies. A relatively weak figure, he had allowed Chiang Kai-shek to determine the country's foreign as well as domestic program, leaving him ostensibly responsible in the eyes of the public. Coming at a moment when the Japanese appeared to be launching a new offensive in North China, the attack is likely to have considerable effect in stiffening Chinese resistance to Japan's demands. While the present Nanking regime has shown repeatedly that it has no scruples against selling out to Japan, there are limits to the extent to which it can run against public opinion. The prospect of a Japanese army being allowed to penetrate into the heart of China under the guise of fighting "communism" appears, moreover, to have been too much even for Chiang to stomach. In the face of this strengthened opposition Japan will do well not to press too vigorously the program which was recently agreed upon at Dairen. The separation of the five northern provinces might be accomplished without serious trouble, but undue pressure on either the Nanking or the Canton governments at the present time might precipitate a revolt which would throw China toward the Soviet Union. This would force Japan into an immediate decision regarding its long-projected attack on Soviet Siberia.

ON TOP of China's political troubles, largely the result of Japanese imperialism, has come a serious financial crisis growing out of the nationalistic monetary policy of the United States. After having suffered for more than a year from the effects of the Roosevelt silver-buying program, Nanking has finally decided to follow in the footsteps of Mexico and abandon the silver standard in favor of a managed currency closely linked to gold. Abandonment of silver in China, however, presents many more complications than were encountered in this country when the gold standard was suspended. Chinese peasants are congenitally suspicious of paper money, and for good reasons. With few exceptions all the paper currency circulating in China has sooner or later depreciated to the point of worthlessness. The best the government can hope to do is to confiscate the silver holdings of the banks and other large institutions. The peasants will keep whatever silver they have, and discount any paper money which is issued. Thus China will have a dual monetary standard, each currency fluctuating independently of the other. Perhaps the greatest danger in the situation lies in the temptation to the bankrupt Nanking regime to resort to the printing presses as a means of overcoming the deficits incurred in innumerable anti-Communist drives. Senator Pittman and his friends should be proud of their handiwork.

A NEW CRIME has just been invented by the opponents of organized labor. Ninety of the 250 employees of May's department store in Brooklyn have been on strike for about two weeks against long hours, low wages, and generally intolerable working conditions. The strike began after three girls were fired for joining an A. F. of L. affiliated union; two days after the three were discharged about ninety others had joined them spontaneously and were picketing the store. A number of arrests were made, the charges being disorderly conduct and the like, and the arrested strikers were found guilty and sentenced to five days in jail or a $25 fine; sentence was suspended if they agreed to refrain from what the trial judge, Magistrate Malvin, considered further disorderly conduct. Mrs. Clarina Michelson, a union organizer, was arrested on the picket line under curious circumstances. A woman seized her by the arm on two occasions and shouted that she was being hurt, whereupon several policemen immediately appeared, and Mrs. Michelson was held on the disorderly-conduct charge and given twice as heavy a sentence as any of the strikers. On being freed after the payment of her fine, she was served with a bench warrant charging "conspiracy" and held in $1,000 bail. No fuller description of the charge was obtainable from the office of the district attorney, but Section 580 of the New York penal law defines "conspiracy to interfere with business" as a crime. Incidentally, Section 582 of the same law expressly declares that a strike is not a conspiracy. It is inconceivable that the charge lodged against Mrs. Michelson and threatened for certain of the strikers will be sustained, but the union will be put to the expense of trying it, and meanwhile the strike will be seriously weakened. A good trick, in short, even if it doesn't work.

BEING AN OLD COP HIMSELF, Police Commissioner Valentine is probably acting true to form in issuing orders to stop, by whatever means, gang warfare in New York City. "There'll be promotions waiting for the men who muss them [the gangsters] up," he said. "I'll promote the men who kick these gorillas around and bring them in." One need not be on the side of the "gorillas" to see in these remarks an incitation to lawlessness and violence which no public official should be guilty of. This is as much lynch law as are the mob proceedings against Negroes in the South, and it is one of the fundamental precepts of our society that even a gangster is entitled to his day in court. It will be answered that the men who make millions out of New York's gang wars have been in and out—mostly out—of court ever since they passed the reform-school age, without any lessening of their violent assault upon society. The police records of men like Dutch Schultz are astonishing to simple citizens who still believe that prison sentences follow legally proved crime. The answer, however, lies in a reform of our police-court system, the protection of witnesses who might testify against criminals, the punishment of public officials who are frankly in league with gangsters and racketeers, and above all the elimination of news stories which glorify lawlessness. It most emphatically does not lie in more lawlessness on the part of the police.

IN ITS ISSUE of October 30 *The Nation* published an article on the Townsend pension movement by Richard L. Neuberger. The action of the Townsend national convention at Chicago appears to have borne out the charges made in that article. The 6,000 delegates unanimously adopted a resolution giving the Townsend national headquarters the sole and unqualified right to name the Congressional candidates who will receive the indorsement and support of the movement. Instead of permitting the rank and file of the old people in each community and state to select the recipients of their votes, Dr. Townsend and his immediate aides will have autocratic powers in this respect. R. E. Clements, "cofounder" of the Townsend plan, lashed out at plans for a new political party, and there was bitter criticism of President Roosevelt. This makes possible the inference that the votes of the pension ranks will be cast in the next election for the G. O. P. nominee, just as in California they were turned over to Governor Merriam. Continual pleas for more donations were advanced, and Dr. Clinton Wunder, New York organizer, urged the delegates to "dig down into your pockets so that the organization gets a tidy sum." In Oregon, while the national convention paid lip-service to democracy, Roy R. Hewitt was barred from Townsend platforms for criticizing the transaction tax.

WE NOTE that propaganda in the Soviet press for larger families and fewer abortions has ceased as suddenly as it began without resulting in any legal measures. We understand that the press desisted from the campaign chiefly because of the loud outcry from many Soviet citizens against such agitation. The letters which began pouring into the editorial offices of newspapers and other expressions of hostile public opinion led the authorities to decide that the move they had contemplated was too unpopular to be attempted. The feeling of the average inhabitant of the U. S. S. R. apparently was that improved living conditions and greater security were increasing the size of families without added pressure from above, and that legal restrictions might diminish the ability of women to live completely as they wish. The only new regulation, limited to the R. S. F. S. R. for the present, is one which requires both husband and wife to put in an appearance when a divorce is applied for by one of them. Under no circumstances can a divorce be denied, but the presence of the two parties invests the alimony obligation with greater seriousness and insures better provisions for the welfare of children. In case, however, one party is absent for several months, and cannot be located, the divorce will be granted without delay.

SOME WEEKS AGO the Anti-Fascist Association of the teaching staff of the City College in New York planned a mass-meeting to protest against the Italian invasion of Ethiopia and invited, among others, Oswald Garrison Villard and Morris R. Cohen to address the gathering. Just a few days before the announced date the association informed the speakers that the meeting had been indefinitely postponed because the curator of the college had refused the use of the Great Hall. The curator offered the flimsy excuse that the association was an "outside organization" despite the fact that every member is also a member of the college staff. The association protested the case to President Robinson, who, true to form, declined to intervene. An appeal to the Board of Higher Education was turned down without explanation, the board announcing that it would presently promulgate rules to govern the use of the Great Hall and other meeting rooms in the college. The College of the City of New York is a great public institution supported by public funds. If the subject of Italian aggression may not be discussed at a college meeting called by a faculty group, the situation calls for protest not only on the campus but from the public as well.

NEW ROCHELLE, one of New York's wealthy commuting centers, has been enjoying its own red scare in the past few days as a result of a combination of unusual circumstances. With a view to eliminating minor candidates in the municipal elections, the New Rochelle city charter provides that only the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes in the primary shall have their names placed on the ballot. In case of the death or withdrawal of either of these nominees, it specifies that the person receiving the third-highest number of votes shall be given his place. That this arrangement might work an injustice never seems to have occurred to the dominant Republican Party until the sudden death of its nominee, Mayor Crandell, who had led the field in the primary, gave the Communist candidate, Antonio Lombardo, the second position on the ballot. The Republicans immediately fell into a frenzy. Baffled in an attempt to have the election postponed, they appealed to the courts to invalidate the poll on the ground that they were "disfranchised" by not being permitted to write in their votes. Meanwhile, the Democratic nominee became alarmed by reports that outside Communists were plotting his assassination and asked for a bodyguard until after the vote. This was resented by the Communist candidate, who filed a $250,000 libel suit, charging misrepresentation of the Communist position. The threat of a red coup d'état was finally averted, however, when the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, after having previously denied a similar petition of the Socialist candidate, ordered that write-in ballots should be counted. The Westchester County gods may be with the Communists, but the courts seem to have a somewhat clearer sense of class-consciousness.

IT IS PLEASANT to record that the deportation proceedings against Mrs. Stella Petrosky of Wilkes-Barre have been dropped by the Immigration Bureau of the Department of Labor. Mrs. Petrosky, the mother of eight American-born children, came to this country from Poland in 1914, when she was fifteen years old. The wife of a miner, she lived close enough to the picket line to see all the paraphernalia of strikes and strike-breaking, and she experienced in her own family the privations of low wages, no work at all, and living on inadequate relief. She was successful in organizing groups of other miners' wives to force the relief stations to increase the weekly stipends for food and maintenance. Her children were active in a students' protest strike last March. These seem to have been her only crimes, but for them she was arrested and held for deportation on charges of being a member of the Communist Party and seeking to overthrow the United States government by force and violence. As a result of the activities of the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born and other agencies, an effective protest against her deportation was organized, and since there was no evidence of subversive activities on her part, it was not only humane but sensible that the charges against her were dropped.

SPRING FEVER at Connecticut State College last April took the form of a ruling by the board of trustees that any member of the faculty or student body who engaged in "any formal public agitation or formal public discussion" in opposition to military instruction or training in the college would be subject to dismissal. The ensuing protest was sharp and widespread, and the sober second thought of the trustees has just resulted in a welcome repeal of the ruling. In San Francisco, on the other hand, just before election the Board of Education hastily passed an order making it "insubordination" for any teacher to take an active part in the municipal elections. This ruling seems to have been occasioned by the fact that a United Labor ticket, comprising a united front of Epic Democrats, Utopians, labor unions, and other left-wing and liberal groups, was put in the field in opposition to the Republican machine. It was discovered that a few teachers were supporting the opposition, and the Board of Education, machine dominated, rushed into action to subdue these rash spirits. The action of the Connecticut College trustees may be recommended to education officials in general. The latter need to be reminded every so often that teachers also are people.

The Revival of British Jingoism

THE British government's decision to participate in the existing world race in armaments is explained and tacitly defended in an article by Mr. Negley Farson printed elsewhere in this issue. We publish this article not out of sympathy with its point of view, but because it obviously presents an accurate picture of the attitude of the present government. According to Mr. Farson, the Foreign Office looks upon British rearmament as the one hope of preserving peace in Europe. There is a certain plausibility in this contention. With Germany and Italy armed to the teeth, a general war appears inevitable unless the League of Nations can be forged into a powerful instrument of collective security. This can only be brought about if two conditions are fulfilled: (1) an effective system of sanctions must be developed; and (2) machinery must be created to correct some of the more glaring injustices perpetrated by the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Baldwin insists that sanctions are meaningless unless backed by strong military force, and there is little chance that France will permit a revision of the peace treaties except under pressure from a powerful Britain.

The urgent necessity for a collective system is thus twisted to support the traditional plea for militarism. Nor does the new jingoism differ materially from the old. For the better part of a century England has been accustomed, through judicious use of the balance of power, to exercise a decisive role in European affairs. In recent years, as Mr. Farson points out, its prestige and influence have somewhat diminished. Whether this has been due to lack of armament or to a general weakening of England's economic position is a controversial issue, but whatever the cause, the situation has been intolerable to old-school Tories, steeped in the traditions of the golden age of British imperialism. For years such men have fumed and fretted at their government's weak-kneed defense policy, but their protests were little heeded until the Italo-Ethiopian crisis offered them new arguments by which to appeal to the millions of peace-loving Britons who have pledged their faith in the League.

The most persuasive and the most dangerous of these arguments is the assertion that sanctions can only be successful if backed by military power. It is true that sanctions of any type, economic or moral, imply the use of force, and there is always a danger that the outlawed nation may declare war on one or more of the states applying sanctions. But this only becomes a serious threat when the fundamental principle of collective action has been violated. Italy's resentment against Great Britain, for example, is not the result of Britain's cooperation with the League in imposing sanctions. It is caused chiefly by the fact that Britain on its own responsibility dispatched its fleet to the Mediterranean. As long as punitive measures against an aggressor represent the collective judgment of all nations, no one is likely to be singled out for attack. One of the primary merits of collective action lies in the fact that it makes unnecessary the burden of an enormous armament for any one nation.

But granting the essential selfishness of Britain's policy, there still remains the question whether this policy is not the best guaranty of peace in Europe. For no one can doubt that the British government desires above all else to avert another world conflict. Having no immediate interest in the European status quo, it is willing to go much farther than France in the direction of a readjustment of boundaries and an elimination of the injustices of the peace treaties. In so far as British policy would strengthen the League and remove that body from French domination, its influence is definitely constructive. The entire world can join Britain in its present stand against Italian aggression, even though its motives are not wholly above reproach. But we must recognize that national rearmament such as Baldwin proposes weakens rather than strengthens the collective force of the League. A race in armaments is by nature divisive rather than cohesive. If allowed to get out of hand, it can only result in the scrapping of all attempts at collective action and a return to the pre-war system of alliances. Already we have seen a tendency in that direction in the Franco-Russian and Franco-Italian agreements, although thus far these understandings have been subordinated to the higher law of the League. If the League is to be transformed into a glorified Anglo-French alliance, as Mr. Farson envisions, it may exercise a temporary stabilizing influence in Europe, but sooner or later it is bound to suffer the fate of the Triple Entente.

The failure of the British government to grasp the moral possibilities of collective action is probably the chief cause of the failure of the League in the 1931 Manchurian crisis, to which Mr. Farson refers. Here we had a case of aggression fully as flagrant as Italy's unprovoked invasion of Ethiopia. The League, actively supported by the United States, unanimously condemned Japan for its action. But since the aggression did not constitute an immediate threat to the British Empire and since England was loath to go to war, it sabotaged every effort on the part of minor powers to adopt sanctions against Japan. To the military mind there can be no coercion save that of armed force. The fact that Japan, like Italy, was unusually vulnerable to economic sanctions was ignored under the convenient pretext that "sanctions mean war." It is conceivable, of course, that economic pressure would not have brought Japan to terms. No one knows yet whether economic force will suffice to curb Mussolini. But the failure to uphold the principles of the League Covenant in 1931 is unquestionably one of the main causes of Italy's shameless attack on Ethiopia in 1935.

Political realism does not consist, as some statesmen fondly imagine, in glorifying brute force as the only element in world politics. As long as armaments exist they cannot be ignored as a potent factor in the relationship between states, but they are not the only means of bringing pressure, nor are they inevitable. The tragedy of British policy is that at a moment when the world appears to be fashioning a more satisfactory weapon for dealing with recalcitrant nations, British jingoism is creating a situation which may easily cause all the gains of the past seventeen years to be lost. Britain would be a vastly stronger power for peace if it threw its influence unqualifiedly behind the principles of collective security and carefully avoided even the appearance of independent action.

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Sanctions Under Neutrality

THE further warnings delivered to Americans against trading with belligerents, first by Secretary Hull, then by the President, show that the Administration is not holding to the narrowest view of its international duty in the crisis. By making the announcement on the eve of the reassembly of the League, it gave assurance of American sympathy with the policy of applying sanctions against Italy. The Administration remains technically within a policy of neutrality, since it can warn against trade with Ethiopia as well as Italy. Whether it is prepared to go farther to prevent trade with Italy is not clear. The President told the White House correspondents that a manufacturer had asked him at luncheon whether he should fill an order from the Italian government for shoes suitable for army use. Mr. Roosevelt advised him not to. Not every manufacturer will be able to discuss his orders with the President over a lunch table. Probably there is more behind the warnings from Washington than mere words. All trade with Italy is not forbidden, since, as Washington sees it, there is no law by which this can be done. But the weapon of publicity remains. The President said that the government was keeping informed on all shipments consigned to either belligerent, and had an eye on exports intended for transshipment to them. With public opinion aroused against American business men prolonging the war, or deriving profit from it, the President may be preparing to publish a "rogues' list," and to use public opinion as a final court of law, since he is not sure he can enter any other court.

The Nation has advocated the abandonment of neutrality, and direct action by the United States against Italy as a violator of the Kellogg pact. The use of a neutrality resolution to accomplish indirectly the same end destroys much of the moral effect of our solidarity with other nations now taking steps to outlaw war. But the neutrality resolution is there, and until Congress changes it the Administration must make of it what use it can. The marked rise last month in exports to Italy of cotton and oil has attracted the attention of Washington, but unless these can be defined as "implements of war" under the neutrality resolution, public opinion and suasion alone can curb such sales.

When that resolution was being debated in the Senate (August 21, 1935), Senator Fletcher asked Senator Pittman whether wheat, corn, cotton, meat, and other food products would come under its terms. Senator Pittman replied: "In my opinion they do not, nor do I believe they do in the opinion of the committee, for the reason that today the definition of 'arms, ammunition, and implements of war' is very generally recognized in international law." He explained that the Senate had recently ratified a definition of the terms. This was the Geneva Arms Traffic Convention, which is worth examining for a moment. It establishes five categories. The first consists of "arms, ammunition, and implements of war exclusively designed and intended for land, sea, or aerial warfare." The second consists of "arms and ammunition" (but not of implements) "capable of use both for military and other purposes." The third is vessels of war and their armament, the fourth is aircraft and aircraft engines, the fifth is gunpowder and explosives except common black powder. None of these categories could be stretched to include raw materials essential to war.

There may be a precedent for a broader definition in the Jay treaty with Great Britain of 1794. It contains a full listing of contraband in Article 18, which specifies certain materials, arms, ammunition, and implements of war, and adds ". . . and other implements of war as also timber for shipbuilding, tar or rosin, copper in sheets, hemp and cordage. . . ." It is not absolutely clear that the words "as also" imply that timber and the other raw materials mentioned are implements of war, and not merely additions to the list of contraband, but the paragraph certainly can be so read. If the Administration wished, it could appeal to the Jay treaty, though not without immediate offense to the intentions of the Senate, which had the narrow definition of the Arms Traffic Convention clearly in mind.

But this is more than a question of dealing with Italy. It also establishes a precedent. Persons who advocate using the neutrality resolution as a handy instrument for penalizing Italy must take farther implications into account. They ask the suspension of trade in essential raw materials with all belligerents, which because it affects only Italy becomes a sanction against that country. But if Italy should attack the League, the United States in logic would have to suspend trade in essential raw materials with all League states, and our sanction then would be a punishment of the states which were penalizing a breach of the Kellogg pact. We should find ourselves in a hopeless position morally; we also should be in an almost impossible position economically, for we should be denying ourselves trade with Canada, Great Britain, and our other leading customers, for utterly false reasons. It is in taking this longer look ahead that the danger of the present policy becomes apparent. Convenient though it is for temporary purposes, it is an open invitation to very grave trouble. We must do our clear thinking now. We are not and do not wish to be neutral in our trade policy with Italy. That is the simple truth. And the quicker Congress can be brought to acknowledge it, the shorter will be the duration of the war.

What Do You Read?

TWO lists of "books worth knowing" have lately been issued by the National Council of Teachers of English. One list was made up by a group of the English faculties in fifty-five colleges; one by 1,638 students in fifty-three colleges. There are fifty books in each, and interestingly enough there are only twelve duplications, among them being those time-honored classics "Tom Jones," "Pride and Prejudice," "Jane Eyre," and "Vanity Fair." This makes a total of eighty-eight books which are presumably recommended to the general public as important if not necessary to a well-rounded literary acquaintance.

Such a list of "bests" always offers a temptation for analysis, and anyone who presumes to think about the merits of the choices always falls into the danger of issuing final literary judgments. But without claiming too much omniscience, one may believe certain things of the persons who make the selections. On the faculty list, which includes—perhaps properly enough—Jane Austen, Boswell, Charlotte Brontë, Conrad, Dickens, Hawthorne, Kipling, Melville, Scott, and Mark Twain, there are only three books, "Eminent Victorians," "Arrowsmith," and "Babbitt," published during the last fifteen years. There is no Dreiser, no Proust, no Joyce, no Mann; no mention of "Of Human Bondage," which is certainly one of the most mentionable novels of the twentieth century. If this may be interpreted as nothing more than a proper academic aloofness from contemporaneity, consideration of the classics not included also shows remarkable omissions in the list. Chaucer does not appear, or Dante; Milton is as absent as Herrick (perhaps there is an academic conspiracy against the poets); not Cervantes, not even Shakespeare breaks into the faculty-favored few. There is no boycott of the dramatists, however, for Sheridan appears with "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer," but Sophocles and Euripides are as conspicuous by their absence as are Shaw and O'Neill. The only biographers are Boswell and Lytton Strachey; the only essayist is Lamb.

The students, displaying at least more catholic impartiality, manage to include "Anthony Adverse," as well as Maugham's best book; "The Good Earth" rubs elbows with Richard Halliburton's "The Royal Road to Romance"; "Mourning Becomes Electra" and "Strange Interlude" are not forgotten, but neither is Charles Morgan's "The Fountain." Although the professors omitted all mention of Tolstoi and Dostoevski, the students named "Anna Karenina." "War and Peace," which has often enough and with reason been declared the greatest novel ever written, does not appear. Not even the students get around to Shaw, and they are as neglectful of poetry as their elders.

It is not, of course, claimed that either of these lists represents the fifty best books of all time, and if it were, the claim would be silly enough, no matter what titles were chosen. There is no list of fifty bests. There is a body of literature which has persisted for varying lengths of time, some of it for thousands of years, and as it continues to persist we are justified in thinking it great. The Bible is still read after several millennia, not merely because it is the authoritative basis for European religion, but because it is great literature. As authors approach our own age, the reasons for thinking them excellent require more discriminating taste and judgment. We must be able to distinguish literary merit in them by standards which can be soberly justified before they have "lasted" long enough to establish them in time. But it is reasonable to expect that a list of important books will include a fair percentage of those the reading public as well as literary critics have thought important. The two lists which we have discussed indicate rather painfully that the professors are wrapped in a soft literary calm which admits some of the "classics" but almost none of the more difficult ones, and which tends to eschew modern writers, perhaps because the professors believe them not yet sufficiently established to be considered and conceivably because English faculties have not yet got around to reading them. As for the students, they seem to be making their own choices more currently. They know that new books are still being published, but they cannot distinguish the solid from the superficial, and they evidently should not look to their mentors for guidance in making their selection, either of the old or the new.

Anthracite Peace

A SOOTY dove of peace, two years on the wing, has alighted at last in the hard-coal fields of Pennsylvania. There will be no more bombings, no more bloody battles, no more terrorism, or none, at least, in the name of dual unionism. The United Mine Workers of America have always had difficulties in the central Pennsylvania region, partly because the union is primarily a soft-coal union, and partly because John L. Lewis's organization has not been too fortunate in its local leadership. This internecine strife led finally to a strong secession movement, resulting in the formation of an opposition union, the United Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania. The new union, though it was more militant in that section than the U. M. W. A., inherited a great many of the old-line union's faults and, further, was at a considerable disadvantage in the matter of contracts. These were already in the hands of the United Mine Workers and the operators simply refused to recognize the insurgents. With a paper membership of 30,000, the United Anthracite Miners opened a bitter fight for recognition, and brought into play both violence and coercion. The civil authorities, the coal operators and their company police, and, not least, the members of the old union returned fire for fire, and for two years the coal area about Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, and Hazleton has been in turmoil, with strikes, bombings, riots, and litigation.

A combination of circumstances has now brought about what arbitration and conciliation failed to accomplish, and the rebel miners have applied to the United Mine Workers for reinstatement. Moreover, the mother union has agreed to consider these applications, an action which it considers a great concession, and there is every indication that it will act upon them favorably. The reason for this wholesale recantation, which has the approval of the insurgent leaders, is not far to seek. First of all there is the continuing depression. Even in the best of times the hard-coal miner's lot is not a particularly happy one, and under the present conditions, with practically no work even for the favored union, the rebels are left entirely out in the cold. Moreover, the time for the renewal of anthracite contracts is drawing near, and while at first the United Anthracite Miners had planned to ask for their share of these, the recent declaration of the Lewis union that its chief bargaining issue would be equalization of work has made the rebels realize that their chances are better within the union than outside. The second reason for the new peace is directly connected with the great gain in strength and militancy shown by the industrial-union forces at the recent American Federation of Labor convention. Lewis and his union are going places; the Pennsylvania rebels recognize this, and they are anxious to be for once on the winning side. Hence their readiness to transfer their loyalty to the U. M. W. A. On the other side, since the progressives, in their drive for control of the A. F. of L., need all the man power they can summon, the horny Lewis hand of friendship is extended to the repentant renegades. Both sides have expressed their gratification that the long feud is over. Needless to say, the people of the coal communities, who have been living under a minor reign of terror for two years, will be equally pleased.

Issues and Men

Neutrality and the House of Morgan

> Those were the days when American citizens were urged to remain neutral in action, in word, and even in thought, but our firm had never for one moment been neutral; we didn't know how to be. From the very start we did everything we could to contribute to the cause of the Allies. Mr. J. P. Morgan himself never attempted to be neutral in feeling. He spoke his mind with shy frankness both in and out of season.

IN these words Thomas Lamont has described the attitude of himself and his partners toward the World War. They are quoted again in Nicolson's new life of Dwight Morrow, and Mr. Lamont has confirmed them in a recent letter to the New York *Times.* The firm is very proud of its attitude at that time. Very well; let us examine it. At the outbreak of the war the President of the United States called upon every American citizen, in the interest of keeping this country at peace and out of the European disaster, to be "neutral in thought and deed." Most patriotic citizens endeavored to live up to that Presidential counsel. Many besides the members of the Morgan firm did not. Like the Morgans they were on the side of England by tradition, inheritance, taste, and business and other associations. Mr. Morgan owned a great deal of property there, and his banking house in London was, and is, a most influential British institution. On the other side, most of the German-Americans were as divided in their loyalty then as they are today when they worship at the barbaric shrine of Hitler. As a result, the German-Americans were excoriated by press and public. The Anglo-Americans, being, most of them, rich, privileged, and powerful, or of the intellectual elite, were rarely rebuked by anyone, yet the disloyalty to the policies of our government was precisely the same in both cases.

Now what Mr. Wilson meant was not that American citizens should not make up their minds about where they thought justice and right were, but that they should neither so plan nor so act as to involve the United States in any way in the European struggle. Mr. Wilson himself was naturally pro-Ally, yet for a long time he maintained the position which he asked the country to assume. One reason for his anger at Walter Page was that that gentleman entirely forgot that he was American Ambassador to Great Britain and went to Lord Grey and others for counsel on how he should stand toward his own government. The Morgans went ahead entangling themselves and the companies they were interested in more and more inextricably with the cause of the Allies. Not only did they make enormous sums by acting as agents for the British government, but many of the corporations in which they held stock also profited largely by the war contracts. As Mr. Lamont has said, they did not cause the Allies to place contracts here; it was the war that did that. They were merely fortunate in being selected to "run the pie counter, and when you are at the pie counter you cannot help eating pie," to borrow the apt phrase of one very closely allied to a member of the Morgan firm. Mr. Morgan's very connection with his London house made his New York firm the logical agent in America for the British government. They leapt to it with a greater enthusiasm because, as Mr. Lamont says, they did not want to be neutral. They did not at first ask whether this would bring the United States into the war or not. Later on when things were going very badly with the Allies and it looked more than doubtful that the British bonds floated in this country would be worth the paper they were printed on, they were perfectly willing that millions of young Americans should be shipped abroad to the shambles which so nearly finished the world and accomplished nothing—not even the destruction of German militarism.

The excuse made by many pro-Ally Americans was that there was a higher law; that conscience and moral indignation overruled both patriotism and loyalty to the policy of their government. The world was on fire; they must take sides. It was Evil against Good; who could hesitate? It was the same argument that we heard so often in prohibition days; people declared they would not obey a law which revolted their consciences. In many cases, as I pointed out at the time, people, deliberately or unwittingly, confused their consciences with their appetites. The same is true of the purveyors of supplies to the British government. They thought they could differentiate between their consciences and their financial interests. The result was that we got into the war much more rapidly and surely than would have been the case if the bankers had been prohibited from doing business with either belligerent.

All of this brings up the question whether these men can or cannot be considered loyal and patriotic Americans who put their own country's interest above that of any other country or group of countries. Of course the first answer will be that they were serving humanity, and that humanity is superior to the welfare of any one nation. Unfortunately for this argument, time, the remorseless, has passed judgment. We know that humanity was not served, and if the members of the House of Morgan had had vision at the time they would have known that you cannot advance the welfare of the world by wholesale slaughter; that you cannot cure war by war, or do else than debase all mankind in the futile effort to shoot goodness and virtue and your point of view into those whom you consider erring human beings. The Morgans were rich and powerful, and what is known as society and big business sided with them. We got into the war and we "won it," so it is said. The common people of America don't think so, but they are an ignorant crowd. They are even determined today, as I pointed out last week, to prevent any other Wall Street advocates of the higher altruism from ever again making colossal fortunes out of the blood, misery, and suffering of multitudes.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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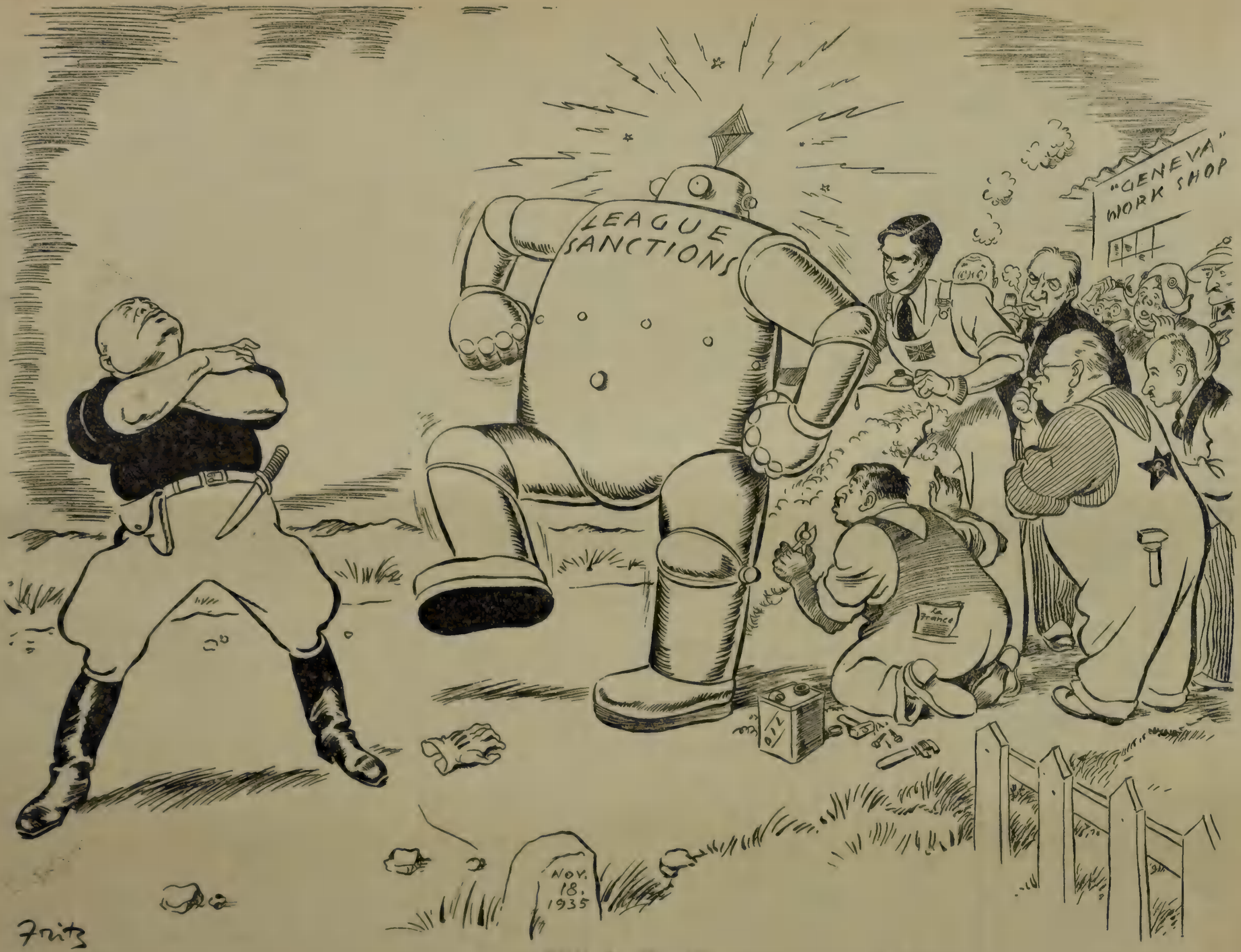
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Will It Work?

The Russian Revolution Comes of Age

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, October 15

IN the U. S. S. R. eighteen is the age of maturity. On November 7, 1935, the Bolshevik Revolution comes of age. It is a time for looking backward and looking forward. In many respects the Soviet regime has accomplished more, in many respects less than its leaders and supporters expected eighteen years ago. When the Bolsheviks had been in power seventy-one days, Lenin was as happy as a child, for the Bolshevik state had broken the record of the Paris Commune. Every additional day in office was an achievement in that early period. Now the Soviets are as stable as any bourgeois government and firmer than many. Nothing at home can unseat them and no foreign alliance at present feasible would be strong enough to defeat them in war.

The Soviet government, however, was not established merely that it might exist. What has it proved and what has it achieved? For eighteen years two systems, one capitalist, the other anti-capitalist, have coexisted, now in violent hostility, now in partial, insincere, opportunistic, or honest cooperation. This is an exciting age, in which an old world vies with a new. They may end by clashing. Meanwhile, they are engaged through words and through deeds in endeavoring to prove which is superior. The presumption is that, given peace, the better system will win.

The Soviets have demonstrated that a regime which has suppressed domestic capitalists and has had only meager and costly aid from outside capitalists can make progress and give its citizens finer material conditions than they enjoyed in the past. Because this is a dangerous proposition it is vehemently denied, and data confirming it are suppressed or distorted. But the fact remains. The U. S. S. R., moreover, has been immune to the worst and longest crisis that ever afflicted capitalist countries irrespective of whether they were relatively advanced or as much in need of new construction as Russia. There is reason to believe that resistance to economic depressions is inherent in Soviet economics and that the Soviet Union's progress will be free from periods of boom and slump. Apart from the results directly attributable to planning and the operation of Marxist nonprofit principles, Soviet economic success arises from the supplementary personal incentives supplied by a society where income, never unearned, is visibly proportionate to the value of effort, and where possibilities of advancement are unlimited.

Socialism exploits many of capitalism's methods of stimulating initiative and adds potent ones of its own. No evidence is available to support the contention that government ownership and operation, when they embrace all industries as they do in the U. S. S. R., are less efficient than other systems. Indeed, it is often argued that the waste of under-capacity production, so common throughout the world and so strange to a Soviet mind, far exceeds that flowing from inexperience and technical lag. Soviet distribution, miserably inadequate when scarcity and rationing encouraged every manner of malfeasance and corruption, has now turned over a new leaf, on which are recorded several recent entries of better service and appreciable price reductions. These reflect sharp increases in the volume of consumers' goods. But the greatest economic revolution has taken place in Soviet agriculture. Collectivization is the first organizational change in farming since feudalism retreated before modern capitalism. The collective is to the mujik's holding as a big, up-to-date factory is to the ancient artisan's shop. This new form of farming contains tremendous potentialities of higher productivity, some of which are already in the process of realization. More output is a Soviet ideal, and with every consumer a permanent producer it is likely to remain so.

In the field of economics the revolution has made many mistakes and has chalked up a huge expense account in lives and human suffering. But no fundamental weakness and no illogic have as yet been discovered in Bolshevik methods of production and distribution. Plenty mocked by poverty would be inconceivable, and every able-bodied and able-minded person can find a job. The rest must be wards of the state. It has been argued with considerable cogency, of course, that real communism would give to each according to his needs rather than abilities. But the Russian system is not real communism. At the present stage of development, when capitalist psychology lingers in the mental make-up of every Soviet citizen, complete equality of compensation would destroy initiative and retard progress. The Bolsheviks merely try to prevent excessive variations of income. Discrimination in favor of the proletariat, the class with more bolshevism and less effectiveness as producers, formerly gave workers a relative advantage over intellectuals and professionals. But when the engineers and others were "raised to the level of workingmen" (1931) and peasants accorded the same civil rights as factory hands (1935), wider material differentiation appeared. Equality in the political status of classes fostered greater economic inequality. The tender beginnings of democracy and the birth of a Soviet nationhood, in place of a class-versus-class system, have been attended on the one hand by a relaxation of the government's endeavors to prevent sharper contrasts of material standards and on the other by a general rise in the well-being of all and a partial bridging of the gap between the poor "dark" countryside and the improved city. What Karl Marx called "the idiocy of village life" is disappearing. During 1935 money was granted free rein, and the consequent new commercialism has been allowed to penetrate even into the field of social medicine, which it should never have been permitted to touch. It is commercialism, however, without competition.

This is a transition period in Soviet development in which the defeated yet unburied past continues to struggle with the emerging future. It is a period between night and dawn. Hateful remnants of the old persist and contaminate the new. A whole nation is consciously and quickly making history, and nothing could be more fascinating, yet it is obviously not easy to fashion new modes of life. Nor can I think of new Soviet forms in literature, the theater, the cinema, music, painting, or sculpture. The revolution is eighteen years old. Its first three years were spent in fighting off military attacks. Between 1921 and 1928 capitalism in the U. S. S. R. threatened to return to power, and socialist economy, non-existent in the vast countryside, was weak in the city. The first Five-Year Plan (1929-32) inaugurated a quinquennium of violent activity and progress but also of fearful repression and sacrifice, which lasted through 1933. The revolution has really had only about eighteen months of normality, and in these the desire to rest has conflicted with the irresistible urge to proceed. How, therefore, can one pass final judgment on the social and psychological force of the revolution?

The Bolsheviks are not afraid of bourgeois forms. They are strengthening the family. In September of this year army and navy titles (lieutenant, captain, major, colonel, but not general or admiral—that would have been too much), abolished by the revolution, were reintroduced with no adequate explanation. During October, November, and December, 1935, the Moscow local industries will be manufacturing 1,250,000 starched collars, and they will be sold and worn. In general, styles and tastes in clothes have undergone no alteration since the revolution. All Soviet schoolchildren will soon wear uniforms just as all Russian pupils did prior to 1917. A year ago, when stricter discipline was brought back into the educational system, the Czarist terms "director" and "class" (grade) were restored to use.

Foreign radicals, powerless or unwilling to oppose the essence of capitalism, often confine their protests to the superficial trappings of the bourgeoisie, like evening dress, luxurious automobiles, fine villas, rich foods. But there is nothing essentially bad in these things or in dancing, silk dresses, felt hats, and other "bourgeois" manifestations which the Bolsheviks objected to until recently. The memory of them was too fresh; these articles were connected with a past that was still alive. But of 170,000,000 Soviet inhabitants, 69,000,000 were born under the sickle and hammer, and if one includes children who were six years old on November 17, 1917, there are today 82,000,000 individuals in the U. S. S. R. who never knew capitalism. This new generation has more effective ways of being anti-bourgeois than rejection of what was simply because it was. The Bolsheviks apparently believe that the resurrection of certain former conveniences will no longer jar or irritate or recall another regime. Yet why should a Komsomol wear a stiff white collar and why should the commander of a regiment be "Comrade Colonel"? Are there no other roads to elegance and neatness, no other means of indicating importance of task? The Communists contend that backward countries need not pass through a capitalist stage in their development to socialism. But it would appear that a socialist country must pass through a bourgeois stage in personal habits and personal relationships. One of the reasons therefor is probably the pressure of the capitalist world which surrounds the U. S. S. R. Perhaps the Soviets must be as good as the bourgeoisie before they can be better. Is this why Soviet citizens who are deeply convinced of their system's superiority to capitalism nevertheless evince a humility and a sometimes unwarranted attitude of respect before foreigners and things foreign which have recently provoked the scorn of Ilya Ehrenburg and other Russian authors? Or is it that the U. S. S. R.'s cultural level lags behind its economic and political achievements? An inner Soviet contradiction is at the bottom of it all: a country that has destroyed its bourgeoisie cannot get rid of its bourgeois feelings. The love of material possessions refuses to die, and the increase in the volume of goods has been accompanied by considerable economic inequality and much petty thievery, which are cause and effect.

These are some of the problems which the Bolsheviks now face. It is much too early to say what will happen. But the revolution is still young and dynamic, events move rapidly, and change is perpetual. This is, in fact, a heroic phase of the revolution, more heroic than the first Five-Year Plan, and the Bolsheviks are attempting to express it in their architecture and literature, and in editorials which are replete with pathos. Enthusiasm, pride, and faith in success know no bounds. "There are no fortresses which the Bolsheviks cannot take" is not only Stalin's slogan; it has become a nation's creed.

The unlimited self-confidence and universal animation which all, including foreigners, feel in the U. S. S. R. is explained by the close identification of the people with the government's activities. The rise in railway-car loadings achieved under Lazar Kaganovich's guidance in the last half-year, the mounting individual productivity of coal diggers in the Donetz basin, the gathering of the season's crop, and the publication of new school textbooks are national events; and the pertinent figures are scanned daily with an eagerness reminiscent only of a country watching the progress or retreat of its armies in war time. The shortcomings of certain state farms, for instance, are assumed to be everyone's concern; half of the first page of daily papers can be devoted to reforms in the peat industry of central Russia. All of Moscow built the city's new subway and all of Moscow is proud of it. This emotional democracy has a concrete effect on the economic value of each producer. Suddenly the limelight may be concentrated on him as if he were a pilot making a record-breaking flight. Rank-and-file workers are praised or condemned in the national press, and pictures of distinguished factory hands get into the papers or are prominently displayed on bulletin boards. In this sense each employee feels that he is an agent of the people invested with a trust which he must not betray. The patriotism which other governments arouse for special occasions is a daily affair in the Soviet Union. It is a kind of permanent being on parade or being on the battlefield—though one merely sew buttons on underwear. As a result, the seamstress and the locomotive driver acquire a new dignity; they serve the state. Now the peasants in the collectives are being drawn into the same emotional field.

At the age of maturity the revolution is young. At eighteen life is just beginning. Yet the strain and privations of the revolution and of the war years that preceded it have made many individuals prematurely old. In the last year I have heard quite a number of Soviet citizens say: "I should like to live long. It would be good to see the completion of these wonderful construction projects and interesting social processes." There is, therefore, a vast yearning for good health and good living. The belief in a glorious future is so unquestioning that all people want to experience it. The only cloud is the possibility of war.

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Controlling the Arms Makers

By H. C. ENGELBRECHT

WHEN every effort on the part of business has failed to stave off government regulation, there always remains the possibility of creating a favorable control board to nullify, or at least moderate, regulatory action. This practice has been developed by the utilities into such a fine art that most efforts at supervision have been reduced to shadow boxing. Is it possible that the present attempts to control the arms industry will be nullified in the same way?

The National Munitions Control Board recently constituted is made up of the Secretaries of State, the Treasury, Commerce, War, and the Navy, though the actual work is in the hands of Joseph C. Green of the State Department. All these departments except the Treasury have a record and a tradition in munitions control. They all hold attitudes which have been rather consistently maintained. For the present legislation is nothing more than a modification of practices which have been in operation for some years. Munitions makers have for some time insisted that they never do anything without "official approval." This is probably correct. The O. K. has generally been obtained from the War or Navy Department, sometimes from the State Department. Under this system "official approval" was granted for sales to Germany contrary to the Treaty of Versailles, for sales to Japan even during periods of tension, and for general expansion of the arms business even during disarmament campaigns.

It is well to remember this in estimating the kind of control we are likely to get. Various points of view are represented on the control board and it will be interesting to see which wins out. To begin with, the attitude of the Army and Navy departments is purely nationalist and militarist. They have no use for disarmament and their sole plan of national defense is a large army and an enormous navy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the feeling of these two departments toward the war industries amounts almost to affection. They want to keep all munitions factories busy so that they will be ready for any "emergency." Hence foreign business must be encouraged "to keep these industries in practice," and "educational orders" must be placed with various firms to build up experience in arms making.

"It is the desire of the War Department," wrote Assistant Secretary of War Colonel C. B. Robbins in 1928, "to encourage the manufacture of munitions in the United States by commercial manufacturers." A little earlier a du Pont official declared, "I can confidently state that General Williams believes that any steps which would hamper the private manufacture of munitions in the United States would be extremely detrimental to our national defense." Now, the "encouragement" that Colonel Robbins promised the arms makers includes everything from aid in manufacture to promotion of sales. It means the testing of new arms and of improvements in old ones, since private proving grounds are largely lacking in this country. Government reports of these tests are then used in sales promotion, even, at times, when they are "extremely confidential." Encouragement further includes technical aid. Drawings and designs for all kinds of arms are lent to private manufacturers without charge, and it is accepted in the arms industry that the ordnance bureaus of army and navy are the first and generally the final recourse whenever technical assistance is needed. Sometimes a government expert hires out to a munitions factory for purposes of technical advice at the rate of $40 a day.

The "encouragement" on the sales end includes a host of items. United States military attachés, for example, are generally information bureaus and contact men for munitions agents. Military missions are welcomed in this country and are shown by army and navy officials through government arsenals and through private factories—all with the purpose of making sales. Navy officers have been "lent" to South American governments to work out harbor- and river-defense plans, and their recommendations have been made in duplicate and on the same day to the South American government and to an American arms factory. Military and naval missions have been sent to other countries to advise and aid in the upbuilding and equipment of armed forces, and the orders have in large measure gone to American manufacturers. Finally, even such a spectacular measure as sending a flotilla of submarines around South America to encourage sales has been seriously considered, and an American warship was actually ordered to demonstrate American arms to another government.

The army and navy insist that these measures are justified by their desire to build up private munitions factories as an aid to national defense. The Commerce Department goes to similar extremes for a different reason—to further American exports. Its foreign representatives are always at the beck and call of arms salesmen. The Nye record is full of complimentary references by munitions agents to the Commerce Department. Sometimes this aid becomes a bit unusual, but it merely illustrates the ingenuity displayed by that department in aiding the traffic in arms. In China, for instance, an American aircraft factory had been erected, but its output was certain to be limited unless Chinese pilots were trained in sufficient numbers. The Commerce Department thereupon established flying schools in Canton and for the Nanking government, at which former American army fliers served as instructors.

These three ardent "encouragers" of the arms makers find themselves frequently blocked by the State Department. To be sure, the State Department has at times not been averse to pushing American munitions abroad through its ambassadors, but such instances are exceptional. In general, the State Department is both feared by the arms makers for its possible opposition and ridiculed for its peace efforts. The "cooky-pushers" in the State Department are always worth a laugh or a curse. There is a persistent effort to crowd the State Department out of the munitions-control picture or to bring it into line. The Treasury Department, finally, is an unknown quantity in munitions control.

The record of the various branches of the government in relation to attempts at arms limitation or control is worth reviewing briefly. In 1925 a conference on the limitation of arms was held at Geneva and various plans for the control of the traffic were discussed, including licensing. One of the American delegates to that conference was General C. L. Ruggles, assistant chief of ordnance in the War Department. Before leaving for Geneva General Ruggles had a meeting with Aiken Simons, a du Pont man, in regard to the Geneva agenda. Simons's report of that meeting sheds a flood of light on the entire situation. He wrote in part:

> General Ruggles stated that the United States was committed to the policy of cooperation in the limitation program, and that *the following license plan seemed to be the most harmless,* that the War Department was firmly committed to the policy of encouraging the private manufacture of munitions in the United States, and that the War Department would take care that the State Department protected such American industries. . . . [Italics supplied.]
>
> General Ruggles said that the policy of the War Department was to aid private manufacturers in the United States and that the War Department would cause the Department of State to assume a helpful attitude, to which I replied that this had not been done heretofore and might not be done hereafter.
>
> General Ruggles then suggested that the license be put under the Department of Commerce, which I agreed was better.
>
> General Ruggles kept reiterating, "Would the du Pont Company object to the licensing system if it were fairly and uniformly enforced, if the State Department put no obstacles in the way of exports and backed up the du Pont Company in the event of illegal seizure of powder in transit by some foreign government?"

It is worth noting that the War Department representative considered the license system "harmless," that the Department of State was considered the only obstacle, that the Commerce Department was a self-evident friend of the arms makers, and that all these matters were discussed with the du Ponts before the Geneva conference took place.

At that very time Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, called a conference of sporting-arms manufacturers, at which the whole subject of control was discussed. The following items from the minutes of that meeting are illuminating:

> Mr. Nichols of the Colt Company stated that . . . he saw no reason why the license system would be of any advantage as applied to the United States, that the United States exporters of munitions were greatly handicapped by the hostile attitude toward them of the United States Department of State, whereas European manufacturers were not only aided by their foreign offices, but that army, navy, and diplomatic representatives of foreign governments actually assisted the sale of such items.
>
> Mr. Hoover concurred to this, saying that the larger munitions, such as ships, heavy guns, etc., of European manufacturers were actually sold by government officials of those countries. . . .
>
> Mr. Hoover then asked . . . if there was any division of opinion in the United States government by the various departments.
>
> Major Casey stated that there always had been a difference in opinion between the Department of State on the one hand and the War and Navy departments on the other. . . .
>
> Mr. Hoover stated that the United States will have to agree to some form of licensing but that he intended to have a system whereby all United States customs commissioners would have absolute instructions to issue licenses automatically upon presentation of a consular visa and that every effort would be made by the United States government to eliminate red tape, delay, or hindrance.

Again it is worth noting that the Commerce, War, and Navy departments were looked upon as allies of the arms makers, that the proposed licensing system would operate "automatically," and that the State Department was the real enemy.

Somewhat later, in 1928, the so-called Burton resolution came before Congress, calling for an arms embargo against all belligerents in time of war. The House Foreign Affairs Committee approved the resolution and was ready to report it favorably. Meanwhile consternation reigned among all military and naval committees and officials. The House Military Affairs Committee hurried to get another hearing before the Foreign Affairs Committee, because this bill "might impair the preparedness program." Another hearing was granted, at which appeared the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Assistant Secretary of War (the "Minister of Munitions"), and all of them were outspoken in opposing the embargo. The Secretary of War believed that the traffic in arms during the war "kept our munitions makers in practice." The Secretary of the Navy feared that the embargo would "reduce the ability of the private manufacturer to produce in quantity for the government in an emergency." To make certain that his objections would reach a larger audience, Secretary Wilbur wrote a letter to the New York *Times* which was printed even previous to his appearance before the committee. It was further brought out that the embargo resolution had been fully discussed by the General Board of the navy and probably also by the Cabinet.

A few years later, in 1933, the Fish embargo resolution was under consideration. Hardly had this been introduced when one munitions agent wrote to his office:

> We have learned from what we consider a reliable source that the War Department objects to the original draft of the Congressional resolution empowering the President to put an embargo on shipments of United States arms to warring countries.

The du Ponts took up the matter with their friends in the Army and Navy departments. All of them were deeply interested. One of them promised to approach the Secretary of State, and another, it was indicated, would "take appropriate action to have the bill opposed on the floor of the House."

Finally, a word as to the operation of the Chaco embargo in 1934. The government itself has now recognized that this was a dismal failure, since it proposes to sue a dozen companies for violation. But the fault for this non-observance lay partly with the government itself. For the embargo order simply prohibited the "sale" of arms to Paraguay and Bolivia; it said nothing about "exports." At the same time the President appealed to the South American countries to aid in enforcing the embargo. This was virtually a confession that nothing was being done to stop the transshipment of arms to a branch office in another country or to any other intermediary. Then there was the problem as to the definition of "sales." The munitions makers claimed that "sales" included everything for which they had a contract on May 28, the date of the embargo. After some hesitation their interpretation was accepted. This made it perfectly legal to ship munitions to the belligerents for months after the embargo went into effect. There is evidence also that some orders were deliberately antedated in order to make the dead line.

Such munitions makers as had branch factories in South America or working agreements with foreign companies readily found another method of evasion. One aircraft company immediately took steps to fill orders from its factory in Santiago in Chile. The du Pont Company turned an order over to its British ally, Imperial Chemical Industries, contenting itself with collecting commissions on the sale.

There was further a curious hesitancy on the part of officials to make clear-cut rulings on disputed points. The munitions makers wanted to know the government's definition of prohibited arms, but the officials at first referred them to the courts for an interpretation. Government representatives later partly denied this allegation but asserted again that the final decision was up to the courts. No wonder there was a rather widespread opinion among arms makers and others that the government was reluctant to enforce the embargo.

All of this, from the well-defined attitude of the various government departments to the actual experience in munitions control during the last decade, points to one conclusion: only the Department of State has ever shown willingness to establish regulation of the arms industry that is more than "harmless." Whether a genuine embargo will result from the present neutrality law and the President's interpretations and rulings depends almost entirely on the State Department's representation on the Control Board.

Men in Chains

By MYRA PAGE

GOVERNOR TALMADGE of Georgia, speaking before the congress of the American Prison Association in Atlanta recently, discussed the chain gang. Men prefer it to the penitentiary, he said, because it provides them with a change of scene and the chance to see persons from the outside world. The "prison camp or chain gang is the most humane way to keep prisoners," he added. But the prisoners seem to differ with Georgia's Chief Executive. Not long ago the press carried an obscure item about the extradition from New York of another fugitive from the Georgia chain gang. The prisoner, Simon Minor, is reported to have knelt on the stone floor of his cell and prayed, "Please, God, strike me down before they take me back."

Most of those who read this probably thought the hapless man overwrought. But in the Southern states there are many who would understand all too well the desperate sincerity in Simon Minor's plea. A quick, painless death would be easier than rejoining that voiceless multitude of the South's *misérables,* whose convict-striped backs are bent ten to fourteen hours a day at unpaid hard-driven labor, quarrying rock and laying roads, and whose nights are passed in a cage on wheels, resembling a huge circus wagon with latticed iron bars. Frequent floggings or the "sweat-box," "stretching," and other forms of torture are their common lot. The term "chain gang" is a literal description of their plight. Iron cuffs fastened about the ankles of each prisoner are often spiked and usually chained to the iron cuffs of some twenty other men.

A man who can last ten years on a chain gain is exceptional. But Angelo Herndon, twenty-two-year-old labor organizer who drew down the wrath of the Georgia authorities by leading some thousand of Atlanta's white and colored unemployed to the courthouse to ask for relief, has just left for Atlanta, facing a sentence of eighteen to twenty years.

Herndon's is perhaps the most famous in a long series of cases in which active union men and labor organizers have received sentence to some Southern chain gang. Eleven tobacco workers of Tampa, Florida, were sentenced for activities during their strike a few years ago; organizers in Birmingham and other cities have been arrested at various times on vagrancy charges and given from one to ten-year sentences; every big textile strike in the Carolinas has furnished new recruits to the road and chain gangs.

Labor's opposition to the chain gang is growing, reinforced by the increasing indignation of liberal-minded people of the professional and middle class. When an attempt was made to reestablish in Travis County, Texas, the system of chain-gang forced labor, a delegation from the Austin Labor Council and other workers' representatives voiced such bitter protest at the Commission Court's hearings that the plan was indefinitely postponed. The case for the chain gang was bluntly put by County Commissioner John E. Shelton during the hearings in these words: "You can't get a man to get out and do the work that these prisoners on the chain gang do. You know how a mule is. Get a wagon and hitch him to it, and then hit him right between the eyes. He'll pull."

A conspiracy of silence ordinarily surrounds the South's "original" method of very profitable convict labor. But lately this has been broken by two public scandals, resulting in legislative investigations in North Carolina and Georgia. Before we examine the evidence on chain-gang conditions produced by these investigations, it is worth noting that the following procedure has grown so customary that it is in danger of becoming another old Southern custom: recurrent public scandals, usually over the accidentally discovered death from flogging or other torture of a prisoner, lead to a state investigation; conditions are revealed that shock all sense of public decency; one or two chain-gang officials are charged with being responsible and are removed; perhaps a law is passed substituting the sweat-box torture for flogging of prisoners—and the public goes back to sleep, while the chain-gang system itself, which inevitably breeds exploitation, torture, and death, is left intact.

Invariably the legislative commissions conclude, as did these last two, that the almost unbelievable conditions and practices uncovered are only extreme cases, resulting from the wanton acts of some sadistic overseer or guard. But the succession of public scandals followed by investigations in Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Virginia, and other states during the last decade prove how tragically typical these conditions are. Various studies, such as John Spivak's well-known exposure of the Georgia chain gang in "Georgia Nigger," and Walter Wilson's "Forced Labor in the United States," as well as the first-hand report of a convict given in Robert Burns's "I Was a Fugitive from the Chain Gang," show that the chain-gang system is bound up with some of the most inhuman practices ever visited by man on man.

In North Carolina, where the whipping post and chains were abolished a few years ago by a people shocked by their cruelty, we learn from the latest investigation that the humane and enlightened methods now used include chaining men by their wrists and ankles to the iron bars of their cell and leaving them in this position for days at a time, their only food a little bread and just enough water, so the prisoners testify, "to whet your thirst." Also flogging is still practiced in some camps. It is to the credit of William Jones, a Charlotte *News* reporter, that these practices were brought into the open and an investigation forced. Learning by chance of the plight of two mutilated Negro prisoners, Mr. Jones undertook a personal inquiry and published his findings in the Charlotte *News*. These are the unsavory facts, afterward fully established before the state's investigating commission: Woodrow Wilson Shropshire and James Barnes, two Negro prisoners in the highway convict camp of Mecklenburg County, were punished for reputed insolence to a guard by being chained nine days and nights to the iron door of their cell. They were denied all food except "a half-biscuit whittled out on the inside" and a little water. Although it was January and subzero weather, there was no heat in the cell. Their feet, chained to the icy floor, gradually froze. Finally gangrene set in. For eighteen days the men received no real medical attention. When they were removed at last to Central Prison hospital, their condition was so serious that both feet of each man had to be amputated.

Other prisoners, white as well as colored, testified to having been similarly shackled for many hours and even days at a time. For the Negroes it was always worse. As one white prisoner remarked, "We used to hear their cries and pleas, and we'd say among ourselves, 'Our Lord Jesus had an easy time compared to these poor niggers.' "

The case of another Negro prisoner, L. Bogan, who died under torture, was also exposed at these hearings. Bogan's family had been notified that he had "died of natural causes" while on the road gang. But a former white prisoner came forward to testify that the Negro had died in agony while being punished in "solitary," chained to the door of his cell. His body had to be pried loose from its shackles with hammer and cold chisels. Other prisoners confirmed this. Yet the county doctor had written out a certificate of "death from acute dilation of the heart." Very likely poor Bogan did die of acute dilation of the heart—but hardly from natural causes.

Swaringen, another former prisoner, unburdened his conscience before the commission of an ugly secret which he had harbored for several years. In 1927, while on the gang, he had witnessed the flogging to death of a Negro prisoner by the name of Carter, and had been forced to help in the secret disposal of the body.

As a result of these revelations, six prison officials were indicted. But they were soon released and all charges against them dropped, as the state concluded that there was "practically no evidence to connect them with the alleged mistreatments." So once again the South's system of convict forced labor, after outraging the nostrils of all decent people, was treated with a little disinfectant and allowed to continue on its course.

Likewise the recent investigation in Georgia, conducted by a commission of the state's legislative members, accomplished little more than the airing of terrific conditions. The commission's report to Governor Talmadge states that the conditions described in Robert E. Burns's "I Was a Fugitive from the Chain Gang" are "mild compared to conditions found in some camps." But there is a strong accent on the "some." The official statement released to the press by the Governor also admitted that "conditions are very deplorable," but again in "some camps." The implication was that the Georgia chain gang is not what Burns and John Spivak showed it to be—deplorable in all camps.

The full details of the Georgia commission's findings were not made public, but wardens were dismissed in Heard and White counties. The commission found that in Heard County "steel collars attached with chains running to steel anklets were used on convicts, and in some instances spikes were affixed to the ankles of prisoners." (These spikes give rise to a troublesome disease known as "shackle poison.") Extremely unsanitary conditions were discovered. Well men were chained in their bunks at night next to men ill with syphilis or tuberculosis. All used the same wash basins, towels, and eating utensils. Spread of disease was almost inevitable. The commission found that guards were placing convicts in stocks, flogging them, stretching them bound under a blistering sun, and leaving them in this state for hours at a time. (John Spivak gives photographic evidence of these and other barbarous practices in his book.) Nevertheless, the Georgia commission found itself able to report to the governor that conditions in Georgia's chain gangs were "fairly good."

Records show that the most common reasons for punishment are the blanket charges of "not working" and "talking back" to a guard. A man may be too ill to stand, but he is punished for "not working" by being placed in the sweat-box—an upright wooden box just large enough to incase a man, with no air except what may seep through one hole the size of a silver dollar. The box is placed in the sun or a hot metal plate is placed beneath, until the nearly smothered man becomes drenched in sweat. Hanging by hands and feet in primitive stocks is another method of "enforcing discipline."

These are the hazards awaiting Angelo Herndon, unless Governor Talmadge, in spite of his belief in the humaneness of the chain gang, consents to pardon him. Herndon has one chance for relief in addition to executive clemency. An application for a writ of habeas corpus will be heard in the local court on November 12. If the writ is denied, the case may ultimately reach the United States Supreme Court once more. Pending the November 12 hearing, Herndon is back again in Fulton Tower prison, where he was confined for more than two years while his case was being appealed by the International Labor Defense. He will be subjected to especially savage treatment, because he is what the Southern gentlemen term "a bad nigger," a labor organizer and well-known red. He dared to act on his belief that hungry people have the right to demand work and bread; he dared defy the edict that "no nigger has any rights a white man has to respect." Above all, he broke through the color line and organized white and Negro workers together. In Georgia this constitutes "inciting to insurrection," the charge lodged against Herndon. He is a "bad nigger" who needs to be "put in his place."

The state of Georgia proposes to do this by putting him in chains, on a convict gang. At the first hint of "talking back" or any other imagined breach of prison discipline he can be tied and flogged, with no means of protest, shackled and "stretched" under a broiling sky until sunstroke and the agony of cruelly twisted limbs and muscles rob him of consciousness. Not strong physically, he may contract some malignant disease from other ill prisoners. Again, if he survives all this, he may be "shot while trying to escape," a convenient phrase which has covered more than one mysterious death, not only in Nazi Germany but also in Southern convict camps.

All who are interested in the stubborn maintenance of civil liberties and the rights of labor to organize see in the Herndon case an opportunity to give support to these principles, as well as to strike a blow at the South's vicious system of convict labor. As a Southerner I am glad that there are so many Southerners among them.

England's Foreign Policy

By NEGLEY FARSON

THIS is a brief sketch of what I believe to be England's foreign policy and some American mistakes with respect to it. It is based on eleven years as a foreign newspaper correspondent, the last five of which I spent in London in almost day-to-day contact with British officials and the Foreign Office. First, the policy: Britain is rearming today, rapidly and radically, in order to regain its position of dominance in world affairs. It is putting the last touches to and gradually disclosing an understanding with the French that is tantamount to an outright Anglo-French military alliance to preserve the peace of Europe. Britain is preparing to reform the League and cut it loose from the slave-post of the Treaty of Versailles.

American mistakes can be roughly summed up as Mr. Stimson's Manchurian policy (beginning in 1929 with his two incredible notes during the dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway between the Soviets and Chang Hsueh-liang), American actions at that abysmal swindle the 1930 London Naval Disarmament Conference, and in general the fatuous attitude of the so-called American "ambassadors at large" to the Geneva disarmament conference and naval talks during the last ten years. These things all tie in together, as I hope to explain.

First, what are Britain's reasons for rearmament; why, in fact, is its very foreign policy predicated on almost overwhelming rearmament? Either for reasons of economy or because of the genuine pacifist sentiment throughout the country, Britain, while waiting for general disarmament, disarmed itself by way of example, though others were rearming. It got itself into a position where the Continent was saying that it would not, or could not, fight—mostly could not; England, it was thought, was becoming decadent. If England would not or could not fight, then it was no good as an ally. If it was no good as an ally, then its assurances as to what it was prepared to do as an ally had no value. Therefore, said the Continent, do not trust England's promises. From that to "Don't trust England!" was an inevitable step. And this was the position in which British statesmen found themselves when Mussolini started his Ethiopian adventure this fall. In fact, it was because Mussolini himself believed something like this about England that he was encouraged to take a chance in Africa; this belief, and M. Laval's promises to him, based on the same misconception of England's strength and courage, led the Duce to think he could go ahead while the French kept Britain from taking direct action to stop him.

Before the development of the Ethiopian crisis the British government had been reluctant to come out openly for rapid and heavy rearmament based purely on the German menace, which, to the well-informed, was daily becoming more dangerous. The government was afraid of British public opinion. For the same reason the Foreign Office was afraid to disclose the one thing that its permanent officials have been working for all along—an Anglo-French military alliance. Mussolini's challenge, however, awakened even the complacent British public to the danger of England's position; and, if there was any last vestige of domestic political hesitation on the rearmament question, the British Labor Party removed it when it voted for sanctions against Italy at its annual conference at Brighton. The fact that the British Labor Party did this not because of its love for the League or its opposition to Italy's imperialism, but because of British Labor's hatred of fascism makes small difference. By voting for sanctions the Labor Party also indirectly voted for the power to enforce them—that is, for rearmament. So real do British officials consider the necessity for rearmament that the government will almost certainly make no peace dicker with Mussolini until after the general elections in November—until reelection based on rearmament is finally secured. The British National Government does not intend to be caught in mid-stride on its rearmament program.

Just as the government is now coming out boldly for rearmament, so the Foreign Office is letting the secret Anglo-French alliance leak out. How far this goes is still officially kept secret; but most of us believe that when Barthou went to England in the spring of 1934 something very close to a working understanding between the French and British general staffs was formally concluded. Some well-informed observers believe that the recent Anglo-German naval agreement legalizing the German use of submarines was in part a British warning to the French that if the French did not completely comply with such an Anglo-French understanding, the British could still play with the Germans. Keener observers, however, consider this Anglo-German naval agreement but another step on the road which, they say, the English are following toward the eventual abandonment of the Treaty of Versailles. To those in intimate contact with the British Foreign Office this seems the more logical interpretation.

Many persons well-informed in foreign affairs believe that the British not only waited too long for real disarmament, but that they waited too long before they forced the French to cease using the League of Nations as an exclusive instrument of French foreign policy. Tied to the Treaty of Versailles, the League has become merely an instrument for perpetuating the status quo. The British believe that the status quo cannot be maintained; that some amount of revision must be faced both by the League and by the French. Therefore, when they have achieved real rearmament and regained a position of power and prestige, and when they have shown the French what obligations an Anglo-French alliance entails on both parties, they intend to force the French to face real revision under the aegis of the League. The British are determined to make the League, instead of a static, an active and living force. As an example, it seems quite likely that the Germans will regain Memel next year with British moral support.

Thus the basic factors in British foreign policy today are real rearmament, a strengthened, perhaps openly announced military understanding with the French, and a reform of the League which will give the Germans and other unsatisfied nations some of the things the have-nots have been demanding from those who have. Furthering this last purpose, the British might even abandon their Ottawa imperial policy and throw open some of their colonies to free trade for the world's raw materials—a course which would remove the excuse for such land-grabbing policies as Mussolini's Ethiopian venture.

As to American mistakes and misconceptions regarding British foreign policy, I begin with Mr. Stimson's notes to the six powers on the Chinese Eastern Railway dispute because these incredible notes, suggesting a foreign consortium to settle the question, nearly provoked a war between the Soviet Union and Chang Hsueh-liang, and forced Japan in 1929 to show its long-term policy on the Manchurian mainland. Both notes were sent when the Russians had finally got Chang Hsueh-liang into a position where he was ready to talk peace. Both held out to Chang the hope of foreign support in his wrangle with the Russians, the one thing that the Chinese always count on; and both notes caused Chang to withdraw his peace emissaries and wait for the foreigner (the United States) to come to his aid. The Japanese, who have had reason to distrust American intentions in Manchuria ever since 1910, when Philander Knox as Secretary of State tried to neutralize Japanese and Russian concessions in that territory, thereupon informed Chang that if he did not soon accept some reasonable Russian offer, they would notify the Russians that they could enter Manchurian territory up to a certain point without Japanese protest.

Japan made its purpose plain in Manchuria in July, 1929. It made it even more plain by its demand at the London Naval Conference of 1929-30 for a fleet which would enable it to command the sea route to Manchuria. Therefore, when the Japanese finally did enter Manchuria in 1931, it was already clear to those who were willing to face the facts that they intended to remain there. And this is where the United States, and a large part of the world, made a fatal mistake regarding British foreign policy. Mr. Stimson embarked upon a Manchurian policy that the British had no intention whatever of following. In the first place, the British realists regarded Japanese occupation of Manchuria as inevitable. Secondly, the British were not going to follow Mr. Stimson in a Manchurian policy which the United States could not enforce. In 1931 the Japanese navy—in the water—was considerably stronger than the American navy. The Committee of Imperial Defense, meeting in London, it is said, actually came to the conclusion that the combined British and American fleets—because the British would never liberate the Grand Fleet from European waters—could not administer a decisive defeat to the Japanese, at least not before Hong Kong and Singapore had fallen. To those who were in intimate contact with the British Foreign Office during the Manchurian affair it was therefore patent from the start that Stimson had grotesquely misjudged the British attitude and that he was needlessly alienating the Japanese by threats which the United States could not carry out. To ask why the British invoked sanctions against Italy for the Ethiopian invasion and did not invoke them in Manchuria against the Japanese shows a lack of understanding of England's attitude at that time. There is no parallel.

I cite the London naval conference as an American mistake because we there irrevocably lost our moral position on the whole disarmament question. Instead of disarming, we increased our fleet by 146,000 tons and our naval building budget from $50,000,000 to $200,000,000 for the next five years—if we wished to build up to the treaty. Our delegates, broadcasting to the American people the fantastic savings they claimed in scrapped tonnage and hypothetical battleships, were guilty of including thousands and thousands of tons that had long been obsolete—one ship had not turned a propellor since the Spanish-American War. We abetted at the conference and hailed as a success a treaty that did not settle one naval problem, that sharpened instead of softened Franco-Italian naval rivalry, and that, instead of abolishing submarines, legalized a new super-class—craft like the French Surcorf, which carries a six-inch gun and an aeroplane hangar, and can cruise from Toulon to Tahiti under one charge of fuel, literally a submersible cruiser. And although he attempted to deny it, Mr. Stimson, at that so-called naval-disarmament conference, asked for an American Rodney, a dreadnaught of 35,000 tons. Disarmament as such was killed in St. James's Palace during the naval talks of 1929-30. The Japanese, who had been building against the next conference ever since they left the Washington conference of 1922, demanded 70 per cent strength with the Americans in the eight-inch-gun cruiser class at London—and got it.

I cite the actions of the American delegates at subsequent Geneva disarmament and naval talks because their utterances during these sessions have grievously misled American opinion. That incurable optimist Norman Davis, after often asserting during these last tragic years that disarmament was "just around the corner," capped this performance by trying to persuade American opinion, via the American newspapermen who attended his press conferences, that the British would support the United States in forcing a five-five-three ratio upon Japan. Don't you believe it. The British have not, and never had, any intention of doing such a thing, any more than they ever intended to follow Mr. Stimson out on the end of a limb in his mistaken Manchurian policy. And, as this article represents my own personal opinion about British foreign policy, I also believe that the American public should analyze very critically the assertions of the American delegates as to England's foreign policy in the forthcoming naval talks.

Correspondence

Treason or Anarchy

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your editorial entitled Patriotism, in *The Nation* of October 23, is destined to stir up much discussion and controversy. In the first place, it is entirely erroneous from a legal standpoint. You have mistaken treason for anarchy and these two felonies are as different one from the other as day is from night. What your editorial writer had in mind was anarchy, for which there is both a state law and a federal law. In New York State the penal law defines criminal anarchy and the felony of advocacy of criminal anarchy, for which the punishment is imprisonment for not more than ten years, or a fine of not more than $5,000, or both. (Penal Law, Article 14, §§160, 161.)

Your article was wrong in stating, "When we put a man in jail or deport him to the country of his origin for belonging to an organization which advocates the overthrow of the government by force and violence, we are thereby committing an un-American act, and moreover an act which there is no federal law to justify." From a legal standpoint it is not an un-American act, and there is a federal law to justify it. It may be found in the United States Code of Laws, Title 8, Aliens and Citizenship, Section 155, Deportation of Alien Anarchists. Alien anarchists are excluded from admission into the United States by Section 137 of the same law. Anarchists are inadmissible to citizenship by Section 364.

The First Amendment of the federal Constitution does not guarantee the right of any resident of the United States to advocate criminal anarchy, and it has been held by the United States Supreme Court, in Turner vs. Williams, 194 U. S. 279, that an act to regulate the immigration of aliens into the United States, which prohibited the entry into this country of persons generally known as anarchists, was not an abridgment of their rights under this amendment.

New York, October 20 Louis Marder

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mr. Marder's legal corrections of your editorial call attention to the sharp distinction made in American law between the rights of citizens and of aliens. He is correct in pointing out that federal law permits the deportation of aliens for mere membership in organizations which the courts may hold advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence.

Mr. Marder is incorrect in suggesting that there is any federal law to punish a citizen for such an advocacy. It is true that state laws penalize "criminal anarchy," "sedition," and "criminal syndicalism," which have been sustained by the Supreme Court as coming within the rights of the state (Justices Brandeis and Holmes dissenting in the leading cases).

Legal points aside, there is no denying the un-Americanism of the federal statutes applying to aliens, and the state statutes applying to citizens and aliens alike, in the light of the traditions of more than a century.

New York, October 24 Roger N. Baldwin

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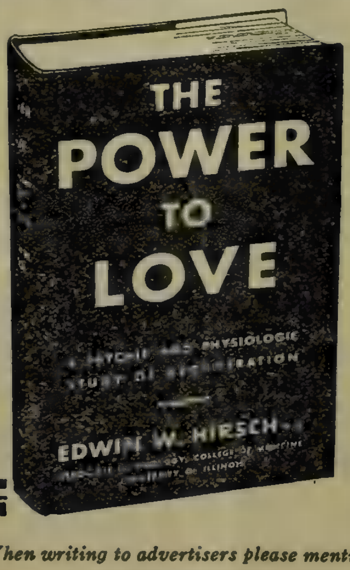

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Bootleg Coal

To the Editors of The Nation:

The editorial on the attitude of the Anthracite Institute toward bootleg coal, appearing in *The Nation* of October 9, is so misleading in its implications that I cannot believe it received your serious consideration.

Two-thirds of the cost of anthracite is spent for labor at the mine and colliery. These wage rates are fixed by agreement between the operators and the United Mine Workers of America, and are among the highest in American industry. They have never been reduced and are higher today than at the "war-time peak."

"Bootleg," or stolen, coal carries no such burden of labor costs. Mr. Fred Perkins, writing for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, said these men were making "an average of $2 a day." Your own Mr. Louis Adamic, in the January 9, 1935, issue of *The Nation,* said: "Through the year few bootleg miners and truckers average more than $2.50 a day."

Nor does the difference in wage rates tell the whole story. The Anthracite Mining Laws of Pennsylvania, printed in booklet form, fill 108 pages. A cursory examination of them will show more than thirty sections and rules that are being violated daily by so-called "independent" miners. Most of these violations have to do with safety standards. Such laws and standards are highly desirable, but they add to the cost of legitimately mined coal. The coal thief, subject to no inspection or supervision, does not have to add this item to the cost of what he sells.

The economic significance of this situation seems to be that payment of less than the union scale and disregard of the mining laws enable the coal pirate to sell coal more cheaply than the coal companies, especially when he steals the coal.

The point that "a new spirit of hope" in the anthracite fields is due to the stolen coal industry is not well taken. Almost every branch of industry has shown an upturn during the present year, and it is to be expected that the same would be true of the anthracite industry. In fact, if it were not for the problem of stolen coal, the anthracite region would be even more inspired by a new spirit of hope than it is today. The millions of tons of illegal coal going to market would be replaced by legal coal taken out of the earth by miners receiving a high wage rate and would be better prepared for the consumer than that which is given only the crudest preparation by coal thieves or dealers in stolen goods.

Wherever the weights at which stolen coal has been sold have been checked—notably in Philadelphia and Baltimore—it has been disclosed that the consumer is usually short-weighted, frequently to the extent of 500 pounds to the ton, or 25 per cent. Furthermore, while some of the stolen coal is of good quality, a good deal of it contains foreign matter that is sure to make trouble when put in a furnace. It is impossible for the coal pirate to duplicate the methods of the large anthracite breakers, and the customer who buys stolen coal frequently has a great deal of difficulty in burning it.

New York, October 16 Louis C. Madeira, III,
Executive Director, Anthracite Institute

[No one disputes that bootleg coal is shoddier than Anthracite Institute coal, or that the bootleggers pay scant attention, if any, to union wages or safety requirements. Since it is a case of root hog or die, and since, quoting Louis Adamic back at Mr. Madeira, the bootleggers are in constant risk of their lives and eke out a miserable existence for all the risks they take, it seems remarkable that such a situation should exist at all, and explanations about cut labor costs and stolen coal will not suffice. The Anthracite Institute misses the point of the editorial, which was that there still exists a market for coal, that it is a profitable market, and that people, through necessity, would rather pay less for poor, short-weight coal than pay more for good, honest-weight coal. If the anthracite industry, with all its centralization and all its modern machinery, cannot reach this market at a fair retail price, then it is no wonder that coal bootlegging flourishes. As for labor costs, all the trouble in the anthracite fields in the past ten years—and this includes the dual-union situation—springs largely from the wage issue. Despite agreements, the $5.50 union scale is simply not paid by a great many collieries, and since a miner, even in good times, works roughly about one in three days, even when it is paid it does not amount to much. It must be remembered that most of these bootleggers are union men, and they are cutting their own throats when they resort to illicit mining. But with the legitimate industry moribund, what other solution is there, save the relief rolls?—Editors, The Nation.]

Rewards of Merit

To the Editors of The Nation:

With reference to your editorial Reward-of-Merit Story in the October 30 issue of *The Nation,* you may be interested to know that both Jean Acme Le Roy and Eugene Augustin Lauste were members of the Bell Laboratories staff from 1929 until their deaths, in 1932 and 1935 respectively.

Mr. Le Roy was not mentioned in my book, "A Fugue in Cycles and Bels," because his work related primarily to the development of motion-picture projecting machines while that of Mr. Lauste was concerned with the recording of speech and music, which was the subject under discussion.

New York, October 21 John Mills

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your editorial captioned Reward-of-Merit Story was of especial interest to me, inasmuch as I happen to be the author of the letter published in the September 4, 1929, issue of *The Nation,* to which Mr. John Mills of the Bell Telephone Laboratories refers in his latest book. At the time I was endeavoring unsuccessfully to obtain from an indifferent and rather ungrateful industry some share of the recognition and economic security which I felt these two aged men deserved.

Mr. Lauste was the first to record photographically sound and scene on the same film and to reproduce it using a light-sensitive cell (selenium). His earliest patent, covering "A New and Improved Method of and Means for Simultaneously Recording and Reproducing Movements and Sounds," is now generally regarded as the direct ancestor of the modern talkie processes. As such, Mr. Lauste's experiments and testimony were of the utmost value to the Bell Telephone Laboratories in establishing the priorities in the numerous patent litigations which attended the development of the talkie.

Mr. Lauste died last June 27. Mr. Le Roy died August 9, 1932. In justice to the Bell Telephone Laboratories, it is only fair to say that both these men up to the date of their death received at its hands the recognition and economic security which had previously been denied them.

It would be a handsome thing (if somewhat unprecedented for a corporation) if the great telephone company could now make certain that the widows of these pioneers should be beyond the danger of want in the few years that are left to them.

New York, October 28 Merritt Crawford,
President, New Film Alliance

Labor and Industry

The *Amsterdam News* Is Winning

By ALLAN CHASE

> It seems very clear to me that these workers were fired because of their organization activities and because of their membership in the Newspaper Guild. If the original discharges were motivated by economy there is no reason why Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Morse [part owners of the plant] should not have granted the guild an opportunity to talk it over with them. The workers impressed me as being reasonable. The failure of Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Davis to attend the conference in Mrs. Herrick's office last evening after they had promised the Mayor to attend simply serves to make more clear that the real issue in this case was a determination on the part of the employers to defeat unionization.
>
> ELINOR M. HERRICK,
> Director, Regional Labor Board
>
> *October 15*

LITTLE else need be said about the causes of the editorial strike at the *Amsterdam News,* influential Negro New York paper, which began on October 9, although one might quote the opinion of William H. Davis, part owner of the *News.* "They were fired for guild activity," he said.

The fifteen locked-out workers knew that the strike was inevitable as far back as last August, when Mrs. Davis first balked even at discussing a guild contract at her shop. In December Mrs. Davis, with her lawyer Aiken Pope present, threatened to discharge the officers and active members of the *Amsterdam News* guild unit immediately. After this, Romeo Dougherty, the sports editor, resigned from the guild. On October 6 Mrs. Davis notified Obie McCollum, the editor, that she had deposed her husband as general manager, and that Romeo Dougherty had been appointed to the newly formed Executive Committee. By October 10 day and night picketing of the *News* plant was in full swing.

Strike headquarters were set up by the guild at the Hotel Dumas, a block away from the plant. The emergency committee of the New York Guild set aside $400 weekly for strike benefits to the locked-out workers and strike costs. A broad committee of Harlem cultural, religious, trade-union, and social leaders was set up to aid the strikers.

No sooner was the strike under way than Mrs. Davis discovered that the *Amsterdam News* was not a weekly paper run for the sake of the advertising profit. No, the *Amsterdam News* was a great national Negro institution, and the guild was an outlaw, racketeering, dues-collecting outfit only interested in wrecking a great Negro institution. A few days later William Pickens of the N. A. A. C. P. discovered a new issue. The strike, he affirmed, was immoral, because it was a strike of Negro employees against Negro exploiters.

Heywood Broun, as president of the American Newspaper Guild, immediately brought a $250,000 libel suit against Mrs. Davis and her clique. (If the suit is won all moneys will go to the guild.) He also answered Mr. Pickens in person at an Angelo Herndon protest meeting held in a Harlem church. Pickens, speaking before Broun, had had very little to say. Broun got up and remarked that Pickens shouldn't have said anything at all, since his stand on the *Amsterdam News* strike had disqualified him as a spokesman for progressive thought. The Negro audience cheered.

Broun's attitude, that the one issue in this strike is the right of all workers to organize, is the prevailing one in Harlem today. Within two weeks the paper's circulation dropped some 53 per cent, and six of the largest advertisers were forced to withdraw their ads. How great the pro-strike feeling really is in Harlem can be seen from the actions of the advertisers. The Howard radio shop advertised in the first scab issue. Bill Chase, locked-out staff cartoonist, went down to picket the Howard store. Within thirty minutes the manager called up strike headquarters and begged them to take Chase away. He also agreed to keep his advertising out.

The first mass picket line on press day persuaded more than one newsboy not to handle the scab paper. The Davises had eleven pickets arrested. Magistrate Overton Harris was forced not only to release the arrested pickets, but also to affirm the guild's right to throw a picket line around the shop.

Immediately after this decision the red herring of the race issue was dragged across the trail by Mrs. Davis. Editorially, the *News* howled about the guild being a "white man's guild," and challenged it to get Negroes jobs on white papers. At the same time Ira Kemp, head of a small Negro nationalist society and very close to the scab clique, parked a truck in front of the strike headquarters. Between large American and Ethiopian flags the truck carried a big sign demanding to know why white Communists and Socialists were helping the white, outlaw, dues-collecting guild to wreck a great non-commercial Negro institution.

The people of Harlem have not been taken in by this mud-slinging campaign. They are angered by the spectacle of the same *Amsterdam News* which has hitherto campaigned for Negro equality in all labor unions now accusing the American Newspaper Guild—one of the rare labor unions in which there is not the slightest trace of discrimination—of being anti-Negro. The whites in the guild, from President Heywood Broun down, have been and are picketing, collecting funds, and *donating* funds to their seventeen locked-out fellow-workers. No sooner had the strike started than Broun demanded that the guild's constitutional clause barring all prejudice "should rise up from the page and join the picket line of our brothers in Harlem."

When Mrs. Davis hurled her stink-bomb, the strike committee was quick with its answer:

> Just as the reactionary Southerner hurls the ugly phrase "nigger lover" at any white man who makes common cause with the Negro, so does Mrs. Davis hurl the phrase "white man's guild" at a union in which whites and Negroes are on an equal footing. The *Amserdam News,* by attacking the unity of black and white newspapermen, is sacrificing the best interests of our race to its own selfish ends as an employer of labor.

The guild never wanted the race issue to be raised, and its answer to Mrs. Davis has probably spiked the attempt.

The formerly pro-labor editorial policy of the paper has had its effect on the former readers of the paper. Three weeks after the strike began, the paper carried a front-page story signed by Edgar T. Rouzeau, a guild member who did not join the strike. "I believe," ran the lead, "that the *Amsterdam News* may be discontinued as a publication most any day. It is losing revenue daily and is without an emergency fund. It is heavily in debt already."

Mrs. Davis is frantic. Her emotional appeals accomplish nothing. Beginning with the next issue, the price of the paper will be cut from ten to five cents. Already a wide boycott of advertisers is under way. The women of Harlem dropped notes in their milk bottles to the effect that they would stop taking Sheffield's milk unless the quarter-page ad was removed. The ad has been removed.

The strike has demonstrated two facts. The first is that white employers and black employers have one thing in common—they are against all labor unions of any description, white, black, or non-discriminating. The second is emblazoned weekly in the masthead of the scab sheet in the label of the A. F. of L. Allied Printing Trades Council of New York. If the Newspaper Guild were affiliated with the A. F. of L., would A. F. of L. printers get out a paper on which A. F. of L. editorial workers were striking?

Strike-Breaker Number One

By HERMAN WOLF

"Have you a gun on you?" the court asked.
"Sure."
"And why do you come into this court with a gun?"
"I was expecting to go to work this morning."

THE work: strike-breaking. The scene: a courtroom in New York, where forty strike-breakers who took a disatrous jaunt to Georgia during the 1934 textile strike are suing their boss, Pearl L. Bergoff, for back pay.

In no other country in the world could this scene have taken place, for the strike-breaking industry is wholly a product of American capitalism, and has been neither admired nor copied by foreigners. Historians who have painted pretty pictures of American industries and their leaders have given scant attention to this profession. Edward Levinson, labor editor of the New York *Post,* at last exposes this industrial racket in all its brutality in "I Break Strikes!"*

Mr. Levinson's volume is both a biography and a history. It is the biography of Pearl L. Bergoff, the boy who outgrew his curls and girlish name to become the hated Red Demon—undisputed king of the strike-breakers and confidant of the masters of American industry. It is also a history of famous American labor wars, of the methods and activities of more than a hundred strike-breaking agencies, and of the legislation—and lack of legislation—connected with this most criminal of all legal professions.

In the frontispiece of "I Break Strikes!" the reader comes face to face with nine "prison-pedigreed" strike-breakers, two of whom have been convicted of manslaughter. Complete police records for twenty of the most notorious of Mr. Bergoff's warriors are given in a special chapter devoted to his army. Among the men Bergoff took to Georgia were more than two dozen assorted criminals.

> Pimp and pickpocket, thief and footpad, swindler and slugger, fence and fugitive, briber and usurer, blackmailer and extortionist, wire tapper and abductionist, gambler and gunman, dope fiend and rapist, murderer and madman, they have all placed their left hands on their hearts, raised their right hands in oath, and been sent forth to uphold law and order.

Strike-breakers are divided into two groups, nobles and "finks"—a term applied to the professional scab years ago by the Industrial Workers of the World. It is the nobles who attack strikers and attempt to stir them to violence, and who also protect the lowly finks and keep them from deserting when the job becomes too hazardous. In any large strike, quarters must be established for the strike-breaking army, and it is here that the noble gets his rake-off from the finks on cots, food, smokes, and amusements. While the agency robs the client, the nobles rob the finks. Two Bergoff aides have been killed in squabbles over crap-game spoils.

Violence and death travel with Bergoff. The first two of the fifty-four deaths that have marked his strike-breaking career occurred in his initial campaign against New York longshoremen in 1907. Two years later Bergoff was called to serve the Pressed Steel Car Company at McKee's Rocks, Pennsylvania. The town "became, for fifty-five days, an armed camp and a gory battlefield," writes Mr. Levinson. "Thousands of armed strikers slept, guns and clubs in hands, at plant gates," prepared to repel the invading strike-breakers. On one Bloody Sunday seven strikers and four opponents were killed. The next year Bergoff men were hired by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit to spy on its men and form a company union. When the expected walkout came, imported strike-breakers "rode the trolleys like wild men, killing sixteen men, women, and children in less than two months." A trolley strike is a "Christmas dinner" to finks, for it gives them free play "to steal the fares, short-change the customers, and operate the car on whichever street pays best." One street-car strike which turned out to be no Christmas dinner took place in Kansas City in 1917, when 5,000 citizens aided strikers in deporting the Bergoff men.

R. J. Coach, Cleveland's most famous strike-breaking chief, once observed: "There's more money in industry than there ever was in crime." With this statement Bergoff could hardly disagree, for by 1924 his firm had a $10,000,000 profit. "Breaking a strike is a costly affair for employer as well as worker," writes Mr. Levinson, "but a fabulously profitable enterprise for the strike-breaking agency. There are few other lines of endeavor in which a person with no special training, no credit or standing in the business world, and no investment whatever can gross from a hundred thousand to a million dollars in a month." The City of New York gave Bergoff $27,000 for a little job in 1907, and spent $136,000 in six days of the street cleaners' strike four

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* "I Break Strikes! The Technique of Pearl L. Bergoff." By Edward Levinson. Robert McBride and Company. $2.50.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC

years later. Three strikes—at McKee's Rocks, Bayonne, and Kansas City—netted Bergoff over $500,000. The 1916 transit strike in New York brought him $350,000. His banner year was 1920, when he received $712,602 from the Brooklyn Rapid Transit and $1,225,000 from the Erie Railroad. At least 50 per cent of these sums was clear profit.

Bergoff has seen service in more than 300 strikes in half the states of the Union. The Waldorf, Astor, and Plaza hotels have been among the elite of his clientele. All of them entertained prison graduates during the hotel and restaurant strikes of 1934. Another of the Red Demon's recent jobs was for the Warren Piece Dye Works in New Jersey, where his men represented themselves as NRA officials and advised the strikers that Uncle Sam didn't approve of their walkout.

In recounting the past history and present status of private detective and strike-breaking agencies, Mr. Levinson performs a distinct service to the American labor movement. Not since Sidney Howard wrote "The Labor Spy" more than a decade ago has the work of these agencies been described in such detail. In "I Break Strikes!" one finds an exposé of the technique of Jim Farley (not Roosevelt's Jim), of the Pinkerton and Burns agencies, of Baldwin-Felts, of Mooney and Boland, and of a host of lesser lights. Here, too, is a graphic picture of the famous Ludlow, Colorado, massacre, in which twelve children and seven adults perished when soldiers and Baldwin-Felts guards, hired by Rockefeller's fuel company, set fire to the miners' tents.

While the strike-breaking field has been narrowed today by company unions, racketeers, and private espionage systems, there is not a large city in the country which does not have a host of agencies. Towering above Bergoff's other competitors is the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, which has scores of affiliates throughout the country and, according to Mr. Levinson, will handle most of the strike-breaking jobs of the future. This bureau "provides the most thorough strike-breaking system in the country, from spies to strike-breakers, to tear-gas bombs and Thompson sub-machine guns." It has served, among others, Consolidated Gas of New York, Brooklyn Edison, General Motors, Western Union, Chase National Bank, United States Steel, Kelvinator Refrigerator, and Firestone Tire and Rubber Company.

Mr. Levinson has collected the evidence and presented the indictment against the strike-breakers. He shows that despite many government surveys there exists today no effective legislation aimed at the strike-breaking racket. Mr. Bergoff claims that if his business "is a nefarious business, then it is nefarious for business and industry" to hire him. When his detective license was revoked last month, he commented, "I don't give a damn about the license. I broke strikes for seventeen years without any license and I'll go on stronger than ever." There seems no question that the use of industrial spies, whether obtained through strike-breaking agencies or private espionage systems, is in violation of the Wagner industrial-disputes law. On motion of Julius Hochman, general manager of the Dress and Waistmakers' Union, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the recent A. F. of L. convention adopted a resolution calling for a federal investigation of strike-breaking and private detective agencies. Such an investigation is certainly in order.

In the Deep Middle West

By RAY L. KRINGER

Decatur, Illinois

DIRECT action by vigilante mobs—common in California and a few other states—has made its appearance in Illinois. A mob of about seventy-five persons, led by business men, recently assaulted and drove out of Sullivan, Illinois, a shoe workers' union leader from Mattoon, a neighboring city. The union representative, Harold Davidson, would have been tarred and feathered had the mob been able to secure the necessary tar. Disappointed by this upset in their plans, the leaders contented themselves with abducting Davidson, striking him, and threatening him with worse violence as they sent him on his way with a warning never to return to Sullivan.

A grand-jury investigation, virtually forced by the Illinois Federation of Labor and newspaper publicity, resulted in no indictments. Evidence and names, however, were not lacking, for the sheriff of the county and the Sullivan chief of police reached the scene before the mob dispersed, and in a small town police authorities know personally or recognize at sight nearly every citizen. Besides, ringleaders of the mob made no effort to conceal their part in the attack, since hysteria against the "outside agitator" mounted even higher after he had been run out of town.

The attack occurred on September 7. It was the culmination of a series of developments during a period of about fifteen months in towns where branches of the Brown Shoe Company of St. Louis are located. The Brown company has fourteen plants in small towns of Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, and Missouri. The company invests no money in its factory buildings and does not own the machinery in the plants. The factories are built by public subscription, the Brown company securing title to the buildings when the terms of an agreement to meet a specified payroll are fulfilled, usually within a ten-year period. If the payroll of, say, five million dollars is met in six years, the company is under no obligation to operate the plant for the remaining four years. The machinery is leased from the manufacturers.

In the early days of the NRA the International Boot and Shoe Workers' Union sought to organize the workers in the Brown plants. In seven of the factories it succeeded in forming locals. Among the towns organized were Sullivan, Mattoon, and Charleston, all within forty miles of one another in the corn belt of Illinois. At no time, however, were all the workers in each plant signed up in the locals. Davidson was the militant president of the Mattoon local.

After the collapse of the NRA evidence of a drive to smash the unions was seen. First, the Charleston factory was closed because of "slack business," and a large part of the machinery was shifted to another plant, where production picked up at once. Then the Sullivan factory was shut down after a minor dispute involving a union worker in one department of the plant. Ten days after the Sullivan plant was closed, the members of the local met, voted to dissolve, and burned their charter. Dissolution of the Sullivan local was followed a week and a half later by similar action on the part of the Charleston local. The Charleston local took care to return its charter to the union headquarters in Boston. An announcement by company officials of an impending shutdown was all that was necessary, apparently, to get the workers in Mattoon to turn in their charter. Admission that the shutdowns in the various factories were not due solely to "lack of orders" came unwittingly from the president of the Brown company, J. A. Bush, who told union officials at a conference in St. Louis that closed factories would not be reopened with "trouble-makers."

The Sullivan plant reopened less than two weeks after the union burned its charter. It became evident then whom Mr. Bush regarded as trouble-makers. Employment, or reemployment, at the Sullivan factory was placed in the hands of a "citizens' committee" consisting of some 150 business and professional men of the city, but dominated by five persons who kept their identity secret. Applications were taken by agents of the committee, who set up a desk in the master-in-chancery's office in the county courthouse. Needless to say, militant former union members received scant consideration. T. H. Lawyer, president of the disbanded union, was warned to leave town or "suffer the consequences." He and his family moved away.

Early in September Davidson went to Washington to confer with officials of the National Labor Relations Board. Upon his return to Mattoon he said that he had been advised to get affidavits of unfair treatment from former union workers in Sullivan. Accordingly, he went to Sullivan on September 7 to secure the affidavits. By arrangement at a meeting of the citizens' committee the night before, the fire siren atop the municipal lighting plant was sounded to notify the vigilantes that the union leader was in town. The mob gathered quickly. Davidson was found in a butcher shop, where he had gone to talk to the owner, a city commissioner. He was hustled from the store, pushed into an automobile, and taken to a spot outside of town, also prearranged. When it was discovered that no tar was available for smearing Davidson, a ringleader suggested that the mob "muss him up a bit." A hardware merchant struck Davidson twice in the face and others rolled him about on the ground.

Presently Sheriff Russell Freesh arrived and later Chief of Police Dave Snedeker drove out to the scene. The sheriff cautioned the mob against doing anything too rash, but added that if the Sullivan citizens were bent on beating Davidson he wished they would "take him out of my county." Davidson was shoved into his own automobile, which had been driven to the scene by a member of the mob, and told to "get going and don't come back." Davidson said that he recognized a United States mail carrier as one of the ringleaders of the mob. He sent a telegram to the National Labor Relations Board telling of the attack and disclosing that the contents of his brief case "were stolen or destroyed."

The incident was brought to the attention of the Illinois Federation of Labor at its state convention the following week in Belleville. The federation wired the state's attorney of Moultrie County, Robert Martin, demanding that he prosecute the offenders. When Martin sent an evasive reply, the labor federation authorized Secretary Victor Olander to place the case in the hands of the attorney general of Illinois and to request the governor to furnish a special guard for Davidson if he appeared in Sullivan to testify at a grand-jury investigation. Moultrie County authorities hastened to Mattoon to advise Davidson that his safety would be guaranteed in Sullivan.

The case was taken before the regular session of the grand jury on September 23. Davidson appeared, accompanied by a representative of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. His inquisitors were less interested in the assault upon the labor leader than in his "business in Sullivan" and in continued union sentiment among the shoe-factory workers. Concern over the question of whether the Sullivan local had actually been dissolved was evident in the question put to Davidson: "Are former members of the Sullivan local still members of the union since the charter was burned?" Only a handful of witnesses from among known members of the mob were subpoenaed. Although the mob had included approximately seventy-five persons, only a dozen or so had taken an active part in manhandling Davidson, the others being described as onlookers. No indictments were returned.

Meanwhile the Brown factory in Charleston is preparing to reopen. The union has been dissolved. Davidson was expected to attend the meeting on September 11 at which the Charleston local surrendered its charter, and another citizens' committee was all ready to receive him. But the mob was cheated of an opportunity to attack the Mattoon man by his failure to appear. No explanation was given of the sudden decision by the Charleston union workers to disband; the local had voted twice in the preceding three weeks to retain its charter.

The Charleston citizens' committee is now seeking signatures of factory workers to the following pledge addressed to W. R. Eakin, general manager of the Brown Shoe Company: "I want to get back to work on such terms and conditions of employment as you may stipulate." The citizens' committee claims that more than 500 of the 1,100 workers in the factory have signed pledge cards.

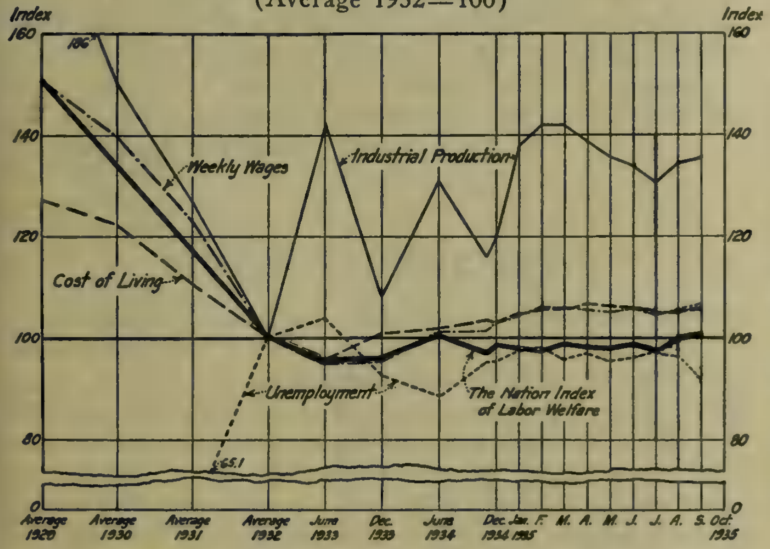
The exact part the shoe company played in all these proceedings remains undisclosed. John J. Mara, president of the International Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, says: "It seems as though some hidden hand was able to bring about a situation which resulted in the return to our general office of the charters sent to locals." It may be significant that the activities of the so-called citizens' committee in each case have dated from the arrival in town of one A. H. Ahner, employed by the Brown company as "labor-relations counselor."

The shoe company, however, has now run into difficulty. On October 30 the Regional Labor Board in St. Louis issued a complaint against it for "unfair labor practices," citing charges of the union that the company "discriminated" in dismissing four union employees in its Salem plant, and that "officers and agents" of the company "induced the Citizens' Committee to coerce, intimidate, and interfere with the employees in the exercise of their right" to organize and bargain collectively. Hearing on the complaint was set for November 13 before Dean Eberle of the St. Louis University Law School, who was appointed Special Commissioner by the board.

The Labor Index

FOR the first time since June, 1934, *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare shows working-class living standards to be above the 1932 level. Continuing the advance started in the previous month, employment and payrolls both increased materially during September. The average weekly wage in the manufacturing and non-manufacturing industries rose from $21.60 to $21.90, which was more than sufficient to offset a ½ of 1 per cent increase in the cost of living. While the gains are largely attributable to seasonal factors, they are more substantial than in any other autumn in recent years. As compared with September a year ago, which was a particularly bad month on account of the textile strike, real wages have advanced nearly 4 per cent, while unemployment has declined by at least 200,000, and the number on relief, including PWA workers, has dropped by more than two million.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE
(Average 1932=100)



Although it is encouraging in comparison with last year, the economic status of the working class remains far below that of 1929. At 107 per cent of the 1932 average, wages still are 29 per cent under the pre-depression level, as compared with a decline of only 17 per cent in the cost of living. This means that the average employed worker is able to purchase only 86 per cent as much as six years ago. If the losses of the eleven million unemployed are included, the total deterioration in the position of the working class is approximately 30 per cent.

Owing to the discrepancy between the estimates of the cost of living prepared by the National Industrial Conference Board and those compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the revised figures for July and August shown below differ somewhat from those previously reported:

(1932=100)

	September	*August*	*July*
Industrial Production	136*	134	130
Average Weekly Wages	107.4*	105.9	104.3
Cost of Living	105.5*	104.9†	104.4†
Real Wages	101.8*	101†	99.9†
Unemployment	92*	96	97
Index of Labor Welfare	101.3*	100.1†	98.6†

*Preliminary. †Revised.

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Books and Drama

"In Darkest Asia"

The Asiatics. By Frederic Prokosch. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS unusual novel—if novel it is—begins and ends without explanation. At the top of page 1 the narrator is walking down the streets of Beirut inviting his soul; on page 423 he takes abrupt leave, "feeling very happy" somewhere in China. In between he has scraped an acquaintance with various persons, mostly sinister; he has been a prisoner in Turkey, has smuggled dope, visited a maharaja, been captured by bandits, and has made love to various girls whom he gets rid of with an ease which, life being what it is, seems rather more remarkable than the ease with which the inevitable sweet surrender is made to eventuate. Also—and this is more important than any of the other things—he has smelled Asia at a number of its most odoriferous points.

As is not unusual in tall tales, our hero exhibits a readiness to get into trouble which would verge on the moronic if it affected anyone except the central personage in an adventure story. As a matter of course he throws in his lot with any chance acquaintance who gives obvious signs of being untrustworthy, and he no sooner sees a desire for murder beginning to gleam in a companion's eye than he accepts an invitation to journey into some nice inaccessible spot. He is, according to accompanying publicity, an American youth in his middle twenties and doubtless he will mature—if he lives long enough.

The most remarkable things about the book are, however, that it is vastly entertaining and that, despite all the extraordinary happenings, the tone is lyric rather than dramatic. The author recounts his adventures in a simple, matter-of-fact way as though wandering about Persia with a dubious passport and no money were a usual procedure. What he is really interested in is a poetic abstraction called Asia. What he is out to do is to sense as deeply and as luxuriantly as he can the meaning of a very old, very weary, very corrupt, and very ill-smelling civilization—of a way of life which is ostensibly based upon a determination to be free of desire and of the flesh but which may, perhaps, have only arrived at a state where desire has been reduced to appallingly unadorned manifestations, and where the neglect-born disease makes the would-be ascetic rather more aware of his flesh than the Western sensualist usually is. In the temples they describe the road to Nirvana but around the urinals the despairing perverts gather in miserable company.

> The old women sat at the waterside with their yellow jars, chatting with queer stiff movements, looking like a group of tough and garrulous birds. . . . God knows what they talked about—insane little bits, raggedy odds and ends of life, gray pieces of nothing. Their breasts hung down like flat leather patches and their hair blew like straw in the sharp November wind. They were hideous, they were mindless, they didn't have anything left out of life, anything at all.
>
> "Asia—well," he said, "the thing about Asia is its vagueness really. There you have it. Despair is perhaps too definite and startling a word. Allow me to enlarge. There is a sense of people searching for something over long centuries: not finding it precisely: never being quite sure: growing absent-minded: beginning to forget what they were looking for, to forget that they were looking for anything. . . . Do you perceive?"

Obviously Mr. Prokosch can write. He has an accent of his own. His manner is simple, almost colloquial, and this easy offhand air does much to conceal the essential romanticism of the entire work. The only real question is the question how deeply the thing is really felt, how much of what he has to say springs from anything deeper than a sort of luxurious green sickness. Out of the atmosphere of our times the young author has drawn a Spenglerian despair for the human race. He hints that the deliquescence of the Asiatic is the penultimate phase of all human souls. "The trouble," says one of the characters, "isn't with the West. It isn't with the East. . . . It's with man. He's had his day." But it is difficult not to feel in the almost loving description of human depravity as well as in the easy acceptance of the blackest pessimism a youthful bravado, a more or less individual manifestation of that adolescent melancholy which shocks every thoughtful youth into a pleasurable sense of his own fortitude.

It would be interesting to know how much of the author's wild journey is fact and how much is fiction. From internal evidence it is difficult to say, for the simple reason that the observations and the reflections, boiled down to their solid residue, are really little more than the current commonplaces about Darkest Asia. Possibly Mr. Prokosch did and saw and thought all that his hero does and sees and thinks. But given an ardent imagination, he would not really have needed to do so, and it is a safe guess that before he started he already knew, in a general way at least, what it was that he was going to do and see and think. All of which, however, is no reason against repeating that "The Asiatics" is a very entertaining book written by a man who already knows very well how to write.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Macedonian Cycle

Express to the East. By A. Den Doolard. Translated from the Dutch by David C. De Jong. Smith and Haas. $2.50.

EUROPE, with its wars and rumors of wars, has taken kindly to this record by a Dutch novelist of twenty-five years of revolution and counter-revolution in the Balkans. If one must look for a reason, it is probably that the Continental reading public has been more than a little disturbed by the assassination of the dictator-king of Yugoslavia, the series of mysterious motor accidents, and the recent other evidences that this particular section of Europe is still a potential breeding-spot of general European trouble. It is anxious to give body to its somewhat vague impression of the region which provided the spark for one world conflagration, and which may conceivably provide the spark for another, at the same time that it gratifies a perhaps less legitimate curiosity concerning the organization and methods of the secret societies which keep this spark alive. Both these purposes are admirably served in Den Doolard's novel, and a reading of it should prove for American as it undoubtedly has for Continental readers a fascinating as well as an instructive experience.

The opening chapters deal with the events leading to the tragic uprising of the Macedonian Bulgars, under the secret revolutionary society, the V. M. R. O., against their Turkish overlords in 1903. The author tries to interest us in the personality of one of the popular leaders, the *voivoda* Damian Drangov, but the onward movement of history forces psychology to take to its feet. In a scene which a writer like André Malraux would have drained of its last ounce of dramatic potentiality, the Dutch novelist is content to relate the death of his nobly patriotic hero with the barest statement and description. The reason is undoubtedly that the range of consciousness of all the characters in this earlier section is too limited to supply the right kind of psychological complexity.

But this is not exactly the case with the *voivoda's* daughter Mitya, born on the eve of the rebellion, who is destined to leave her school teacher's desk to become one of the secret agents of the V. M. R. O. when it comes to life again after Macedonia has exchanged the tyranny of the Turks for the equally slaughterous tyranny of the Serbs. In Mitya's relationship with the veteran conspirator Fodor Alexandrov there is worked out an identification of romantic passion with revolution which gives to the book, as a novel rather than a specimen of novelized history, its most intense interest. Fodor is a more intellectual and hence more advanced exponent of the cause of which Damian had become the rhetorical symbol. If he has availed himself of German gold during the Great War, he is not inattentive to certain proposals of Lenin immediately afterward. In fact, he has just concluded that between the Serbs and a few rich members of his own race as owners of Macedonia there is little difference, as there had been little difference between the Turks and the Serbs; he is returning from a secret meeting with a Soviet emissary in Vienna when a bullet from his own organization puts an end to his career. After his death Mitya becomes a Medea-like spirit of vengeance, serving as a Communist agent in the now reactionary V. M. R. O., and finally getting blown up on the Orient Express as a reward for her duplicity. The book closes with a moving account of her burial by a disapproving uncle, the *unpolitische* farmer brother of the valorous Damian, who has been the center of gravity throughout the whole long-drawn-out pattern of intrigue and passion.

All this last quarter of the work is exciting, fascinating, and emotionally stirring without ever descending to the banalities which usually accompany such material. And for these chapters alone the work can be recommended. As a whole it suffers from a disproportion of treatment which undoubtedly comes out of its author's uncertainty or timidity concerning his theme. It is almost as if he has not discovered his theme until it is too late in the book to work it out with proper emphasis and arrangement. The real theme does not emerge until Fodor realizes the futility of nationalistic rhetoric in a Europe whose common language has a more metallic ring. This is the lesson which recent Macedonian history, presented in even the most casual fashion, would seem to demonstrate. From the novelist, however, we expect something over and above the lesson, something more "serious," in the Aristotelian sense, than history. An earlier recognition of the theme would have given to the book from the beginning more of that formal intensity which is to be found only in the few scenes toward the end; and it would also have given much broader implications to the gory and sinister period of history with which it deals.

WILLIAM TROY

The Science of Heredity

Genetics. By H. S. Jennings. W. W. Norton and Company. $4.

GENETICS, or the study of biological inheritance, bids fair to remodel our social and economic world as decisively as did the theory of evolution. Today we have the guide lines to future researches on such problems as the inheritance of genius or imbecility in man, of speed in horses, of milk productivity in cows, of sugar content in cane. In other words, a basic principle is in our hands which can be applied to both plants and animals.

The cornerstone of genetics was laid by Gregor Mendel, but his discoveries were buried for years in an obscure Austrian journal. Meanwhile the theory of evolution was built, without benefit of genetics. Much time was spent in speculating on what changes Darwin might have made in his theories had these facts been part of his mental equipment. But Mendel's contribution suffered not at all from its enforced hibernation. When it was finally rediscovered, much patient study was still necessary to elaborate the essential facts with sufficient clarity to permit their application to the theory of evolution. The mutual interaction of these two theories is the problem of today.

Until the last few years genetics developed most rapidly in America, owing largely to the discovery of the vinegar fly, *Drosophila melanogaster,* by Thomas Hunt Morgan and his coworkers. Its speed of reproduction—a new generation every two weeks—and the ease with which it can be bred have given these workers a large advantage over all others in the field. It is the work on this fly that has elucidated many obscure points and completed the foundation on which the science of genetics now rests.

Recently public attention has been called to these genetical studies by their recognition and application in several quarters. Two Nobel prizes in medicine have gone to this field—to Thomas Hunt Morgan for his basic development of genetic theory, and to Karl Landsteiner for his elucidation of the inheritance of human blood groups. The facts of blood-group inheritance, long used by medicine in connection with blood transfusion, have lately been admitted to the bar as valid evidence in cases of disputed paternity. So-called genetic principles have also been applied in the recent attempt to eliminate feeble-mindedness in Germany. This volume ought to be welcome, therefore, to the informed lay mind. It comes from the pen of an outstanding thinker and research worker. Moreover, the author has at no time allowed the details of his experiments to obscure from him the wide applications of this rapidly advancing field.

Professor Jennings describes in detail the work that connected the chromosomes with the inheritance of particular characters. Once the chromosomes were definitely known as the bearers of heredity, their behavior under normal and experimental conditions gained enormous significance. Innumerable attempts were made to alter them without killing or sterilizing the animal. Of all the methods tried, only X-rays and gamma radiations from radium had any permanent effect. Large hereditary changes, entirely comparable to the large changes termed mutations occasionally observed in nature, were produced by these means.

However, the chromosomes are too few in number for each to be responsible for a single hereditary character. Drosophila, the vinegar fly, has only four pairs of chromosomes, but hundreds of known hereditary characters; so that each chromosome must control many different factors. This deduction was soon verified experimentally, and definite spots on the chromosome were found to have definite functions in the production of single characters, such as eye color. These spots were called genes. The arrangement of the genes in a straight line in the chromosome like beads in a necklace was next established. All this had to be done without the scientist being able to see the genes, as they are much too small to be observed under a microscope. The experiments which led to these conclusions are one of the best examples in biology of inductive reasoning.

Professor Jennings includes a splendid résumé of the state of our knowledge of inheritance in man. The difficulties here are obvious—our inability to control mating, and the small number of progeny. However, certain well-marked defects, such as hemophilia and color blindness, have been able to be traced, and have been shown to be produced by a defective gene in the sex chromosome. The lively problem of how much independence of their environment the genes have is illuminated by the studies on identical twins. The occurrence of genius in obscure families and conversely the appearance of imbecility in the offspring of highly intelligent parents are also discussed in this chapter, which should be read by all enthusiasts on social betterment via the knife.

Unfortunately not all the chapters are written with the same keen lucidity. The superabundant use of parenthesis and case histories will make it difficult for the lay reader to follow the thought, but the information will well repay the effort. There exists no general review of the mechanics of heredity comparable with this book.

HUGH H. DARBY

Life After Legend

The Street I Know. By Harold E. Stearns. Lee Furman. $2.75.

HAROLD STEARNS was a legend almost as soon as he was a name. He had come from Harvard, the legend ran, to Greenwich Village, had organized the revolt against pre-war America in "Civilization in the United States," that earliest of the symposiums in which the post-war critics diagnosed the country, and had dramatically left his native land to live in Paris as the cynosure of the expatriates. Newcomers to Montparnasse were asked if they had seen Harold Stearns as soon as they were asked anything, and they were warned of the legend that he would drink any man's liquor or borrow any man's money. Home again, they widened his fame. Even those who had not seen him felt obliged to say they had, and even to add that they had become his creditors. His actual creditors compared notes. Now and then somebody boasted that he had not been one of the susceptible multitude. By the end of the decade the legend was so rooted that it still outlives the facts, and Americans in Paris cafes look around for Harold Stearns, unaware that for more than three years he has been living and working in New York.

In a sense, such legends cannot be ended. They move on a plane of hearsay above history. One hearer passes them on to another till they get far beyond the reach of correction. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Americans will go on thinking of Harold Stearns as the legend made him out, and will not read or hear of his autobiography, "The Street I Know." The legend will not yield to the life but will only wither away as men lose interest in the expatriate decade. It will die, not be killed, when the last man who remembers it forgets to tell it.

It is a pity, for Mr. Stearns's autobiography is at many points a touching and revealing book. Touching, in its account of his random youth and of how his young wife died in childbirth and what share her death had in sending him to Europe. Touching, too, in its record of his miserable last months in Paris, of his broken return to America, and of his dogged efforts to build a new life on dingy ruins. I have never met Harold Stearns and should not know him if I saw him. All I know is the legend and the autobiography. But I have read his book with interest in a real human being as well as curiosity about an age that has already come to seem unreal.

"The Street I Know" would not be so revealing if it did not make it clear that Mr. Stearns was the epitome of the 20's. Neither very original nor very distinguished, he was acutely assimilative. All the ideas of the time met in his mind, and all the fashions of behavior affected his conduct. Most of his contemporaries who are known appear to have had some individual brake or bias which kept them from falling wholly into step with the decade. The decade's pace was Mr. Stearns's. One of the first of the bohemians, he was one of the first of the post-war critics and one of the first of the expatriates. If anything marked him off from the general mode it was that he exemplified it more purely than others and clung to it longer. That does not make him any less an epitome. To understand the 20's you must study Harold Stearns.

There is irony in his book no less than history, for he turns out to have been a more or less classical American. The son of a widow, he had the familiar boyhood hardships, earned money while he was at college, went to the city to seek his fortune with no capital but his degree and his wits, got a job, made a name for himself quicker than most young men do, was married and had a child, suffered grief and adversity, admitted defeat, and started out again. He was forty-one when Professor Pitkin discovered when life begins. Mr. Stearns in his final chapter asks: Can life begin at forty-four? The answer is that it can and frequently does, especially in America. His can unless the whole form and design of America have changed. As to that, he will have to wait and find out like anybody else.

CARL VAN DOREN

A Reconstruction Statesman

Lucius Q. Lamar: Secession and Reunion. By Wirt Armstead Cate. The University of North Carolina Press. $5.

THOUGH not quite the paragon of all virtue Mr. Cate makes him out to be, Lucius Q. C. Lamar was certainly a high-minded gentleman, a man of great ability and personal integrity, a statesman of very nearly first rank, a political leader sincerely devoted to the public welfare as he saw it. And yet he exercised an influence on public affairs more sinister and more truly pernicious than any corruptionist or time-server of his day. For he was, in the national arena, the outstanding Southern representative of the forces directly responsible for the ultimate frustration of the great emancipatory promise of the Civil War.

Sprung from the ruling caste of the Old South, Lamar was destined by birth to share in its social and political prerogatives. His early career, in his native Georgia as well as in Mississippi, was hardly notable; he was the typical young Southern "fire-eater," eager to spread slavery to "every inch of American soil," ever looking forward to secession and the establishment of an independent Southern republic founded on the South's "peculiar institution." When the war came, Lamar immediately took to the field, but he soon turned to diplomacy and was sent as special commissioner to Russia—serving in both capacities without any particular distinction. In fact, it was not until the end of the war, when he was already in his fortieth year, that Lamar's public career really began. Once definitely started, he quickly became one of the most influential political figures in the United States.

The victory of the North in the Civil War brought the country face to face with the great problem of reconstruction. Would the military defeat of the slave-owning oligarchy lead, with the force of historical consistency, to the destruction of its economic and political power and to the effective emancipation of the underlying population, black and white alike? Or would it be followed by a compromise with the old ruling classes of the South, the preservation of their privileges, and the condemnation of the newly liberated Negro race to a serf-like caste existence? The radicals, whom Lamar himself, with extraordinary insight, compared to the Jacobins in the French Revolution, strove with all their might to drive the Civil War to its logical conclusion. For a while, as long as their objectives fell in with the interests of Northern industrial capitalism dominating the Republican Party, they seemed to have everything their own way. But for reasons inherent in the historical situation, radicalism very soon began to lose favor with the

Northern bourgeoisie, giving way slowly to the conservative policy of conciliation and compromise championed by Lamar.

The conservatism which Lamar upheld for two decades—it is clear even from Mr. Cate's narrative—was the policy through which the former slave-owners hoped to salvage what they could of their old privileges under the new conditions. Repeatedly did Lamar proclaim his whole-hearted acceptance of the "results of the war"—sincerely, no doubt, although, curiously enough, he found it possible to reconcile this attitude with open contempt for the "policy which emancipated the servile class of the South" and with bitter opposition to equal rights for the Negroes. The ugly reality behind all these fine phrases of patriotism and reconciliation became plain enough when, with the shameful connivance of their Northern friends, the Lamars and the Hamptons succeeded in "redeeming" their states, that is, in overthrowing the Reconstruction regimes, the most genuinely democratic and progressive the South has ever had, and in replacing them by force and fraud with governments of the "conservative and property-owning citizenry" based on the virtual reenslavement of the Negro people.

Once this mission was fulfilled, Lamar again dropped to the background of events. With his elevation from the Senate to the Cabinet and then to the Supreme Court, his career loses all significance; he becomes the ordinary conservative statesman, restricted in social vision and hopelessly wedded to all the shams and prejudices of the new industrial civilization.

Mr. Cate's work is not a biography at all, either in spirit or in execution; it is a piece of special pleading in behalf of the causes for which Lamar stood. Its gross bias is unpleasantly obvious on every page, not only in the selection, arrangement, and presentation of material but in its very temper: every reference to the Negro is a sneer; every speech of a political opponent is "scurrilous," "savage," and "incendiary," while Southern Democrats are invariably "dispassionate." Nor is there the slightest attempt to probe beneath the surface, to uncover the real forces at work either in the life of the man or in the course of events. To grasp the true significance of the life of Lucius Q. C. Lamar, a social point of view and a historical method quite different from the approach of Mr. Cate are necessary.

WILL HERBERG

Drama

Sure Fire

When Sidney Kingsley's "Men in White" drew the Pulitzer Prize two years ago, it was generally admitted that his success was primarily a theatrical one: the play was effective, not because it was either very original or very profound, but because the author gave an able acting company a script which was eminently actable even at moments when it was not anything else. In his new play "Dead End" (Belasco Theater) he now demonstrates the fact that this first success was no mere accident. With the sure instinct of the first-rate theatrical craftsman he again selects a theme which is genuinely significant but which has been treated often enough to be easily manageable in terms of various concrete situations whose effectiveness has already been demonstrated. Thus he himself is relieved of the necessity of working out either characters or predicaments which will serve as satisfactory symbols, and the audience is, at the same time, relieved of the necessity of discovering what their significance is. The author can devote himself to the expert manipulation of easily comprehensible material, and the spectator can surrender himself to a series of swift, colorful, clearly outlined incidents.

On the former occasion Mr. Kingsley devoted himself to

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YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, *New Haven, Conn.*

the problem of the young doctor who discovers that his profession demands a surrender of the right to much of what the ordinary man regards as an indispensable part of normal human life. In the new play he is concerned with a problem at least as real—with the corrupting influence of poverty, particularly as it affects those children of the slums whose education in the streets really prepares them adequately for no career except the career of the gangster. It is hard to see how this problem could be made to serve as the basis for a more rapidly moving or more exciting melodrama than the one which Mr. Kingsley has written, with its striking setting along what may well be the Sutton Place waterfront, where the apartments of the rich shoulder the tenements of the poor, and with its effective conjunction of the story of a youthful gang with the story of a graduate now become Public Enemy No. 1. For perfectly understandable and not too reprehensible reasons it will probably outlast any other dramatic production made so far this season, despite the fact that no judicious person would be likely to claim that it is in any sense a great play. Doubtless the most grimly earnest of its spectators will argue that the moderately happy ending which promises at least a temporary, if somewhat fortuitous, rescue for the youthful gang leader offers a solution which is not a general one and therefore weakens the social effectiveness of the play. But that is not the real reason why "Dead End" remains essentially theatrical. The real reason is that, without being false, it lacks either that originality of incident or that freshness of feeling at least one or the other of which is necessary to make a play great. Its quality varies from the sleazy cheapness of its conventional love story to what seems to me the one touch of near-greatness in the scene between the mature gangster and his mother. But during four-fifths of the time it is running on the level of first-rate melodrama, which grips without actually ceasing at any time to be obviously a play and without turning up any situation or any thought not essentially familiar. "Dead End" is, to put it brutally, very high-grade hokum.

There is an effective performance by Joseph Downing as the gangster, an imaginative if brief one by Marjory Main as his mother, and satisfactory work by the rest of the adult cast. Nevertheless, the play owes much more of its effectiveness to the extraordinarily convincing realism of the troupe of boys and to the solid and accurate set by Norman Bel Geddes. The latter is unusually elaborate, with a towering tenement flanked by the back entrance of a luxurious apartment at the dead end of a street. In addition Mr. Bel Geddes has turned the front of the apron into a very realistic dock front; the boys dive off it into the orchestra pit with a convincing splash; and the audience is, accordingly, supposed to be sitting somewhere in the East River. Once one has got over the fear of seeing a tugboat come down the aisle or of finding a melon rind in one's lap it is all very striking. Doubtless the piles at the dock head are plaster but even from the third row they look like water-logged wood, and the tenements are so solid that they appear at least as livable as one of the blocks they represent. To look at it all is as good as going down to Sutton Place itself but it isn't any better, and with the memory of the first act of "Winterset" in mind one realizes that a stage picture can be something more than the thing it is copied from. Gazing at the so completely "practical" houses which Mr. Bel Geddes has constructed I could not help feeling that it would be a pity when the run is over to send them to Cains's warehouse. Pease and Elliman should be notified.

Sometime during the course of "On Stage" (Mansfield Theater) the author makes his hero bring up the name of Pirandello with the obvious intention of warning reviewers that he thought of the comparison first. The intention seems to have been to take Pirandello's favorite device of introducing into the spectator's mind a doubt as to where the line between reality and fancy lies, and to use this device for purposes rather less pretentious than those of the bemused Italian. The idea is a good one, and the play, which concerns a dramatist who dreams a play about his characters different from the one he wrote and who wakes to find that one of the characters is really a woman with whom he has been unconsciously in love, is rather entertaining. It would be more so, I think, if the author had gone even a bit farther in the direction of treating the Pirandello theme lightly. The members of the cast, especially Osgood Perkins, Selena Royle, and Donald MacDonald, are pleasant.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

Louis Fischer, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, is the author of "Soviet Journey."

H. C. Engelbrecht is the author of "One Hell of a Business," and coauthor with W. C. Hanighen of "Merchants of Death."

Myra Chase is the author of "Moscow Yankee."

Negley Farson has been for many years the London correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*.

Allan Chase is an officer of the Writer's Union.

Herman Wolf is associated with the International Ladies' Garment Makers' Union.

Ray L. Kringer is state editor of the Decatur *Herald-Review*.

William Troy is a member of the English Department of Bennington College.

Hugh H. Darby is a member of the Department of Biological Chemistry of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University.

Carl Van Doren has recently edited "An Anthology of World Prose."

Will Herberg is director of the educational department of the Dressmakers' Union.

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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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THE REPORT that Laval is considering an agreement giving Hitler a free hand in the East in return for a definite pledge safeguarding France's eastern frontier may be wholly without foundation, but its persistence illustrates the fundamental instability of present-day European alignments. For it need scarcely be pointed out that a Franco-German rapprochement would change the entire map of Europe. It would mean that France, and presumably England and Italy, would back Hitler in his avowed program of expansion at the expense of Memel and the Soviet Ukraine, on the understanding that Hitler would renounce his ambitions in Austria and Alsace-Lorraine. That Italy would fall in with such a scheme goes without saying, and there is an influential group among the British Tories that would like nothing better than a plan that promised a united front against the Soviet Union. Fortunately, such an agreement would encounter tremendous opposition not only from the French left parties but also, paradoxically enough, from those of the extreme right. The latter argue that the result of such a shift in French foreign policy would be the loss of French influence in Central Europe, which would mean that France would become a second-rate power. They also point out that a strong, militant Germany, successful in its struggles in the East, would constitute a far greater danger to French security than the present economically weakened Reich surrounded by an iron ring of hostile states. Under the present circumstances Laval will hardly dare repudiate the Franco-Soviet alliance. But if England should take the leadership in seeking a four-power agreement, France might be put in a position where it had no alternative. The fact that such overnight reversals are possible indicates the chaos into which Europe is drifting.

SANCTIONS are to be met by sanctions, Italy refusing to accept normal imports from nations which take part in the punitive policy of Geneva. This is Mussolini's retort to the League, to which he adds, in his note to all member states, the implied threat that Italy will leave the League. The note has been informally communicated to the State Department, presumably to head off any American move to restrict trade with Italy. Mussolini's decision to retaliate against economic penalties is natural, and no doubt the curtailment of imports into Italy will injure business interests in other states, and so make the Geneva experiment somewhat more unpopular. But the sales to Italy are only a fraction of the trade of other countries, while Italy may lose all its foreign trade, imports as well as exports, and will be forgoing purchases which cannot be replaced. This will save the country money, but only at a sacrifice in the standard of life. The Italian note makes the incontrovertible statement that a nation of 44,000,000 persons cannot be shut off from world trade without affecting the welfare of workers everywhere. He might have added that economic sanctions are economic warfare, which like all warfare costs heavily. The argument for them is not that they are cheap but that they are infinitely cheaper than the military warfare by which fascism lays so much store. The reception of the note in Paris was distinctly unfavorable, which will have surprised Rome, since it wrote it partly for its effect on French public opinion. Knowing that France is lukewarm in its support of sanctions and that the Cabinet is divided, Mussolini expected to improve his case with a display of bad temper. Instead, he has made it much more difficult for Laval to function as peacemaker.

WE WERE DISAPPOINTED in the President's Armistice Day address, which reflected the contradictions and incompleteness of the Administration's policy toward Europe. "While, therefore," he said, "we cannot and must not hide our concern for grave world dangers, and while, at the same time, we cannot build walls around ourselves and hide our heads in the sand, we must go forward with all our strength to stress and to strive for international peace." Here the context calls for concrete proposals on how to "stress and strive for" peace. It is at this juncture that the President proceeds: "In this effort America must and will protect herself . . ."; and he goes on to promise an armament race against the armaments "of others." Even though this threat is accompanied by a promise to reduce armaments if others do so, it is hardly to be disguised as a contribution to peace. It is the ordinary sophistication of the *Realpolitiker* to justify a great war machine as "self-defense," and the President did not do himself justice in this address, or we have overestimated his real concern for peace. He may have been himself unhappy not to say more, neutrality toward Europe being now so overwhelmingly in favor. For this reason he may have yielded to the temptation to announce from the grave of the Unknown Soldier the coming trade agreement with Canada. It had nothing to do with Armistice Day, except that it sounded peaceful to have agreed with somebody about something.

THE CANADIAN-AMERICAN reciprocity agreement is a signal triumph for the new Liberal Prime Minister, Mackenzie King, who assumed office on October 22. For nearly three years Mr. Bennett had been working for such a pact, but he had been limited by his own commitments at Ottawa as well as by the unwillingness of the United States to make any substantial concessions on wheat, lumber, copper, cattle, dairy products, or potatoes—Canada's leading exports. It is natural that the need of a reciprocity pact should have been felt more clearly in Canada than in this country. In normal times the United States absorbed approximately two-fifths of Canada's exports and furnished two-thirds of its imports. During the depression this trade had declined even more than world trade in general, reaching a low in 1933 of only 27 per cent of the 1930 volume. While Canadian-American reciprocity has never been an outstanding political issue in this country, the agreement has been awaited as the first real test of the efficacy of the Administration's tariff policy. All the other pacts have been with countries whose trade with the United States was at best of minor importance. Canada, on the other hand, is by far our largest customer, having taken $868,000,000 worth of American goods in 1929. Although negotiations have been going on intermittently for nearly three years, the pact has presented great difficulties owing to the fact that many Canadian exports tend to compete directly with American products. Whether the two governments have been able to rise above surface difficulties and provide a genuine reduction of trade barriers on both sides can only be determined when the full details of the agreement are published. If we were to judge solely by the handful of pacts already signed, we should be inclined to be skeptical. But if the agreement embodies substantial reductions on a large number of important articles, it may well become one of the outstanding achievements of the Roosevelt Administration.

BOTH AT SHANGHAI and in North China, Japan has answered the recrudescence of anti-Japanese feeling with threats of military action. The invasion of the demilitarized zone at Shanghai, supposedly as a reprisal for the murder of a Japanese marine, can only be interpreted as an attempt to intimidate Nanking on the eve of the opening of the Fifth Kuomintang Congress. Behind this action lay a considerable amount of unconcealed irritation over China's sudden abandonment of silver as a monetary standard. Japan's pique in this connection has not been due so much to actual injury as to resentment that Nanking should take an important step without the advice of its natural "protectors." Rumors that China was about to obtain a substantial loan from Great Britain, though probably false, have not eased matters appreciably. In the north the island empire has had its way without apparent opposition. The Chinese officials who had nominally been ruling this section under Japanese tutelage have been dismissed, and new ones—even more subservient to Japan—have been named to supersede them. The latest report is that a number of Japanese are to be appointed as "advisers" in different portions of North China. With the opposition daily growing in strength and the Communists winning new victories over Chiang Kai-shek's troops in the northwest, the outlook for Nanking during the next few months is far from encouraging.

WHILE WAR seems steadily more imminent, the observance by American college students of Armistice Day took the form of a universal peace demonstration. In New York City something like 25,000 students attended meetings, and a goodly portion of them—the figures are not yet complete—took the Oxford pledge of non-participation in any future war. One of the most interesting meetings was held on Boston Common, where 2,000 students from nearby colleges assembled, 600 of them being in R. O. T. C. uniforms. The meetings were for the most part held without protest from the college authorities. President Robinson of City College, of course, distinguished himself along the usual lines by refusing to permit the Oxford pledge to be read to the students; at Howard University in Washington the Hearst papers reported to the police that a band of Communists was coming into the campus to commit violence. Accordingly the campus gates were locked and a peace meeting of some 250 students was postponed for several hours while the police were persuaded that no bombings were in prospect. But on the whole the meetings were earnest, well-attended, and respectfully treated. When war is far away, peace can be laughed at; when it is just next door, the patriots can urge the suppression of peace discussions as treasonable. There is a moment in between, and we are experiencing it now, when the honest peace advocates are joined and even applauded by more conservative forces. We can only hope that another Armistice Day will see war no nearer, will find peace just as heartily championed.

THE STRIKE at the plant of Consumers' Research has now been going on for nearly two months. Nine former employees, among them Dewey H. Palmer, former director and treasurer of the organization, are serving or have served time in the Warren County jail, the charges being contempt of court for violation of the injunction obtained by the directors against the strikers, unlawful assembly, malicious mischief, and inciting to riot. A hearing on the contempt-of-court charge is at present under way in Trenton; the defendants are eighteen other strikers or sympathizers. The plant itself is being operated by workers who did not join the strike, with the assistance of a number of strike-breakers imported from outside. The director, Mr. Schlink, remains obdurate to any suggestion for arbitration or negotiation with the union. An investigation carried on by the League of Women Shoppers determined the fact that the management has resisted every effort at negotiation proposed either by the strikers or by outside agencies, among the latter being Dorothy Kenyon of the Consumers' League, the League for Industrial Democracy, and Oscar Cox, counsel for Consumers' Research. A further investigation of the controversy has been carried on by an impartial investigating committee of which Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union, George S. Counts, and Reinhold Niebuhr are members. A report of the committee's findings will be issued shortly, and when it appears a comprehensive discussion of the case will be presented in these pages.

PHILADELPHIA'S NEXT MAYOR will be a Republican, instead of the first Democrat in fifty years. Inevitably, as in all elections these days, the policies of the Roosevelt Administration were the touchstone in the Quaker City's bitter municipal contest. Since the Republicans won, the result automatically became a repudiation of the New Deal. If the Democrats had won, there would have been great rejoicing at Hyde Park and Washington. Yet the plain truth is that the Philadelphia election was simply a set-to between two political machines, and the more formidable one was victorious. No national issues were involved, nor even any well-defined local issues. It was purely a matter of getting out the vote, a day when the ward-heeler came into his own; and the fact that on the eve of the election the Republican candidate was cited by a grand jury for the diversion of public funds to political uses, and was nevertheless elected by 50,000 votes, is ample proof that Vare when on earth wrought well. But the election has local significance, if nothing else. In the first place, the victorious candidate, City Controller S. Davis Wilson, is a Republican only for convenience, and was a bitter pill for the Vare crowd to swallow. He is an independent of the Pinchot school, and was indeed once the former governer's right-hand man. For years he waged a single-handed fight against traction and utility interests. The machine put him into office, but he is a man who may well disown the machine now that it has served his purpose.

THE NEW YORK *HERALD TRIBUNE* (Rep.) on November 8 quoted from the alleged case records of investigators in search of likely candidates for Mr. Tugwell's Rural Resettlement projects. Excerpts from the reports make strange reading. For example:

> S. G.'s family come highly recommended, but I just don't believe that they are the type of people that we want in the homestead group. They are of good character and have apparently made some effort to get somewhere, but have just been hard hit as well as all small farmers.
>
> Mrs. F. has dark auburn hair, brown eyes, and milk-white skin. In spite of such coveted features she is not a very attractive-looking woman, due to a peculiar expression about the eyes (the left one is crossed) and a small growth high on the right cheek and on nose.

Other families were objected to because the presence of a "confession magazine" in the home indicated the wrong sort of "ideals," because they belonged to a religious sect which worked on Sunday, which might "be upsetting to the community," or because they were of foreign descent and hence "might not be accepted socially." One of two things might be deduced from these quotations: first, that Mr. Tugwell is really running a sort of extension of the Social Register, which in a way would be helpful because we have in our acquaintance a number of moderately broken-down members of the best families whose table manners are all right and who therefore would make lovely tenants for model homes at government expense; and, second, that the whole thing is a plot on the part of the *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) and there is not a word of truth in it. At the risk of being sued for libel by an esteemed contemporary, we prefer to believe the latter. It really didn't happen, Mr. Tugwell, did it?

THE NEW DEAL has evidently not changed the traditional anti-union policy of the Post Office Department. From the inauguration of the government's economy program until August 16 of last year no new appointments were made to the regular service staff. On that date a number of substitutes who had been active in the affairs of the militant National Association of Substitute Post Office Employees were appointed to regular clerical posts. These workers promptly joined the unions of permanent employees, bringing into them new stimulation and life. The postal administration, as soon as it realized what was happening, brought the usual type of charges against three active employees and cited them for removal or discipline. The offenses charged—in all cases, loitering from five to seven minutes—are so trivial as to make the frame-up obvious. Hearst's New York *American* has been running a series of articles on "red" activity in the Post Office. The article of November 5 declared: "Postal officials have decided against any move which would permit the red leaders to set themselves up as martyrs. Gradually they are being dropped from the service, but no mass dismissals are planned." These three employees seem to be the first evidences of the department's policy of gradualism. Under present civil-service rules the department's power to discharge is final. A bill establishing a board of review in dismissals of federal employees failed to pass in the last Congress. It ought not to fail again.

MILLIONS OF WORDS were unloosed in the regular run of Armistice Day addresses, but credit for the most interesting speech must be reserved, we think, for Michael J. Kane, chairman of the Constitutional Defense Committee of the Pennsylvania Department of the American Legion. By trade Mr. Kane is a justice of the peace at Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, which is the feudal domain of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company; by nature he is a 100 per cent patriot. His speech was delivered in Philadelphia to a group of cheering legionnaires. "We're going to march on Armistice Day," he said, "and our firing squads [in Aliquippa] are carrying ball cartridges in their rifles, not blanks. If they need to they can shoot a few Communists in the eye. You should do the same thing here. We know you have a tough time in a big city. Up where I come from, if the Communists started a parade, we'd have the roof tops filled with legionnaires armed with paving bricks. Give those fellows a battle if they try anything on Armistice Day. If they try to break up the parade, we're going to show them whose country this is and what the flag stands for. We're not afraid of skunks, and they're skunks." The Communists, Mr. Kane made clear, included the American Civil Liberties Union, the League Against War and Fascism, the National Student League, and several pacifist organizations. Since none of these groups have shown any interest in Armistice Day or Armistice Day parades, except to ignore them, Mr. Kane's case of red spots before the eyes could be ignored as well if he had not been lustily applauded by the meeting, which represented 90 per cent of the Legion posts in Philadelphia and the four adjacent counties.

Helping Mussolini Win His War

THE recent action by the League of Nations Sanctions Committee adding oil, coal, iron, pig iron, and steel to the list of war materials which should be barred from Italy makes it little short of criminal for the United States to delay further in taking steps to restrict the export of these commodities. In the embargo which goes into effect on November 18, forty-nine members of the League have pledged themselves not to supply Italy with rubber, bauxite, aluminum, nickel, manganese, tin, and other articles which can be controlled by the League states. Unfortunately, however, these products are not indispensable to Italy for war purposes, as are petroleum, gasoline, coal, and steel, which can be obtained from non-League powers. Of these the most vital for Mussolini's campaign are petroleum products. Even Rome itself admits that it would be seriously hampered if all petroleum imports were stopped. Prior to the opening of the war Italy purchased a large part of its oil from the Soviet Union, with which it carried on a flourishing trade. Smaller amounts were obtained from the United States, Great Britain, Rumania, and Colombia. Since all these countries except the United States are supporting sanctions, we are in the unenviable position of being responsible for supplying Mussolini's aeroplanes and tanks with fuel for their bombardment of Ethiopian villages. As our first contribution to this carnage, shipments of American oil to Italy increased in volume by 600 per cent in August and September, 1935, as compared with the corresponding months a year ago. A considerable increase in cotton exports is also reported, and scrap-iron and steel shipments during the first nine months of 1935 exceeded those for the whole of last year.

If instead of actively aiding Italy the United States had adopted an aggressive anti-war policy, the success of the League's sanctions program would be assured. Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Japan are the only important countries in addition to the United States which have not adopted the full economic penalties against Italy. Both Germany and Japan have followed our example in imposing an arms embargo on shipments to both belligerents. Austria and Hungary are forbidden to export arms under the peace treaties. The significant fact, however, is that none of these countries, except the United States, is in a position to furnish a substantial amount of the raw materials which Italy must have to wage its war. Japan is as short of coal, oil, iron ore, cotton, and non-ferrous metals as Italy itself. Germany can furnish some coal and steel, but is restricted in the amount which it can export by the exigencies of its own armament program. In fact, the Reich has definitely declared that it will take steps to prevent the export of "raw materials and foodstuffs which could endanger Germany's own domestic economic interests," and has intimated that it will drastically restrict war profiteering. If the United States and the League would each adopt plans for rationing exports to the handful of non-sanctions countries, there would be little danger of leakage through the transshipment of embargoed supplies.

Although an important difference of opinion exists between those who believe that the United States can keep out of war by strengthening its neutrality legislation and those who believe that we should actively cooperate with the League countries in the enforcement of penalties against violators of the Kellogg pact, no one except potential war profiteers can favor trade with Italy under the present circumstances. Neutrality is a mere sham as long as we furnish the necessary materials for Italy's war machine while the rest of the civilized world is endeavoring to prevent Italy from enjoying the fruits of its aggression. Not only is the United States on the sidelines when the nations of the world are engaged in a crucial struggle to establish law in place of the anarchy of force, but it is actively engaged in aiding the outlaw state.

The incongruous position in which the United States finds itself was clearly emphasized in Secretary Hull's radio address of November 6, which called for a revision of our neutrality policy. Mr. Hull conveyed a much-needed warning to the apparently impotent peace forces of this country when he declared that "we cannot assume that when provision has been made to stop the shipments of arms . . . we may complacently sit back with the feeling that we are secure from all danger." As a matter of fact, there is a very considerable danger that we may be drawn into the war. Should the United States continue to develop its trade in raw materials with Italy in defiance of the League's action, the League powers would either have to admit defeat or resort to a naval blockade of Italian ports. In case of a blockade, the United States would either have to defend its neutral "rights" at the risk of war or suddenly terminate a budding export trade, with disastrous effect on important sectors of our economic life, particularly the cotton region of the South and the oil districts of the West. Pressure politics being what it is, the chances are overwhelming that the first alternative would be adopted.

If Secretary Hull's plea for legislation giving the President discretion in determining the time and scope of any embargo to be imposed is favorably acted on by Congress, we shall be in a much stronger position to meet future emergencies. But obviously we should not wait until the regular session of Congress in January before taking action to meet the present crisis. As was shown by experience in the World War, it is vastly easier to stop the growth of trade at its inception than it is to cut off that trade after it has been allowed to flourish for a considerable period. If public pressure were great enough to demand immediate action, it is probable that the Administration would discover that the "implements of war" clause in the recently adopted neutrality act constituted a sufficient basis for at least a temporary ban on the export of raw materials for war purposes. While this action might prove dangerous in case Italy declared war on the League states, it has the strategic advantage of being already on the statute books. But if the Administration is unwilling to act without a specific mandate from Congress, it should summon that body immediately. Each month that Italy is able to continue its illegal war adds to the danger of its spreading into a world conflict.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

"This Business of Relief"

EVERYTHING is going up. Stock-market quotations are at new highs. The business index is rapidly approaching "normal." The index of food prices has risen 14 per cent since the first of the year. The WPA has reached its goal in New York City.

Only the unemployment index in New York has remained stationary. Today, as two years ago, there are still a million unemployed in the city. But real wages, including relief income, have gone down. While the New York *Times* business index has risen from approximately 88 in August to nearly 93 on November 10, the number of families on the relief rolls (including work relief, now handled by WPA) rose from the peak of 338,000 to a new high of 363,000 during the same period. And the number continues to rise. Five weeks ago 1,600 new families were added to the home-relief rolls. During the past week 6,900 were added.

When the WPA was launched as the solution of the unemployment problem, the President announced that "the federal government must and will quit this business of relief." The new program was to give a job to every able-bodied man whom the new prosperity did not place in private industry. WPA in New York City has put 223,000 persons to work. This still leaves 750,000 unemployed who can hope for no help from WPA, since it has already reached its quota. Private industry cannot be depended upon to absorb any appreciable number of these, since business is now operating at nearly "normal" capacity without having made any great inroad on unemployment totals. In the face of these facts Victor Ridder, the Works Progress Administrator, promises a steady "deflation" of the WPA program. This will inevitably throw the released WPA workers back on the local home-relief rolls, repeating the cycle of home relief to local made work, to home relief, to federal CWA, back to home or work relief, back again to federal WPA, then on to home relief. And so round and round.

It was the purpose of WPA to absorb all employable persons on the home-relief rolls. But even with the WPA quota reached, there are still some 140,000 families left on home relief, of whom more than half have one or more employable members. And these numbers on home relief are rapidly increasing. The increase comes from three sources: first, families who have reached the end of their savings; second, workers with seasonable jobs who formerly earned enough to carry them through the slack season, but who now because of low wages and depleted resources must apply for relief at each layoff; third, workers discharged by WPA as projects are completed.

Last spring the Mayor's Committee on Unemployment Relief reported that relief standards in the city were 40 per cent below those of private welfare agencies; that the relief budget included no allowance for household expenses to replace pots, dishes, bedding, and other home necessities; that it included no allowance for carfare to enable members of families to travel for medical attention or to look for work; that it made no adequate allowance for clothing; that it allowed so little for rent that families frequently had to use part of their food money of about eight cents a meal per person to make up their rent deficit.

These indecent standards are now threatened with further reduction by the growth of the relief rolls and the threatened withdrawal of the federal government from "this business of relief." The Controller of the city insists on keeping standards down on the ground that the city must keep its relief appropriation within its sales-tax income, estimated at $50,000,000 for the year. Improved business, however, has now increased sales-tax receipts to an estimated $66,000,000. The Controller refuses to use the additional millions, though earmarked for relief, to improve relief standards. Instead, he proposes to use them to pay off the bankers for their 1934 relief loan. Then, says the Controller, the city's relief budget will be "balanced." So the recipients of relief will have to be content with the knowledge that the budget is balanced and that they must keep on wearing the dresses, shoes, and coats they have already bought with their clothing allowance of twenty-seven cents a month each.

The Supreme Court and the Poor Investor

DR. FERD LAUTENBACH, the Baltimore dentist, never met his distinguished counsel, John W. Davis, until hearings opened before Federal Judge Coleman on the constitutionality of the Public Utility Holding Company Act. Mr. Davis has won his case but Dr. Lautenbach has little cause for rejoicing. One conservative financial commentator called the decision "a knockout to the champions of weird economics." There could be no economics more weird than those of the holding companies to which Dr. Lautenbach and thousands like him intrusted their savings. Mr. Davis and the American Liberty League and the Edison Institute are fighting, of course, to protect the rights of property and to shield the poor investor. But one need only glance at the record of the American States Public Service Company, in which Dr. Lautenbach invested his money, to see that the investor will be the loser if the holding company act is voided.

The American States Public Service Company was organized in 1928 under the corporation laws of the state of Delaware. It held stock in holding companies which in turn held stock in holding companies which in turn held stock in holding and operating companies all over the country. In pyramiding it followed the methods of Dean Swift's flea, with bonds issued on common issued on bonds issued on common *ad infinitum*. Ultimate collapse might have been foreseen, and it went into receivership in 1934. Dr. Lautenbach invested $2,500 in the ten-year, six per cent gold debentures, and if the Coleman decision stands and American States Public Service is permitted to reorganize as a holding company, he will get thirty shares of Class B common stock for his $2,500. At present Dr. Lautenbach's holdings are worth about $325. It is hard to say how much they will be worth after the reorganization. The present Class A stock sells between 1/8 and 1/16—when you can find a customer for it. The present Class B is worth even less. If American States had the assets it claims it has—$19,000,000—Dr. Lautenbach would be far better off if the company were liquidated, because the present funded debt is only a little more than $11,000,000. But until now there has been no "meddlesome" government agency to keep an eye on the balance sheets, and the $19,000,000 is probably more than half imaginary. Accountants for the reorganization committee, in fact, place the reproduction cost less depreciation at less than $8,000,000.

The government's effort to protect the nation's Dr. Lautenbachs is now found to violate "due process." Mr. Davis even cited the constitutional bar against "cruel and unusual punishments" in attacking the act; and Judge Coleman finds that in its enactment Congress exceeded its powers over interstate commerce and its authority over the mails, that it was "grossly arbitrary, unreasonable, and capricious" and "flagrantly violated the requirements of due process of law under the Fifth Amendment." If the states ever try to protect the Dr. Lautenbachs, the courts will probably find that they "flagrantly violated the requirements of due process of law" under the Fourteenth Amendment. It is interesting to note that the corporation lawyers who assailed the holding-company act as unfair and unconstitutional were themselves unfair, if not unconstitutional, in their methods of attack. The case was arranged under circumstances that made it impossible for the federal government effectively to defend the act or to appeal the decision. And under the guise of petitioning the court for advice the trustees were really asking for an opinion on constitutionality before any case or controversy had actually come before the court. This, in case the American Liberty League has overlooked it, is contrary to the intentions of the Founders, the Constitution they wrote, the doctrine of separation of powers on which they based the Constitution, and the precedents drawn from it by the federal courts.

A Long Road

IN a few more weeks "Tobacco Road" will be able to claim a longer run on the New York stage than has ever been enjoyed by any other play except "Abie's Irish Rose" and "Lightnin'"—neither of which it greatly resembles. Like Miss Anne Nichols's masterpiece, the drama received a less than dubious reception from most of the critics—though *The Nation* was enthusiastic—and no one guessed that it would achieve any outstanding success. Indeed, it was very near to closing during its early weeks, but attendance gradually grew and it has now become possible for the press department to compile horrifying statistics. The actor who plays "Dude" is said, for example, to have consumed more than fifteen hundred raw turnips at the rate of two a performance, and several Ford fenders have been worn out in the scene which requires that one be dragged on the stage as part of a rapidly disintegrating car.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to compile statistics to show whether or not New Yorkers are any the worse for their long association with Jeeter Lester and his tribe, but the play seems destined to a career outside the metropolis almost as stormy as that of "Waiting for Lefty," since two mayors have already declared in no uncertain terms that there will be no "horsing around" on the stages of their fair cities. In Detroit a circuit judge has just refused to prevent the police from closing the play after a four weeks' run; in Chicago injunctions, restraints, orders to show cause, and the like have been flying back and forth for some time in a yet undecided battle.

The case has a certain peculiar interest because of the fact that it is difficult to see how objections to the play can be rationalized in either of the two most usual ways. Though Erskine Caldwell, from whose novel it was dramatized, has since thrown in his lot with the radicals, the passing reference in the play to absentee landlordism can hardly be called sufficiently subversive to endanger the state. On the other hand, it certainly cannot be charged that vice is rendered attractive. Surely no one who observes the goings-on between the turnip-eating youth and the harelipped imbecile is likely to be impelled to go and do likewise. If the mayors object, their objections must be based upon a purely mystical recognition of the force of the taboo. Certain things must not be said or done simply because they must not be said or done, or because—as the immortal Jeremy Collier replied to those who defended swearing on the stage when it was in character—"the sin sticks to the syllables."

Summoned into consultation and asked for an opinion, *The Nation's* dramatic critic declared, perhaps a bit paradoxically, that the play is not only highly moral but beautiful and heartening. "The real point of this drama," he said, "lies in the fact that its chief characters, despite the wretchedness of their lives, are admirably salty fellows in whom the lust of life—in the more general as well as the more specific meaning of the words—has never died. They represent the indomitable persistence of two of the best of human characteristics—wit and desire—through lives which seem calculated to extinguish both. Fortitude—gay loving and gay mocking in the face of bludgeoning fate—is one of the most exhilarating as well as one of the most beautiful things in the world, and the inhabitants of Tobacco Road have fortitude."

Circuit Judge Guy A. Miller characterized the play as "devoid of merit, stupid, profane, obscene, and degrading." He added, "It is difficult to imagine any play so completely devoid of literary or artistic merit." To *The Nation's* critic, however, these were mere weasel words by comparison with those used on another occasion by a very famous American dramatic critic, who wrote as follows about a certain dramatist:

> ————'s sociological plays neither impart nor enforce helpful significance as to the social themes they present: they suggest no improvement. Their author was not only dreary and dejected himself; he was the cause that dreariness and dejection are in the minds of all clear-brained thinkers who study his writings. . . . A reformer who asks you to crawl with him in a sewer, merely to see and breathe its feculence, is a pest. . . . The movement of the world is onward and upward, but that movement has never been helped, and it never will be helped, by any such gospel of disordered mentality, distrust, despondency, bitterness, and gloom as that which proceeded from the diseased mind of ————. And if the reader is half as sick of the whole subject of his plays as I am, he must be indeed rejoiced to come to the end of this chapter!

The critic was William Winter; the dramatist under discussion was Hendrick Ibsen. No wonder that when this famous critic finally ceased his labors, a commentator quoted Shakespeare: "Fear no more the heat of the *Sun*, nor furious Winter's rages."

Issues and Men

Honor to William J. Bryan

MY conscience is troubling me a good deal these days in regard to William Jennings Bryan. Not that I was one of those who vehemently denounced his resignation from the Cabinet of Woodrow Wilson or his earnest efforts to keep Americans from traveling in the war zone. My criticisms were based upon other things. They trouble me now because as I look back on those war years I can see how eternally right he was in his main contentions, and I am sorry that I helped to create feeling against him by attacking him on other lines. So I feel like getting up a great mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall in New York to do honor to his memory. There should be no difficulty in getting distinguished speakers because the correctness of his attitude and policy has now been so clearly demonstrated that Congress has voted his neutrality policy and the President has put it into effect.

It is easy to recall the names that were applied to Mr. Bryan's action when he demanded that Americans should give up their right to travel in the submarine-infested war zone. It was craven cowardice; it was supine submission to the devilish Hun, and gave consent to the German campaign of atrocities against shipping. But today the President by proclamation, acting under the orders of Congress, has notified American citizens that they must not travel at sea on belligerent ships in the expectation that the American flag will protect them if they do so. They go at their own risk. How is that for a wholesale justification of Mr. Bryan? Even more striking is ex-Secretary Stimson's coming out in favor of the extension of the embargo on munitions and implements of war to cover all those essential articles and raw materials which are included in the ban of the League of Nations, in order that Italy should not buy here what it cannot get elsewhere—oil sales to Italy increased in volume roughly 600 per cent in August and September last, and large amounts of cotton and other materials for Italy are steadily being shipped from the port of New Orleans. I think that I should ask ex-Secretary Stimson to be chairman of my Carnegie Hall meeting.

Then I should have a sinners' seat on the platform which I should grace with a number of prominent newspaper editors. There would be a special bench for the editors of the New York *Times*, and as they filed in I should hand them typewritten copies of this passage from Secretary Bryan's resignation: "But even if the government could not legally prevent citizens from traveling on belligerent ships, it could, and in my judgment should, earnestly advise American citizens not to risk themselves or the peace of their country, and I have no doubt that these warnings would be heeded. President Taft advised Americans to leave Mexico when insurrection broke out there. . . . I think the same course should be followed in warning Americans to keep off vessels subject to attack." To this I should append this extract from a *Times* editorial on Bryan's resignation:

> It was inevitable that the people of his own country would condemn him for insisting upon a policy of abandoning their rights, a policy of supine acquiescence in wrong, in deeds of outrage and murder, in crimes that have sent some of them to their deaths and threatened the peace and security of all of them.

Then there would be special seats for the editors of the now extinct New York *Globe*, who wrote that "instead of promoting a peaceful settlement Mr. Bryan practically throws his influence in the other balance." The Seattle *Post Intelligencer* should also have delegates present to be reminded of their description of Mr. Bryan as "a pacifist temporarily bereft of reason and lost to sense of patriotic duty; a misplaced figurehead." The editors of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* would sit nearby recalling their words: "Mr. Bryan's views, turned into a national policy, would mean national suicide." And there would also be a seat reserved for my predecessor as editor of *The Nation*, who had this to say about the Secretary's resignation:

> All that we wish to point out now is that Bryan's statement bears on its face such proofs of mental confusion, such an inability to follow a course of reasoning, and such gross inconsistency with what Mr. Bryan has himself said and written as to show that the State Department was no place for him. It is not needful to dwell on the inherent absurdity of Mr. Bryan's position.

But Mr. Bryan is not the only one whom I would commemorate in Carnegie Hall. Two recent happenings have attracted my attention. The Oregon State Federation of Labor at its recent meeting passed a resolution going on record "in tribute to the high courage and character of the late beloved Harry K. Lane, and [urging] that all organizations and newspapers which eighteen years ago impugned the motives and integrity of Senators Lane, Robert M. La Follette, Sr., George W. Norris, and other Senators who voted against our government's entrance into the war take steps to note on their records the events which have justified the Senators' stand." The resolution added that "the passage of time, the rise of dictators in Europe, the duplicity and machinations of munitions makers, the crumbling of world peace once more, all have served to vindicate the heroic stand of Senator Lane." Senator Lane, alas, cannot be with us; he died of a broken heart in the middle of the storm of unjust and scurrilous abuse that raged around him. The other event is the unveiling of a memorial to Senator William J. Stone on October 11, with a dedicatory speech by the worthy son of Champ Clark, Senator Bennett Champ Clark. Senator Stone, too, was one of the "wilful men" who dared to be true to his conscience, his oath of office, and his country. I would call the roll of honor of these "wilful men," wilful in their unsurpassed courage, their wisdom, their true patriotism.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Why They "Drilled" Dutch Schultz

By EMANUEL H. LAVINE

WAY back last March police found the murdered body of Sam Druckman in a Brooklyn garage. Druckman was a bookie who had gone to the loan sharks or "Shylocks" for a series of loans aggregating $10,000 when the horses and bets went against him for a spell and he had no ready "sugar" to pay the boys. He didn't want a reputation as a welcher of bets. The sidewalk bankers let him have the money with the understanding it would cost him a $1,000 bonus and interest for one month. When, in March, Druckman was unable to fork over his obligation to the loan sharks, they said, "Get it up—or else."

But the horses and bets had gone steadily against Druckman and he found he could only beg, borrow, or steal $3,000 when the pay-off time came around.

"Get it up—or else," he was again warned.

The "or else" was accomplished, but not with the customary neatness and dispatch, for some passer-by heard his screams in the garage where he was being given the works—including burning the soles of his feet with lighted candles—and the police cars came screeching. The result was that the boys who had just finished torturing him to death were unable to take his body for a "ride" and were caught red-handed. Whereupon the loan-shark big shots had to go into action in a hurry.

These loan-shark racketeers, operating chiefly in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn—one of whom was present at the murder but was permitted to escape—phoned the financial backer.

"We got to have one hundred grand on the line right away to square a 'burning rap,' " he whispered to the backer, a supposedly reputable business man with a string of enterprises—legitimate—in Brooklyn. This business man, finding himself with about a million dollars in cash, had decided that the loan-shark business would double his money in a short while. He was right, for he received regular weekly payments with high interest rates on all loans, which he promptly reinvested through the gangster-bankers. When he was asked to cough up $100,000 to square the murder rap, he demurred. He paid it, but it gave him food for thought.

The case was squared with the $100,000, and that is why the recent activity against the money-lending racketeers didn't flare up last spring. It was hushed neatly—with wads of greenbacks. A detective with a reputation for taking plenty of small gratuities confessed later to his superiors that $100,000 was offered for a ten-way split. That much money constituted a bribe. The Druckman slaying eventually developed into a *cause célèbre* in the Geoghan-McGoldrick mudslinging campaign for the district attorneyship in Brooklyn. But this political row was subsidiary flub-dub. In the Druckman murder lies the real answer to the question, "Why did they drill the Dutchman?"

When the big business man, backer of the loan sharks, was forced to part with $100,000 hush money to be spread where it would do the most good, he suddenly realized he had let himself in for some big drains on his exchequer by hooking up with the so-called "Shylock" murdering racketeers. So he tried to free himself from the clutches of the bungling gentry who had adopted him as their banker. Chief among his clients was Joe Amberg, of the Brownsville Amberg clan. The clan had consisted of Hyman Amberg—Hymie the Rat—who tried to break out of the Tombs years ago and shot his brains out when cornered in the prison yard; Oscar, another brother, who was supposed to have smuggled the gun to Hymie and who is still hiding out somewhere; and Joe and Louis. As brothers will, Joe and Louis had their scraps sometimes but nevertheless remained brothers in blood and brothers in crime.

Louis—known as "Pretty Louis" because of his intensely ugly features—controlled the newly founded big-scale money-lending racket. He was doing nicely, thank you, by lending money at lush rates of interest, ranging from 160 to 1,040 per cent. The smaller the loan the higher the rate.

Joe Amberg controlled the white-apron and white-coat retail laundry racket in Brooklyn, exacting his tithe from wearers of the white starched habiliments, who include doctors, dentists, bartenders, butchers, cafeteria workers, and so on down the line. When you use a blackjack and brass knuckles to impress on the debtor the urgency of paying up or taking the consequences, it is easy to collect the principal with plenty of interest when payments lag.

This principle applied to the laundry and other rackets. And it was what impressed Dutch Schultz when he started looking around for a soft spot in which to ensconce himself in New York City. It looked like even easier money than the policy-game racket and didn't involve nearly as much grief as beer running. In fact it sounded damn near respectable—like being a banker. And the Dutchman rather relished being something like a banker. He talked the thing over with "Bo" Weinberg, his right-hand helper in arranging financial details. "Bo" thought it sounded good, too, and started a few inquiries.

Those inquiries led right back to the big business man in Brooklyn, who was looking for an out in his entanglement with the Amberg and other loan-shark racketeers. The $100,000 he had paid still rankled. "Bo" heard of the unrest in the business man's bosom and telephoned him for a conference and a new proposition.

"Look here," he told the gentleman, "I can make you a much better proposition than the Ambergs or any of them. Dutch Schultz will play ball with you and you won't have any more headaches. And we'll give you a more generous cut-in for the use of your money. We're going to operate big in New York and Brooklyn so that Louis Amberg will look like the punk he is."

"O. K.," the business man said, and handed Weinberg $10,000 to seal the bargain. "I'll tell Louis I am pulling out from his mob in Brooklyn."

To "Bo" the money was as good as a duly executed court agreement, and he went back to the Dutchman and told him everything would be set in a little while. Schultz no longer bothered to keep his plans secret, and Louis Amberg learned that his money man was being stolen from under his nose. He tried to force the business man to stick with him. The "banker" immediately got in touch with Weinberg. "Bo" bolstered his failing courage by shouting, "The Dutchman will handle this situation in the same expert manner that he handles all complicated situations. Just you sit tight and don't worry."

The invasion became an established fact when Schultz, feeling that the sooner he broke into the money-lending business the sooner the tremendous profits would pour in, sent Frank Dolak and Benjamin Holinsky, who for three years had acted as his bodyguard, into the Pitkin Avenue sector to start a rival "Shylock" office.

Joe Amberg told the "bankers": "You better go back and tell Dutch to keep his goddam nose out of here and stay on his side of the bridge. We don't want him chiseling in here."

The Schultz henchmen went back to their boss and reported the conversation. Schultz straightened his tie. He felt just a slight tremor somewhere within him, for Weinberg, good old "Bo," had been mysteriously missing for several days and Schultz had been unable to get a line on him even through the never-failing "grapevine route." Could it be possible the Ambergs had done away with "Bo"—maybe sealed him up in a barrel of wet cement, waited for it to dry (the quick-hardening variety), and dumped him in the river? Could it be? Well, he wouldn't back down for a bunch of punks. He'd muscle in and make his tactics stick. But "Bo" was definitely not around. Maybe they had got him because he approached the business-man backer?

"You go on back to Pitkin Avenue and open the joint with music and flags," Schultz ordered.

"Bo" had disappeared on September 9, and on September 17 the bodies of Dolak and Holinsky were found riddled with bullets in the Dutchman's stronghold—the Bronx.

The Ambergs were thereby credited with having two notches in the guns they had trained on Schultz. The Dutchman however wasn't taking it. He still didn't know where "Bo" was, but he did know that the men he had sent into Pitkin Avenue had been "sieved." His mob organization wasn't functioning thoroughly yet, what with his having been away warring victoriously with the federal government, so he used a little money judiciously and had a heart-to-heart talk with several members of the former Vincent ("Mad Dog") Coll and Joey Rao gangs. He wanted Joe Amberg put out of the way for keeps.

Joe meanwhile figured he had shown that Dutchman what he thought of him. Just because the papers had made his name a household word didn't mean that Dutch Schultz could digest forty-five-caliber slugs any better than some other punk who was trying to muscle in. Even his brother, Pretty Louis, applauded the exploits of the Amberg dynasty.

The boys who were paid to put the slugs into Joe Amberg got into Brownsville quietly in the vicinity of Blake and Christopher streets. Thirteeen days after the Schultz henchmen had been put out of the way in the Bronx, the Dutchman's hired killers got Joe Amberg.

Joe was ready for a game of golf. He had his golf bags, his Fair Isle sweater, and his cleated shoes with him. His chauffeur, Morris Kessler, was ready to drive him out to the course. Before leaving they were having a bite to eat in a nearby restaurant. In that restaurant Joe received a phone call to come over to Manhattan and pick up a couple of thousand which had just been paid off by a man who had been suspected of holding out on the money lenders. That pleased Joe. He'd run over to New York for a few minutes and then would be on his way to the links. Outside of the restaurant stood the Plymouth sedan Kessler habitually used for local errands. But the big La Salle with the bullet-proof body was in the garage, less than a hundred feet away. Joe walked out of the restaurant with Kessler. He seldom went into the garage when he was dressed immaculately because he didn't like dirt and grease. To Alice, a waitress in the restaurant, he said: "Keep your eye on my golf bag and things. I'll be back shortly."

With Kessler he entered the garage, and there three men stood Joe Amberg and his chauffeur against the wall and let them have it—a Brownsville replica of the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago during prohibition days.

The Dutchman gave his short, snorting laugh when he heard the job had been done. When Frankie Teitelbaum, bosom pal of the dead Joe, heard the tidings he rushed to Pretty Louis, who was grieving no end. After all, Joe had been his brother, but more than that, the Dutchman was getting too tough to be allowed to get away with it. They would have to have a showdown.

Frankie Teitelbaum vowed revenge. He'd get the dogs who got his best pal. He made no secret of his intentions. There was a Tiffany watch he carried, set with seventy-nine diamonds and worth about $1,000. He offered it to several friends to keep for him.

"I may not come back alive," he said, half in earnest and half mockingly. He was pretty sure that his automatic would bark first. But eleven days after his pal Joe had been wiped off the face of the earth, Frankie got his. It was just after he had paid a visit to Pretty Louis in a midtown Manhattan hotel. There Pretty Louis had taken his hand and given it a shake. He admired a man who had the guts to avenge his best friend. Frankie's diamond-studded watch was left with Louis.

They got Frankie and didn't treat him very nicely. A girl friend suggested a drink in a nearby hotel of questionable reputation. There an "entertainment" committee met him. The boys hacked away at him with a small sharp ax while telling him funny stories and then stuffed his body into a trunk which went down the freight elevator of the hotel. The trunk was loaded on to a small delivery truck, and the driver placed it near the rear end of the inclosed chassis. Then the driver at a leisurely pace drove down First Avenue, swung in and out and finally got into South Street, went right past the building housing the offices of two newspapers and under the Manhattan approach of the Brooklyn Bridge, and pushed the trunk off into the street. Then he sped away. When the trunk was opened, Frankie's body was still warm. The Dutchman chuckled. He'd show these punks whether or not he was just a figment of newspaper imagination. They would discover what made him overlord of Manhattan and the Bronx.

Pretty Louis, when he heard of the deed, didn't like it. So Schultz was really going to get tough! All right, he'd show him how tough an Amberg could be. Hadn't he, Pretty Louis, once spit right in the eye of "Legs" Diamond? The newspapers were full of the incident. He'd fight it out for the honor of the Amberg name, and he'd attend to the job himself and make all arrangements. Meanwhile, as he sat brooding in his hotel room, he noticed that the maid had been looking into the dresser drawers again. He'd have to tell her to keep her nose out of his private affairs. He thought fondly of the little dancer out in Hollywood who was sending him such sweet letters. The maid was probably getting a kick out of them. Maybe he'd take a flying trip out to Hollywood and see her working in the picture she had contracted to do. But in the meantime he too had a contract to fulfil. He would rub Dutch Schultz out, rub him off the front pages, and good riddance to bad rubbish. Sadly he fingered the watch with the seventy-nine diamonds that Frankie had prevailed upon him to accept. The Dutchman had plenty to answer for.

Through Charles ("Lucky") Luciano and through Johnny Torrio he made the contacts which eventually led him to the headquarters of a Paterson, New Jersey, mob of machine-gun artists. He put the proposition to them, backing it with a thickish flat packet of hundred-dollar bills.

"I want the Dutchman rubbed out and as many of his mob as you can get," Pretty Louis said.

"O. K., pal, we'll do it with pleasure," he was assured. "We'd even do it for nuttin'. We don't like him anyway."

"This is my party, and I don't want you guys to do me any favors," Louis Amberg snorted. "I can pay for it if you boys can deliver the goods."

"We can," he was assured. "But who'll put the finger on the Dutchman? He ain't showing himself these days where we can get at him and make an easy getaway."

"I'll attend to the details," said Pretty Louis.

So they waited for word from him. He went to work right away on it, too, and soon had the date and place of the Dutchman's execution in the bag. He knew that Schultz ate regularly in the Palace Chophouse and went there from his suite in the Robert Treat Hotel. His Newark connections rounded things up nicely for Pretty Louis.

The Dutchman meanwhile was aware that he was handling dynamite and that Louis had to be put out of the way. But he hadn't figured on the Paterson mob, who just plain didn't like him because he had the Newark cops eating out of his hand. Principally they disliked him because he was making his headquarters in their territory and giving the place a bad name. New York punks, they opined, ought to stay in their own back yards and play. After Louis put the dough on the line for them, they felt even more strongly than before that it was their bounden duty to dispatch the Dutchman.

But the Dutchman wasn't asleep. He had paid the boys to get Pretty Louis. And they did, eleven days after Frankie was chopped up and jammed into a trunk. But the boys, the same ones who did the Teitelbaum job, didn't act fast enough. For Louis had handed over the date and hour for the Paterson mob to go into action. He had fingered Schultz for them and also Marty Krompier, who was on Schultz's books as a lieutenant at $1,500 a week. And besides he had paid the balance of the $50,000 fee.

Pretty Louis went to his midtown hotel room, whither he had returned to see if there was any mail from Hollywood addressed to Louis Cohen, as he was known on the hotel register. He found a letter filled with love awaiting him. Again he noticed that the maid had been going through his drawers. So he wrote a note for her and stuck it on the mirror. It said: "Maid—Please keep out of dresser drawers. Only private matters in the dresser drawers." He went out to keep a tryst with a friendly moll who had been compelled to make the telephone call with an automatic pressed to her side. Two well-dressed young men picked him up for a little talk and he knew he was through. They took him to the same hotel used for the other "conference" with Frankie Teitelbaum. They went about their work in cold blood. With a small Boy Scout ax they beat a tattoo on his head, inflicting over a dozen deep cuts; they hacked at his body and watched Pretty Louis die a death of torture. Then they took the blankets from his bed, bound them around the nude body dripping blood, and down the same freight elevator they had taken Teitelbaum they took Louis Amberg. They placed him in a car and headed for Brooklyn. Near the Navy Yard they climbed out of the car, poured five gallons of gasoline over the blanketed body in the rear seat, and set fire to the blankets. The charred body was found after residents called the police and firemen. The fingerprints served to identify it. With a fine sense of justice the killers of Pretty Louis had used the bag method credited to Louis himself as his own diabolic invention.

The police located the rooms in the hotel where Frankie and Louis had met their fates. The blankets wrapped around Louis had come from the old Libby's Hotel on Chrystie Street, and were traced to the hotel in the Times Square area. Everything had been completely changed in the room, the walls were freshly painted, and the floors scraped and revarnished. The police could pin nothing on the hotel.

In the meantime the Paterson mob felt it a solemn duty to carry out their part of the bargain and get Schultz, even if Pretty Louis was dead. There may not be honor among thieves, but killers of big shots are a cut above that stripe. The "fingerman" with a red-headed girl entered the chophouse where the Dutchman held his conferences and ordered some drinks. He suddenly twirled a white-horse ornament from a Scotch whiskey firm on a chain as a signal that the Dutchman and his pals were in the rear. Two men with coat collars turned up and hats pulled down over their eyes entered the room. They walked over to the bartender and said: "Punk, lay down and stay down." They drilled the Dutchman's three henchmen with seventeen shots and then shot Schultz through the abdomen as he tried to get into the washroom. They didn't kill him or his pals instantly, but left them mortally wounded to suffer for a while and ponder over their pasts. In Times Square during the theatrical rush hour several Harlem boys shot Marty Krompier as he emerged from a barbershop at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway. His pal, Sam Gold, a cheap bookie who loved to associate with big shots, was also riddled. They both recovered.

The boys in the know insist that "Bo" Weinberg, last of the Schultz hierarchy, was alive when his boss was plugged. But he, too, went out of a hotel room. They say he was carried out in an undertaker's casket and taken to a garage where there is a big shallow tank. There "Bo's" body lies in a lye solution. In a couple of months not even his teeth will be recognizable. At least that's what the boys are saying. But that's only hearsay.

After the Elections

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, November 9

THE good fortune of the Democrats is that the elections this year did not fall six weeks earlier. If they had, the results would have pointed to defeat in 1936. In the succeeding six weeks something happened to public feeling in political matters, and the tide against Rooseveltism turned. Just what happened remains a mystery even to the political anatomists. The President, they say, helped himself with his Western tour. Business continued to gain. The Republicans were unable to capitalize, or to personify, the improvement in their own fortunes. They spoke in many voices, none of them really appealing, certainly none of them declaring anything constructive. Six weeks earlier the Democrats might not have won even the slenderest plurality in New York State, might have been close to default in Kentucky, might have been swamped in Philadelphia.

Election analysis falls into two categories, one for private consumption, one for public use. The analysis for public use was spread in the newspapers last week. The Republicans were jubilant, the Democrats equally jubilant, and the newspaper reader could be excused if he believed only what he felt himself. The private analysis, however, is much more instructive. And here the fact is that the Republicans, after counting on Roosevelt's defeating himself as he was doing through most of this year, now know that if he is to be beaten they will have to do it. The only solid comfort they have from the election is the certainty that they have recovered a few of those once Republican strongholds in the East which they lost as recently as 1934. They go into the election next year, not as an army without a base, but as a minority party which has to convert a substantial number of the majority. Compared with the Congressional election of last year, the Republicans, of course, have come back magnificently. What looked like the corpse of a party has begun to breathe again, and there is a great difference between death and life, even if it is a trembling life. But here the magnificence ends.

A few weeks ago the Democrats knew perfectly well that they were heading for defeat. I have heard a story, possibly apocryphal, of a party executive who went to the White House just before the Western trip, and told the President that if the election were to be held that day he would not carry a single state north of the Mason and Dixon line. He left the White House still gloomier than he entered, because the President simply laughed at him. Just how low Roosevelt's popularity had fallen will never be known. Shortly before the election the trend changed, and to such an extent that the Democrats actually counted on doing better than they did in New York, and even thought they might elect a Democratic mayor in Philadelphia. They overestimated the resilience of the President's cause. But they are realistic in describing the result last week as wholly satisfactory. If the election had been for a President, Roosevelt would have won (assuming that any of the current Republican candidates had been nominated), and would have carried New York State and come close even to carrying Pennsylvania. A few months ago Democratic experts in private were conceding defeat in all the Eastern states and most of the West Central states, and counting on a close victory through a sweep of the South and West. A few weeks ago they had to discount this shaky optimism. But now they are back to a safe halfway ground. As matters stand today, the New Deal still has a following in the East, it ought to carry some of the West Central states, and it should have no trouble elsewhere, unless it be in Oregon.

Matters will not stand next year as they do today, and all this prognostication is not conclusive. The President has several chances to improve his position. He also has to avoid the potential pitfalls. The chart of benefits and dangers cannot be drawn as yet. At best it, too, is a conjecture. But it contains several known factors. On the side of possible improvement stands first of all next year's budget. Here the President will do everything within his power to make a showing of economy and curtailed expenditure. Budgets, like statistics, can be forced to prove all kinds of things, and the President will prove by his next budget that the now central accusation of his opponents is false. He will demonstrate that he is not profligate, and that in the light of fairness he has spent effectively and well. The budget will be a first-class campaign document, drawn with every political art. This is said not in scorn; an objective judgment of government spending is rare. The truth, I think, is that the President has not spent enough and that what he has spent has not been pumped into circulation rapidly enough. But what he will say will undoubtedly improve his political status, for he will be able to show that the budget is really on the way to being balanced, and a balanced budget is a growing public concern.

The President also confronts one more major political issue from which he can derive benefit, the bonus. A non-inflationary bonus bill is certain to pass Congress early next year. The President can use it for his own ends. That is, he can sign it or he can veto it. If a bill passes Congress but is not sure of enough votes to pass over a veto, he might find it useful to sign it. If the bill is certain to override a veto, he can veto it, and then have such credit as comes from that act of "courage." All previous bonus bills have passed in this way, and Presidents have gained prestige for refusing to sign.

The catalogue of possible pitfalls is not large, but the pitfalls are treacherous. First among these is the progress of work relief. When Congress passed the four-billion-dollar relief appropriation, it was commonly called the greatest campaign fund in history. Curiously, the Administration has managed to destroy much of its effectiveness in buying votes. Here the President is more vulnerable than at any other point. If the Republicans would stop talking about the Constitution, regimentation, and the budget, and concentrate on unemployment they might win the next election. The most disturbing fact in the Roosevelt era is that a measure of prosperity has been brought back, but that unemployment has not been reduced in a substantial degree. This is infinitely more dangerous than the "destruction" of government credit, no sign of which is to be seen on any horizon, or than any abstract danger in national legislation for the control of business. Every effort of the Administration to stimulate reemployment since the first uptake after the calamity of 1933 has been an utter failure. Mr. Ickes has not managed to do it with public works; Mr. Hopkins has been unable to accomplish it by beating Mr. Ickes in the scramble for personal power. Beyond the talents of Mr. Hopkins the President has no visible resources. The problem has him stumped. It does not seem to be true, as charged by the Republican press, that the country voted last week against spending. Dispatches were published to show the rejection of bond issues, as though this had occurred on a national scale. But the PWA reports that in the twenty-two states where PWA projects requiring bond issues were before the voters, ninety-three issues were approved, fourteen rejected, and eight remain in doubt. This does not look as though spending for useful purposes were unpopular. But spending on foolish projects is. And the scale of relief-work wages is. The President might have used his four billions to create an overwhelming body of friendly support, but he has gone about it so ineptly as to create instead an army of sullen, disillusioned opponents. He probably will come out unscathed, however, for the reason that the Republicans have no philosophy of employment, and know even less about the problem than, say, Mr. Ickes and Mr. Hopkins do.

Another treacherous business is going to be the policy toward Europe. If Britain and France will only arrange an early peace with Mussolini they can save the President any amount of trouble. If the war in Africa grows into a war in Europe, he will have to decide which of two horses to ride. At present he is doing a commendable piece of circus horsemanship in riding both. He is for neutrality; he is for partisanship against Italy. The mainspring of American popular thinking on European affairs is prejudice. In this connection be it noted that Father Coughlin is again on the air, the greatest foe of the doctrine of human brotherhood who ever donned a cleric's collar. The isolationists are going to prevail in Congress. And yet it would be extraordinarily perverse of the President to lead the national scramble for the hurricane cellar of complete neutrality. He is responsible for foreign policy, and though not a great foreign expert—as demonstrated in the Russian note and the bomb which wrecked the London economic conference—he has his place in history to think of. Whatever the isolationists in Congress may think, America does have and must continue to have foreign relations, and the President must continue to preserve them. Here I bank on the President having more character than in the bonus issue, which I believe he will handle in the way to get the most votes possible. But I also foresee that if he demonstrates character in foreign affairs, it can run him into very explosive danger. If Europe is embroiled in actual war, I anticipate in this country a great welling over of intermingled national superiority-sense and hatred for Europe. And the President might make a perfectly reasonable step and find himself doomed overnight. But he is a "lucky" President, and his fortune may hold. The war in Africa may end long before it can affect his election prospects.

Another pitfall is the Supreme Court, though I doubt if it has the power to stagger the Administration with another such crushing blow as the NRA decision. The outlawry of the AAA would hurt both the Democrats and Republicans, for they must equally depend on some organized governmental action to increase and maintain farm income. Other Supreme Court decisions could be unpleasant, but hardly to the point of disaster. The President has dropped the constitutional issue as such, not because there is none but because he has the perspicacity to know that it makes poor campaign material.

Forecasting next year's election without knowing the Republican candidate is a one-dimensional calculation. Until lately there was a possibility that a new unknown would swim into the nation's ken, someone with all the merits absent in the existing candidates. The time for such a phenomenon now has passed. The man who will oppose Roosevelt is one of the handful of hopefuls whose aspirations already are familiar to the public. The least familiar of them, Governor Alf Landon, made his first appearance nationally last week at Cleveland, everyone on the edge of his seat to see whether here was the Rescuing Knight. He wasn't. He was a nice man, an attractive man, but not lively or wise. His speech disclosed neither merit nor demerit, sounding as though he feared to say much because of those he might displease. But his fame has gone far. Coolidge grew to glory as the hero of the police strike—which he didn't settle. Alf Landon is the man with the balanced budget. But I am told that in Kansas it is legally impossible to unbalance the budget, just as it is legally impossible for the state to appropriate relief money, and Landon's virtue in this respect is not to be wondered at. He also is a dry, which is not a talking point in the East. Landon, I mean Alf, may still win the nomination. He is no worse, certainly, than Colonel Knox, and probably much better than Fish, Mills, or McNary. But at the moment Senator Vandenberg's chances rate better in Washington. Less can be said against him than against anybody else under consideration. This is a poor recommendation, but it appears to be the best to be found for any of the pack.

Contributors to This Issue

EMANUEL H. LAVINE is a reporter on a New York morning paper.

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the University of London, is the author of "Democracy in Crisis."

JAMES P. MITCHELL is a teacher of social studies at the Francis W. Parker School in Chicago. He spent part of last summer in the coal fields.

RUTH BRINDZE, chairman of the Consumers' Council of Westchester County, New York, is the author of "How to Spend Money."

LOUIS KRONENBERGER has edited "An Anthology of Light Verse" and is now working on a book on eighteenth-century life and manners.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, of the Department of Political Science of the University of Chicago, is the author of "The Nazi Dictatorship."

EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Jane Matthew, and Other Poems."

The British General Election

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, November 2

I

GRANTED the conditions of the party "game," it was, I think, inevitable that Mr. Baldwin should decide upon a November election, and I do not see that he is to be blamed for it. The conditions will never again be so favorable for him. Opinion is absorbed by the international situation and seems, on the whole, to take the government's protestations of fidelity to the League at their face value. Labor finds it difficult, on this issue, to make the plain man see its differences from Mr. Baldwin—they will emerge, grimly enough, later on; and the Liberals will not find it possible to run any large number of candidates this time. The winter unemployment has not yet set in; so that there is not that acerbity over the problem we shall have in the new year. If the cards are played with skill, Mr. Baldwin will get a more comfortable majority than he would be likely to get on any subsequent occasion. I reckon that Labor will come back with some small number over two hundred seats. Six months from now the number might have been up to the 1929 figure.

What is Mr. Baldwin fighting for? Essentially and outstandingly for the right to rearm. Collective security, it is clear, has no meaning in the context of a great power. We make a gesture against Italy at Geneva; we know, of course, that long months must elapse before it has significance, if it ever does. Meanwhile we insist that we shall take no steps which might imply military action—like closing the Suez Canal; and we have ground for hope that some kind of deal may be made with Mussolini which the League will be persuaded to approve. The result will be hailed in Italy as a Fascist victory, and in Geneva as a triumph for the League. The one nation that will pay will be Ethiopia, and no great power will break its heart over that.

The real implication is the lesson Hitler will draw, and the British government proposes to be ready for any challenge arising out of his inferences. It is, of course, already explained that the purpose of rearmament is only to fulfil our obligations under the Covenant, and that we shall be ready to disarm whenever other powers show the same willingness. The truth is that Western Europe and Japan are involved in the old imperialist dilemma of the pre-war years. The stage is being set for a new and vast world conflict. The necessary ethical formulae are now being prepared. Mr. Baldwin wants what Major Atlee has well termed "an undertaker's mandate."

The pill is to be gilded with a mild dose of social reform. There is the promise of some educational measures, including the raising of the school-leaving age, the extension of the pension system to some of the black-coated workers, the unification, whatever that means, of coal royalties, and a more vigorous treatment of housing and the distressed areas. This is intended to be the answer to the progressive criticism that rearmament means the suspension of social reform. To the business man the government promises "stability and confidence" instead of the alarm and even revolution which it predicts would follow on the electoral acceptance of the Labor program.

We need not take the Liberals very seriously. If a score of them are returned, including the Lloyd Georgites, that is, I think, the maximum they will do. The Labor program is, in effect, an insistence upon collective security in international affairs coupled with a detailed and drastic scheme for the reconstruction of social foundations. It provides for adequate defense, but it argues that rearmament will have no result but to take us directly to the abyss. Its major premise as a program is, of course, its insistence that evolutionary socialism can be achieved by a series of new deals within the confines of the parliamentary system.

No one doubts that Labor will win many seats. The miners—who are probably on the eve of a new conflict—will return to their old allegiance and, incidentally, are pretty certain to throw out Mr. MacDonald at Seaham. There will be scores of Labor gains in the industrial areas, especially in London, the north, and the northeast. But I think agricultural and residential England will stay Tory. I think many thousands of voters will fear the lack of "business confidence" a Labor victory would entail. Thousands more will vote for the government because Mr. Eden is a member of it; his procedure at Geneva and the formal vote of the League for sanctions will persuade them that the evil epoch of Sir John Simon is really over and that the Cabinet has had a change of heart about the new internationalism. Mr. Baldwin will emerge with a substantial majority, and the system of competing economic imperialisms will move on relentlessly to its hour of trial.

II

That, at least, is my prediction. I take the view that the Labor Party has thrown away its best weapon by refusing to consider the major premises of its own position. These are its belief in the possibility of wedding economic imperialism to peace and its view of the state as an organ of the community which, transcending class divisions, can transform the postulates of a capitalist society to socialist purposes through Parliament. The electorate, on this basis, is confronted by two parties each of which professes social reform, and it does not take seriously the Labor implication that socialism is the necessary precondition of social reform. It believes profoundly in the good-will of Mr. Baldwin, who is his party's major asset, and in typical British fashion it hopes that somehow we shall muddle through.

But we shall not muddle through in the next decade any more than we muddled through in the decade before 1914. If we want peace, we must organize the conditions of peace. There is no peace possible with the fascist powers determined at all costs to win a new empire to stave off internal discontent. No peace is made possible merely by arming against them. They arm still more, mutual distrusts grow deeper, and in the end there is an explosion. Social reform costs money; it depends upon an expanding market: that market depends upon recovery; and in a permanent and profound way there is no recovery in Britain. The great staple trades here—coal, textiles, iron and steel, shipping—tell their own tale. The protected domestic market has greatly helped the home producer, and a minor building boom has done a good deal. But the notion that, in the present juncture of things, capitalism will pay the price of a Labor victory is, I think, sheer illusion unless Labor whittles down its terms as in 1924 and 1929. But upon those conditions a Labor government would be no more worth having than the two previous Labor governments.

In these circumstances I wish the Labor Party, instead of drawing up a noble list of demands, had told the electorate directly that what it wants, whether nationally or internationally, cannot be got without a rapid transformation of the basic principles of our society, that this is a dangerous adventure since it is at least possible that capitalists will fight rather than give way, but that if capitalists are left in charge they will drag the world into the abyss once more and a new dark age will supervene. There are men of eminence and influence in the Labor Party who take this view. But the main bulk of the party does not share it; especially the trade unionists do not share it. They stand absolutely by their faith in "democracy." They compare their conditions with those in Germany and Italy, and they assume that it is simply folly to risk any threat to "democracy."

What I think they fail to see is that they only retain "democracy" upon the saving condition that they do not threaten its foundation in capitalism. They have the same attitude to fascism abroad that the German Democrats before Hitler had to Italy; "it cannot happen here." One day the parliamentary system will win them a majority; then they will proceed to change the face of things. As they will have a majority when this occurs, capitalists will accept defeat—the capitalists who own the press, who control the banks and the Stock Exchange, whose class dominates the armed forces, who are the House of Lords, who can produce a panic, as 1931 showed, overnight before which millions of the little men will tremble. Mr. Redmond thought he could get Home Rule that way in 1914. He forgot Sir Edward Carson; he forgot the vital fact that men who have privileges to defend will fight for them if they think they can win. I see no evidence to suggest that, in this regard, the capitalist class in Great Britain is different from its analogue elsewhere. Nothing, certainly, that is happening in America persuades me that people with a long experience of capitalist democracy will, when the votes have been counted, quietly acquiesce in the surrender of capitalism to democracy.

The Labor answer to this is, on the international side, that Russia now shares their view, and Russia, internally, is coming more and more to realize the value of democracy. Put baldly like this, the view here urged is unrealistic. Russia, from its angle wisely, uses the League for all it is worth. The League extends the breathing space Russia needs. But Russia does not delude itself into believing that the League can do more than postpone war; meanwhile it arms. In the matter of democracy Russia, having set the common ownership of the means of production as the postulate of its society, has reached a stage of economic development where it is prepared to experiment with a political democracy set in the framework of that postulate. But it is not willing to risk any institutional change which challenges it. And its statesmen would deny, in my view rightly, that in matters of fundamental social constitution bourgeois democracy—especially in its phase of contraction—is in any meaningful sense democracy at all. Of course it is infinitely better than the fascist state. Of course also, as against that state, it is worth fighting for. But the problem the Socialist in Great Britain confronts is whether bourgeois democracy would survive if the citizens voted for socialist experiments. If the peace is preserved, we shall probably get an answer to that problem. But if the peace is not preserved?

Anyway, for the next three or four years Mr. Baldwin will be in command. They will be gravely critical years. French democracy trembles in the balance. German fascism is hungry for victories. Italian fascism, being nearly bankrupt, must press down its workers even farther. Japanese imperialism will pursue its relentless way in China. Frankly, in this kind of epoch I do not believe that Mr. Baldwin, with the best of intentions, will be allowed by British capitalism to inaugurate an era of great social reforms. Granted the situation of British capitalism, the materials for its advent are simply not there. After the election the people will be told so with increasing candor. The trade unions will learn that butter on their bread comes from capitalism in prosperity, not from capitalism in crisis. They will be told not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. I predict with confidence that the next Baldwin government will teach British Labor lessons of great import.

Correspondence

"Squaring the Circle"

To the Editors of The Nation:

Mr. Krutch's review of Kataev's farce, "Squaring the Circle," proves to me that it is possible even for a critic of his caliber to be taken in by intellectually dishonest translators and producers. Had Mr. Krutch been aware that he was witnessing a spurious and garbled version of the play, that the speeches he quotes are not to be found in Kataev's script but have been added by either the translators or the producers, that the production he saw was as remote from the original as Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is from Shakespeare's, he would have reached an entirely different conclusion. I realize that I am making serious charges against those responsible for the New York production of the play, but I am basing them on facts.

I produced the same play in Los Angeles in March, 1934, using my own translation from the Russian script. This Russian script is still in my possession, and I shall be glad to send it to the editors of *The Nation* for verification, if they so desire. With the exception of the quotation, "Why does everything turn out unethical when it feels so ethical?" every speech quoted by Mr. Krutch is something Kataev had nothing to do with, and has obviously been added with the malicious intent of casting reflections upon the great cultural and industrial progress in the Soviet Union. Even *Variety*, in reviewing the play as staged in Philadelphia, stated that it had been doctored to suit Broadway.

No wonder the balcony booed. It only proves that the people up there are more sensitive and more alert than those in the orchestra, that they will not sit by calmly and applaud the raping of such a fine and sparkling play as "Squaring the Circle."

Los Angeles, October 22 Herman Brownstein

Not for Consumers

To the Editors of The Nation:

I was interested in your article on water-repellents on furs in the November 6 issue of *The Nation*. I fear that you have probably been misled by some of the things I have written about water-repellents because you have failed to understand that I write from the trade angle, not the consumer angle.

Your article implies that water-repellents are not of much consequence because they "can be applied only to furs which no one has ever before noticed were adversely affected by rain." This is not quite accurate. Furs are affected by rain, which causes them to mat if they are long-haired. The real danger lies in careless drying of the fur after it is wet. Water-repellents do keep the water off to a great extent. If you had said that very few women get their fur coats wet enough to warrant their being made water-repellent, I don't think anyone could have had any quarrel with you. If you had said that the fur trade itself is none too sure that the process may not be harmful to furs, I don't think anyone could have said anything.

You see, the main reason that the process is only of promotional value to the fur trade is that there is no money in it for the furrier. He must depend upon his revenue from whatever additional repair or remodeling business he may get as a result of inducing a woman to use the process. That is why I said the promotional feature was primary, and the actual value of the process only secondary.

New York, November 10 Herman Friedlander,
Fur Editor, *Women's Wear Daily*

The Case for the Progressive Miners

To the Editors of The Nation:

Your article in your issue of October 9, An Industrial Union Victory, telling of the wonderful victory of the United Mine Workers in having obtained an alleged pay increase of $90,000,000 for the miners of the country comes as something of a surprise. *The Nation* usually gets its facts pretty well established but not in this case.

First of all, the miners have been operating under the principle of industrial unionism for thirty-five years, and the right to organize on this basis has been recognized by the officialdom of the A. F. of L. for about that same period. Secondly, the increase of fifty cents a day granted the United Mine Workers is exactly one-fifth of the amount Lewis gave away a few years ago when the rate was reduced from $7.50 for an eight-hour day to the present $5.50. If this can be construed as a victory, the miners haven't found it out.

If the present increase means $90,000,000 to the miners, then when they lost the former wage of $7.50, they lost five times that amount. This wage was taken without the miners' consent, engineered by a few labor racketeers. The miners in Illinois have for years exercised the right of voting on the acceptance or rejection of a contract. That right has been autocratically abolished. When the referendum ballot was taken some time ago, agents of Lewis stole the ballot box and a contract was signed by Lewis without the miners' knowledge.

The chief requirement of Lewis and company is that the coal companies should check off the union dues. In this Illinois district there are two unions now functioning. One, headed by Lewis, is a strictly company union; the other is an opposition movement called the Progressive Miners. Before miners may obtain employment in many mines they must agree to join the Lewis union. The result of this dual movement is a record of some forty lives lost in the battles, and the end is not yet. The Peabody Coal Company has spent more than a million dollars fighting the Progressive Miners and seems to think the money well spent. Many other companies have duplicated this record. The company union has imported strike-breakers from many parts of the country to take the places of men who insist on their right to belong to the union they choose. The state has spent a million dollars in furnishing the companies protection for their strike-breakers.

The real reason for the recent increase in wages was to head off the more progressive groups from demanding the former wage that Lewis took away from the miners. It was cheaper to grant fifty cents a day than restore the $2.50 the newer unions were demanding. The miners were jobbed again.

Springfield, Ill., October 10 Duncan McDonald

The Teachers' Union

To the Editors of The Nation:

In *The Nation* for October 9 is an article by Dr. Lefkowitz on The Crisis in the Teachers' Union. The subhead is The Case for the Union, by Dr. Lefkowitz.

This subhead is misleading since Dr. Lefkowitz has resigned from the union (affiliated with the A. F. of T. and the A. F. of L.) and hence cannot speak for it. It would have been more correct to have had as a subhead The Case for the Teachers' Guild. The answer could have been headed The Case for the Union.

New York, October 10 Charles J. Hendley,
Acting President, Teachers' Union

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That the only feasible method of handling the problems of over-taxation and under-employment is the transfer of taxes from productive capital to ground values, urban and rural, is the main point of this book. It is non-Georgean and makes no utopian claims. It views communism and socialism as impracticable in America, and the New Deal as only a stop-gap.

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Labor and Industry

Illinois Miners Work for Unity

By JAMES P. MITCHELL

THE success of the four-day bituminous coal strike has completely changed the face of the union situation for the Illinois coal miners. One of its most significant results will probably be the unity of the coal miners in the United Mine Workers of America. There is every possibility that before many weeks the Progressive Miners of America will have ended the dual unionism which has divided Illinois miners since the militant but incomplete upsurge of 1933, when the rebel organization was formed in the midst of official thuggery.

John L. Lewis carried through the negotiations that won for the miners what amounts to a 10 per cent increase both in tonnage and in daily rates. Some 400,000 miners went out on strike for a gain which, although it met only halfway the demand for $6 a day and a six-day week, meant a great deal to miners who must support a family on from $200 to $600 a year. Lewis strengthened his position by his advocacy of industrial unionism at the A. F. of L. convention. Pictured for years as a faker and traitor, he nevertheless represents at this stage the progressive forces of labor, and personal attacks on him can only aid a far more reactionary and treacherous bureaucracy.

The top officials in the Progressive Miners of America, some of whom aped Lewis's method and are now engaged in a desperate effort to retain power and the payroll, called the strike a fake and used every means to keep the progressives from striking with the U. M. W. A., but about 2,000 went out at El Dorado, Harrisburg, and other places. At Pekin the two unions held joint strike meetings. The "big local," Number 1, at Benld and Gillespie, failed to take strike action by the narrowest of margins. In Franklin County, where the blacklisted miners of the P. M. of A. are realizing more clearly every day that to maintain even their standing on the relief rolls they must have the backing of working miners (in their case U. M. W. A. members), a conference has been held which will be the first direct step to organizational unity. There are about 14,400 working P. M. of A. miners left; their officials have kept their hold by exploiting their deep loyalty to the striking miners (they have been on strike in theory since 1933; as one of them said, "I have heard of Trotzky's idea of a permanent revolution but I never heard of a permanent strike before") and the hatred of the progressives for Lewis and the United Mine Workers of America. But the epithet "fake" makes little impression on miners who know of the solidarity of 400,000 other miners and its result in a 10 per cent increase. Even the wagon miners of Williamson County won a big gain over the unbelievable figure of 29 cents a ton for which many of them slaved before the strike. The U. M. W. A. has sent out repeated calls for the return of the progressives under conditions which involve no discrimination against them. The Communist Party has appealed for organizational unity in the U. M. W. A., and its influence is great, in spite of its small numbers. Miners respect its program even when they regard membership as "a ticket to jail" in a region where there are no civil liberties, where, as the miners say, "there's no law; it's the rule of gun and club."

In the central field, especially in Macoupin County, which the progressives' contracts with the Superior Coal Company, subsidiary of the Northwestern Railroad, make the stronghold of the P. M. of A. (since the local is by far the largest payer of dues), there is increasing recognition that the best service the working progressive miners can do for themselves at this stage, as well as for their blacklisted brothers, of whom about 4,000 remain in the dual union of the 13,000 blacklisted in 1933, is to return to the U. M. W. A. Miners from the south agree with them. The *Progressive Miner*, organ of the leadership, has lost much of its influence among the miners because of its defense of Hearst and other fascists and by calling the strike a fake. Keck, the president of the P. M. of A., is caught between his own maneuvers and the demand of the progressives for the unity which would weld the miners of America into a solid industrial union. For some time it has been clear that the P. M. of A. was bound to return to the United Mine Workers, as a unit with strength or piece by piece with consequent weakness, even though this meant overcoming the hatred which made some of them say, while working during the recent strike, that they were getting their revenge—that since the U. M. W. A. had scabbed on them, they would enjoy scabbing in turn. Their return to the U. M. W. A. will end the conflict in which 14,400 miners have been played off against 400,000 to the loss of both sides, and will establish solidarity in America's largest industrial union. Within the U. M. W. A. they can achieve democratic control and play a truly progressive role in the coal miners' struggles.

Facts for Consumers

SEIZURES of food thought to be unfit for market may be made ordinarily only after goods have been shipped in interstate commerce; Section 10-a of the Food and Drugs Act adopted by Congress in 1934 established a new method of supervisory control in sea-food packing plants which is a decided improvement over the old stupid procedure. Now this amendment has itself been amended to make additional funds available to the administration for the salaries of inspectors. This little publicized legislation is significant because it indicates that the administration will use its new power to prevent bad food from getting into the market.

Upon the application of any shrimp packer (accompanied by the proper fee), the Department of Agriculture under Section 10-a will assign supervisory inspectors who will check production from the fishing boats to the final sealing of the cans, and authorize the packer to print on his labels the legend "Production Supervised by U. S. Food and Drug Administration." During the last packing season, which ended in June, twenty-three packers were so labeling their products. The label is thus not only an indication of the wholesomeness of the product but also of the freshness of the pack.

Eventually the inspection service will be available to packers of all sea food and if eminently successful may be extended to include other products. It is now restricted to the packers of that purported table delicacy, the little shrimp, and in fact was enacted because of the scandalous conditions in the industry. In his last annual report W. G. Campbell, Chief of the Food and Drug Administration, reported that in the output of fifty-nine packers, that of twenty-six was found to be partially decomposed, putrid, or otherwise unfit for human consumption.

Within the last year shipments of the following brands were seized for violations of the Food and Drugs Act:

Brand	*Packer*	*Distributor*
Au Gourmet Brand Large Fancy Wet Shrimp	Atlantic Sea Food Packers	Meyer and Lange, New York
White Villa Fancy Shrimp	Dorgan - McPhillips Packing Corporation	Cincinnati Wholesale Grocery Company
Dunbar Brand Small Salad Shrimp	Dunbar-Dukate Company	
Mallory's Brand Fancy Wet Shrimp	Gulf Coast Canneries	Pratt-Mallory Company, Sioux City, Iowa
St. John's Brand Fancy Shrimp Dry Pack (3 seizures)	Nassau Sound Packing Company	
Florida Chief Brand Nassau Shrimp	Nassau Packing Company	
Bayou Rose Brand Shrimp	Henry J. Pitre	
White Rose Shrimp	J. A. Smith	Seeman Brothers New York
Palm Brand Shrimp		Southern Shell Fish Company
Blue Plate Shor-Pak Shrimp		Wesson Oil and Snowdrift Sales Company

* * *

MANUFACTURERS of preparations sold as cure-alls for rashes, eczema, blackheads, and other skin troubles will probably scan their advertising and labels more closely because of recent action taken by the Federal Trade Commission.

Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., has agreed to cease asserting that the facial cream Delv is the result of years spent in searching for an ingredient to duplicate the natural oils of the skin and that the unhealthy functioning of an oily skin will be corrected through daily use of Delv.

The Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, manufacturers of Cuticura soap and Cuticura ointment, have entered into an agreement to discontinue representations that either product is a germicide or that it is a competent or effective treatment for psoriasis, rash, pimples, ringworm, or skin troubles unless the assertion is limited to palliative relief through external treatment.

The Noxzema Chemical Company has agreed to cease asserting that its cream is a remedy for any disease of the skin unless the assertion is limited to the effect of a palliative to relieve burning, itching, or irritation. It will also stop advertising that its cream is the "only" thoroughly tested sunburn remedy.

The Rejuvene Manufacturing Company has agreed to discontinue allegations that their preparation, Rejuvene, is composed of healthful or beautifying herbs or that it will "normalize" the skin and keep it in a healthy condition.

Kleerplex products will discontinue the statements that Kleerplex "gets at the cause" of skin afflictions and "penetrates" the skin.

The Poslam Company will cease and desist from representing that Poslam is a competent treatment for eczema and other skin ailments, and will discontinue the sale of "concentrated" Poslam until this ointment is actually concentrated.

* * *

THE old NRA code of the preserve industry gets the credit for the new labeling requirements for substandard jams and preserves. Under the standards of the code, preserves made from less than forty-five but more than twenty-five

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pounds of fruit to each fifty-five pounds of sugar were supposed to be labeled as imitations. The Food and Drug Administration will now enforce the NRA rule. An example of labeling that meets the requirements is "Imitation Strawberry Preserve. Prepared from thirty-five parts fruit to fifty-five parts sugar with added pectin solution. Not concentrated." Artificial coloring or added fruit acid must also be indicated.

* * * * *

AN about-face has been neatly executed by the American Association of Medical Milk Commissions, Inc., the governing body of certified-milk producers. After years of touting the superiority of pure raw milk over milk that has been pasteurized, it has now voted that producers who so desire may pasteurize their output. By making the pasteurization permissive, it is expected that the change can be made gradually. Certified milk which is pasteurized is so labeled. The rules and regulations under which certified milk is produced are otherwise unchanged. The certified-milk producers are now building a sales story around the purity of their product.

* * * * *

THE National Authority for the Ladies' Handbag Industry, successor of the code authority, is among the first to issue "Security Labels" to indicate that the articles tagged have been manufactured in accordance with "fair"—as established by the industry—labor standards and trade practices. The National Authority will police the industry with the assistance of the Federal Trade Commission. In a six weeks' period 2,750,000 labels were issued, approximately 2,000 fewer than were sold during a similar period of the NRA.

* * * * *

THE preliminaries of the big fight for effective food and drug legislation scheduled for Washington early in the new year were fought in New York City during the past month. The drug interests won an overwhelming victory. An amendment to the municipal sanitary code had been proposed to provide for the establishment of a Bureau of Drugs and Cosmetics with a budget and staff adequate to enforce a twenty-year-old law originally intended to protect the consumer against dangerous and misrepresented drug products. The code now requires registration of patent medicines; the proposed change would have extended the registration provisions to include cosmetics and would have established an initial registration fee of $25 and an annual renewal fee of $10. Funds were to be used to enforce the drug and cosmetic sections of the code.

Consumers as well as medicine men looked upon the proposed amendment as a test case, and the drug lobby swung into action. It has now obtained an indefinite postponement of the public hearing, scheduled for December 2, on the promise to Mayor La Guardia that it will support federal legislation for the regulation of the drug and cosmetic industries. The Mayor, according to the New York *Times*, "emphasized the duty of city officials to protect the public from spurious and harmful preparations, but said it should be possible to show some consideration to the drug industry. He said he did not wish to be unreasonable with the industry or the advertising agencies, but he did want to protect the health of New Yorkers."

The industry's show of consternation over the effect of the registration charges on its balance sheets appears unnecessary. Total retail sales of drugs and cosmetics in New York City in 1934 amounted to $47,000,000. The industry spent approximately 37 per cent of retail sales for consumer advertising, according to the estimate of the Advertising Research Foundation. Obviously, it was not the registration fees to which the industry objected but the penalties involved in the legislation.

RUTH BRINDZE

[*Miss Brindze's page of Facts for Consumers appears fortnightly.*]

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Books, Drama, Films

Our Critics, Right or Wrong. III.

By MARY McCARTHY and MARGARET MARSHALL

As cohesive as the little fellowship of *Herald Tribune* book reviewers is the group of critics who mete out opinions in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Their club is the Book of the Month Club; their leader, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby. Dr. Canby, Christopher Morley, and William Rose Benét star in the performances; Elmer Davis and Amy Loveman head their supporting cast, which includes Ernest Sutherland Bates, Leonard Bacon, Basil Davenport, George Stevens, Ben Ray Redman, Grace Frank, Gladys Graham, and others. These critics have had little traffic with crusading anti-intellectualism. A good writer will always elicit from Dr. Canby a respectful if uncomprehending tribute—just as soon as a less publicized but more intellectual critic has brought him to his attention. In no sense, however, could Dr. Canby be termed a pathfinder; both he and Mr. Benét are a little slow on the pick-up. According to John Farrar of the old *Bookman,* who had it from Mitchell Kennerley of the *Forum,* Dr. Canby, "later one of Miss Millay's warmest admirers, rejected many of her poems when he was on the *Yale Review,** and . . . the usually discriminating W. R. Benét, when he was associate editor of *Century,* returned one of her best sonnets with the comment that he was sorry he could not use it, because there were some good lines in it." In 1925 the "discriminating" Mr. Benét, in the midst of his ecstasies over forgotten poets of that year, had this (for him) niggardly word for "Tamar":

> We read "Tamar," which received such acclaim from certain critics, and there is no doubt that Mr. Jeffers has range and power. "Tamar" we thought congested. Mr. Jeffers seeks always for electrifying subjects, and, in our opinion, handles them splashily, with too much sound and fury, often signifying very little. We cannot see his genius, his derivations seem to us too obvious.

But in 1932 he declared that the characters of Thurso's Landing had "almost epic proportions," and the epithet "genius" fell easily from his pen. Eventually these critics pay their respects even if, now and again, they make the ludicrous mistake of doffing their hats in surprised, belated acknowledgment of a literary figure already in his decline. Still, they generally know a good book when they see it. Unfortunately, they have difficulty in recognizing a bad one. These *Saturday Review* critics are the great levelers. For more than ten years they have been occupied in reducing the mountainous land of literature to a smooth, horizontal surface. Their readers have been taught that Thornton Wilder writes as well as Madame de Sévigné, that Don Marquis is "our own indigenous Voltaire," that Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left" is as good as or better than Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer." Dr. Canby will write a long obtuse review of Faulkner's "Sanctuary," in the course of which he makes but one critical discovery: "In 'Sanctuary' I believe that sadism, if not anti-romance, has reached its American peak"; but, facing Dorothy Parker's "Death and Taxes," he is less confused and less guarded.

> In verse of a Horatian lightness with an exquisite certainty of technique, which, like the luster on a Persian bowl, is proof that civilization itself is a philosophy, Dorothy Parker is writing poetry deserving high praise. If I compare her to Horace and Martial, I do so largely, since I am no Latinist, and can better describe the perfection of her admirable lyrics by a comparison with the almost forgotten humorist Thomas Hood, who had a gift of beauty second only to his contemporary, Keats. . . . Dorothy Parker has, it seems to me, perfected his art. . . . Yet I suspect that one should quote Latin rather than English to parallel the edged fineness of Dorothy Parker. This *belle dame sans merci* has the ruthlessness of the great tragic lyricists. . . . I attempt no real criticism here, but I do assert that these poems deserve criticism and appraisal far more than many much-bewritten books of more pretentious cerebration, yet with less beauty of technique, and far less depth of emotion.

Quite rightly Dr. Canby is apologetic. He is the editor and spokesman of an important literary periodical, yet he attempts no real criticism. Literature stirs in him simply a number of vague, often undocumented associative thought processes. He is like an old gentleman wandering down a strange street who sees in the faces that pass only flickering resemblances to a dead brother-in-law or a long-forgotten second cousin. Anita Loos's style, for example, is to Dr. Canby not an individual matter, capable of dissection on its own terms; it is "a hard-boiled Broadway version of Voltaire in 'Candide.' " Whenever he turns from foggy reminiscence to active criticism, his judgments are old-fashioned-American, moral and personal, not aesthetic. He likes books to be wholesome, and he finds that the characters in "The Sun Also Rises" are "lovable but futile revelers," "restless, witty youngsters." He assures his public that "Brave New World" is "excellent reading for those not too easily shocked." In the same spirit he disliked John O'Hara's "Appointment in Samarra," not because it was a bad novel, but because its heavy dose of sex offended his moral sensibilities.

Dr. Canby's homely, fireside attitude toward literature has been infectious. Christopher Morley, perhaps, has always had it. He sings the poems of William Blake in his bath, or so he tells his readers in a moment of intimacy. He liked "Gallows' Orchard" because it was "truer and closer to your mind than the morning newspaper." Later, applauding "Grand Hotel" for Book of the Month Club readers, he assured them that it was "a Grimm for grown-ups." William Rose Benét has the same attitude, but to a lesser degree. His column, "The Phoenix Nest," is conducted in a half-coy, half-intimate manner. "Manhattan Transfer" he called "a gorgeous goulash of New York." While Morley "adored" "Dusty Answer," Benét had the self-control merely to "admire intensely" "The Lover," by Naomi Royde-Smith.

While Burton Rascoe and his satellites on *Herald Tribune Books* have been busily engaged in turning literature into merchandising, the staff members of the *Saturday Review* have been reducing it to a kind of refined parlor game. They toss the newest novel back and forth between them. Canby is benevolent, genteel, a little pompous; Morley, elfin; Miss Loveman, delicate; Benét, hearty and boisterous. Like the *Herald Tribune* reviewers, they are all very fond of one another. They gossip back and forth through their columns; they approve of one another's work; they write amusing little editorials about the quaint personal habits of each member of their staff. In a nice way they have a lot of fun with literature, treating it gently, gingerly, playfully, and yet somehow possessively.

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* Dr. Canby, who received an advance proof of this article, states that he fought vigorously for the acceptance of Miss Millay's poems, but that a more conservative editor on the *Yale Review* defeated him. Mr. Kennerley did not receive an advance proof.

Meanwhile, in the course of this cultural game for grown-ups, the leveling process continues. Morley sings the poems of Blake in his bathtub, but he also finds that Rosamond Lehmann is "a superb and reckless artist in any scale and measure." "Gallows' Orchard," he believes, begins where Stevenson left off. To Benét's way of thinking, a novelist named Harvey O'Higgins is "one of the most penetrating psychological writers of our time," and Louis Untermeyer "occupies the place of a Heine in American poetry." Benét admires Liam O'Flaherty, but he also imagines that "The Son of the Grand Eunuch," by Charles Pettit, "approaches being as amusing as Voltaire and as cruel as China." To him "The Tattooed Countess" "may have qualities of permanence as a work of art," and the characters of "The Journey of the Flame" "stand out as humanly as the characters of Chaucer." Stepping down a rung on the *Saturday Review's* editorial ladder, we find that Amy Loveman, who frequently "suspects" that novels are "subtle" or "delicate," or "shot through with beauty," insists that "Red Sky at Morning" "proves beyond a doubt that Miss [Margaret] Kennedy's talent . . . was no mere momentary flash, but a distinguished ability of which much must be expected."

The *Saturday Review's* contributors lack the "personality" with which its editors have endowed themselves, but they too are frequently preoccupied with whittling the great names down to the size of the small. Ernest Sutherland Bates described "Flamingo" in this fashion:

> Mary Borden, in a word, is distinctly a major writer. In her intellectual energy she reminds one a little of H. G. Wells, if one can imagine an H. G. Wells without arrogance or special pleading.

Treating a novel called "Ryder," by Djuna Barnes, he declares that the author is "like Joyce, though, of course, with far less erudition." Yet he goes on to assert that her personality ". . . is far more unified than his and far more virile." When "Wolf Solent" appeared he drew this startling picture of its author:

> Mr. Powys . . . is by turn an Emily Brontë, a wild creature of the heath; a subtle, introspective Proust; a nature-enthralled Wordsworth; a Poe, journeying in deliberate search of horror; a Dostoevski shaking with the mystic fever; even, at rare moments—Shakespeare, hurling the ultimate dramatic word.

Basil Davenport is no better. "Grand Hotel" moved him to say: "There is in the book . . . an attitude to life that will set the reader reexamining philosophies." Elmer Davis, who is better known, let himself go on "Atmosphere of Love," by André Maurois:

> He has the Tolstoyan gift of making his characters not only more interesting but more real than living people. . . . You must go back to Stendhal to find so painstaking an analysis of the causes and the workings of love and jealousy; but Maurois has digested Stendhal as Einstein digested Newton, and gone beyond him.

The lady reviewers, Grace Frank and Gladys Graham, whose lyrical prose is modeled on Miss Loveman's, also follow the critical pattern of the *Saturday Review*. Miss Frank declares that Norah Hoult, the author of "Poor Women," ". . . belongs in the honorable company of La Bruyère and Addison, not to mention old Theophrastus," and that the heroine of Rosamond Lehmann's "A Note in Music" belongs with such heroines as Emma Bovary, Adrienne Mesurat, Carol Kennicott, and Lulu Bett. To Miss Graham a novelist named Vere Hutchinson ". . . is a creator of character who may be mentioned with Sheila Kaye-Smith at her best; with Thomas Hardy."

Such non-selective criticism as this has for the last ten years made its home in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. It is therefore rather surprising to find the *Saturday Review* printing, in all apparent seriousness, an occasional editorial damning the ineptitude, the superficiality, the venality of the book-reviewing trade, pleading wistfully and earnestly for better criticism. In the same way it is amusing to discover Elmer Davis, a favorite son of the *Saturday Review*, condescending to the English critics.

> Some misguided humorist has described this fine novel ["Love on the Dole"] on the jacket as one which has "shaken the English reviewers from their Olympian calm." American book buyers must know by now that English reviewers can be knocked over with a feather. . . .

The joke would seem to be on him.

Like the other sections of the New York *Times* the *Book Review* presumably aims at complete coverage and strict impartiality. It treats books primarily as news; its editor, J. Donald Adams, is a newspaperman rather than a literary man of long experience; its reviews are in the nature of reports; and in general it seems to be more interested in books dealing with general questions than in purely literary productions. Unlike *Books*, it seldom seeks reviewers with big names to pass judgment on the latest event in the book world. Mr. Adams takes the assignment himself or gives it to P. W. Wilson, R. L. Duffus, Percy Hutchison, or some other regular reviewer on the assumption that, allowing for minor degrees of specialization, a good reporter can "cover" any story from a fire in the Bronx to the latest novel by Sinclair Lewis.

The *Book Review* is to be judged then primarily as a newspaper about books, even though its reviewers have literary opinions which they do not hesitate to express and which for the most part differ little either in quality or in kind from those of the more "literary" critics whose names adorn the pages of *Books* or the *Saturday Review*. The *Book Review* fulfils its aim of coverage. It not only reviews a great number of books; with relentless thoroughness it also relates plots or describes contents. In the matter of impartiality, however, it falls far short of the much-vaunted fairness of the *Times*.

As one section of the *Times* the *Book Review* has 770,000 readers. A front-page favorable notice in the *Book Review*, if the publishers are to be believed, can make a book a best-seller overnight. As its editor, J. Donald Adams therefore exerts great influence, not only on the sales of books and on literary taste, but also on public opinion about important

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But during the course of these consultations the authors discovered that there were hundreds of recurrent specific questions which needed answering. About this body of questions they have centered this new book. Most of these questions are of an extremely personal nature. In fact, many were not even directly asked because they were too intimate. All are answered in this book.

A book of this nature is of value to the public only insofar as it is scientifically beyond reproach as well as sincere.

The authors are not only husband and wife (and parents) but they have also been closely associated in their professional work. Dr. Hannah Stone has for the past ten years been associated with Margaret Sanger as Director of the Birth Control Clinic of New York. Dr. Abraham Stone was formerly an instructor in urology at the Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital and is now a staff physician and Adjunct Urologist with the Sydenham Hospital in New York. He has lectured on social and biological problems of sex and reproduction before numerous medical and non-professional audiences.

Together they realized for a long time the need of more adequate and practical information on the subject of marital hygiene. They were responsible for opening the first Marriage Consultation Center in New York in 1930, and became its medical directors. In 1933, they established a similar center at The Community Church in New York.

The manual itself is a book of 334 pages (with illustrations) of questions and answers, sub-divided into single sections as follows:

1. Fitness for Marriage. 2. The Biology of Marriage. 3. The Mechanism of Reproduction. 4. The Prevention of Conception. 5. The Problems of Reproduction. 6. The Art of Marriage. 7. Sexual Disharmonies. 8. Health in Marriage.

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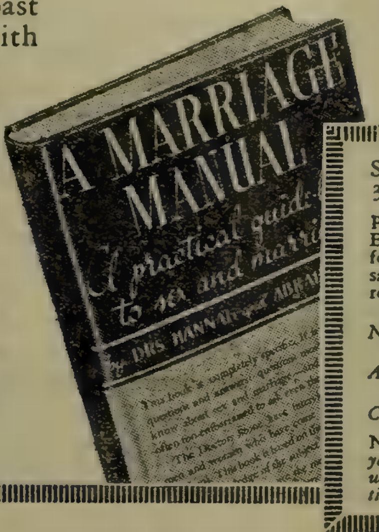

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questions as they are presented in book form; and his preferences and point of view become important far beyond the bounds of the literary world.

Mr. Adams's preferences in literature are perhaps best revealed in his unqualified, lyrical praise of "The Book of Talbot," by Violet Clifton, and "American Song," by Paul Engle. The first he set down as a "remarkable book" having "the quality of an epic poem" and "touched a hundred times with beauty . . ." His joy in the high romanticism of Miss Clifton was matched by his delight in the Americanism of Paul Engle.

> This is a heartening book. . . . Rarely is a first book of poetry reviewed on the front page of this section . . . but Paul Engle's "American Song" has a natural title to that place. . . . "The American dream," for Paul Engle, is not dead. [He asserts that Engle achieves density and depth without the sacrifice of clarity.] Here again his work is marked off from that of the poets of the twenties, and here lies what seems to me to be his superiority to such a poet, for example, as Hart Crane.

On the other hand, "Journey to the End of the Night" disgusted him. "Most readers," he wrote, "will find it a revolting book. . . . If this is life then it is better not to live." Given Mr. Adams's preference for high romance and resurgent Americanism and his dislike of realism, it is not surprising to find him making these comments in a review of "Exile's Return," by Malcolm Cowley:

> They [the exiles] were taken in by the "religion of art" and now they are taken in by the religion of Leninism. . . . What is it the workers have won in Russia: the right to be slaves in a regimented state, to enjoy a standard of living below that they enjoyed before the war? [He quotes a poem by Mr. Cowley and remarks:] A man who can write lines as good as these should not be wasting himself in the promotion of class warfare and its concomitant hatreds.

Mr. Adams, then, loves romance, freedom, beauty; he hates dirty words, class warfare, and dictatorships. His hatred for the Soviet dictatorship in particular is so violent that it dominates the editorial policy of the *Book Review*. Mr. Adams's obsession is too well known to require extended proof here. It is sufficient to cite the latest exhibit, his review, on October 20, of Sinclair Lewis's most recent novel. Mr. Adams was interested in the book not as a novel—he set down its merits in that respect as "inconsiderable"—but as "prophecy," that is, as news. Here are excerpts:

> The inhumanities which have been practiced in the name of the state in the Soviets and Germany are repeated here. . . . Doremus . . . himself was to be beaten with steel rods, dosed with huge quantities of castor oil, and sent to a prison camp.
>
> . . . aside from those characteristics common to all dictatorships, whether Communist or Fascist or Nazi, Mr. Lewis's Corpo regime bears a closer resemblance to Stalin's in the caliber of some of its personnel than would appear likely under an American fascism. It seems more than a little unlikely that a stupid lout like Shad Ledue could so easily jump to a position of authority and influence; a clever lout, yes, but not a stupid one, with no blind worship of the proletarian, as such, to carry him up on the crest of the wave.
>
> . . . it may occur to you that Mr. Lewis is one of the last strongholds of decency of speech on the printed page. Even in the prison camp, his roughneck guards . . . are permitted no more than a couple of blanks. And no matter what you feel about that, his book is, I repeat, —— —— exciting.

In the course of one review, which was read by three-quarters of a million people, Mr. Adams managed to put the German, Italian, and Russian dictatorships into one "castor-oil" category, imply that the Soviet regime is fascist and that "some of its personnel" are stupid louts, come out for human liberty, condescend to the proletarian, "as such," and put in a word for clean language in concentration camps.

In 1920 the New York *Times* as a result of widespread criticism sent Walter Duranty to Moscow, where he spent some years expiating the sins of the previous *Times* correspondents, whose impartiality on this subject resembled that of Mr. Adams. Mr. Duranty's literary counterpart is long overdue in the *Book Review*.

Lack of space prevents examination of the numerous writers who contribute regularly to the *Book Review*, but no comment on that thick and dignified compendium would be complete without at least a reference to Mr. Percy Hutchison, one of its most important contributors in terms of space. Mr. Hutchison, like Mr. Adams, leans toward the wholesome in literature. He loves poetry, especially lyric poetry, of which he reviews an inordinate amount. His particular quality as a reviewer is revealed not so much in the opinions he expresses, which are often revealing enough, as in his mode of expressing them. A few samples will serve:

> To call him [James Joyce] the stormy petrel of the novel is far too inadequate a figure of speech. Joyce in "Ulysses" is the arch Bolshevik of the novel. . . . Despite the fact that there is more than one chapter of Gargantuan humor, that the characters seem at times to be drawn with all the broad humanity of Chaucer's pen, that the ironic picture of man's subconscious mind is bitingly true, the work as a whole is a futile performance. At the close one can only throw up one's hands and exclaim: "Heaven defend us from the novel if the art of the novel is to become like that."
>
> Seldom except in the work of Keats [he wrote in reviewing Frances Frost's "Woman of This Earth"] . . . have we met with such determination on perfection. . . . American poetry . . . has received no single contribution more distinguished than this. . . . "Woman of This Earth" rises to major heights.

In reviewing H. W. Freeman's "Joseph and His Brethren," Mr. Hutchison got into a labyrinth of comparison that should stand as a warning to all reviewers.

> [He presents] a just claim to a place in the long line of English succession that began with Fielding. . . . "Joseph and His Brethren" is like Hardy's masterpieces, a tale of the land. . . . Inevitably comparisons suggest themselves between the work of Mr. Freeman and that of Hardy, Knut Hamsun, and . . . T. F. Powys. . . . The real protagonist . . . is the land itself. In this Freeman at once relates more closely to Hamsun than to either Hardy or Powys. It also suggests intellectual affinity between Freeman and O. E. Rolvaag. . . . Thomas Hardy was interested in the land chiefly for the men and women it bred, which tends to contrast him with Freeman. And least of all does Theodore Powys resemble the author of "Joseph and His Brethren." . . . There is no intricate, soul-devastating plot such as Hardy weaves.

[*This is the third of a series of articles. The fourth will appear in the issue of December 4.*]

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Literature on the Left

Proletarian Literature in the United States. An Anthology. International Publishers. $2.50.

American Writers' Congress. Edited by Henry Hart. International Publishers. $1.50.

IT is instructive to consider these books together, illustrating as they do both the theory and the practice of proletarian literature. Moreover, one encounters here a common point of view in all its varieties, so that personal twists—which have their merits no less than their limitations—may come in for due mention and yet not be mistaken for fundamental attitudes. The fundamental revolutionary attitude is militant in both books; but the records of the Writers' Congress are all the same healthfully infused with temperament and touched with controversy, and the contents of the "Anthology" are similarly animated and various. The first merit of both books, then, is that, granted their intention, they are not cut and dried.

The American Writers' Congress was frankly called into existence by a desire among radical writers to codify their aims and consolidate their position. The present book contains not only the speeches delivered there but also the discussion to which those speeches gave rise. Here, for example, is Kenneth Burke's Revolutionary Symbolism in America, together with some of the criticism it met with, and Mr. Burke's reply to that criticism. The final chapter, called Discussions and Proceedings—a condensed version of the minutes of the congress—will make plain to the reader not merely the serious but also the alert and candid spirit in which the congress was conducted. For the first time in this country our left-wing writers met in conclave, aired their views, and sought to clarify their platform by reaching conclusions over its separate planks. That they did not altogether succeed is really to the good; it is evidence of their purposefulness and their sense of reality.

Outsiders of many kinds, so long as they are interested in the social implications of literature, will find this record worthy of their attention. It is, of course, much more significant when read and regarded as a whole than when considered as so many spoken essays; though certain of the essays are good enough to make a separate appeal. Thus Friedrich Wolf's In the Name of Some Heroes is a rousing call to the colors; Dahlberg's Fascism and Writers, soundly informative; Freeman's The Tradition of American Revolutionary Literature, a clean-cut summary of the growth of proletarian writing; Cowley's What the Revolutionary Movement Can Do for a Writer, a sturdy, unsentimental statement of how much but no more a cause can serve the literary mind; and the essays by Burke and Edwin Seaver, both attacked at the congress but both, as I see it, fundamentally correct, are appeals against domination by verbal shibboleths. The essays are not all of a piece; some come close to brilliance, a few do not rise much above banality; but in almost all the partisanship shows a critical, not a romantic, character. Thus they appeal rather to our intelligence than to our feelings. And, best of all, we see that each man has spoken out of his own mind.

The assertions made at the congress concerning the merits of proletarian and revolutionary writing can at once be tested by the "Anthology." Too much can perhaps be claimed for the book. It also is very uneven; some few things in it are downright bad; a fair part of it has only a sociological and not a literary interest. And like all anthologies it does not gain by including passages hacked out of novels and plays and by vaguely attempting to be "representative." But after recording all these objections, one can say that the book is for the most part extremely readable, in great part alive and kicking, and in some part of genuine value and significance. Indeed, one need not be ardently sympathetic with the movement which this anthology represents to agree that artistically the movement has begun to stand on its own feet. There is more to it now than vitality and purposefulness; there is a growing amount of literary significance. Here, certainly, are good and diversified stories by people like Caldwell, Dos Passos, Halper, Josephine Herbst, and Edwin Seaver; poems as full of punch as those of Kenneth Fearing; a play as infectious as "Waiting for Lefty"; and much vigorous critical writing which, far from losing itself in theorizing, gets right down to brass tacks with some of the most-discussed literary work of our day.

With regard to the "Anthology," what one perhaps remarks most is how much of the best proletarian literature is of very recent origin. Had this collection been put together only two years ago, almost everything that gives it stature and some claim to durability would have been missing from it. Five years ago it could scarcely have been compiled at all. The speed with which the movement is growing will carry with it, obviously enough, certain artistic difficulties; but so far, at any rate, the great increase in quantity has been matched by a proportionate increase in quality. There also appears to be a proportionate increase in critical, which is to say, self-critical, understanding. What mistakes have been made in this anthology are no more numerous and no graver than those to be expected in any large compilation. I must end, however, by complaining of the omission, from the poetry, of E. E. Cummings's superb "I Sing of Olaf," and, from the criticism, of the valuable name of Edmund Wilson.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Paths of Empire

The Diplomacy of Imperialism, 1890-1902. By William L. Langer. Alfred A. Knopf. Two Volumes. $7.50.

HISTORIANS are concerned with the human comedy in terms of questions of when and where. Philosophers and social scientists are concerned with questions of how and why. Professor Langer of Harvard is a superlatively competent diplomatic historian. He is skeptical of social science and is definitely not a philosopher. He champions history for history's sake. He is little interested in the past as an explanation of the present and still less interested in history as a body of empirical data from which valid generalizations can be deduced regarding human behavior.

It does not follow, however, that Professor Langer's latest contribution to the understanding of great-power politics is important only for antiquarians or specialists. On the contrary, and almost in spite of himself, he has produced a living record which will be of absorbing interest to every student of contemporary world affairs. These volumes are a sequel to his "European Alliances and Alignments, 1871-1890" and to his excellent study of the first Franco-Russian alliance, which is here summarized in the two opening chapters. This work, which begins with the dismissal of Bismarck and closes with the signing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, covers the major phenomena of European imperialism during the interim in Africa, the Near East, and the Far East.

No scholar has examined the records of diplomacy with more painstaking care or with sounder critical judgment. No writer has unraveled more brilliantly the peculiar complexities of the period, or presented more lucidly the tangled themes of the cacophonous symphony of power, prestige, and profits, of empire, war, and catastrophe. The expert will find much new light here on the original Anglo-French-Italian struggle for control of East Africa, on the rationalizations of British imperialism and navalism, on the Armenian question, and on certain aspects of early efforts to partition China. The layman will find this a fascinating tale of the diplomacy of colonialism. The chapters on Ethiopia are indispensable to an understanding of the present war.

To suggest lacunae in so admirable a work is an ungracious and unwelcome task. But since the author will presumably continue his narrative, he may well profit from merited criticism. His defects are those of most diplomatic historians. He is so absorbed in the details of political maneuvering and in bibliographical paraphernalia that he tends to overlook the problems of underlying causal forces and motivations. He can attack older theories of imperialism, but he has none of his own. This is a vice, not a virtue. If this all-pervasive pattern of international politics in our age cannot be reduced to intelligible terms within some general frame of reference, then the historian and the social scientist alike must confess defeat in their effort to comprehend the meaning of social events. Professor Langer is so oblivious to cause and effect, to cultural continuity, and to current implications of his materials that his two closing sentences are unconsciously funny: "The basic problem of international relations [then] was who should cut up the victims. In our own day we have learned otherwise and all this now seems long ago." In 1935, when Ethiopia and China are being "cut up" as never before, the diplomatic historian should read today's newspapers as well as yesterday's Blue Books.

Professor Langer scarcely considers the how and why of imperialistic foreign policies and he therefore fails to discover what makes the wheels go around. He is afraid of generalizations. He repudiates even the balance-of-power thesis, though this is assuredly the *leitmotif* of all modern diplomacy, however obscured it may be in short periods. He notes that "exuberance and optimism went hand in hand with recklessness and confidence in the conduct of foreign affairs." He knows vaguely that his drama of an anarchic world at the mercy of power-hungry diplomats and unscrupulous profit-seekers is headed for tragedy and disaster. But he does not know why. These difficulties might be resolved by more attention to the present world scene and to the basic and persisting patterns of politics in the Western state system as a whole. One may at least venture the hope that after he has gathered in all his evidence, Professor Langer will strive to achieve a synthesis. The complete historian must also be a social scientist and a philosopher. FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Poets of the Future

Trial Balances. Edited by Ann Winslow. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THIS anthology, which includes a fairly large group of poems from each of thirty-two young poets, is extremely interesting. The poets, whose ages run from eighteen to twenty-five, come from every section of the country. The collection grew out of *College Verse,* a national undergraduate magazine to which most of our college students who write verse contribute. The book is therefore definitely representative of the oncoming poets. More than any other collection, it is prophetic of a new movement in American poetry.

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granted their position in society. Their philosophy is a positive one—but they are not all revolutionaries. The East breeds most of the revolutionaries. Many of these poets have a moral purpose. I do not mean that they write didactic poetry, but that they record accurately, and with intent to indicate how life may be made better or more beautiful. In the main they are free of mysticism and subjectivism. This implies, of course, that their poetry is limited. It does not aspire to great imaginative heights. It does, however, accomplish precisely what it intends to. It records beautifully, with excellent observation, the American scene, American social conditions. Unlike most young poets, these writers are not primarily concerned with personal problems. They look outward and onward.

Stripped of adjectives, simple in syntax, this new poetry nevertheless holds to the rigorous form learned from the young poets' immediate forerunners. An intricate psychology, learned also from these forerunners, is presented in objective images and is therefore more understandable. Moreover, we seem to have in this group poets who have actually assimilated the emotions and ideas of a scientific world. Without strain, they give us the impressions of persons brought up among machines and taking them for granted. In these poets intellect and emotion seem, in fact, very exactly balanced, at peace with each other, not, as in Eliot, at war. Youth has its feet on the ground, its eyes everywhere; its heart is disciplined but aware. Judging from the biographical notes, the most, certainly the best, of these young poets come from our lower middle class. In this class, not yet completely submerged in poverty, youth is still capable of hope.

In a few years four or five of these young writers may be our leading poets. The critics introducing them—and among them are the best-known poets and critics of an older generation—are sincerely humble. Prophecy of greatness is never safe. "Trial Balances," nevertheless, introduces, among these thirty-two young poets, many who are worth watching.

EDA LOU WALTON

In Prison

Cell 202—Sing Sing. By Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

We Who Are About to Die. By David Lamson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE Warden of Sing Sing, by telling the life stories of four men who successively occupied one cell in the New York prison, each of them serving twenty to twenty-five years for murder, has combined almost a century of local history with an equal period of penology. Abner Wilde entered cell 202 when the new prison on the Hudson—ironically called Mount Pleasant—had just been built; Stephen Yerkes left it in 1911, just before the demolition of the old cell block. The century which began in 1826 with the harshest form of discipline, maintained with the whip, which sent prisoners back to their cells to eat their meals alone, which kept them at the rock pile or in the foundry, where with their own hands they forged the iron instruments that were to torture them, ended with even stripes abolished and the new-fangled notion in force that prisoners were not being incarcerated solely for punishment but in order to reestablish them in the world as useful and law-abiding citizens. In the main the Warden has done a telling job, particularly in his descriptions of prison life a hundred years ago. The enforced silence, the lash, the greasy clamminess of stone, the thick blackness of the punishment cell—all of them culminating regularly and often in hopeless revolt—are made plain. His record shows that we have come a long way since then. The whip is gone, as are the shower and the ball and chain. Contract labor, that destroyer of souls and punisher of bodies, has been abolished. Sunlight actually comes inside the prison walls, and the old cell block, the most monstrous system of prison architecture ever devised, is gradually being replaced all over the country with more humane and livable buildings. But Warden Lawes knows that prison is still a desperate and fearful place. He concludes that the method by which the old Sing Sing was administered was more logical than that followed for the new. The criminal was a defaulter; society had only one duty to him, to punish—by rigid discipline and hard labor. But in the new penology we believe that we must rehabilitate as well as punish, that the prisoner has come to crime not through his own weakness altogether but as a result of the forces of society. "Yet," says the Warden, ". . . we insist on retaining inhibitions which made Sing Sing and all nineteenth-century prisons a byword. We resent the continuance of normal human contacts and the introduction of activities provocative of clean living and straight thinking. We forbid constructive labor. But we expect the prisoner, on his emergence, to be better than when he was admitted."

Almost as if to point up Warden Lawes's book, comes the plain tale of a prisoner in the death cells at San Quentin. David Lamson will be remembered as the young university graduate accused of the murder of his wife, who was found mysteriously dead in the bathtub of their suburban home in California. His relationship with his wife, his own character, and the circumstances surrounding the tragedy made it inconceivable that he could have committed murder. But the California court found him guilty, and he spent thirteen months in the condemned row before the Supreme Court of the state reversed the verdict and ordered a new trial. Lamson is not yet free; his second trial resulted in a hung jury, and he is waiting trial a third time. Meanwhile he has written a book which shows him a writer of power, clarity, and sensitive imagination. His ear for true talk is remarkable; his ability to describe men—even murderers—as human beings is convincing and touching.

Lamson lived in prison when all the more brutal methods of punishment had been abolished. Because he had been sentenced to hang, he, with his fellow-prisoners on the condemned row, was isolated from the life of the prison as a whole. He lived twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four in his cell—a room six feet wide, ten feet deep, and eight feet high at the center. In this little castle he slept—on not too hard a bed—ate his meals, and performed his toilet, except that the prison barber had to shave him. He might cook over a little stove, read all the books he wanted, write as much as he would; he might talk through the wall to his cell mates, pray, sing, shout, and pace the floor—two paces one way, one the other. From noon to two o'clock he went to the prison yard—thirty feet long—and played ball if he liked, or chess, or conversed with his fellow-prisoners. The jailer was a kindly, friendly man, not a brute; the clothing was a plain gray uniform; the other prisoners were human beings like himself. And having got to know them and like them, having talked and played with them, he saw one and another of them disappear, every so often, to the death cell upstairs, where the implacable gallows was waiting.

There are in this book few of the familiar prison horrors. Yet the simple horror of being in prison, a man sentenced by the state to die, is plainer than in all Warden Lawes's pages about brutality and torture. The cruel ordeal which David Lamson has been through, and of which he is not yet free, has produced a record that every sensitive man and woman should read. The prisoner's back is no longer reddened with the whip, but on his soul the scars must be ineradicable.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Drama

A Provincial Lady in Town

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" (Music Box Theater) was both conceived and born under the happiest stars. It is hard to imagine a more skilful adaptation, a better cast, or a more tasteful production. But even this is not all, for to these three miracles is unexpectedly added a fourth. Though no one, it seems, could have made the guess, it now appears that New York was waiting for precisely this. Of course, Jane Austen's wit is as timeless as human nature itself, but at last the fact seems about to be recognized by a public which has long labored under the unaccountable delusion that her novels are something to be read only at school. This winter, unless I am very grievously mistaken, the spinster daughter of a provincial clergyman will be more than popular; she will also be fashionable. Noel Coward had better look to his laurels. What Elizabeth Bennett said to Mr. Darcy is going to be quoted at more and better dinner tables than any remarks about little tumbles in the hay ever were. And I can imagine no greater paradox than that.

So much for what the lay public will think of "Pride and Prejudice." Naturally, the devoted band of Miss Austen's admirers (it is almost a cult) will approach the play in a more captious spirit, but they have, it seems to me, no just cause for alarm. Helen Jerome, who made the adaptation, has worked boldly but with remarkable skill—simplifying where it seemed necessary, making no effort to follow the order of events as narrated in the novel, and inventing bits of dialogue which, so far at least as I remember, have no close analogues in the text. But as a result she has given the piece a real dramatic coherence without sacrificing the spirit of the original, and she has been extraordinarily successful in making natural, effective use of such brilliant scenes and conversations as those involving Mr. Collins's famous proposal and the visit of Lady Catherine de Bourgh to the Bennett household. Like the novel, the play opens with Mrs. Bennett's breathless announcement of the arrival of a new bachelor in the neighborhood, but many scenes are telescoped, the order of the narration is changed, and the whole is built about a few main incidents. Yet the development seems perfectly natural, and there is a solidity of texture rarely found in dramatizations, which so commonly seem, at best, only a series of isolated moments occurring in a void.

Of course "Pride and Prejudice" has inevitably become in the course of time one thing that it was not when it was written—namely, a costume piece. Many social conventions, as well as the manner of dress, have now a certain air of quaintness which was no part of the effect as originally intended. Yet for all the beautiful elaborateness of Jo Mielziner's sets and costumes, there is no tendency to play up the humor of the anachronism at the expense of Jane Austen's intention; and except in one or two cases—as, for example, when a certain amount of stress is laid upon the fact that attentions which Jane Bennett regarded as almost equivalent to a proposal of marriage seem very mild indeed to those who have lived through the era of the petting party—much the same can be said of the text, whose humor is pretty consistently in the spirit of Miss Austen's own. Perhaps the dramatic "Pride and Prejudice" is more persistently, and more nearly exclusively, glittering than a novel which has its leisurely and subdued passages, but on the whole I should say that, above all else, it will serve to prove that Miss Austen's wit can stand on its own feet, that it remains modern in the sense that no important modifications are necessary to put it into

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direct competition with wit in the manner of the moment. Whatever quaint charms "Pride and Prejudice" may possess as subordinate attractions, nothing could be less of a museum piece. Possibly because the shrewdness, the tartness, the cynicism, even, of its author were not developed as the result of any assimilation of the spirit of the smart world of her time but were, instead, generated by a mind capable of discovering for itself those truths about human nature which usually seem the exclusive possession of worldly people, she speaks directly to any civilized age. Few persons have ever lived of whom it could be said so surely that, mentally at least, she would have known her way about any world and that any sophisticated society would have understood her. She was a provincial, but never was there a better illustration of the paradox that to be adequately provincial is to be universal.

In addition, it should also be remarked that her writing has a quality which, so far as I know, has never been so clearly demonstrated before. Unlike much of what seems like "good dialogue" in many novels, her dialogue is actually speakable with fine effect. Consider, for example, the speech of Mr. Bennett when he has been appealed to by his wife to force Elizabeth into an acceptance of Mr. Collins. "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do." Like various others it is transferred directly to the text of the play, and it can be spoken as effectively as anything written originally for the stage. Jane Austen is not merely in the tradition of Fanny Burney. She is also in the tradition of Congreve and Sheridan.

So admirably do all the elements in the production at the Music Box work together for the perfection of the whole that it is difficult to single out any one thing for especial praise. Lucile Watson as Mrs. Bennett, Adrianne Allen as Elizabeth, Helen Chandler as Jane, Percy Wagram as Mr. Bennett, and Alma Kruger as Lady Catherine have the principal roles, and they are admirable; but so too are all the lesser persons. "Pride and Prejudice," as I said at the beginning, was born under a lucky star. I do not remember an evening in the theater of more unalloyed delight.

Joseph Wood Krutch

Films

Utopia or Lilliput?

THE reason "Gulliver's Travels" is so good is that Swift knew exactly what he wanted its symbols to mean. The symbols have their own fascination, so that any child can love them; but no man can outgrow them, and hence the work remains a classic. "The New Gulliver," an adaptation of Swift's story directed by Ptushko for the Moscow Film Studios (Cameo), has nothing like the same likelihood of life. Its thousands of puppets the size of a man's finger are the most engaging possible creatures, and no praise can be too great for the inventiveness with which they are manipulated. The little king who giggles and squeaks, the little politicians whose mouths stretch by some miracle as they contort and declaim, the processions of miniature motor cars, army tanks, bicycles, and coaches, the underground caverns where the tiny workers (slaves of a degenerate upper class) turn out molehills of munitions, the little palaces, the little plains—these become positively beautiful in their smallness whenever V. Konstantinov, the Russian boy who plays Gulliver, stands up in his pleasant might and smiles down at them. But what does the picture mean? The question is proper in view of the fact that it keeps trying to mean something. What do the puppets prove?

Swift himself was ruthlessly clear. His Gulliver, beginning with mere amusement at the antics of a toy race, ended by being forced to admit a strict parallel between those antics and the customs of his native island. It was not that the Lilliputians were contemptible because they were small; it was simply that Europe became contemptible through the absence of any proof that it was different from the thing Gulliver stared at. And—this is the real point—the society he stared at was everywhere ridiculous. All of its parties, its classes, suffered in perspective; Swift's target was nothing less than the human race. But the target of "The New Gulliver" is only half of the human race; only one class is aimed at. The other class, the workers, are expected to escape. And do they? I could not see that they did; for none of the attempts to make them noble succeeded in making me forget that they were small; and when young Petya awoke from his dream of Lilliput his exclamation to the Soviet youths around him—"How great we all are!"—was so far from proving what it was supposed to prove as to establish, in fact, the contrary proposition, namely, that the whole world we had been watching with him had been no more than fanciful, remote, and quaint. I am not saying that the film is inferior to Swift because it is not, like "Gulliver's Travels," a masterpiece of pessimism. I am only saying that it fails to achieve the effect for which it tried, and that it is therefore not in the full sense a masterpiece of any kind. Too little brain work was done in the maneuvering of its puppets toward a meaning. These puppets are the most delightful things an American moviegoer can see at the moment. But Swift still laughs in his grave.

"Way Down East" and "The Three Musketeers" have started at the Center Theater and the Music Hall what will undoubtedly be successful careers; and this is right, since both of them have stories which nothing can spoil—except, of course, that time is destined to do more than it has already done to "Way Down East." Both of them were powerful in the days of silence—one with the help of D. W. Griffith and the other because Douglas Fairbanks was D'Artagnan reincarnate. An interesting question now would be whether we had lost anything in gaining sound. It is a question to which I do not know the general answer; yet I must record that the attempt of Henry King, the director of "Way Down East," to "lighten the theme" and to "modernize the dialogue and action without violating the spirit of the original play," seems in spite of the fine photography to have weakened something which was once very strong—the melodrama, in other words, which Griffith had the courage to keep pure; and that the "Three Musketeers" now visible is neither as spirited as Douglas Fairbanks's nor as convincing as "Les Trois Mousquetaires," the French version revived recently at the Cinéma de Paris. The French film is burlier and more natural at every point, and much more nearly approaches the appalling vigor of Dumas.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Rendezvous," a spy film with William Powell as the fearless and funny decoder, is perhaps not quite as good as "The Thin Man," but it is swift and witty enough to prove that a combination of intelligent dialogue with intelligent direction is about the most difficult thing we have these days to resist.

Mark Van Doren

Next Week in The Nation

Oswald Garrison Villard will review "I Write As I Please," by Walter Duranty.

Louis Hacker will review "The Crisis of the Middle Class," by Lewis Corey.

The Nation

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THE INCREASE OF TRADE with Italy has produced another rebuke from Secretary Hull, but we doubt whether these rebukes, even if followed by publication of the names of those making money out of Mussolini's illegal war, will have much deterring effect. Since Congress is not going to change the terms of the neutrality resolution in time, the Administration may have to resort to stretching the meaning of its language, unless we are content to weaken League sanctions seriously. The danger of subsequent embargoes on essential raw materials supplied to League states, if they become involved in actual war with Italy, has been considerably reduced. The President, in a notable interpretation of the neutrality resolution, has decided that he has discretionary power to apply or not to apply embargoes on further states that may come into the struggle. The Pittman resolution, after prescribing the mandatory embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war to two belligerent countries, says in a subsequent paragraph: "The President may from time to time, by proclamation, extend such embargo . . . to other states as and when they become involved in such a war." The word "may" is the key to the clause if the President is willing to use it, and he now announces that he is. On this basis it would be immediately practicable, though not wise as a permanent policy, to define cotton, oil, and other essential materials being sent to Italy as "implements" of war. And rather than see the United States wreck the chance of sanctions being effective we favor this policy, and believe that most Americans, if they understand that the outlawing of nationalist wars is at stake, will agree.

BUT WE are not willing to adopt this as standard practice. It is mere accident that Ethiopia is no customer of ours, and that "neutrality" happens to penalize only Italy. With the desire of certain isolationists to keep us out of war we devotedly agree. *The Nation* does not favor American cooperation in military sanctions, and if this country cooperates in economic sanctions, we should want it made plain that this was the limit of our help. Where we part from the isolationists is in their determination to treat an aggressor state and its victim in the same way. In terms of Italy and Ethiopia the neutrality resolution, particularly if it can be expanded and will not be made to apply to other League states if Italy attacks them, is serviceable enough. But what if the conflict is the result of renewed aggression by Japan against China, as it well may be in the near future, and the League this time applies economic sanctions? Here the isolationist would argue that unless American shipments to China were shut off, as well as shipments to Japan, American business interests might get us involved in fighting Japan. But this is asking for trouble that is not inherent in the problem. If Japan established a blockade, the United States would need only to accept the blockade and any definition of contraband which Japan might prescribe. That would keep us out of war. But equal treatment for Japan and China would cut us off from any collective effort to penalize Japan. If the sanctions now in force against Italy were sure to fall upon Japan, whose very life is dependent on exports, the war not only might be brought to an early end but might be averted. We are convinced that the certainty of these sanctions during the Manchurian crisis would have given the politicians in Tokyo the leverage they needed to defeat the militarists. Isolation and equal treatment are counsels of despair, taking it for granted that there is no hope for the law. There is some hope for it; the start of a legal system is now functioning at Geneva.

SECRETARY ICKES'S capitulation to the Hearst press on the purchase of foreign materials for PWA jobs is little short of disgraceful. The issue raised by the Triborough Bridge Authority's contract for the purchase of $19,000 worth of German steel was clear-cut. No American manufacturers produce steel piling similar to that which was ordered by the Bridge Authority, although they have known of its advantages for many years. The price asked by the domestic steel companies for a product which would meet specifications was more than double that bid by the foreign firm. Good sense as well as sound economics, therefore, required the purchase of the German steel. The less money that was spent on materials, the more would be available for the unemployed. In the face of this unassailable logic

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the Hearst press has carried on a campaign of obfuscation and abuse. The New York *American,* for example, took half of the front page three days in succession to bewail the fact that "fascist Germany" with its "starvation wages and forced labor" would receive the money intended for the relief of unemployment in "capitalist-democratic America," which pays "the highest wages in the world." The allegation that money spent for foreign steel is taken out of the pockets of American workers is of course untrue, as Mr. Ickes is undoubtedly aware. It can be set down as an invariable law that dollars spent for foreign goods must come back, and are almost certain to come back in the form of orders for American goods, though possibly not for goods whose prices are held at uneconomic levels by monopoly practices. Opposition to the PWA's action in this instance is in no way inconsistent with support of a private boycott against Nazi exports. Obviously no government can participate in a boycott against a foreign state except as a deliberate punitive measure. If private individuals wish to organize such a boycott for social or political reasons, it is their right to do so. But we should not allow anti-Nazi sentiment to becloud what is essentially a question of sound economics.

JAPAN'S long-expected coup in North China is under way as we go to press. While one can only speculate on Tokyo's motives for bringing 95,000,000 additional Chinese under Japanese rule at this time, both military and imperial considerations appear to have played an important role. Foremost is undoubtedly Japan's desire to have North China and Inner Mongolia under its thumb in the event of a war with the Soviet Union. The recent northward drive of the Communist forces in Szechuan, Shensi, and Kansu has raised fears in the minds of the military leaders that the Chinese Red Army may join with the Outer Mongolian forces to check Japan in this area. Chiang Kai-shek's inability to cope with the Communists appears to be one of the primary reasons for Japan's sudden hostility toward a man who has hitherto been a most dependable ally. A second explanation of Japan's action may be found in the agreement which was recently reported to have been reached between the Japanese military leaders and heads of the Mitsui and Mitsubishi clans, who had previously opposed the military's semi-fascist program. The Mitsuis have been interested in certain experiments in cotton-growing and have become convinced that under proper conditions of "law and order" the Yellow River valley might become a great cotton-growing center. Similarly, the Mitsubishis are known to have extensive interests in certain mineral resources in North China. In contrast to the situation two years ago, when the Japanese marched unmolested to the very gates of Peking, the Chinese are greatly aroused against the invader. Despite disillusionment over the failure of the League in the Manchurian controversy, another appeal to Geneva is likely. With the British committed to unequivocal support of the League principle, it is difficult to see how such an appeal could be sidestepped as it was in 1931.

STRICTLY SPEAKING, Herbert Hoover has no hat to throw into the ring, since he lost his in 1932. What he threw, in his address before the Ohio Society in New York City, was his skull cap. But even this diminutive headgear has brought consternation to the volunteer general staff of the Republican Party. Not that the speech was not good; it was much too good. It put the addresses of Alf Landon, Frank Knox, and Arthur Vandenberg in the shade. For here was the doctrine—balanced budget, economy, sound money—which the Republicans are certain to adopt, and expounded as none of the other candidates has the ability to do. To many Republicans, Hoover is like a nightmare that refuses to leave the consciousness on awakening. He simply insists on being reckoned with; he is certain to dominate the Republican convention; and it no longer is a forgone conclusion that he will not be nominated, a thought which must give unfailing comfort to President Roosevelt. The pre-convention fight appears to be taking form in that Hoover and Borah will be leading the struggle for delegates, the one to down the Idaho radical and his unsound money views, the other to down the former President and his unmitigated philosophy of leaving business alone. Borah is determined to campaign against monopolies, and in this Knox will aid him. They will take the line that capitalism can only be made to work by becoming competitive again. Eastern Republicanism will not warm to this Western view. Senator Borah has returned to Washington to be nearer the center of things, and Colonel Knox henceforth will spend part of his time at the capital. As it looks now, the Hoover-Borah contest will play into the hands of Vandenberg, who can be trusted to find a happy middle ground. But Landon has still to express himself on this issue; and, anyway, it is far too early to make predictions.

MANY REPUBLICANS are holding their thumbs in the hope that in the reciprocity treaty with Canada the President at last has made the blunder that will save them the trouble of beating him next year. Their problem is to find some way of duplicating the benefits to farmers of the AAA but at the other end of the alphabet, for if they cannot cajole farmers to vote Republican in substantial numbers they cannot win the election. Now they pray that the Administration has bungled the delicate agricultural problem and created enemies whom they never could have converted themselves. They are, to be sure, utterly unreasonable, as we point out in our leading editorial, and the treaty constitutes an unfair victory over Premier King, who obviously needed some kind of treaty right away for political reasons. But farmers and Republicans will have their own narrower reading of the facts. Those specially affected—dairymen, farmers along the border, and lumber interests—will put up a cry that will resound through the land. It already has been raised, and notifies the country that the closed season on common sense already has set in. One would not have wondered if the President had postponed the treaty until after the election. But we suspect that the Republicans will not make as much capital out of the treaty as they anticipate. To begin with, the magazines, which now get their Canadian markets back again, will be less outraged than otherwise by the sacrifices of a few farmers. And industrialists who stand to make gains in exports will be pleased without taking note of Canada's difficulties in making payments. Perhaps the greatest significance of the agreement, its ultimate effect on the next conference of the British Empire and the future of the effort to create an economic unity of the Commonwealth, will hardly be noted. But Lord Beaverbrook and even saner imperialists in England will have read of the agreement with profound concern.

IN THE EARLY DAYS of the Administration Father Coughlin was an insider, consulting with men of state, consulted by them. For a time his thirst for power was slaked by this novel importance, and he threw his influence behind the President. Gradually he outgrew his subordination, and since the day when the World Court was defeated and the League for Social Justice was launched, it has been clear that he could not remain anybody's lieutenant. Now he has definitely broken with the President and the New Deal, which he once proclaimed the alternative to ruin. Today he calls the New Deal a "grotesque colossus astride the two extremities of social error." Its feet, he says, "are mired, one in the red mud of Soviet communism, the other in the stinking cesspool of pagan plutocracy." In two particulars he has a case against the President—for dropping the crusade against the bankers, and for paying depressed wages on relief projects. No doubt he recognizes, too, that Roosevelt will never adopt his inflationary economics, no matter how tantalizingly he has toyed with silver purchase. But the common-sense American will be bewildered by the Coughlin argument. We call attention to the fascist technique in his attack on recent labor legislation. The priest says that the President is deliberately sponsoring laws he knows to be unconstitutional, in "a sham battle to protect plutocracy at the expense of the Supreme Court," trying to tide over the period of recovery without lasting reform. This shrewd appeal presents Father Coughlin as organized labor's most discerning friend. But at the same time he is trying to build his own union in the automobile industry at the expense of organized labor. His basic doctrine remains one of hostility to independent unions, and his dream is to have all labor organized by the government.

THE ONLY REALLY NEW THING about the resolutions issued on November 14 defining the status of Jews in Germany is the reported abandonment of the terms "Aryan" and "non-Aryan." In their place will be substituted the more exact but no less damaging designations "German," "Jewish," and "mixed Jewish." Germans are citizens and are permitted to vote; Jews—by definition those persons with three or more Jewish grandparents—are denied both these privileges; mixed Jews in certain cases are admitted into the fold. The restrictions on mixed marriages are rigidly fixed: thus, a mixed Jew with one Jewish grandparent may marry a German but not a Jew, the aim being the further dilution of Semitism in the direction of a pure German stock; mixed Jews with two Jewish grandparents must apply to the Minister of the Interior for permission to marry a Gentile or a person with 25 per cent Jewish blood. Permits will be granted only in special cases. German women domestics may continue in the employ of Jews if there are no men in the family, or, when there are men in the family, if the domestics are more than thirty-five years old and were employed before the promulgation of the Nürnberg decrees. This solemn fandango defining the political and domestic status of the inhabitants of the Reich has not so far been supplemented by official limitations on business or jobs, except that Jewish state and municipal employees must resign their positions and be pensioned off at the end of this year. However, the anti-Semitic regulations may be supplemented at any time, and it is charged by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency that limitations upon the activities of Jews in business will be deferred until after the Olympic games are held, on the suspicion that such limitations would cause the United States to withdraw from the games. Meanwhile Jews, in justified fear of the restrictions to come, are selling out their businesses at a loss.

CESAR VILAR has been General Secretary of the National Cuban Federation of Labor since 1930. Although he has been sought by Batista's police since June, 1934, he has managed to stay out of jail because of the protection afforded him by Cuban workers. But on October 31 he was arrested and held for investigation. The next day he was charged with participation in the armed attack on the march of the fascist A. B. C. in Havana last June 17, and with planning to assassinate President Mendieta and Ambassador Caffery. On the following day he was further charged with planning a general strike to overthrow the Cuban regime, and he has subsequently been accused of possessing a revolver, planning to sabotage factories, holding illegal meetings, and so on. In other words, the Mendieta government—which without the support of the United States would not last a fortnight—is out to get Cesar Vilar. The alleged attempt on the life of Ambassador Caffery is of course particularly interesting to Americans. So far no proof has been offered that such an attack was even considered, much less attempted, and no word has come from the Ambassador concerning the matter. Letters of protest on Vilar's arrest and Mr. Caffery's silence have been sent to the Secretary of State by Carleton Beals, Congressman Marcantonio, Norman Thomas, Bishop McConnell, and others. It is reported that the elections called for December 15 under the protection of the United States will be boycotted by large numbers of voters, and that a general strike is planned in protest against them. In his recent letter to the head of the Knights of Columbus the President very properly recommended that, in the case of the quarrel between the Mexican government and the Catholic church, we mind our own business. It would be highly salutary if he would apply the same policy to Cuba, and would see that it was put into effect.

IN THE WORDS of the late Mr. Briggs, we wonder what a Negro juror on an Alabama grand jury thinks about. Creed Conyers, a farmer of Paint Creek, Alabama, chairman of the board of trustees of Negro schools there, was the man chosen to satisfy the requirement imposed by the Supreme Court of the United States that Negroes should appear on the grand jury which would reindict the Scottsboro defendants. The new grand jury promptly returned the indictment on the two counts of attacking Mrs. Victoria Price and Ruby Bates, in spite of the often repeated denial of the latter that any attack on her took place. Presumably we shall in due course be treated once more to the sight of Mrs. Price on the witness stand chewing gum and repeating with evident enjoyment the story of the rape upon her person. It may even be that a Negro will sit on the trial jury which once more finds the defendants guilty, and at this particular point "due process" will be satisfied and the ends of justice served. It is not likely that credible evidence of the rape will be adduced, no such evidence having appeared in four and a half years of litigation, but in Alabama so far this has not been necessary. We may be grateful, however, that the defendants are still alive and that the protection of our highest court has not been denied them.

Not Enough Reciprocity

THE Canadian-American reciprocity agreement will be received with mixed emotions by those who believe that the tariff policy of the United States should undergo a fundamental revision. On the one hand, any measure which promotes a freer movement of international trade might be considered a step toward recovery. From this standpoint even an unjust and unequal agreement would seem to be better than the existing stagnation. On the other hand, a measure which enhances the fundamental maladjustments in American commercial policy must inevitably delay the restoration of sound economic conditions throughout the world.

That the agreement signed at Washington on November 15 is a very one-sided document is apparent even on casual reading. Prime Minister Mackenzie King's anxiety to rush through an agreement has led him to accept what is essentially a bad bargain. Canada's concessions are extensive and commendable. Direct reductions are made in the duty on 180 items of American export, which accounted for $175,000,000 out of the $523,000,000 worth of goods which the United States sold to Canada in 1929-30. Among the articles affected are a number of products in which the United States competes directly with Canadian and British manufacturers. On 80 items the new duty is to be lower than that previously paid by any non-British country. In addition Canada has agreed to grant the United States its "intermediate" tariff, which will reduce the duty on 587 other commodities. American exporters will also benefit by the revision of Canada's burdensome system of arbitrary valuations.

Compared with these concessions the promises made by the United States are extremely meager. We have agreed to reduce tariff rates, subject to certain quota limitations, on fifty-three articles which we import from Canada. The value of our imports of these items in 1929 was approximately $79,000,000 out of a total of dutiable imports from Canada of about $265,000,000. In addition the United States has promised not to impose duties on a number of articles which are now on our free list. This can scarcely be counted a concession, however, since the United States would be the primary loser if it imposed a duty on articles which cannot be produced in this country. Among the chief products on which tariff reductions were granted are cattle, cream, poultry, seed potatoes, lumber, certain kinds of fish, and whiskey, but in each of these except poultry, fish, whiskey, and some kinds of lumber it is specified that the new duties are only to apply to an amount not exceeding our imports from Canada in 1929-30.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment is the failure of the United States to make any tariff concessions on such important Canadian exports as potatoes, codfish, wheat, milk, copper, tin, nickel, chrome, tungsten, antimony, and aluminum. In the case of potatoes and wheat much of the Canadian product is of a different grade from that grown in the United States and therefore not directly competitive. The amount of milk imported from Canada prior to the imposition of the present duty was less than 1 per cent of the domestic production. But there are many localities along the 3,000-mile United States-Canadian frontier where it is logical to purchase milk, as well as certain other products, across the border rather than pay transportation costs from more distant points within the country. It would have been to the advantage of the United States, moreover, to cut the duty on copper, tin, nickel, and certain other industrial raw materials which are processed with power rather than labor. Our failure to make these concessions not only means higher prices for American consumers, but substantially reduces the possibility of expanding our markets in Canada. For despite the substantial reductions in its tariff, Canada cannot expand its imports unless its exports enjoy a corresponding rise.

That the new pact will increase Canadian-American trade goes almost without saying. It is evident, however, that a considerable portion of the gain in American exports will be at the expense of British and European countries. This in itself would be no cause for concern if it were not for the fact that this pact, like all its predecessors, is likely to stimulate American exports far more than imports. As a creditor country we can only maintain an export surplus if we are willing to resume international lending on a huge scale. For a time, it is true, we can continue to balance our trade, as at present, by importing large quantities of gold and silver. But this policy can only lead to the complete destruction of the world monetary systems. If we are to avoid disaster, we must either reconcile ourselves to an import surplus or abandon all our existing foreign investments. Agreements such as the present one clearly postpone the time when international stability can be restored.

Despite its serious limitations, the pact will undoubtedly be attacked by the Republicans as detrimental to American agricultural interests. This sudden solicitude for the farmer is particularly touching from the party which virtually killed America's export market for agricultural products by the Hawley-Smoot tariff of 1930. The truth is, of course, that no group in the country has more to gain from a drastic revision of our tariff policy than the farmer. The agreement with Canada is a poor illustration of this fact because it happens that most of our exports to our northern neighbor consist of manufactured products. But even in this pact there are a number of important farm products on which Canada has granted lower duties to the United States. It is possible, of course, that the Republicans will be able to confuse the issue sufficiently to persuade many American farmers that the Administration has injured the domestic market by opening the door to Canadian competition. But this is going to be extremely difficult in view of the fact that no important American farm product is affected by the agreement. The few products which are affected are amply covered by the quota agreement which limits the amount of imports from Canada. It is our guess that if the farm interests of the West rise against the Administration it will not be because of any concessions made in the pact with Canada, but because its boasted tariff policy has failed in its primary objective—the opening of new markets for American farm products. These new markets can never be obtained unless the United States is willing to go much farther than it has gone in the Canadian pact in encouraging an expansion of import trade.

The New Deal Ends

THREE recent announcements made almost simultaneously indicate that the Roosevelt Administration has swung far to the right in preparing the setting for the coming election campaign. First is the statement in the President's letter to the American Bankers' Association that "evidences of great recovery are at every hand...with cooperation between banks, business, and government...we will soon solve our remaining problems." This view was amplified by Secretary Roper at the annual dinner of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers, when he declared that "the basic program of reform has been completed." And to make certain that his point should not be misconstrued, he added, "As long as we maintain our present capitalistic system, and it will be maintained, no obstructions or deterrents must be permanently set up to prevent fair and reasonable profits." On the same day it was announced that federal expenditures would be cut by half a billion dollars.

It is easy to say that the President is merely playing politics, that once the election is over he will again turn to the main task of reforming our economic and social order. But with all due respect to Mr. Roosevelt's undoubted political sagacity, we would raise the question whether his open bid for business support at this moment is not bad politics as well as bad economics. Mr. Roosevelt was swept into office by an overwhelming majority on the promise of a "new deal" for the small man. In view of the fact that the reforms actually achieved during his three years in office have fallen far short of his promises, is it not reasonable to conclude that the drift away from the President is caused by disillusionment rather than by concern over his alleged attack on fundamental American institutions?

To declare that the program of reform is completed when ten million Americans are still unemployed, when millions are being removed from government relief rolls and thrown on the inadequate resources of state and private charity, is sheer hypocrisy. The collapse of the WPA and the farcical nature of the security act leave the Administration with very little which it can point to as benefiting the average voter. It is true that there has been a measure of business recovery, but this has been relatively far more helpful to business than to labor. Wages have risen, but no more than the cost of living. Employment has expanded, but not nearly so rapidly as business activity. Factory pay rolls—as distinguished from those in the non-manufacturing industries—have nearly doubled since March, 1933, as compared with an eightfold gain in industrial profits. One glance at the chart of industrial earnings during the past three years as compared with those of 1930-32 should convince the toughest-skinned tory that Mr. Roper's remarks about profits were fully consistent with the record of the Administration to date.

The bitter truth is, however, that no amount of prosperity and no promises of future cooperation are going to eliminate the hostility of certain sections of business toward Mr. Roosevelt. The President committed the unpardonable sin of suggesting that many of our financial leaders were not the paragons of civic virtue which they like to believe themselves. To come out now and say with Mr. Roper that "the misdeeds of the few have brought an indictment against the many" will scarcely atone for the earlier indictments of the "money changers."

We are not unduly concerned about the ambitions of the Administration at the next election. We are deeply disturbed, however, by the economic folly of a shift to the right at the present time. What recovery has occurred has been brought about largely by governmental expenditures. This flow of consumer purchasing power cannot be stopped or even tapered off without serious consequences. Basically, the economic situation at present is far less stable than at any time in the twenties. Real wages, which are the measure of the capacity of the population to absorb production, are nearly 15 per cent lower than in 1928. Owing to the tremendous increase in labor efficiency, production equal to that of 1929 might be reached and still leave six to eight million unemployed, who would have no buying power. Our export market, which furnished the escape from the dilemma of surpluses in the twenties, is apparently gone beyond recall. Moreover, the fact that profits have tended to rise much more rapidly than wages or salaries indicates that the old bogy of underconsumption is bound to reappear as soon as large-scale government expenditures cease.

There are only two ways of keeping the wheels of industry turning. One is a fundamental reform program for redistributing the national income. The other, which is probably the most that can be expected from the present Administration, is a continuation of stop-gap measures involving the giving of large amounts of public money to various pressure groups. The tax program, the WPA, and the so-called security act were feeble gestures toward the first objective. But their effect has been more than offset by the informal price-fixing system introduced under the NRA, which has tended to remain despite the Supreme Court's action. If the Administration has not the courage to tackle the defects in our economic structure on the eve of an election, the very least it can do is to keep the machine running until a more suitable time arrives.

The Tories Apply a Lesson

THE British Conservatives have ridden to another victory on a non-partisan issue, repeating their stratagem of 1931. And in their coming term they will reap partisan advantage from it, as they have done in the past four years. This is not healthy democratic practice, and it would not work at all, certainly not twice in succession, in a healthy Britain. But Britain since the war has been an ill land, where robust democracy has not been given a chance. Since the day when MacDonald was thrown out by the trick of the Zinoviev letter, the stage for elections has been rigged with frightening portents of calamities which have not existed. The election of 1931 was won by churning up a panic about the dangers of abandoning the gold standard. After the country had chosen the National Government as the only safe pilot in the storm, it developed that there was no storm, and that salvation by gold was a myth. The National Government, however, had learned a lesson in the art of winning elections, and bided its time until it could apply it. The lesson was to campaign on anything but living, domestic issues. To be sure of victory, the National Government must not take its achievement of "recovery" to the country, no matter how loudly it was being eulogized by envious reactionaries abroad. It must not campaign on its fatalistic acceptance of heavy and permanent industrial unemployment, and of the derelict areas. By hook or crook the British citizen must be kept from voting on the continuance of the economic system which is responsible for these, and for the poisonous sordidness of British working-class life in these times of blessed recovery.

There is irony in the application of this lesson to the recent election. The Conservatives, still in the guise of a "national" government, won the day by asking support for their policy at Geneva. There might be some logic in this had the National Government, in its earlier years in office, cared about the League, disarmament, or the enforcement of peace. But the National Government distinguished itself by weakness in League affairs, and committed its foreign policy to the prince of twisters, Sir John Simon. MacDonald, as Prime Minister, had hoped against hope that he could escape one day from his "prison" in the Conservative Cabinet, descend melodramatically on Geneva, and push through disarmament in one magnificent victory. But he never got beyond dreaming. Disarmament was lost; the League itself was in ruins. And then, as a final democratic cry from a democratic people, the peace ballot last year rebuked the National Government and insisted on the revival of the League to meet the rising menace of Hitlerism. The Conservatives, pushed into leadership in Geneva, found what MacDonald always had known, that a vigorous defense of peace was popular. And they found, too, that they had been given the long-sought election issue. They carried out the peace-ballot mandate of applying sanctions against Italy, and hurried to the polls for their reward. They presented their case not without a reactionary admixture of their own, asking for rearmament. They dressed up the old Tory doctrine in the new League trimmings, saying stronger defenses were essential to support of the League. British voters could not reject rearmament without appearing to reject the League; so the Conservatives won, and the "national" majority in the House is tentatively 247, much too large to function well.

The defeat of MacDonald in Seaham Harbor is more than a personal incident; it is his historic punishment for inventing the "national" government. His bitterness at the outcome demonstrates how little he understands the consequences of his own deeds. Had he been loyal to Labor principles four years ago, his party might now be within a few seats of a majority. His betrayal doomed British workers to years of conflict and despair.

For Americans the British election has an immediate and alarming consequence: we shall build a larger navy. The Admiralty at last will get at least seventy cruisers, essential—by some mathematical principle never explained—to protect British trade routes. We shall be asked to take smaller capital ships, and thus avoid a naval race. We shall decline. The President on Armistice Day proclaimed our determination to run the armament race with any "others" who challenge us. And so—isolationists please note—our naval strength has been determined by voters in a foreign land.

Mussolini and the Casa Italiana

"THE Duce has received Giuseppe Prezzolini, who reported to him on the activities of the Casa Italiana of Columbia University." These three lines appeared in the *Popolo d'Italia* of Rome, the personal organ of Mussolini, on June 17 last, and they offer the strongest possible substantiation of the charges made in *The Nation* a year ago that Columbia's Italian House is directly responsible to the Italian government.

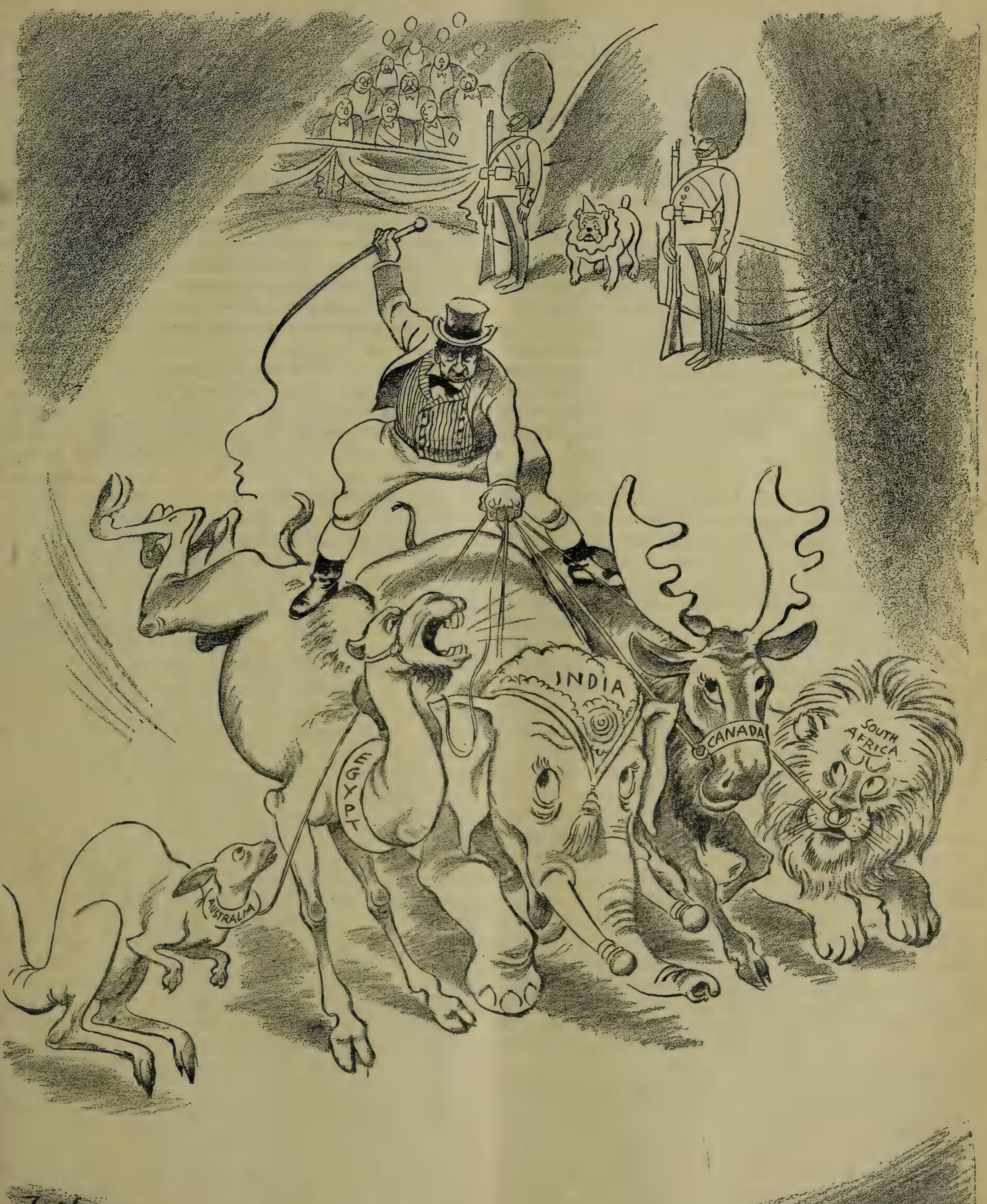
Nation readers will recall that President Butler, answering the original charge of fascist control, stated that "the Casa Italiana . . . is wholly without political purpose or significance." If this is so, why does its director, an Italian citizen and a member of the Fascist Party, report on its activities to the head of the fascist government? President Butler is surely not so credulous as to believe that Mussolini is interested in the courses in Italian philology and literature given at the Casa. An official document issued by the Italian Ministry of Education in August, 1934, was quoted in *The Nation* last January. It read:

> When, moreover, professors intend to go abroad to lecture . . . the Minister must be informed, if possible, at least two months before the date fixed for departure, so that measures may be taken . . . for the guidance of our authorized diplomatic representatives concerning the proper propaganda to be carried on in the interests of our culture.

In the light of this document it is reasonable to assume that Professor Prezzolini was reporting to his chief on his success in furthering the cause of fascism in this country.

The Nation was instrumental last year in exposing the fascist bias of the Casa. This bias was indicated by the refusal to permit Professor Salvemini to address the Italian Graduate Club, the intimidation of students, the letter from Guglielmo Ferrero in which the distinguished historian gave the lie direct to President Butler's informants at the Casa by declaring that he had never been invited to speak there. Since then the Casa has sponsored the presentation of a medal to Professor Riccio for his "services" to the Italian government; the reception to President Ryan of the Board of Education, who had arrived from Italy openly declaring his approval of fascist educational methods; the fascist rally held at the Casa on October 20 when Gaetano Vecchiotti, newly appointed Italian consul general, gave and received the fascist salute and was greeted with the strains of "Giovanezza," the fascist anthem. All these events tend to corroborate the charges which President Butler dismissed as "utter nonsense."

A year ago, when the question of the Casa's pro-fascist attitude was first discussed, it was thought to be deplorable that the repressive ideals of a dictatorship, particularly with reference to education, should be furthered under the aegis of Columbia University, where in other departments the tradition of free discussion and scholarship prevails. Now Italy has been declared an outlaw by most of the civilized world. For this reason it is all the more to be regretted that Columbia University does not free itself from the charge of harboring and protecting a group which takes its orders from the head of the Italian fascist state.


INDIA
EGYPT
CANADA
SOUTH AFRICA
AUSTRALIA

The Call of the Desert

Issues and Men

Elucidation and Correction

IN the mass of comment received by me upon my recent articles in *The Nation* in regard to Robert Lansing and the activities of the firm of Morgan in war time, I am disturbed to find myself charged with "malice" and "vindictiveness." I have only lately been accused of being too friendly to the Morgans, but this is less important than the charge of being unjust to them, of not presenting their side of the case correctly and adequately, and of writing "excitedly" and "immoderately." So, at the risk of overtaxing the patience of my public, which has had an uncontemplated series of articles from me on this subject, I shall write one more statement of my position in order to make clear some points that seem to have caused misunderstandings, and to correct statements in which I have been betrayed into injustice.

That I have written with heat on this subject of the war and how we got into it, I cannot and would not deny. I am tempted to reply in the words of my grandfather when he was criticized for writing immoderately about slavery under the United States flag: "On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation." But, as he sought, not always successfully, to do what he called "exact justice" to his adversaries, so I wish to do complete justice to all concerned in this historical discussion of what happened from 1914 to 1917, which has suddenly been started anew by the appearance of Robert Lansing's book, by the publication of Harold Nicolson's life of Dwight Morrow, and by Mr. Lamont's recent letters to the New York *Times*. If I have fallen into the common error of reformers in unfairly criticizing ***men*** rather than the ***system*** of which they are the products and the example, then I must openly and squarely plead guilty and express my regrets.

As to my cherishing malice or vindictiveness against the members of J. P. Morgan and Company, that is absurd. Let me restate my feeling about them: My high personal regard for Mr. Lamont dates back, as I recently wrote, to our college years. I respected and admired Dwight Morrow, and in my review of Nicolson's life of him I wrote that he had no reason to be ashamed of what he did as a member of the firm of Morgan. Mr. Leffingwell gave service highly valuable to his government when he served in the Treasury Department before entering the firm, and he stands high in the opinion of all those who know him. I have respected Mr. Morgan because of his modesty, his refusal to spread himself and his philanthropies over the front pages of our newspapers, and his civic attitude in general. I defended him against the attacks made upon him in connection with his income-tax returns, which attacks I still believe to have been 80 per cent hypocritical, and the other 20 per cent ignorant. Here again it was the system, and not the men, which was at fault. But the fact that these men have much civic responsibility, and mean to serve their country, must not bar any independent editor from voicing his protest when they consciously or unconsciously, voluntarily or because of the system, lead in directions that seem to him to bode ill for the social safety and the peace of the United States.

When I wrote of these men and Lansing as being "traitors" in 1915, I of course did not mean that they were traitors to their country in the ordinary sense, but that they dissented from the policy of neutrality proclaimed by the President. I know that they did not deviate from the old-fashioned policy of "strict" neutrality as laid down by the State Department itself. I meant, and I said, that for reasons that they deemed just, ample, and sufficient, they threw themselves on the side of England and refused to be neutral in spirit as the President had urged us all to be. When we got into the war, there were no more loyal and efficient Americans. Mr. Wilson's valuation of Mr. Lamont's services at that time is clearly demonstrated by his making the latter a chief economic adviser at Paris, whose advice he, unfortunately for all concerned, frequently failed to take. Again, I have pointed out that the British government could not have obtained better or cleaner or more competent men to handle their cause here; when I said that they profited indirectly as well as by their direct charges, I meant that they, like all the rest of us who owned bonds and stocks, profited by the tremendous boom all along the line. As Mr. Lamont has pointed out in his book on H. P. Davison, and I am glad to recall here, the firm was careful as a general thing not to assign contracts to bidders in whose organizations the firm or its individual members were interested. Of the hundreds of firms dealt with they were interested in only eleven and to an extent not to exceed 3 per cent in any one of them, and in these cases they reported the facts promptly to the British government. It is also true that the United States government was well aware of the operations of the firm. But this governmental inconsistency does not vitiate the fact that from the beginning the firm threw neutrality to the winds.

I am assured by critics whose judgments I may trust that I was wrong in saying that the Morgans shared Lansing's belief that our going into the war would preserve our prosperity; I am assured that some of them did not wish us to go into the war at all. I gladly accept these statements and sincerely express my regret for a contrary belief and consequent criticism. My difficulty was, perhaps, that I could not recall that during those critical months prior to our going into the war in 1917 those of us who were working tooth and nail to keep us out of it ever got any aid or encouragement from any one of them by public statements or in other ways. Nor can I recall from them a warning about what it would mean to American fathers and mothers if we should go into that struggle. How glorious it would have been if they had voiced these feelings publicly at that time! But that does not abate my satisfaction at learning now the truth. It gives me ground for the sincere hope that they will join those of us who are trying to make impossible the recurrence of events which so gravely divided the American people and led us into a struggle the sole outcome of which, plus the treaty of peace, has been the creating of a far worse Germany than that with which we set out to do battle in 1917.

But when this is said and done, my attitude toward the fundamentals of the war-time situation remains unchanged. I still feel that nothing should be left undone to prevent any recurrence of the conditions under which the Morgan firm assumed the agency in this country for the government of one of the belligerents and proceeded to place contracts for billions of dollars' worth of supplies for the Allies. I repeat my belief that not the best of men can remain unaffected in their judgments as to national policy by such a relationship; that the horde of contractors who profited by the creating of shot and shell and guns were given an incentive, consciously or unconsciously held, to put us into the war on the side of the Allies in order that, as Robert Lansing argued, our great war-created prosperity should continue. I believe—and I am encouraged in this belief by the reactions of not less than 125 audiences I have addressed on this and cognate subjects during the last two years—that the country wants a real neutrality in the next war which will keep us out of it, which means the prevention of any Americans profiting by such a struggle or taking sides in it in a business way. I still think that the merchandising of war materials is a horrible business, to be outlawed and taken over by the government at the first moment possible. Indeed, I dare not describe my feelings about that industry lest my pen and my passion against it again run away with me. But I can say it is a business that no true follower of the Nazarene can consistently touch or in the slightest degree profit by. If this is fanaticism, make the most of it!

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Ode to the Liberty League

By STUART CHASE

> The Administration was called upon to abandon its spendthrift policies, and to reduce expenditures drastically, in an analysis of the budget prospects of the federal government issued tonight by the American Liberty League.—New York *Times*, October 21, 1935.

THE Liberty League voices the almost unanimous opinion of bankers, big business, and sound citizens generally. It is the loud-speaker of what Veblen used to call the kept classes. The shouts and alarms are passionate, yet the paradox they contain is so gross that it warrants analysis as an exhibit in pathology. In effect the Liberty Leaguers are demanding the abolition of the financial system and the destruction of their own class.

To begin with, we must isolate two motivations now hopelessly confused in the conservative's mind. He protests against government spending primarily on moral grounds, but thinks he rests his case on practical finance. Morals and dollars never have mixed very well, and the effect in this case is convulsive.

The moral motivation derives from a lifelong conditioning to the virtues of thrift, self-help, the avoidance of waste, and the prime importance of production. The pioneer tradition is still strong in the conservative's blood. The notion of common citizens receiving money without working for it is profoundly shocking to his moral sensibilities. The Liberty Leaguer believes in his heart that a worthy man can get a job, even today. He admits, if pressed, that there are millions of unemployed, but there must be something the matter with them; they have a screw loose somewhere; they are lacking in moral fiber; they have failed to take advantage of their opportunities. His unconscious mind, at least, is convinced that the unemployed and the recipients of relief are unworthy, and bitterly resents these people. To one beggar along Fifth Avenue he will give his dime or quarter, but when thirty million beggars, as he considers them, advance cup in hand, he is terrified. The thing must be stopped. It is a moral outrage. Where are the police?

Also in the conservative's mind is, one suspects, a special and peculiar fear. The recipients of government relief are getting something for nothing. He too receives something for nothing. His class lives to no small degree on dollars provided not by work but by accident—the accident of birth or the accident of windfall profits. Something for nothing derived from accidents fits snugly into a compartment in his brain, uncontaminated by the compartment in which are kept moral scruples concerning the virtues of hard work and sturdy independence. The average human brain is packed with just such air-tight, mutually exclusive compartments. Unearned income paid to himself is rationalized as good, true, and beautiful. But what boots a tidy income from one thousand shares of A. T. and T. trusteed by Grandfather Saltonstall, if three million dirt farmers are in receipt of unearned income from the AAA? What price the title of gentleman if a whole nation is to share in the prime privilege of a gentleman—to live on the labor of others? If all are to become gentlemen, who, in heaven's name, is to do the work?

Tortured by these doubts, fears, moral antipathies, and deep unconscious pressures, the conservative must find relief in some positive expression. This is all very natural. No one likes to see his moral code turned upside down; no one, lacking intensive social discipline, is eager to share his privileges with the vulgar. So the distressed gentlemen of the Liberty League and their friends find emotional release in demanding a balanced budget.

This cause not only gives the conservative the satisfaction of vicarious thrift; it promises to preserve the threatened class distinctions. If the federal budget is balanced, the unemployed, the small home-owners, the farmers, will receive a merited reduction in their allowances unless happily they may be cut off altogether. They will be put in their place, well below the salt.

The conservative has never grasped the implications of an abundance economy. He is convinced that the less there is for the other side, the more there is for his side. (Conservative labor leaders share this view.) He thinks in terms of a static quantity of wealth. Therefore to drive the unemployed down into the subcellar is to keep himself the more securely on the roof. He feels that every dollar paid for relief is ultimately coming out of his pocket in taxes. He has never appreciated that, in an advanced technology, mass consumption and mass spending are the only guaranty of his income, that production of wealth is a dynamic process, and that the more goods there are for the man in the street, the more goods there may be for the man in the penthouse.

Again, if the budget is not balanced, the professors say we shall have a runaway inflation like that of Germany, when a $20,000 endowment policy would not purchase a straw hat. The conservative quakes for the ultimate solvency of his investments. This quake is legitimate but pitched in the indeterminate future. Not a tremor does he feel for the more ominous threat to his present solvency. It is like a man coming down with pneumonia imploring the doctor to give him an anti-tetanus injection because next summer he may run a nail into his foot.

Demanding a balanced budget is understandable on the assumption that the Liberty Leaguer is a complete automaton, raising his arm when one button is pushed, and saying, "Mamma, mamma," when another is pushed. But if a bare modicum of thought is applied to the situation, it is immediately apparent that balancing the federal budget in the middle of a major depression is about the last conceivable step which a well-kept gentleman who values his survival should advocate. Balancing the budget is admittedly a good thing from the public point of view, other things being equal, and a budget too long out of equilibrium surely will end in runaway inflation. Granted. Other things, however, are not equal, and a budget forced into balance by a drastic reduction of spending would not only crucify the unemployed but prostrate the whole financial mechanism.

The conservative is not arguing *pro bono publico;* he thinks he is saving his own skin from ultimate disaster. Yet in reality he is advocating the immediate annihilation of his class. He is so ignorant of the functioning of the financial system that he pleads for a dose of pecuniary strychnine. It is like a jumper methodically cutting holes in his parachute before he bails out at 10,000 feet. *Stop spending.* Poor innocent, what do you suppose keeps a financial system going except spending? Of what value is production without consumption? Suppose all citizens stopped spending today. Every business in the nation, having paid out in the aggregate billions of dollars in production costs with the goods in all stages of completion, would be faced with not one dollar of revenue to cover these costs. Your precious little capitalism would sink faster than the Vestris. What do you suppose a depression is—not what caused it, but what *is* it? It is a failure of business income to cover business outgo. Dollars which must be spent by consumers to cover costs have been saved, hoarded, diverted, neutralized, have failed to return to the spending stream through private reinvestment—and the sum total of these immobilized dollars measures the extent of the system's deficit to the penny.

Do you suppose the Administration is spending for the fun of it? Do you suppose the lines on the face of Harry Hopkins are those of cosmic glee? What do you think reversed the tailspin, and turned a system deficit of thirteen billions in 1932 into a small surplus in 1934? What do you think opened the banks, stopped the farmers from shutting off the food supply of cities as the holiday movement gained, began to substitute black ink for red on business ledgers? Fairies? Elves? Mickey Mouse? . . . *Spending.* Spending reversed the trend of the national income, opened the banks, relieved the farmers. The United States government took the diverted dollars, frozen in mattresses, safety-deposit boxes, bank deposits, and put them back into the spending stream. And saved your shirts, gentlemen. This profligacy which shocks you so gave back to business dollars it desperately needed, forced income to a level with outgo, and began to push the whole mechanism upward. Balance the budget, forsooth; government spending has balanced the whole financial system. In the good old days the system was balanced by the private reinvestment of savings in productive enterprise. Yet in 1929, according to the Brookings Institution, of total savings of fifteen billions, only five billions could be absorbed in productive enterprise, so great had become the problem of excess industrial capacity. A large fraction of the other ten billions was roaring around Wall Street.

The Liberty Leaguer sees a man with a rake scraping leaves in a park. His eye stops right there. He opens his mouth like a seal in a long, horrified bark. Waste, inefficiency, graft! But if his eye had continued to view the man with the rake, he would have learned that the rake and the leaves and the admitted inefficiency were irrelevant. The man was not there to do a job of production; he was there to do a job of consumption. The government gave him an allowance, pitiful enough in all conscience. He put those dollars in his pocket and went to the First National Stores and *spent them.* The rake has no significance; the transaction in the grocery store has every significance. With its consummation the distributor began to cover his costs, and to transmit dollars to manufacturers, who began to cover their costs, and transmit dollars to farmers, who began to cover their costs—and what was deficit and loss began to turn into equilibrium and balance. If the man had never taken up the rake, the vivifying effect of government spending would have occurred just the same.

One can legitimately quarrel with the methods employed by the government in its spending. Perhaps it would have been better to have rerouted the immobilized dollars by income tax rather than by borrowing and so to have prevented an increase in public debt. Personally, I believe it would have been far better, although the taxing of all incomes above $50,000 would probably not have provided enough spending to bring the system into equilibrium. Perhaps the government should have borrowed at a lower rate of interest, or without interest. Perhaps the banks should have been nationalized. Perhaps the entire debt burden should have been scaled down on some equitable formula. Perhaps work relief was a mistake, and only durable public works plus straight relief should have provided the spending medium. Perhaps work-relief wage rates were all wrong. Plenty of room for argument—useful argument, constructive argument. But as to the basic fact of spending there is no argument whatsoever. It had to be done, and it did not make much financial difference how it was done so long as the dollars were taken out of the refrigerator and put to work.

If you measure the increase in the national income since 1932, you will find that it approximates government spending—say, eight billion dollars in the last two and one-half years. If you look at a combined balance sheet of all the nation's banks, you will find that the upward movement of deposits is all accounted for by increases in government loans. Private industry, with an excess capacity placed by the Brookings Institution at 50 per cent in 1932, was in no position to borrow the immobilized dollars and spend them for expansion. It is probable that opportunities for profitable investment are still far short of the amount required to balance the system. Somebody must continue to close the gap, or back we go to 1932.

There is no moral issue here at all. There is a mathematical equation. What goes up must come down. Dollars which go out as outgo must come back as income, or the dollar system splits wide open. If as a manufacturer you put a million dollars into production and sales total only half a million, where do you presently land? Private business could not get the dollars back, and the government had enough sense of reality to seize them where they were impounded and force them back. This is your profligacy, gentlemen. You were sinking. The government threw you a life line and hauled you aboard. And now you fill the front pages with agonized complaints that government has no right to throw out life preservers and haul citizens aboard. In my more irritable moments I sometimes wish that the life line had never been thrown, and that you had sunk to a man. The trouble with this picture is that the rest of us would have sunk with you.

Today, in late 1935, there is an argument which conservatives might logically advance. It might be claimed that public spending did save the system, but now that equilibrium has been recovered, on a lower level to be sure, spending should be reduced, the federal budget balanced in due course, and natural forces allowed to reassert themselves. Any such fair and decent statement the members of the Liberty League do not permit themselves; at least, if they have done so, I have not had the pleasure of seeing it. No. They admit nothing. Their whole attack has been tight-lipped, long-nosed, fanatically ungenerous and intolerant, incredibly paradoxical and stupid, as we have seen.

If there is a conservative with some comprehension of the system which feeds him, and some touch of human fairness and decency in his character, his path today is clear. He will first admit that government spending saved his economic life—an honorable salute before the foils are crossed. He will then declare that he does not like the way the government performs its job as investment banker and rerouter of dollars, that the diversion of savings into relief was necessary in a desperate emergency but is quite useless as a permanent program. He prefers private investment, private banking, private allocation of saved funds. Well and good. He must then proceed to a detailed description of ways and means whereby private industry and investment can generate enough spending to put the unemployed to productive labor and balance the dollar system. Or, if this program eludes him—I confess it eludes me—he will say: "Confound it, I am afraid the government must stay in the picture as official spender for such and such an annual amount, but present methods are wasteful and impermanent and should be superseded by other methods, to wit: a, b, and c. I propose to fight for these methods and call on all men who love their country to fight with me. By virtue of them, not only will the system maintain equilibrium, but in due course we can expect the federal budget to be brought into balance, and so emasculate the threat of inflation."

This is probably over much to expect from any member of the Liberty League. The gentlemen are too busy expressing emotion to pause for thought—or even common courtesy. Their crusade is a moral, not a rational one. One wonders if the gods are sardonically depriving them of their wits before destroying them.

Football: Hope of American Education

By LEFT WING

"FOOTBALL has become the supreme purpose of American education," said Governor Davy of Ohio, commenting on the fact that a good part of the Ohio State football team was on the state pay roll. Though it was somewhat unusual for a governor to make such a statement, it is no particular secret to anyone who can read that football teams all over the country are composed of boys subsidized through college in various ways, ranging from the polite method of the effete East, where rich graduates with an interest in sport like George Whitney raise slush funds for Harvard football captains, to the Ohio State system of frankly putting them on a government pay roll, or that of Oklahoma City, where the players serve on the local fire department for from $25 to $95 a month. Everyone knows this. What is worse, no one cares. Or if they do care, their hands are tied.

Originally only the players and an occasional badly paid coach found their lives affected by football. But the game has grown in importance during the past fifty years until at present the whole university hierarchy is tied up with football in a way little imagined by outsiders. Nor does this mean only the huge army of camp followers, those who profit directly—the well-paid coaching staff, the athletic organizers and directors, the sporting-goods manufacturers, and the merchants in town who cater to 80,000 spectators over the week-end of Homecoming Day. The president and also the humblest instructor are affected by football.

Possibly the president more than anyone else, more than the coach and the players. Funds for a state university such as that at Champaign or Urbana or Ann Arbor come from the appropriation bills of the legislature. When Dr. Rightmire or Dr. Willard comes before the lawmakers to plead his cause, the task will be easier if he can point with pride to a championship conference eleven of the previous fall. Nor is the head of an endowed college likely to look with reluctance on a winning team, for the rich graduates on whom he depends for contributions to the alumni fund are willing to shell out more cash when the coaching staff can turn in a fair share of victories in a season. They want results, those rich graduates, and the pressure on the president may become so great that you will have the spectacle of a college going openly into the market and buying a team outright as Princeton did several years ago.

Moreover, the president must keep up the undergraduate enrolment. And in the scramble for students going on everywhere in the country today, the college with the winning football team is most attractive. Also, students spend money in town, and the merchants are only too glad to assist the president to bring pressure on the legislature for an extra appropriation to build a new physics lab. Even the graduates benefit by a victorious eleven, for it enables them to throw out their chests as Sewanee men and makes a nice topic of conversation when they move around among their classmates to sell insurance.

Why not? say the supporters of the existing order. Why shouldn't the boys be allowed to work their way through college? Nothing dishonorable about that. No crime if a few hundred lads who otherwise wouldn't have the benefit of a college education are granted a look into academic shades because of their athletic prowess. Why shouldn't boys in state colleges be given state jobs to help them through? No one objects to scholars being given assistance. Why should a man be penalized for being a good athlete? Often he may turn out to be a scholar also.

The answer is found in the logical result of such practices—the hiring of a gang of paid janissaries to represent the university in sport. Football is taken out of the realm of games and made a vast, professionalized racket, streaked with gambling, gangsters, and the other defects of boxing and horse racing. But the thing goes deeper than this, for neither football as a game nor the particular boys concerned are of first importance in the world. It goes back to fundamentals which are of great importance—to the meaning of the word education, to the question who should go to college.

If colleges are training schools for professional football players who will some day graduate into the big leagues, paying boys to learn the game is all very well. Otherwise the reasoning that asks why athletes shouldn't be given scholarships is fallacious. The system which it defends puts a premium on brawn rather than intelligence, a commodity more needed in the country just now than brawn. It makes educational opportunities depend not on the candidate's intellectual potentialities but on the size of his biceps. It selects those proficient in athletics rather than those likely to profit by the quickening experience of educational processes. In choosing candidates for college it neglects the sensitive and intelligent boy for the specialist in athletics.

What of it? is the reply. What if the system is undemocratic? It only affects a handful of men in each university. But, as a matter of fact, everyone in the university is affected, directly or indirectly. If you don't think the teaching staff is affected, you ought to listen to some instructor, trying to live on a few hundred dollars a year, when he hears his salary has been cut again because of a lowered appropriation from the legislature. Naturally the undergraduates are affected; they come to believe that football is all-important in the educational scheme, that good coaches, winning teams, and victory in this bullfight of the American nation are the things that really count. A false standard of values prevails, with the result that these boys carry the worship of the game into their later lives. As graduates they haunt the university campus each Saturday, hoping the team will win, and when it loses they become unbalanced and childish.

Everyone in educational circles is aware of this, but nothing can be done. The president can't be a real leader; his hands are tied. Isolated colleges may abandon the game in disgust, interest in football may fade in particular colleges as the intellectual life of the institution quickens for a few years, Carnegie Foundations may publish platitudes about the professionalization of sport; but these are not remedies. The implications are much wider.

At one time it looked as if the problem were a hopeless one. But strangely enough it may be solved from the most unexpected quarter, by football itself. Ten years ago a few professional promoters searching for new sources of revenue saw the gold in the football hills and started digging. They have been digging so industriously that the professional game, which was a joke in 1925 and a feeble imitation of the college game in 1930, is now firmly established, putting on a far better show than most universities. Gradually the sporting public is realizing that the Chicago Bears or the Brooklyn Dodgers play more colorful football than Pennsylvania or Princeton, and is paying cash to watch the pros. There is every reason to believe that in fifteen years or less these well-drilled professional teams will draw the clients who now swarm into college stadiums.

That will mean the collapse of the football bubble in so-called institutions of learning. It will mean the gradual lessening of pressure by the graduates, as football in colleges begins to hold the same relation to the professional game that college baseball does to the big leagues today. It will mean that the president can no longer use the championship conference eleven as an advertising medium to attract students, that he cannot count on a satisfactory season as a means of extracting money from complacent graduates, that a victorious eleven will not be a lever to raise the university budget in the annual appropriation bill in the state legislature. It will mean that the day of college football masquerading as amateur athletics will be over. It will mean the saving of education from one of the things that have made it a laughing-stock among intelligent people.

With the football pressure off our educational system, educational advances will be made. But we need more than this; we need also a change in our attitude toward college, something more difficult to obtain. Our ideas regarding the ultimate purposes of education are badly in need of revamping. It is not enough to clean out the hired athletes who come to a university with the idea of playing football. We ought to change the attitude which looks without disgust at young men sitting around fraternity houses playing bridge for four years, which considers it perfectly all right for a boy to go to college to make friends, or to be trained for the arduous duties of a bond salesman. We need to start in our primary and secondary schools to teach our youth that a college education entails a serious obligation to the community; we need to weed out the lazy, the incompetent, the shiftless, as well as those who for other reasons are unable to benefit by a real education. We must teach our youth to feel that college is an opportunity given them for work and growth, not a country club or a sanitarium where they can be immured four years without danger of infection from the intellectual virus. Until this attitude is prevalent, not even football can save American education.

Government Subsidy and Italian Trade

By PETER EHLERS

> This government is determined not to become involved in the controversy and is anxious for the restoration and maintenance of peace. However, in the course of war, tempting trade opportunities may be offered to our people to supply materials which would prolong the war. I do not believe that the American people . . . would wish the struggles on the battlefield to be prolonged because of profits accruing to a comparatively small number of Americans. Accordingly, the American government is keeping informed as to all shipments consigned for export to both belligerents.—President Roosevelt, in his "warning" to business men, October 30.
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> Informally, in response to questions at his press conference, Mr. Roosevelt said that a watchful eye was being kept not only on direct shipments [of raw materials] but also on those from the United States that might be transshipped from other countries to the belligerents.—The New York *Times,* October 31.
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> Reports which have been made to me by appropriate authorities in the executive branch of the government have shown that some American shipping companies have engaged in practices and abuses which should and must be ended.—President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress on ship subsidies, March 4, 1935.

THESE are plain words, but since they were uttered things have happened to show that the New Deal is again trying to work both sides of the street. The Administration has not only kept a watchful eye on the flow of raw materials to Europe. It has actually encouraged the flow. And in doing so it has once again prostituted itself to the ship-subsidy ring. In the first instance the encouragement had a relatively small application, but it was definite and official, and it can be construed as setting a policy. In the second, a subsidy deal of the Hoover regime which smelled so strongly that the Roosevelt Administration on assuming office immediately blocked its completion has been revived and given official blessing.

On November 5, barely a week after the President had issued his "warning," the Department of Commerce reported that "never in years has there been such activity at the port of New Orleans." "Fleets of cargo ships and tankers [are] leaving Gulf ports with cotton and oil for Italy, despite President Roosevelt's warning against shipments of such materials to belligerents," the *Times* said in giving the Department of Commerce's figures. All advices from New Orleans run, and for a month have been running, the same way. The port is choked. Thousands of bales of cotton await shipment, not only to Italy but to England and northern Continental ports as well. How much transshipment there is from the latter to Italy is not ascertainable. England is unquestionably using great quantities of cotton in its munitions plants, but the transshipment is heavy at the Continental ports at least. Meanwhile, shipping rates in the Gulf have gone up. Anything that floats is being chartered and put into the stream of vessels bound out of New Orleans for Europe.

On November 5, the same day that the Department of Commerce recognized this activity, the Shipping Board Bureau of the department, as the United Press put it in a short and inconspicuous dispatch, "chartered eight of its vessels to Lykes Brothers, of New Orleans, to break the shipping jam at Gulf of Mexico ports. . . . The vessels will be available immediately and are chartered on the basis of 25 cents [per] dead-weight ton a month and a fifty-fifty division of profits with the government. . . . Officials were unable to say whether any of the cotton might later find its way to Italy."

This is indeed keeping a watchful eye on exports of military raw materials. The whole process is the classic one whereby a nation acquires a commercial stake in what appears to be a certain and early war between several other nations. How those nations later line up makes little difference. Nor does the question of credits necessarily enter into it. The goods are moving, and they are giving a real or seeming return on invested capital. As soon as that return is threatened, the business interests will maneuver the government and public opinion into support of active participation. It may be that Italy will get none of the cotton shipped on the eight vessels. Yet their addition to the total of ships available at New Orleans makes possible the sailing of other ships direct to Italy. The number of ships involved is for practical purposes small, but the request of the Lykes Brothers was before the Department of Commerce for more than two weeks; and the government's decision, therefore, was a considered one and shows which way the wind is blowing. It is blowing in the direction of "tempting trade opportunities."

So much for the Administration's good intentions in keeping the country out of war. What of the ships and the agreement by which they were chartered? Who are the Lykes Brothers? Do they deserve special consideration from the government? The answers are to be found in a detailed report made to President Roosevelt by one of his Cabinet members, Postmaster General Farley. The report, along with similar reports on other shipping companies, got very little notice from the press except in general terms.

The Lykes brothers are the shipping lords of the Gulf, comparable to the Franklins of the International Mercantile Marine on the Atlantic Coast, and the Dollars on the Pacific. Of the many brothers and other members of the family associated in the business, James M. Lykes, president, and Joseph T. Lykes, vice-president, are the most important. R. E. Tipton, vice-president, is probably third in line. The Lykes Brothers Steamship Company, Inc., is at the top of a string of subsidiaries, the most important of which are the Lykes Brothers–Ripley Steamship Company, Inc., and the Tampa Interocean Steamship Company. The parent company also controls stevedoring, tugboat and towing, machine-shop and foreign-agency subsidiaries in New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, Beaumont, Tampa, Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam, and Havana. It has six subsidized steamship lines running from Gulf ports to (1) Port-au-Prince and Santo Domingo City; (2) Spanish and Portuguese ports; (3) Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg-Bremen, Copenhagen, Gdynia, Oslo, Helsingfors, Kronstadt, Leningrad, Murmansk, and Archangel; (4) all the principal ports in the British Isles;

(5) Italian, northern African, Greek, and Turkish ports; and (6) the Far East, the Straits Settlements, and India. One mail contract covers the last four lines, which are operated by the Lykes Brothers–Ripley Company. If the mail contracts are not canceled, the Lykes interests will have received from them alone—excluding construction-loan subsidies and the realistically styled "lump-sum" subsidies—$35,622,063.

In their several years' operations in tapping the national treasury, the Lykeses have used all the tricks of the trade. For example, in the case of the steamer Margaret Lykes, which had been certified for the $4-per-mile subsidy rating of thirteen knots on the basis that its logs indicated it could make that speed, a former first officer testified that he had been instructed to falsify the log to show weather conditions worse than those actually noted. The ship, of course, could not make thirteen knots; and after a test proved it, the government found that it had paid out $437,000 in excess of what the ship would have received under its proper ten-knot speed classification. The ship was bought from the old Shipping Board for $25,000; it was reconditioned at a cost of about $143,000. This, incidentally, is the total contribution of the Lykes interests to the upbuilding of the American merchant marine, despite all the clauses in the mail contracts for the building of new vessels.

Although the ships in the last four of the six lines mentioned are at present owned by the Lykes Brothers–Ripley Company and operated under a mail contract, they were, until early in 1933, owned by the Shipping Board and operated by the Lykeses under the lump-sum subsidy plan. This meant simply that the government handed over so much cash per voyage. At first the amount was $7,000 per voyage, starting August 15, 1930. On September 18, 1931, the Lykeses complained to the Shipping Board that "a thorough analysis of the operations of the first year's sailings conclusively shows that there will be no profit to the operator and very probably an actual loss." Whereupon the board raised the largess to $14,500 per voyage. The Black committee could find no evidence that the board had investigated the "loss," but it did find by examining the company's books that up to September 18, 1931, there had been a profit of approximately $100,000.

Despite the increased lump sums the Lykeses were still not happy. The mail contracts looked even better. In April, 1932, T. V. O'Connor, chairman of the Shipping Board, agreed to sell the ships comprising the four lines to the Lykes Brothers–Ripley, "subject to the granting of a mail contract." The Lykeses, O'Connor wrote to Postmaster General Brown, would accept $2,500,000 yearly in mail pay.

There were fifty-two ships in the four lines. Most of them were ten or twelve years old, halfway through their lives. Joseph T. Lykes went to Washington and dictated the terms of the group mail contract, such as the number of sailings on each branch. Some unconstructive official suggested that as the mail-contract bids, according to law, were to be let competitively, and as there were four lines running to almost all parts of the world, no one but the Lykes firm could bid for the contract, and hence there would be no competitive bidding. To this, Joseph T. Lykes replied:

> Yes, that is quite true; it will substantially or practically, I will say, limit competition [in the bidding] as far as we can see, and very frankly, that is one reason why we want it in one contract.

The question then arose of whether the Comptroller General would balk. Perhaps the contract had better be submitted to him. Lykes argued against this and was backed by Assistant Postmaster Glover. The Lykeses and their lobbyists then began to send a stream of letters and telegrams to President Hoover and members of his Cabinet, urging the letting of the contract. On January 18, 1933, with little time left, the willing Brown certified the four lines as an "ocean mail route which should be established and operated for the carrying of the mails." The next day Hardin B. Arledge, chief Washington lobbyist for the Lykeses, wired them that the Shipping Board's certification of the size and speed of the vessels to be sold "has been prepared and will be approved at 2:30 this afternoon, sent to post office by special messenger, and . . . advertisement will go out tonight." The advertisement was essentially that dictated by the Lykeses and their agents. There was, however, one clause that the Lykeses had fought: it contained a provision for segregation of funds for reconstruction and reconditioning of ships. But they managed to get into the clause an "Article 12" which said that the requirement might be modified "with the prior written approval of the Postmaster General."

The "bids" were opened on February 20. The only bidder was the Lykes Brothers–Ripley Steamship Company—at the maximum rates allowed by law. Brown accepted the bid on the same day. A week later, evidence in the files of the Black committee shows, Brown signed a letter written by Arledge, the lobbyist, to the chairman of the Shipping Board in which he declared, "I see no necessity for Article 12 in the board's contract, and if my consent is required to permit the elimination of Article 12 it is hereby given."

The agreement with the Shipping Board to buy the ships had been reached in April, 1932, but the sale was not executed until February 17, 1933, when the mail contract was a certainty. The construction cost of the fifty-two ships was $97,908,893. The Shipping Board valued them at the time of the sale at $7,877,944. The ships, of course, were worth far more than that, and someone should be held responsible for the revaluation. Yet all that Lykes Brothers had to pay for the fleet of fifty-two vessels was $2,026,005! This was at the rate of $5.04 per ton. And the records show that the Lykeses had indicated to the Shipping Board in 1930 that they would pay $18.28 per ton. The Isthmian Line, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, offered to buy part of the fleet at $12 a ton, and without a mail contract. The Shipping Board negotiated the sale of the ships to the Lykeses without competitive bidding.

The whole deal, it will be noted, was railroaded through a few days before the Hoover Administration went out of office. By March 4 all but nine of the vessels had been delivered to the Lykeses. All but one—one of the nine—had been put in operating shape by the government. The Roosevelt Administration held up the delivery of the nine vessels and turned the case over to the Department of Justice. On October 30 of this year it was reported that the department "had not concluded its consideration of the matter."

But Mr. Roper's Shipping Board Bureau of the Department of Commerce has given the ships back to the boys anyhow. Colonel J. Monroe Johnson, of the department, who accommodated the Lykeses, explained that because of the Lykes contract the government could not turn the ships over to any other operator. He was going to give them the ships without the mail-carrying subsidy provided in the contract, but they held fast for two weeks on their demand for their subsidy. It was finally given to them with the provision that it be counted as profit (the truth will out) and that half of the total profits be given to the government, as has already been noted. What the net profit will be remains to be seen. The Lykeses have tugboat and stevedoring subsidiaries.

It is hard to see how this return of the ships does other than give New Deal sanction to the malodorous transaction of February, 1933.

When President Roosevelt sent to Congress his ship-subsidy message, from which an excerpt appears at the head of this article, he sent along with it a summary report on all mail contracts—a report that had been made to him by Postmaster General Farley. The newspaper stories of that day elaborated on the President's denunciation of "practices and abuses which should and must be ended" by quoting from the Farley summary. That summary was supplemental to the detailed reports on the individual mail contracts, which were made public some time later, and it dealt with the subsidy stench in general terms. It cited total figures for all the contracts; it pointed out the trend toward deterioration in the American merchant marine; it rehearsed the broad methods by which the government had been bilked of its money. One case, however, seemed bad enough to merit specific description, and the papers gave it a prominent place in their stories on the President's message. That was the case of the Lykes Brothers–Ripley and their acquisition of a $27,000,000 mail-carrying contract for a vessel investment of about $2,000,000.

How will the President's apologists explain all this? They are in for some heavy overtime. When they have finished they will have another job on their hands. They will have to explain how the New Deal can, on the one hand, issue apparently sincere statements on its intention of keeping the United States out of war, and, on the other, encourage the business interests in their traffic in war materials. As this is written, Secretary Hull—with the approval of the President—has just declared that "the American people are entitled to know that there are certain commodities, such as oil, copper, trucks, tractors, scrap iron, and scrap steel, which are essential war materials, although not actually arms, ammunition, or implements of war, and that according to recent government trade reports a considerably increased amount of these is being exported for war purposes." (He strangely omits cotton, exports of which have also considerably increased.) Such commerce is "directly contrary to the policy of this government." Does Secretary Hull, and does the President, believe that the American people are entitled to know that "this government" had a hand in stimulating the flow of the very commerce it professes to restrict?

Coming Soon in *The Nation*

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Finance

New York City Transit

TO those who still believe that the stock exchanges should regulate themselves, the study of two cases involving charges of market manipulation is recommended. The contrast between them is illuminating. The case of Mr. Michael J. Meehan is before the Securities and Exchange Commission. If found guilty, he may be suspended or expelled from the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Meehan conducted the pool which ran RCA stock up from 85 to 570 in 1929. He is accused of having performed a similar service for Bellanca Aircraft stock to "prepare the market" for the issuance of new shares by that corporation. The other case involved charges that New York City transit stocks were being rigged. This was handled by the business-conduct committee of the Stock Exchange. After six weeks of study, the committee handed in a verdict of not guilty. The transit charges were originally made by A. A. Berle, Jr., the representative of New York City in negotiating unification of its transit facilities into one publicly owned system. There has been a holiday in New York transit stocks since the negotiations began, for unification will make possible the exchange of deteriorating securities for city corporate stock and new transit bonds.

It will be recalled that the Securities and Exchange Act forbids anyone "to effect, alone or with one or more other persons, a series of transactions in any security registered on a national securities exchange creating actual or apparent active trading in such security, or raising or depressing the price of such security, for the purpose of inducing the purchase or sale of such security by others." In the light of what has been going on in New York transit stocks, the business-conduct committee of the Stock Exchange turned in a rather odd report. It did, indeed, discover that "a non-member of the Exchange, who is an officer of the Manhattan Railway Company, and his personal holding company, and members of his family, *purchased and sold* substantial amounts of these securities." But it must have been all in fun, for "there is no evidence that these transactions were calculated or intended to raise or depress the price of these securities." Instead of recommending punishment, the committee dismisses a violation of the law: "In three instances, involving an aggregate of nine Interborough Rapid Transit 6 per cent bonds, orders to buy given by a non-member to one house met selling orders given by the same non-member to another house. The committee on business conduct has directed that these transactions, which involved no change of ownership, shall be canceled." Nathan L. Amster, president of the Manhattan Railway, admitted that he "might be the officer mentioned" but denied that he was responsible for the wash sales. Mr. Berle, a member of the Stock Exchange's advisory committee, thought the investigation "thorough and its findings justified."

Mr. Berle's easy acceptance of a report which "cancels" a violation of the law is surprising. Equally surprising are the prices that he and Samuel Seabury propose that New York City shall pay for the stocks and bonds of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and the Manhattan Railway, both of which have been in receivership for more than three years. The Manhattan's elevated lines are more than a half-century old and headed for the junkyard. The city is to pay dollar for dollar in cash and 4 per cent transit bonds for the Manhattan's 4 per cent first-mortgage bonds, although they have sold as low as $50 this year and can now be bought for $70. Prices almost as favorable are being paid for the other outstanding bonds and notes of the Interborough and its subsidiary, the Manhattan. In foreclosure there is little doubt that the stock equity in both would be pretty well wiped out. Revenues of the Interborough-Manhattan system will decline farther as New York completes its own municipally operated system. Interborough common hasn't had a dividend since 1919. It sold for as low as 2¼ before the prospect of unification revived it, and it can be bought now for around $20. But the city will pay $35 a share. It is a pity our other corporate bankrupts cannot find fairy godmothers.

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

Correspondence

Deportation Follows Acquittal

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Deportation proceedings have been started in San Francisco against Jack Warnick, one of the acquitted Sacramento criminal-syndicalism defendants. Warnick was arrested by an immigration inspector on October 3 and released the following day on $1,000 bail posted by friends. The basis for the warrant of arrest is past membership in the Communist Party. In fact, the evidence on which he is held consists of membership books in the Communist Party and the International Labor Defense, which were exhibits in the Sacramento trial.

The entire proceeding smacks of double jeopardy and persecution. The charge in Sacramento included membership in an organization advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence. An acquittal resulted. Now, the same charge is supported by the same evidence as cause for deportation.

Warnick was born in Montreal, Canada, twenty-eight years ago. He came to this country with his parents when he was less than two years of age. Here he attended the public schools and graduated from the University of Washington. In addition, he did a year and a half of graduate work at the University of California. Despite all this, the government seeks his deportation to Canada, where he is a total stranger. Incidentally, it would prevent him from continuing his monthly visits to Tehachapie state penitentiary, where his wife, Caroline Decker, is serving one to fourteen years as a result of her conviction in the Sacramento case.

Warnick's defense is being conducted under the auspices of the Northern California Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union.

San Francisco, October 11 ERNEST BESIG

"Wuthering Heights" Is a Fine Book

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just finished reading the second article in your series, Our Critics: Right or Wrong. You have almost convinced me that in my taste for modern novels I am an anti-intellectual. I did think "The Constant Nymph" and "Arrowsmith" the finest novels published during the last ten or fifteen years. I did find "The Magic Mountain" boring in spite of personal experience with sanatoria for the tuberculous.

However, I must add that after reading "Wuthering Heights" recently I was at once made aware of the poverty of recent literature. Beside this novel, most recent fiction, both "intellectual" and "anti-intellectual," sinks into insignificance.

Brooklyn, November 10 BERNARD J. FRIED

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Address His Honor

To the Editors of The Nation:

We wish to report another attempt to prevent the use of the telegraph as a medium for mass protest. The following telegram sent by the Committee to Support Southern Textile Organization to the Supreme Court of North Carolina was refused as illegal:

> We, a group of writers, artists, and professionals demand dismissal of charges against six textile workers accused of dynamiting Holt Plaid Mill. These workers given unfair trial based on false testimony of untrustworthy witnesses. We demand their immediate release.

The committee was informed that "it is against the law to send such a message by wire to any court in the United States . . . it is permissible to send it to an individual judge."

We wish to inform your readers that in the future all telegrams of this sort should be addressed to an individual justice of the court.

Committee to Support Southern Textile Organization

New York, October 29

A Criticism of "Our Critics"

To the Editors of The Nation:

In the first instalment of their series, Our Critics: Right or Wrong, Miss Marshall and Miss McCarthy have seriously misrepresented my opinion of Bromfield by the simple device of lifting a sentence out of its context. They do not say that this was the fifth Bromfield book I had reviewed for *The Nation*, and that in all four previous reviews I had been excessively critical of that talented and promising writer, nor do they give their readers the slightest inkling that the sentence quoted is misleading when taken out of its context. The review began by saying that Bromfield knew how to write a book that sounded like a major novel, and wasn't. It observed that his smooth reminiscent style lacked the wit and pungency of the writers on whom he modeled himself. It added that "The Strange Case" was a rattling good yarn, and summed up thus:

> Granted that one traces on every page the literary influences that have worked on Bromfield as one traces them in almost all writers of importance, granted that he went for a while to school to the same sibylline oracle from whom Mr. Anderson learned some of the tricks of his style, granted that Mr. Horace J. Winnery and Bessie Cudlip are reminiscent of the best English literary whimsical tradition, and that Mr. Winnery's nephew's interest in the mystery of Annie Spragg is reminiscent of Brother Juniper's interest in "The Bridge," and that the sprightly vivacity of the style sometimes falls down to the level of the first sentence of Aunt Bessie's Tale—"She was not a bad girl, not really"—granted even that Mr. Bromfield never writes any unforgettable sentences or surprises us by unforeseen felicities, this is nevertheless an exhilarating, intelligent, and often brilliant book.

In asking for this correction I am far from giving assent to Miss Marshall's and Miss McCarthy's apparent contention that the only honest reviewer is a caveman with a bludgeon. As a reviewer I have been if anything too stiff-necked and intransigent, defending my own opinion against the world; yet I have also kept close in mind the belief that it were better to let a hundred moderately good writers go unchastised, than to kill, or warp, or even fail to salute one genuine talent.

New York, October 22 Alice Beal Parsons

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE *in* MARRIAGE

By C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By Robert L. Dickinson, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

CONTENTS

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Labor and Industry

Class Warfare in Alaska

By IRVIN GOODMAN

An ambulance shrieked its siren as it sped past my hotel window en route to the Alaska-Juneau gold mine a few blocks down the street. "Another scab hurt," muttered a striking miner standing just outside. "Guess that's four of them today." That was in July. At this writing the strike is still on and thirty-three workers are now on trial on riot charges and face sentences of from three to fifteen years. Bail has been set at $3,000 for each.

The mine, one of the largest in the world, is the main industry in Juneau, the capital of Alaska, a town of 5,500 people situated a thousand miles northwest of Seattle, surrounded by the waters of Gastineau Channel and by Mount Juneau and Mount Roberts, and accessible only by boat and plane. It employs 900 men, whose wages are the primary source of revenue for the town's various small shopkeepers, including the operators of twenty-eight liquor stores and beer joints.

For years there was no labor trouble at the mine. The miners worked 7 days a week, 365 days a year except for the holidays of July Fourth and Christmas, and received wages ranging from $3.50 to $6 a day—"bulldoze kings" got $7.50 a day because of the constantly perilous nature of their work. The owners received handsome profits. P. R. Bradley, president of the company, a resident of San Francisco, where the head office is located, drew a yearly salary of $19,640; L. H. Metzgar, resident superintendent, one of $16,500; the two also shared a $20,000 bonus.

But the miners' living costs began steadily to mount. For a single man board and room at a boarding-house averaged $50 a month. For a married man with a small family, house rent was $40 a month. A ton of coal cost $18. Groceries and foodstuffs generally were about 22 per cent higher than in Seattle and Portland. And the miners faced other problems. With an increased supply of surplus labor, the mine ceased paying the bonuses which it had formerly added to wages. Then, too, working conditions were very unsafe. From May, 1933, to May, 1935, thirteen of the 400 miners working underground were killed, an average of one about every two months. As many more were injured, some permanently disabled.

Necessity forced action, and in February, 1934, after a meeting arranged for a speaker from the National Miners' Union, five hundred miners named a committee of fifteen, which subsequently organized the Alaska Mine Workers' Union, Local 1. Al Nygren, a husky young miner, a former University of Washington football and rowing star, was elected vice-president but soon became, and has remained, president.

Shortly afterward the owners increased wages 85 cents a day and granted a six-day week. But the embryonic union demanded recognition, a daily wage increase of $1.15 for all workers in the mine, revision of the contract system to insure the equal distribution of bonuses among all contract workers, and safe working conditions. To enforce these demands a strike was called for May 22, 1935. This was the first major strike to occur in Alaska since 1916.

The mine was completely closed by the strike, and the town began to feel the effects. Days went by; the union picketed en masse and stood firm for its demands. President Bradley wired that operations should "remain suspended until the present impasse is settled." But the merchants complained. Their income from miners' purchases dwindled. Something must be done. On June 9 the city council, headed by Mayor Isadore Goldstein, a prosperous merchant, called a secret meeting of miners to vote whether the strike should continue or the miners return to work. Voting was conducted in the office of the collector of customs in the federal building, Alaska's capitol; the miners established a picket line and counted only seventy voters, among whom were about fifty officials and clerical employees. Ballots were also mailed to employees and circulated on the street. But the sponsors of the election were obviously dissatisfied with the results, and on June 11 the mayor and the city council inserted a large advertisement in the *Daily Alaska Empire* which announced that a special secret strike election would be held on June 13 at the City Hall, where "no interference or picketing from either side will be tolerated and all voting will be absolutely secret. . . . It is the duty of the mayor and council of the city of Juneau to provide means for the men to vote, and we assure all that this duty will be carried out." Here, too, the miners established a picket line.

On June 15 the mine-owners inserted an advertisement in the *Empire* announcing the following election results: "Votes to return to work, 461; votes after polls closed, to return to work, 52; percentage of spoiled ballots, to return to work, 48; one-half of number of men who went away, 37; number of union members who would undoubtedly have voted to go to work, 100; total, 698; total entitled to vote, 885." "It is increasingly evident," the advertisement continued, "that the strike was called and is being conducted by a small minority of the total number of employees. In view of the information at hand, it is fair to ask how long this minority shall be allowed to deprive so many people of their means of livelihood, and so seriously hinder, handicap, and jeopardize the very existence of much of the business of the community. We are ready and willing to resume operations." The union demanded to see the votes, at all times shrouded by the city fathers in utmost secrecy, and when its demands were steadfastly refused, denounced the election as a fraud.

It was again clear that the election had been a failure and that A. M. W. U. members had not voted to return to work. For the mine remained completely closed; the union stood firm. As their next step, the mine-owners, using the merchants, the city council, the city attorneys, who lobbied for them in the last territorial legislative session, and the police force as their willing tools, organized a company union, called the Juneau Mine Workers' Association, and a force of vigilantes. A showdown was imminent.

On June 24 members of the company union, guarded by police and vigilantes, marched toward the mine to register for work. As they passed the striking union's hall, a group of strikers who had assembled outside sought to dissuade the marchers. But the strikers were answered by police clubs, vigilantes' clubs—single-jack handles furnished by hardware merchants—and threats of fire truck and hose; and a terrific battle ensued. The bare-fisted strikers, although slugged with deadly weapons, fought back courageously. One striker, an Alaska resident for more than twenty years and the father of two children, was knocked to the ground and brutally beaten with a loaded sap wielded by a merchant vigilante. Rushed to St. Ann's hospital, in which Superintendent Metzgar is vitally interested, he was confined there for twelve days; his family meanwhile was refused relief, and he was later billed for $59.50. Other strikers were also brutally beaten; the wife of one was knocked to the ground and trampled upon, the wife of another fainted. The strikers, however, maintain that but for the ultimate use of tear gas against them, they would have held the marchers back and kept them from reaching the mine.

The mine-owners used another strike-breaking weapon. Sixteen workers, including two members of the International Longshoremen's Association, were arrested upon riot charges. The rumor was current that the imprisoned workers, who were later released on bail, would be immediately freed, charges against them and the other arrested workers dropped, threats of evictions from homes stopped, grocery, light, and power credit restored, if they would only return to work in the mine. The workers, however, emphatically refused to purchase freedom by turning scab and countered by placing their defense in the hands of the newly formed Alaska Miners' Defense Committee, formed by eleven organizations, including the local International Labor Defense with over a hundred members. The committee at once undertook a broad mass campaign, and has made constant visits to Governor John W. Troy at his office and home demanding dismissal of the cases and release of all imprisoned workers.

The mine, which was completely closed during the first forty-five days of the strike, now operates three shifts with skeleton crews composed largely of imported newcomers and an undetermined number of former A. M. W. U. employees who finally yielded to threats of eviction from their homes and of curtailment of credit for groceries, light, and power. The A. M. W. U., now affiliated with the A. F. of L. International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union, stands firm for enforcement of its demands. "And your opinion of the future?" I asked the militant Nygren, who is much admired by his fellow-workers. "One immediate hope," he answered, "lies in the continued stoppage of such supplies as mining machinery, heavy and light steel rails, steel grinding balls, dynamite, and carbide, which can only reach Juneau by water. Hence, with the support of the I. L. A. and I. S. U., our strike, barring unforeseen circumstances, should eventually force closing of the mine for lack of supplies, the present surplus only permitting operation for about two or three months."

[Next week Heywood Broun will resume his regular articles in the Labor and Industry section of THE NATION.]

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Books and Drama

Addresses to the Middle Class

The Crisis of the Middle Class. By Lewis Corey. Covici-Friede. $2.50.
Insurgent America. By Alfred M. Bingham. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THERE are clear signs on every hand that the current depression is not just another temporary downswing of a long-term upward movement: that capitalism is not merely once again trimming off those speculative aspects of its too hasty advances on certain exposed flanks in order to consolidate its still powerful legions for a united forward push from the center; but that the productive forces of the capitalist world are in permanent decline. State capitalism, here and there assuming the ugly face of fascism, proves that a period of consolidation of a desperately held position has set in. More and more, still vital enterprises are being drained—whether the methods are government taxation or borrowings or monopoly practices is beside the point—to support artificially industries that are in collapse. This process of decay, in another series of relations, has happened before in human history; yet there have always appeared revolutionary hosts to save what was worth keeping in old systems and to advance civilization to newer and higher objectives.

Why is this not happening today? Where is that revolutionary movement in America that is to create a new synthesis out of which the potential but never realized abundance of capitalism is to be built? To such questions thoughtful persons will be applying themselves increasingly. It is only a sign of the times that Messrs. Corey and Bingham should be simultaneously addressing themselves to the same, and perhaps the outstanding, aspect of the puzzle—the ambiguous role of the new lower middle class.

Today there exists a social grouping which the still fluid relationships of middle-nineteenth-century capitalism had not yet created—a lower middle class made up of propertyless white-collar workers, technicians, professionals, and managers which has sprung up as a result of the constantly growing collectivist character of modern capitalist enterprise. This is not the lower middle class of the little-propertied men—the small farmers, handicraftsmen, mechanics, and artisans of pre-industrial capitalism, the small shopkeepers who made up such an important and quite frequently independent segment of the middle class during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and a large part of the nineteenth centuries—but a middle order that is a modern phenomenon and is to be found lying between the expropriating owners of the means of production and the dispossessed industrial proletariat. Large in numbers and until recently growing absolutely and relatively within the bounds of the gainfully employed, possessing a high order of technological training, job security, and a superior wage position, the psychological and therefore the class identification of this group has been with the upper middle class. Supported by the ideology of the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, believing in and setting their courses by the stars of liberty, equality, and democracy, members of this new lower middle class, during the last half-century of capitalism's progressive advance, never saw the necessity of throwing in their lot with the industrial workers. Their ability to move upward, occasionally, on the social and economic ladder, their acquisition of small property interests (via savings and insurance) which helped them to weather safely the brief storms of cyclical readjustment, their approximation of the manner of living of the capitalist group have been their characteristics: these are the persons who, because they have been neglected by the social-democratic movements of Western Europe, have furnished the mass base of fascism when the capitalist world collapsed about them. In the United States, today, they too have been profoundly shaken: savings have melted away, jobs have disappeared, technological disemployment haunts them, and because they never have been subjected to an organizational discipline they wander disconsolately in search of one Utopia after another. They will become the dupes and therefore the victims of an American Hitler and the forces of finance capitalism behind him unless they are first made to see that their destiny and their salvation rest in their union with the industrial workers. They have already achieved the collectivist society; but they will never enjoy the fruits of their striving until the capitalist relations in which they are imprisoned are destroyed and socialism is established.

All these things Lewis Corey, the author of "The Decline of American Capitalism," points out in a significant volume. He is a Marxist, undoubtedly the most important Marxist writer in the United States today. His is a unique role: free of political commitments and therefore not compelled to trim his sails to this or that changing wind of doctrine, he is in a position to pursue his line of thought wherever it may lead him. What is particularly interesting to note is that he is freeing his vocabulary increasingly of an official seminary terminology, so that the prospects of his reaching a wider audience in this country are becoming greater. In fact, this present work is not merely an analysis of the hopeless position of the new lower middle class but is really an address to that class. One may be disposed, particularly in the early sections of the book, to quarrel with portions of Mr. Corey's history—notably where he attempts to show that the position of the lower middle class has always been an anomalous one. Mr. Corey undoubtedly seeks to prove too much when he links the defeats of the precursors of the present group in the Puritan, American, and French revolutions with their inability to create clearly differentiated class economic and political programs. The lower middle classes then were made up of men of small property who had civil and legal rights that needed protection. The demands of the Levelers and Jacobins and of the left wing of the American Revolution, together with their successors among the Jeffersonians, Jacksonians, and Populists, clearly indicate that they were seeking to buttress their property rights with all manner of legal safeguards. However, this does not detract from the cogency of Mr. Corey's thesis: for undoubtedly by his clear, and in many places truly eloquent, exposition he has indicated that radical parties must make serious efforts to win over the lower middle class if fascism's threat here is to be stayed.

Alfred Bingham, the editor of *Common Sense,* also wants a society based on production for use and not for profit. But Mr. Bingham does not accept the Marxist analysis, and therefore he tends to look upon organized labor as an increasingly conservative force which, because of the inroads being made by technological improvements, must continue to stand for a declining numerical group in the gainfully employed population of America. Mr. Bingham is convinced that the new lower middle class, which he sees, as does Mr. Corey, as propertyless but which he believes has job security, is opposed to revolution. The hope for the future lies in the political organization of this growing order of white-collar workers and technicians, their conquest of political power, and their introduction of a profitless economy—by the acquisition of agencies of production and distribution—within the heart of the capitalist system. This will operate so successfully, he thinks, that Americans must increasingly desert capitalism and join the ranks of his twentieth-century-style Brook Farmers. Mr. Bingham's book can be read with benefit: his chapters on the psychology of the lower middle

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classes and on fascism are particularly illuminating, although his prognosis as to the future development of fascism has been vitiated by Mussolini's African adventure and Germany's rearming for the purpose of carrying on imperialist war. Despite his distrust of the Marxists and his rather cavalier attitude toward the industrial workers, Mr. Bingham indicates very clearly that he is not likely to swallow any fascist nostrum, no matter what particular American coating it may acquire.

LOUIS M. HACKER

Toward a Poetic Drama

The Dog Beneath the Skin. By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Random House. $1.50.

IF a new poetic drama is not established soon, it will not be for lack of trying. W. H. Auden is the third of our better poets to turn his hand to it within the year. Like T. S. Eliot and Archibald MacLeish, he has suffered from being confined within the contemporary poet's minute and arty audience, and has looked to the stage for the chance of obtaining a wider hearing and of performing a less equivocal social function. In this case, one suspects, there has been a division of labor: the more ambitious passages of verse bear Mr. Auden's stamp, and much of the "theater" recalls "The Last of Mr. Norris," the novel upon which rests Christopher Isherwood's literary reputation to date.

That the structure of the play resembles a club sandwich is not, however, the result of the collaboration so much as of the difficulties of the medium. The practical problem was, of course, how to cajole the pit—which in A.D. 1935 means the orchestra circle—into swallowing poetry at all. The authors' solution is to prescribe it in small but frequently repeated doses. The serious poetry, in large part, is limited to the choruses which precede most of the fourteen scenes, and to the epilogue. It is made palatable by sandwiching in with it large stretches of buffoonery, the vehicle of the satire.

The theme of the play is stated in one of the choruses:

> So, under the local images your blood has conjured,
> We show you man caught in the trap of his terror, destroying himself.

With a specific satirical intention, the authors have made use of a rambling plot familiar to musical comedy and melodrama. The hero, Alan, is an unsophisticated English village youth who is chosen by lot to carry on the search for the missing heir to a baronetcy, with the hand of the baronet's sister as the promised reward for success. In the course of his travels, in which he is accompanied by a preternaturally intelligent dog with a liking for straight whiskey, he has the opportunity to become impressed with the decay of contemporary Europe. He visits first the country of Ostnia, an up-to-date and realistic Ruritania whose income is derived chiefly from its red-light district, and whose dictator-king executes dissatisfied workers by his own hand but with great pomp and sentiment. Thence Alan goes to Westland, a vast lunatic asylum whose fear-ridden inmates practice such doctrines as Aryanism, philoprogenitiveness, and the simple life. An effective stroke of dramatic imagination is the portrayal of the "Leader" of Westland, at whose command the inmates jump to obey, as a man with a loud-speaker for a face.

Returning to England, Alan finds it just as cockeyed as the Continent. Its diversions are paraded in a suburban amusement park: mannered arts for the highbrow, sports and Hollywood love for the lowbrow, and operations for the hypochondriac. Alan attends a night club where the wanton destructiveness of present-day society is symbolized by an entertainer who slashes a Rembrandt to bits amid the delighted shrieks of the crowd. Alan lavishes all his money on an expensive soubrette, represented on the stage by a shop-window dummy. Beneath the monkeyshines of the play runs a sinister undercurrent, the drift of contemporary England toward fascism and war. In the last scene the baronet, who has reappeared by a very transparent trick, addresses his native village, which has been mobilized by the vicar and the local retired colonel into a patriotic organization:

> You are significant, but not in the way I used to imagine. You are units in an immense army: most of you will die without ever knowing what your leaders are really fighting for or even that you are really fighting at all. Well, I am going to be a unit in the army of the other side: but the battlefield is so huge that it's practically certain you will never see me again. We are all of us completely unimportant, so it would be very silly to start quarreling, wouldn't it? Goodby.

Alan joins him, calling for volunteers, and on this note of evangelism the play ends.

"The Dog Beneath the Skin," according to the publishers, will be presented simultaneously in London and New York in December. If it achieves a run of a few weeks, it should, despite its dramatic faults, be a candidate for the eminence of the "most-discussed play of the season." The difficulties in producing it, if a non-expert may venture an opinion, will be considerable. Although it is subtitled "A Play," its affinities are with the musical show rather than with the spoken drama. The fantastic plot and the general tone of burlesque will require more than incidental music to put them across. Yet the rather obdurate poetry should not be mouthed to a tune. The solution may be to have the choruses chanted rather than sung, and the rest of the show staged in the best Gilbert and Sullivan manner. At any rate, the book makes interesting reading.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

A Great Press Writer

I Write as I Please. By Walter Duranty. Simon and Schuster. $3.

WITHOUT doubt Walter Duranty is the foremost correspondent writing for the American press from abroad today. He cannot be called the foremost American correspondent because he is an Englishman. Yet he has so identified himself with the country which he serves that he does well to remind us at times of his national allegiance in this fascinating volume of reminiscences of his writing career since 1914. These are more than reminiscences; they are a solid contribution to the history of Soviet Russia and also a remarkable revelation of Duranty himself.

The title of the book, the author explains, is not meant to cover his whole journalistic career or even his entire connection with the *Times,* to whose great credit it is that Duranty has been free to write from Moscow stories which have gone entirely against the views of his employers, and that his "stuff" has gone in unedited. His determination to "write as I please" came after he was smashed up in a French railway accident which deprived him of a foot and brought him face to face with death. But with the engaging frankness which permeates this book he immediately adds: "Of course it was impossible, as I found out later. . . . I had not been back at work in Moscow for a week before I found that, despite all my 'deathbed resolutions,' it was out of the question for me to write newspaper dispatches 'as I pleased'. . . . The utmost I could do, I found, was to substitute a fraction of independence for my dream of complete intransigence." Later, when he decided to call his book "I Write as I Please," he found again that he was handicapped by all sorts of limitations, presumably such as good taste, kindliness, consideration for others, and the like.

But Mr. Duranty reveals to us, none the less, the causes of his own success as a journalist. He began by covering the Baltic provinces in the incredible hurly-burly and chaos of the immediate aftermath of the war, with no other point of view than that of the ordinary reporter who had seen the horrors of the war at close range, who swallowed every conventional lie, and so brought later to his Russian adventure the stock belief that Lenin and Trotzky were bloody-handed upstart anarchists who would disappear just as soon as the world settled down and Russia became normal. When he finally got into Russia he had the great wisdom to set for himself the motto: "Never analyze events in history without first analyzing yourself." He acquired the habit, too rare in a reporter, of sitting down by himself to think things out by the hour and consciously endeavoring to free himself not only from his insular prepossessions but also from his "hopes or fears or wishes"—the only method of arriving at a true perspective in that strange land of contradictions, or in any land.

Of course he has not always been infallible. Duranty admits how often he failed, sometimes as a chronicler, sometimes in his relations to his own job, sometimes in his vision; but he also scored amazing beats, and he even divined, by the simple but extremely difficult process of logical reasoning and thinking things through, some of the impending moves of the Bolshevik leaders before they were visible, or intimated in any quarter. He was quick to see that, barring an internal cataclysm or an unsuccessful foreign war, the Soviet government was there not only to stay, but to succeed. Acting on a remarkable prophecy by Ernestine Evans, herself an able American journalist, he scored by forecasting that Stalin would be Lenin's successor. In other words, Duranty brought to his task an extremely able and clear mind, and conceived his job to be a double one, first the recording of events and then a most exacting philosophical and analytical study of the human and governmental problem before him.

He is aware that he has been accused of editorializing instead of portraying. That is true. It ought to be true. Every great reporter ought to be encouraged to editorialize, if he can do so with Duranty's detachment and willingness to be abused by both sides of a controversy. It is rare indeed to find along with such detachment such understanding, such warmth of controlled human feeling, and such readiness to alternate his editorials with brilliant sketches and with truthful reporting; I remember one dispatch which described so movingly the happiness of the Russian children in Moscow, and the way in which the older ones loved and cared for the babies and toddlers, that I cut it out and carried it in my pocket-book until it dropped to pieces.

As for the Russians, Duranty's final judgments are extremely interesting. He thinks that the greatest achievement of bolshevism in its eighteen years is "to have permeated the lowest depths of the Russian people with the spirit of joint and universal effort." He thinks the veneration for Lenin and his tomb is due to the fact that Lenin has become a common symbol "and from this community of aim and veneration the Bolsheviks have been able to distil a new elixir for their Soviet people in the shape of a tremendous and universal pride, and a passionate interest in their country and its noble deeds." This, he says, may sound extravagant, but he proves it to the hilt by recalling, for example, national pride in the exploits of the Soviet airmen who rescued the crew of the Chelyuskin, and the astounding hundred-million-ruble fund to build new airplanes after the great Maxim Gorki crashed. As he says, "no propaganda and no fear of authority can explain mass action on this scale." He believes that his fourteen years in Russia have covered "a heroic chapter in the life of humanity." To him Stalin is the greatest living statesman, and Litvinov the ablest Foreign Minister. Of Trotzky he says: "In all history there are few careers so romantic as that of Trotzky; to have risen from so low to such a height, to have shone so bright in the sun, and to have done brave deeds in a quaking world—and then have fallen again to nothing, to spend his declining years in spiteful twilight. What a tragic fate for this man who was gifted with intelligence and force beyond his fellows, yet cursed by the folly of selfishness and pride." Besides much writing like this the book is full of adventure, of hairbreadth escapes, of drama and tragedy—enough for a dozen novels.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

What Happens in Shakespeare

What Happens in Hamlet. By J. Dover Wilson. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us. By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

Where Shakespeare Stood. His Part in the Crucial Struggles of His Day. By Donald Morrow. Milwaukee: The Casanova Press. $1.

THE desperate thing about Shakespearean criticism is that it cannot be final. There is always something more to say, and anything said tends to be true. We groan at the rising mountain of commentaries, but our anguish is inspired not so much by the certainty that most of them are worthless as by the fear that none of them is wholly so. Shakespeare is like life in that the propositions he provokes are both difficult and dangerous to contradict. He is like life also in that he can be enjoyed without thought—and enjoyed still more with it, for it seems to be the case that criticism has made him even greater than he was, and that it continues thus to extend him if only by continuing to name his apparently numberless parts.

The test of a Shakespearean critic is not so much his truth as his tact, taking that word in its noblest sense and letting it mean almost as much as wisdom. The commentator will convince us in proportion as we feel confidence in his right to talk about a great poet—in proportion, that is, as he shows himself to possess a lively mind, a knowledge of the world, and an interesting, mature imagination. Mr. Wilson, for instance, seems to me one of the two or three best critics of Shakespeare today quite as much because he tends to be a poet as because he certainly is a scholar. And his latest book on "Hamlet"—for there have been two others, one an examination of the text and another an edition of the play—seems to me one of the best of all books on the subject because it adds life to a masterpiece which was already unspeakably alive. Mr. Wilson does this not merely by offering theories about the quality of Hamlet's madness, the origin of his father's ghost, and the significance of the play scene which at the same time are novel and plausible; he does it still more by never being dull or foolish, and on the positive side by being always aware, and by keeping us always aware, that "Hamlet" is what it is. It is as if an incomparably beautiful animal had been placed on exhibition and the man exhibiting it had turned out to possess, in addition to the finest knowledge of those points which all experts are trained to recognize, the finest understanding of the creature as a whole, so that its beauty came suddenly to seem something quite near to us, and, without losing its mystery, natural.

If it were possible to say such things about Miss Spurgeon it would be clearer that her book had some great value. It has value, as any book would have it which talked systematically about the furniture of Shakespeare's mind; and her assertions concerning the importance of this sort of study are not to be denied, any more than her originality in the field is to be minimized. But she herself seemes to lack imagination, or at any rate the kind which would be useful here. She cannot be trusted to interpret her data. Her deductions about Shakespeare's own personality, culminating in the announcement that he was "Christ-like; that is, gentle, kindly, honest, brave, and true," seem to me childish—neither necessary from her evidence nor convincing in themselves. Whenever, indeed, she tries to make her images mean something about the man she reveals herself as singularly literal and inept. She does better, however, by the artist, and since this is a more important subject she is able within her limits to throw light upon the wonderful unity of Shakespeare's best plays. They are unified for her through their visual imagery, and her demonstrations of this, particularly in the case of the tragedies, are notable contributions to our knowledge. It is perhaps natural that she should neglect another kind of unity, the musical one, which in "Richard II" for example is probably more significant than the visual one. And it is inevitable that even within her own bounds she should fall below the mark set by G. Wilson Knight in his four recent volumes. She somewhere dismisses Mr. Knight as one who has been "impressionistic" about Shakespeare's imagery. But by and large I prefer the impressionism of this poetical and passionate critic to the most that Miss Spurgeon can make out of her card catalogue. Mr. Knight's statistics may be incomplete, but he tells us more.

Mr. Hicks's introduction to Mr. Morrow's essay, praising it because it proves Shakespeare to have been "unmistakably a partisan" with respect to the class struggle of his day—the struggle between the feudal aristocracy and the middle class, Queen Elizabeth being on the side of the middle class—curiously overstates Mr. Morrow's case; for Mr. Morrow, speaking of the tragedies, says quite plainly that "society as a whole, in them, is taken for granted, never called into question. It is not presented as . . . something to be seriously altered. It simply existed as the very form of human life and was to be accepted along with life itself." That does not sound to me like partisanship, nor am I impressed by Mr. Morrow's proof that in his histories Shakespeare stood on the safe, the majority, side. The revolution against the Middle Ages had already been accomplished, and to say that Shakespeare accepted it is not to establish that he was conscious of doing so, or that he did so as a partisan. Mr. Morrow's essay is in fact more modest than Mr. Hicks says it is, and better. Since there will be others in its wake, the hope may be expressed that their authors will understand Shakespeare as well as he does, and recognize as he does how much of the time the poet was simply not interested in society at all. Whether he should have been is another question.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. Aiken's Virtuosity

King Coffin. By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

MR. AIKEN'S latest novel is a study in adolescent diabolism. Jasper Ammen, his hero, is callowness incarnate and carried to its most dangerous, most positive degree. Intellectually fastidious, emotionally under par, his hatred for the rest of humanity is so intense that only cold-blooded murder will serve to proclaim it. And thus he plans to kill someone, anyone—a stranger whom he singles out one day from a subway crowd and who seems, in his utter inoffensiveness, to epitomize all that is wholesome, mediocre, and detestable in the race. Jasper spies on him; learns that he owns a small advertising agency, that he lives in a dismal suburb, and that, crowning touch to his typicality, he goes by the ubiquitous name of Jones. Pretending to be a prospective client, Jasper calls Jones up and arranges a rendezvous—which is, of course, to terminate in Jones's death. But something unforeseen happens: when he makes a last call to fix a time and place for the fatal meeting, Jones tells him it will have to wait. He can see no one today; there has been an accident in his family. His wife has given birth to a still baby.

Confronted with this news, Jasper becomes aware of an emotion so strange that he cannot even name it; but perhaps it may be recognized, even in the warped and devitalized form in which it reaches him, for pity. And it functions—Jasper being the egomaniac that he is—purely as a sense of identification of himself with his intended victim, the horror of which no word or deed can express. Jasper's superiority has played him false; in its very efforts to assert itself it could only betray him into the enemy's camp. Enraged at its fallibility, appalled at the human, contemptible pitch to which it has degraded him, Jasper kills himself instead of Jones.

Mr. Aiken's special virtues—his command over words, the disciplined spontaneity of his style, his peculiar impressionism—show to better advantage in this novel than in anything he has heretofore attempted in prose. In addition, he seems to have achieved a mastery of his medium that was conspicuously lacking in his other novels; and he has given us in Jasper Ammen his first coherent study of a human being.

Yet what is it that we miss? Why does a story basically so horrible as "King Coffin" convey not even the faintest suggestion of horror? Why do we feel neither terror, pity, nor loathing for Mr. Aiken's terrible, pitiful, and loathsome young hero? In his egocentricity, his aloofness, his Nietzschean pride, finding its apt expression in crime, Jasper Ammen may be compared with another lonely and tortured adolescent—Raskolnikov. But as soon as we have made this comparison we begin to see how very inaccurate it is; and to become aware of what Mr. Aiken lacks that Dostoevski possessed in such abundance, and that could make warm, enduring humanity out of the largely inhuman impulses of a Jasper Ammen or a Rodion Romanovich. It would be unjust to dismiss Mr. Aiken as a technician; his skill is no mere journeyman's affair, for it is informed with the sensibility of a genuine artist. But when skill of this superior kind predominates, the result is virtuosity—a brilliant performance which never lets us forget that it is a performance and which appeals, in the end, to our taste rather than to our imagination.

HELEN NEVILLE

Conspicuous Waste

European Experiences. By Mable Dodge Luhan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

"King Lehr" and the Gilded Age. By Elizabeth Drexel Lehr. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

HAD the Communist Party subsidized these two books to circulate as propaganda among the bourgeoisie it would indeed be as clever and dangerous an organization as the readers of Mr. Hearst's papers are led to believe. For Mrs. Lehr and Mrs. Luhan in their respective memoirs have succeeded in depicting with enviable solemnity and beyond any party member's fondest hopes the boredom, the extravagance, the tastelessness, the self-satisfaction, the irresponsibility, in short, the "conspicuous waste" of the capitalist class at the turn of the century and after.

Mrs. Lehr's tale, told with almost touching childishness, recounts purely material waste: money spent on luncheons for dogs, banquets for monkeys, balls for grand dukes; the John Drexels' twenty-six carriages; Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt's customary progress to her loge at the opera "kicking a great uncut sapphire or ruby attached to her waist by a rope of pearls." The Gilded Age, in short, was gilded with everything except intelligence and imagination. Indeed, a letter from Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish to Harry Lehr is a neat summary. "They say, Sweet Lamb, that you have lost your mind. Come back to New York if you have, for I can assure you that the loss won't interfere with your popularity. You know quite well you won't need any mind to go with the people in our set." No book but a bankbook seems ever to have penetrated the palaces, much less the consciousness, of the four hundred.

Not so with Mrs. Luhan. Not only has she read books but she has known authors. Arthur Brisbane said, "Mabel has brains, Mabel has *brains,*" and gave Mrs. Luhan her first impetus as a writer. In her style, however, later influences are more evident. Her pen discharges more florid and painful Lawrence than Lawrence at his weakest and weariest could ever have ejected. "I had never heard [she writes] of that gentle transformation that is, in sensation, as though the nerves had expressed themselves in the manner of silent, fiery fountains falling on black velvet. My body had burned with high fires but had never penetrated this far, strange, other world."

But it would be unfair to give the impression that Mrs. Luhan does not know how to write. "European Experiences," shameless exhibitionism though it be, is infuriatingly readable. Just as spectators are always drawn to a public execution, so the reader is magnetized into following Mrs. Luhan's little private lynchings. With the exception of Lady Paget and the Alexanders, well over sixty when she knew them, no one gets a continuous good word from her. Indulging all the heartlessness of the confirmed romantic, she is preoccupied with *le cœur humain,* and as with another and greater romantic it is always *"le cœur humain de moi."* Her own breath delights her, the very fact of its being hers. Indeed, all that is hers delights her except her "facetious, Boston" husband; "long-suffering and always so kind," she writes in the dedication. He, fortunately for his sanity, possessed the only two weapons powerful enough to prick the armor of her ego—common sense and a sense of humor. As surely as Frieda Lawrence emerged the heroine of "Lorenzo in Taos," Edwin Dodge stands out as the only sound person in these picaresque revelations of a latter-day Amazon.

For no one can say that Mabel Dodge Luhan lacks power. Without the power of inherited wealth she might, despite all her magnetism, her violence, her capacity for intrigue, her unflagging interest in emotion for emotion's sake, have remained to ferment in Buffalo. But money, the importance of which somehow escaped her—she never could grasp the significance of an overdrawn bank account—liberated her energies, opened to her the continent of Europe at a time when America seemed "all machinery and money-making and factories."

"So what?" is the phrase that explodes most frequently from the lips of the outraged but absorbed reader of these two fabulous books. And yet one can say "So what?" to Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal," to much of Rousseau's "Confessions." All these books share elements which are as typical of propaganda as of autobiography, for what, after all, is autobiography but the defense of the ego as a cause? No trace of humor lightens for an instant the intensity of Mrs. Luhan's and Mrs. Lehr's extraordinary social documents. Mrs. Lehr's compulsion to justify in print the pitiful sham of her marriage, Mrs. Luhan's "gladness . . . at the thought of it—of giving myself away whole, all of me, to the world—to my world" must evoke from even the most confirmed reactionary a prayer that that world may cease existing before more "intimate memories" of the living and the dead are myopically, narcissistically exhibited to a public which can always be counted upon to be remuneratively curious about how "the other half" lives.

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Types of Pedantry

Smith: A Sylvan Interlude. By Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.
Festival at Meron. By Harry Sackler. Covici-Friede. $2.50.
Seventy Times Seven. By Carl Christian Jensen. Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard Company. $2.50.

CERTAIN connotations of the word "pedantry" have fallen into disuse, and it is time they were revived for their critical pertinence. Displayed erudition, whether paraded complacently or whimsically, is pedantry. So is an excessive concern with the forms of knowledge, as style, etc. Mr. Cabell falls on both counts into the classification and has, indeed, been there for many years. In "Smith" he continues the biography of his alter ego in the lands beyond common sense. Time and Woman have now transformed Smirt the supreme god into Mr. Smith the local deity, lord of the Forest of Branlon. The author's method remains unchanged—magic, mythology, dream-technique, the suave juxtaposition of the poetic and the absurdly prosaic. Mr. Smith still smokes Virginia cigarettes in the enchanted wood, converses with imperturbable urbanity, and yearns for the divine unreason of the youth Mr. Cabell never experienced. The crystal bowl of his phrasing is still iridescent, but the water in it has become definitely stale with long use. Mr. Smith has forbidden clocks in his domain, and when one appears as he is betrayed into *hubris* he is uncomfortably aware that not even a minor demigod is safe from the Chronos that overthrew Smirt. Irony pervades the book, an irony that has retreated to a great distance and looks on with only a memory of interest. Mr. Cabell is saying again—he has said nothing else for thirty-odd years—that nothing lovely, nothing worth while persists, and the permanence of the commonplace is perhaps not, after all, to be deplored. One seems to note a pleased acquiescence in the charming, smug, accustomed voice. The energy that vitalized the poet in his former guises, as Horvendile and Coth of the Rocks, as Manuel and Jurgen, is lacking in this Smirt-Smith. Can it be that he regrets Mr. Cabell's betrayal of Mr. Cabell? One wonders whether in "Smire," the third volume of this trilogy, the moonlit, nostalgic columns will fall in the deserted forest.

"Festival at Meron" will find a certain public because of its subject and timeliness: it deals with the Jewish hero Simeon ben Yohai, who attempted in the second century to free his people from Roman domination. Unfortunately, Mr. Sackler is a plodding pedant, and mention of the book here is perfunctory. The story contains elements of drama, but none of them appear in this cluttered mass of verbiage, detail without focus set forth in dull, bad writing.

"To maintain the integrity of the self is in the end the whole battle of life," John Dewey writes in his foreword to "Seventy Times Seven." But the problem of Mr. Jensen's narrator is twofold: before he can maintain that integrity, he must achieve it. Duke is a victim of amnesia, and this is the notebook he keeps while a prisoner on a chain gang. He tries here to correlate the fragments of personal consciousness that remain to him, to evaluate the infrequently protruding soul. The writing varies from effective objectivity to fantastic exploration of the unconscious; and Mr. Jensen's talent for description and analysis is largely obscured by systematic and darkened symbolism in memory, dream, legend, and rhapsody. For all its metaphysical preoccupation with the self, this book is primarily case history. In the end, Duke is unable in comprehensible terms to achieve the integration on which the novel depends for its structure. The author's social theme—a plea for understanding, forgiveness growing out of knowledge of the offender's heredity and historic organism—cannot give the book solidity, but does give it interest. He draws a somewhat muddled but vivid and horrible picture of the penal system which persists in certain Southern states.

JOHN MCALPIN BERRYMAN

Drama

"Parnell"

"PARNELL" (Ethel Barrymore Theater) is a sober if somewhat sentimental chronicle of the life of the Irish leader from his first meeting with Mrs. O'Shea to the day of his death. So far as I could judge, the audience about me followed the course of events with an absorption somewhat greater than mine, and I suspect accordingly that it was a rather special group composed in considerable part of persons provided when they came with a ready-made interest in the subject. They were satisfied to have displayed the chief incidents in a story which for them was rich with meanings. I required to have created for me a concern with the issues at stake and the explicit delineation of a character the mere mention of whose name would not evoke in me a complex of emotionally tinged knowledge. Neither of my requirements was met to any great degree, and my interest was hardly more than languid.

Some such situation as this often arises when a playwright chooses to deal with a historical subject. It is true that "pathos," in the technical sense, is one of literature's most valuable aids. Perhaps, indeed, great literature is not possible except under conditions which permit a name or a reference to touch off in the recipient's mind some train of associations involving memories and desires and emotions which the author cannot create out of nothing and which he must assume to have been laid for him in the mind of his audience by antecedent experiences. But for that same reason it is impossible to describe any work of art as "great" without specifying "for whom." What we call a "universal appeal" means only an appeal to a very large group, and a truly "universal" work in European literature might be quite meaningless to a Zulu. For that reason, also, the author of a play dealing with a legendary or historical event must ask himself for what or how large a group he expects it to be effective. In the present case the answer seems to have been: for that group to whom Parnell is a living symbol which needs only to be invoked to be effective. Doubtless it would be possible, though much more difficult, to write another play on the same subject which would establish Parnell as a symbol, not only of the Irish national cause, but through that of larger, less specific causes. The fact remains that the present author has not so written and that the play is primarily a play directed at those for whom this particular incident is invested with an effective pathos.

Perhaps this little discourse may seem unnecessarily pretentious as an explanation of the fact that a play failed to interest me as much as it certainly interested some spectators; but I know no simpler method of accounting for the fact. It is well if somewhat conventionally directed by Guthrie McClintic and satisfactorily performed by a company which includes Effie Shannon in an effective characterization of a very sensible and understanding old lady. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The first act of "Let Freedom Ring" (Broadhurst Theater) should be cut to a short prologue before it causes, as it well may, the premature closing of an absorbing play. Once the piece gets away from its "folk" beginning, which may be

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☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

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Dead End. Belasco Theater. More of a good show than a great drama but a very good show indeed.

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Porgy & Bess. Alvin Theater. One of the big hits of the year but to me less effective than anything so elaborate ought to be.

Pride & Prejudice. Music Box. I do not remember an evening in the theater of more unalloyed delight.

Remember The Day. National Theater. Touching and entertaining story of a boy who fell in love with his teacher. Unusually well acted and with enough humor to give it edge.

The Taming of the Shrew. Guild Theater. The play is gentle Shakespeare's most ungentle farce. The result is distinctly exhilarating.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. "Winterset" seems to me bold, original and engrossing.

authentic but is in this case static, it mounts to a climax which is extremely moving. The characters are well documented, their behavior is clearly and convincingly motivated, and the action, which centers around a strike in a Southern textile mill, is swift and dramatic. The defects of the play—as well as its merits, particularly of characterization—derive from the attempt to crowd into the limits of a stage production the detail of a novel; and most of the defects are concentrated in the first scene. What was no doubt an authentic and justifiable presentation, in the novel, of the folk background of the characters becomes on the stage a tiresome tableau with costumes; and perhaps largely because of the use of dialect, which is seldom convincing, it actually comes to seem false. Moreover, the two characters who dominate the play—the textile worker and his older brother, the union agitator—do not appear until the second act; while the third main character, the mother, who is the central figure in the first act, is played by Norma Chambers in the delicate, profile-conscious manner of the Eva LeGallienne school of acting which has its uses but is hardly suitable for the portrayal of a woman who was a hill-billy, for all her Elizabethan phrases, and became a mill worker. "Let Freedom Ring" is propaganda—as "Stevedore" was. Its success in this respect is to be measured by its effect on the audience, which in spite of the slow beginning became thoroughly involved in the progress of the strike on the stage and toward the end expressed its feelings in a manner much more typical of working-class theatergoers in Moscow than of spectators at a Broadway show.

M. M.

Contributors to This Issue

STUART CHASE is the author of "The Economy of Abundance" and "Government in Business."

PETER EHLERS is a reporter on the staff of the Philadelphia *Record.*

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN is an associate editor of the New York *Post.*

IRVIN GOODMAN is an attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union in Portland, Oregon.

LOUIS M. HACKER, lecturer in economics at Columbia University, is the author of "A Short History of the New Deal."

PHILIP BLAIR RICE contributes reviews and critical articles to various periodicals.

MINA CURTISS, formerly a member of the English Department of Smith College, is the author of a romance, "The Midst of Life."

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WITH THE OVERTHROW of the Laval Cabinet apparently only a matter of days, France faces a political crisis for which no ready solution is evident. Confronted by clear-cut left majorities in both houses of Parliament, Laval may be defeated on any one of three vital issues. As was anticipated, the economy decrees promulgated last summer have aroused bitter hostility on the part of Socialists and other left groups. On the other hand, the continued flight from the franc indicates that the deflationary measures thus far adopted have not been sufficient to remove the basic financial maladjustments. Devaluation may still be necessary, though it is a step that no government is anxious to sponsor. Even more threatening at the moment is the question of the government's attitude toward Colonel Casimir de la Rocque's fascist Croix de Feu. After a recent battle in the streets in which members of the Croix de Feu attacked and injured more than a score of police and anti-fascists without themselves suffering any harm, Colonel de la Rocque demanded that the government "protect" his followers against the "revolutionaries" of the other parties. The left, in turn, has demanded the complete suppression of the fascist organization, an action which might provoke violence. A third issue is that of sanctions against Italy. Here again there is a sharp division of opinion, with the right demanding greater leniency in the treatment of Italy, and the left acutely dissatisfied with Laval's weak-kneed support of the League. Under ordinary circumstances one would expect Laval to be followed by a left government which would reflect the present sentiment of the country as a whole. But in view of the complexity of the situation, ex-Premier Herriot has served warning that he will not take office, while M. Blum could not command a stable majority in the Chamber. The only alternative is the unsatisfactory one of seeking a new leader who will continue the present compromise arrangement—a task which is becoming increasingly difficult as the months pass without a solution of basic problems.

SANCTIONS have now been in force against Italy for nearly two weeks. The results on the whole have been far more satisfactory than was deemed possible even a month ago. Reservations and exceptions by the League countries have been few and relatively unimportant, while Germany's embargo on essential raw materials, including tin, nickel, manganese, aluminum, zinc, iron, antimony, rubber, leather, wool, and hides, has proved an unexpected aid to the League powers. Nevertheless, it has been increasingly recognized that full effectiveness of the economic penalties cannot be obtained until the League adds petroleum, coal, and steel to the list of embargoed commodities. The products now barred from Italy, while important, are not immediately indispensable. Without oil, gasoline, and coal, on the other hand, Mussolini's war machine would be paralyzed. Ships, motor trucks, tanks, and aeroplanes are worthless without fuel, and Italy's present supply would not last more than from three to six months. An increasingly large share of the amount now being imported is coming from the United States. The fact that France and England have agreed not to force immediate action by the League to embargo these products does not relieve this country of responsibility for aiding Mussolini in his illegal invasion of Ethiopia. Both from the practical standpoint of keeping out of war and the moral one of avoiding assistance to an aggressor, it is imperative that we find some way of taking independent action to bar war supplies from Italy. Each day that we postpone this step strengthens the interests that would eventually draw us into the maelstrom.

THE OCTOBER TRADE REPORT shows the futility of moral suasion as a means of curbing those interests which would drag the United States into war. Despite repeated warnings from President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull against trading with belligerents, American exports to Italy in October—the first full month since the beginning of hostilities—were more than 10 per cent above the corresponding month last year. For the same month our exports to Italian Africa, previously very small, rose more than 700 per cent, and for the first ten months of 1935 were no less than 1,300 per cent higher than in 1934. The increase occurred in precisely those products most useful to Mussolini for war purposes. Exports of iron and steel scrap to Italy were valued at $454,000 in October, 1935, as compared with $179,000 in October, 1934. Shipments of oil to Italy and Italian Africa totaled $1,185,000 this year as against $337,000 in the same month last year, an increase of over 200 per cent. Refined copper exports rose from $188,000 in October, 1934, to $534,000 in the corresponding month of 1935. A similar increase occurred in the sale of automobiles, tractors, and trucks, a large proportion of which went directly to Eritrea and Italian Somaliland. Although several of the smaller oil companies have indicated their willingness to abide by Secretary Ickes's request that all shipments to Italy be discontinued, the larger concerns, particularly the Standard Oil group, have asserted that they will not suspend trading unless compelled to by the government. Meanwhile the Administration, loath to take action under the "implements-of-war" clause in the neutrality act, has gone as far as it can within the limits it has set itself. Secretary Hull has defined oil, copper, trucks, tractors, and scrap steel as "war materials," and indicated that cotton might soon be added to the list. Action has been taken to keep American ships from carrying supplies to Italy, and to prevent the sale of government-owned ships to Italy for scrap. None of these steps, however, is sufficiently drastic to stop unscrupulous American business interests from enriching themselves out of the war, or to prevent them from undermining the League in its attempt to substitute law for anarchy.

FROM THE OUTSET the Roosevelt Administration has made it clear that it was utterly indifferent to the naval conference called by Great Britain to meet in London early in December. We were not prepared, however, for the deliberate slap given to it by the President's appointment of Norman H. Davis, Rear Admiral W. H. Standley, chief of the bureau of naval operations, and Under Secretary of State William Phillips, as the American delegation. Not only is there no Cabinet officer on this list, but there is not a single man on it who is known as a genuine advocate of radical disarmament. With all respect to Mr. Davis's excellent intentions and arduous labors in previous conferences, he has been from the beginning in favor of our building up our fleet so that we might have in our hands a "good part of the pack" with which to sit into this game of international poker. The trouble is that all the other players are similarly eager to make as large a naval showing as possible, with the result that the Davis theory of having a big fleet with which to negotiate has not only hamstrung recent conferences but burdened the United States with the largest and most costly navy we have ever maintained.

AS IF TO EMPHASIZE still further how little the Administration is concerned with taking the lead in London, it is announced that Mr. Phillips will stay only a short time and then return to Washington. But that is by no means the worst. The President's appointment of Rear Admiral Standley verges on the scandalous, for this officer has just been going up and down the country denouncing all who demand a small navy. Speaking to the Military Order of the Loyal Legion he declared:

> Our every effort toward preparedness is actively opposed by certain influences, claimed to be patriotic and some of which are known to be otherwise, whose common aim has been to weaken the national defense by opposing the naval building program. . . . Unfortunately, they are still with us and constitute the greatest menace to the stability of our government and to our national security. . . . There is no doubt but that this sinister propaganda is tending to undermine Americanism and to jeopardize our national security.

The next day he repeated this address before the New York Chamber of Commerce, asking of it "active opposition to subversive influences tending to destroy the national defense." In other words Admiral Standley possesses the worst kind of reactionary naval mind and is obviously the last man who should have been selected to fight for disarmament in London. Plainly he will be just as lukewarm as one of his fellow-admirals who, on his return from an earlier conference, was reported in the press as saying that he was glad his mission had failed! Why Mr. Roosevelt did not appoint someone who is an ardent champion of disarmament and who really wants to see us lead in this cause, we can only explain on the ground that the President himself is not in favor of disarmament at this time.

EDWARD F. HUTTON, chairman of the board of directors of the General Foods Corporation, is much disturbed by the interpretation placed upon an article which he wrote for the house organ of the public-utilities corporations in which he called upon the great business interests of the country to "gang up" and overwhelm all opposition to their policies and plans. He now says that he would have withdrawn it, if he had not been ill, because of the President's new attitude toward business. He explains also that the phrase "gang up" was made in a perfectly harmless sense. It was a boyhood phrase, reminiscent only of the old swimming hole and free from any suggestion of the modern gangster. Very well. But the fact remains that he called upon the "business men of the country, the owners of stocks and bonds or any other property, the holders of insurance policies, and the depositors in banks" to get together "in one great group which will come to the help of any individual group when it is attacked." The incident cannot be passed over, for Mr. Hutton expressed in print the thought that is in the minds of innumerable corporation leaders and beneficiaries of special privilege. They say they do not want class war, but they are most eager for that great union of the right which Mr. Hutton, in his moment of passion, called for. If such a union should come about, with the almost unlimited sums which it could control, we should be face to face with a business fascism reaching out not only for all political power but for the complete smashing of the labor unions. Mr. Hutton's article, however much he may regret its appearance, is a useful warning.

THE "AUTONOMOUS" REGIME set up in the North China demilitarized zone is slight compensation to Japan for the setback in its plan for an "independent" state embracing the entire area north of the Yellow River. Of the many factors which may have contributed to the fiasco, the unity of the Chinese war lords and the unpredicted shift in British policy are the most significant. Within the past fortnight China has witnessed the unprecedented spectacle of all its important military leaders gathered at Nanking in a spirit of amity. That fact alone, since it was wholly unexpected by the Japanese, could easily explain Japan's sudden timidity about seizing three of the most important of China's historic eighteen provinces. Chinese resistance appears to have been materially strengthened by direct or tacit offers of British support. The rumor that Great Britain has arranged a loan to Nanking may have been premature, but there can be little doubt that the recent silver move was made on the advice of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, British financial expert. The added fact that information regarding the pending British loan to the Soviet Union was allowed to leak out at the moment when Japan was poised for a blow at North China is also significant. With the naval conference about to open in London and with the British playing a leading role at Geneva in the application of sanctions against an aggressor state, Japan has two excellent reasons for not wishing to incur British hostility at this time. For the Japanese military, however, these considerations will seem trivial as compared with the loss of face resulting from the failure of Japan's widely advertised coup in North China to come off on schedule. As a consequence, there is danger that, as in 1931, the counsel of the home government will be disregarded by ambitious militarists on the spot, a possibility which carries with it grave international complications.

ONCE MORE the United States is being inundated with gold from Europe. Within the past ten weeks approximately $600,000,000 worth of gold has been imported into this country and deposited in the vaults of the Federal Reserve banks. There was a period not so many years ago when such an influx of the precious metal would have been hailed as a sign of national prosperity. At that time it would automatically have become the basis for monetary and credit expansion which would have stimulated economic activity throughout the country. Today each new cargo of gold from abroad is the cause of acute embarrassment to our banking authorities. Already we have gold reserves of nearly ten billion dollars, or 45 per cent of the world's total supply. As a result we have three billions in excess bank reserves lying idle in our vaults, enough to support a credit expansion of approximately thirty billion dollars. The banking authorities are faced with a dilemma which is far more serious than that of 1927 and 1928. To allow the golden tide to continue will not only play havoc with the few remaining gold currencies and postpone indefinitely any hope of international stabilization, but will lay the basis for inflation in this country. Yet the tide cannot be checked without a fundamental change in tariff policy, which is politically unthinkable. Our policy of demanding gold and silver in exchange for our "normal" export surplus cannot be continued indefinitely. When the supply of available monetary metal becomes exhausted, we shall have to face the full implications of our insane commercial policies. The longer we delay the adjustment to an import surplus, the more difficult that adjustment will be. And, meanwhile, what are we to do with our tremendous idle reserves? Put the unemployed to work paving our streets with gold?

WHAT IS THE MEANING of the verb "to teach"? This simple question, apparently not susceptible of dictionary resolution, is agitating the District of Columbia at the moment. A rider to the District appropriation bill passed by the last Congress provided that salaries were not to be paid to teachers who "taught or advocated communism." The Board of Education has acted on the assumption that "teach" and "advocate" mean the same thing, and that a teacher may present his pupils with information about communism if he is careful to refrain from championing any such subversive doctrine. This interpretation has been upheld by E. Barrett Prettyman, corporation counsel for the District. In opposition the American Legion, the D. A. R., and the Hearst press have advanced the theory that the rider prohibits the dissemination of any information, however factual, on the subject of communism. The difficulties in which such an interpretation would involve a teacher are obvious, ranging all the way from an inability to discuss in a classroom one of the most important issues before the country today to a more specific inability to describe the form of government under which one of the largest nations of the earth, with a population of 170,000,000 people, is now living. Compared with this device for befuddling the young, the old fiction that babies were brought by the stork seems positively scientific. And our patriots should be warned that American children were too clever for the stork story; they will Find Out about communism! They will ask their parents why these matters are not discussed in school. Or if they are less frank, they will learn their communism in the street —that is to say, they will learn, not that communism is inferior to our own democratic form of government as their teachers might have taught them, but that it looks like a lot of fun for everybody.

ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT cases recently considered by the regional labor boards was the action brought against the Freihofer Baking Company, the largest bakery in Philadelphia, by its employees. The company is specifically accused of organizing a company union through the use of labor spies, thus violating an agreement with the Bakery Drivers' Union. How the company union was set up was described by John B. Backhus, president of the union, which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Backhus told the board that two company-union "specialists," Irving C. Franklin and Donald N. Stoner, arrived in Philadelphia from Jersey City, opened offices, and advertised for "college men to do investigating work." A friend of the union answered the advertisement and was one of four men hired. He recognized Franklin and Stoner as two men who had been ordered out of town by police last year when A. F. of L. officials discovered they were trying to organize a racketeering garage union. Since then, the "investigator" learned, they had been operating in the New York area and had formed company unions for chain groceries, meat-packing plants, shoe companies, and movie firms, most of them in Jersey City. The four "investigators" were given stenciled lists of Freihofer employees and were ordered to ingratiate themselves with the workers and find out what they thought about having "a union of their own—one the company would work with." On the basis of the reports turned in, carefully picked employees were taken in taxicabs to meetings at which the company union was organized. Six separate units were set up that night, one for each of the company's branches in Philadelphia, Camden, and Chester. Dues were set at twenty-five cents a month, in contrast with the two-dollar dues of the bona fide union. It is reported that the Philadelphia regional labor board is determined to make this case, which has aroused national interest although it has been ignored by the Philadelphia press, the beginning of a planned attack upon company unions and labor spies.

Sea Power and the Far East

NO international conference has ever been called with less hope of success than the one which is to open at London on December 6 to discuss the possibility of continuing naval limitation. That it is being held at all in the face of almost certain collapse is due to the terrifying prospect of an unbridled naval race. Already the United States is spending close to a half-billion dollars annually for the doubtful protection afforded by its huge navy, while Japan's naval appropriations for the next fiscal year are expected to exceed 600,000,000 yen.* And these sums, tremendous though they are, might conceivably be doubled or tripled if Japan determined to build up to the American level. The threat of a Japanese-American naval race is complicated, moreover, by the possible repercussions of German naval construction, involving renewed Franco-Italian competition, on the British program. Presumably neither the United States nor Japan will allow Britain to strengthen its naval defenses without taking similar steps.

The gravity of the situation brings home more dramatically than ever the necessity for the United States adopting a clear-cut naval policy which is consistent with its national interests, particularly in the Far East. Our present policy is practically indistinguishable from that of the other great imperialistic powers. In essentials it is based on the sea-power theory of history evolved in the nineties by Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan. It is to this theory, developed by naval officers in this country and abroad, that we owe the widely accepted belief that a strong navy is essential to the economic and political welfare of a nation. This theory fits in very neatly with the basic trend of economic development during the past half-century. Capitalism, in order to function at its best, has been forced to seek new markets and new sources of raw materials. The extension of economic and political imperialism has in turn depended rather largely on sea power. Hence it logically follows that the country which has the most powerful navy has a tremendous advantage in the struggle for economic security. Since the only important undeveloped markets in the world are to be found in the East, our naval program has been predicated on the necessity of maintaining an Open Door in China, a policy which is now being directly challenged by Japan.

That war is inherent in a program of this type goes almost without saying. The use of naval power to further the economic interests of the respective countries must sooner or later lead to an actual trial of naval strength. Recognizing this danger, a number of influential writers have recently challenged the basic assumptions of the prevailing theory of navalism. They have pointed out that the vast majority of the American people have no interests in the Far East or elsewhere which in any sense justify the expenditure of a half-billion dollars annually for upkeep of the navy. The total of American investments in China, which are held by a handful of persons, does not equal half the amount which we spend annually on our fleet, while the cost of maintaining our interests, including the expense of the army and marine force on Chinese soil, the gunboats on Chinese rivers, and consular and extraordinary diplomatic expenses, is probably at least as great as the total profit obtained from our trade and investments. In view of these facts, Charles A. Beard and other writers have rejected the theory that the navy should be built to protect our overseas interests, and insist that its function should be solely that of defense of the American coast. Such a navy, it need scarcely be pointed out, would be vastly different from our present force. Battleships, heavy cruisers, and airplane carriers, which are by far the most expensive units in our fleet, are designed primarily for offensive purposes. A defensive naval program would emphasize submarines, mine-layers, destroyers, and possibly light cruisers. Apart from the United States, Japan, and Great Britain, no country in the world possesses a modern battleship over 10,000 tons—except for one recently launched French ship of 26,500 tons.

The logic of the foregoing criticism of the dominant theories of navalism is so strong that it has gained a surprising number of adherents. It would be difficult to disprove the assertion that as far as the vast majority of the American people are concerned the navy is more of a liability than an asset. But it is one thing to say that we should reduce our navy to a mere defensive force and another to hope that it can be done under conditions as we face them in the world today. Pacifists frequently fail to distinguish between the ideal policy in a socialist world and the policy which is likely to adopted by an imperialist power such as the United States. It is true that comparatively few Americans have any direct interest in the Far East. Nevertheless, we are living under an economic system which because of its faulty distribution of income creates inevitable surpluses. These surpluses must be disposed of if the economic machine is to function with even reasonable efficiency. And the great majority of our business leaders believe, rightly or wrongly, that a strong navy is necessary in order to assure ourselves an outlet for these surpluses.

Fortunately, acceptance of a realistic view of the present situation does not condemn us inevitably to an unrestrained race in armaments. Within the past few months the world has witnessed an amazing development in the possibilities of collective security. Granting that imperialist rivalries exist, collective action offers a means for restraining any nation which seeks to further its national aspirations by armed force. Application of this principle to the Far East would probably involve a five-power non-aggression pact between Great Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union, China, and Japan, with provision for economic sanctions against any nation which resorted to war. Only when economic pressure directed by collective action has been demonstrated to be more effective than military force can we have any real assurance that jingoism can be overcome. Meanwhile, the existence of such a pact would remove the immediate threat of unlimited naval rivalries. Collective action has its dangers, and can in no sense be considered a final solution of the war problem, but it is the only hope of staving off a disastrous conflict in the Orient.

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* At present the yen is quoted at about thirty cents, though it is much higher in terms of Japanese purchasing power.

The C. R. Strike

SINCE Consumers' Research is the most important effective organization which seeks to protect the buying interests of the consumer, it is natural that the unfortunate dispute between its management and its personnel should have attracted more attention than a strike in an organization serving some 55,000 subscribers would ordinarily have done. Founded and operated by and for persons of liberal or radical sympathies, labor trouble in such a group came as a good deal of a shock not only to the subscribers themselves but to the liberal press and to self-conscious consumers as a whole. In response to requests made by the striking employees and by a group of subscribers, a special investigating committee under the chairmanship of Professor Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary, and including Roger Baldwin, George S. Counts, Norman Thomas, and Mrs. Helena Simmons, secretary of the New Jersey Consumers' League, made a careful survey of the strike situation which can hardly be considered other than an impartial and just report. The investigating committee examined documents, conducted a public hearing, and on October 31 sent a representative to meet with the board of Consumers' Research. Its report carefully reviews the events leading up to the strike, and describes the conduct of the strike itself and the attitude of the management toward the strikers.

It is possible to report here only the summary of the committee's findings. On the question of responsibility for the strike, the committee finds that the set-up of Consumers' Research—a non-profit membership corporation with five members, of whom Mr. and Mrs. Schlink and J. B. Matthews are a majority—lends itself to arbitrary and capricious management. The strike occurred after the dismissal of three employees who had been active in union organization. The report declares:

> The manner of the dismissal of the three employees, as well as the fact that the dismissals occurred simultaneously with the rise of the union, only make the more reasonable the union's demand that the men be reinstated first and the issues then arbitrated. But even this does not seem to the committee to have justified the union in breaking off so brusquely the negotiations with the management. . . . Impatience and ill-feeling were evident on both sides.

The committee found no basis in the charges by the management that the strike was a plot to seize control of the organization, that it was financed by big-business interests eager to destroy Consumers' Research, or, conversely, that it was a plot to further the interests of the Communist Party. The dispute seemed to the committee a bona fide struggle over the question of working conditions between management and a duly organized trade union, with membership in the American Federation of Labor. The committee found that every offer of mediation or arbitration made since the strike started had been refused by the management. These included not only offers made directly by the strikers but several proposals from outside organizations which there was every reason to believe were impartial. With respect to the conduct of the strike, the committee found that violence had been used on both sides, but that "the employment of armed guards by the management, the provocative tactics of these guards, the resort to violence, and the usual anti-labor tactics of employers largely contributed to a state of mind in which acts of desperation were almost inevitable."

The conclusion of the committee's report is worth quoting at length for the benefit particularly of the many readers of *The Nation* who are also subscribers to C. R.

> This strike, so unfortunate in its effects in undermining confidence in an agency unique in its service to its subscribers, would never have occurred if Consumers' Research were organized and controlled like other membership corporations. . . . Subscribers who support the institution have no part whatever in its control. Thousands of dollars of subscribers' money have been spent to carry out the management's present labor policy, without any general consultation with subscribers. . . .
>
> While we have attached blame to the strikers for their conduct of the negotiations and to aspects of their conduct during the strike, the responsibility rests chiefly upon the management . . . for aggravating a situation which in the early days it could have avoided, and later could have cured by accepting some form of mediation or arbitration.
>
> Consumers' Research, which now regards itself as sufficiently staffed with "loyal employees" to continue its functions, will not succeed in reestablishing public confidence, probably not even the confidence of most of its subscribers, until it has adopted a policy of fair dealing with all its employees based upon collective bargaining in place of an autocratic paternalism.

Heil Profits!

IN February, 1932, Thyssen introduced Hitler to an exclusive gathering of German industrialists. As events have turned out, he was performing a real service for big business as well as for the Nazis. The millions which were poured into the coffers of the National Socialist Party have proved to be an exceptionally good investment. When Hitler pointed out at the 1934 congress of the Nazi Party that "the national revolution is ended; it has fulfilled all its hopes," he merely echoed the sentiments of his benefactors. To Thyssen, Krupp, Bosch, and the rest of the industrialists the Nazi revolution has given what they bargained for—complete control of industry without interference by labor unions, and a new era of profits.

Even in 1933 dividends began to flow more freely. Of 140 corporations, 32 did not change their dividends, 29 resumed dividends, 20 increased their payments, and 11 reduced them. But that was just a start. Just as our New Deal has been a blessing to American stockholders, National Socialism has opened the flood gates of profits for German big business. According to a recent report of the Reich Bureau of Statistics covering 1,024 joint-stock companies with an aggregate share capital of 8,200,000,000 marks, which is 12 per cent of all active companies and 41 per cent of the share capital of all German companies, the majority of business enterprises realized a profit in the calendar year 1934. Losses dwindled to the lowest point in many years, and for the first time since the crisis total profits of all companies substantially exceeded losses.

Leaving out of consideration banking and insurance companies, the industrial companies with a share capital of

6,600,000,000 marks, after writing off some 713,000,000 marks for depreciation, showed aggregate profits of 348,000,000 and losses of 41,000,000 marks. A more detailed report of 180 corporations shows the following changes:

57 corporations did not change their dividends.
64 corporations raised their dividends.
47 corporations resumed dividend payments.
8 corporations decreased their dividends.
4 corporations reported a loss.
20 of the total of 180 corporations increased their dividend total from 9,820,000 marks to 44,970,000 marks.

As might be expected, not all concerns shared equally in this golden harvest. The firms that did not increase their earnings were mainly breweries and food and textile factories. Among the firms that reported losses were the German Gramophone Company and the Vogtländer Camera Works, both producers of articles that are more or less luxuries.

Significantly, heavy industry, automobile and cement factories, and chemical and electrical enterprises have made the largest profits. These industries are deeply involved in Hitler's rearmament program. They are controlled by precisely those men who gave Hitler the money to keep the Brown and Black Shirts supplied with blackjacks, shirts, puttees, and cigarettes. The following are a few of the larger of these concerns:

	Net Profits or (—) Loss 1933	1934
	(in marks)	
Mining and Steel		
Gute Hoffnungshütte	—2,700,000	2,662,000
Ilseder Hütte	140,000	3,307,000
Hochofenwerk Lübeck	301,000	2,300,000
Heavy Industry		
Schwarzkopf A.G. Berlin	36,000	660,300
Westfälische Drahtindustrie (Subsidiary of Krupp A.G.)	29,000	542,000
Mannesman Röhrenwerke	880,000	3,505,000
Krupp A.G. Essen	—3,069,000	6,551,000
Felten and Guillaume	872,700	3,739,400
Chemicals		
Bemberg A.G. (Rayon)	76,000	1,044,000
Harburg Gummi	67,000	431,500
Motors		
Daimler Benz (Trucks)	2,470,000	4,120,000
Electric		
Siemens Schuckert		1,323,000
Robert Bosch A.G.	1,816,000	3,510,000

From this survey, which covers only a small fraction of Germany's industrial corporations, it is apparent that the dividend total for 1934 lies much closer to a billion than to 500 million marks.

Hitler dividends are taken from the pockets of producers and consumers. In 1932 wages and salaries paid to 12,800,000 persons then gainfully employed in Germany amounted to 26 billion marks. This makes an average income of about 2,031 marks. On this basis the 13,307,000 persons employed in 1933 and the 15,530,000 working in 1934 should have received the aggregate of 27 billion and 31,545 billion marks respectively. What they actually got was 26,310 billion in 1933, and 29,586 billion in 1934. Thus we find that during the first two years of National Socialism, which proclaims that "the duty of the state is to provide the necessaries of life and not to secure the highest profits for capital," German capital appears to have taken from its people in wages alone 2,559,000,000 marks.

Do Gangsters Speak Verse?

"WINTERSET," Maxwell Anderson's bold dramatic experiment now current at the Martin Beck Theater, seems to be gradually establishing itself as a solid success. Often enough the popularity of a play means nothing at all, but this is a special case which may possibly have a real significance. It is true that a few other attempts have been made in recent years to treat a contemporary theme poetically, but with the exception of Mr. O'Neill no other playwright has achieved real popularity with a genuinely poetic treatment of a serious contemporary subject. Of course Mr. Anderson himself wrote the successful "Mary of Scotland," but that was a picturesque historical piece and in no way challenged the current assumption that only some form of naturalism is appropriate to the contemporary scene. Yet that is exactly what "Winterset" does. Its theme was suggested by the Sacco-Vanzetti case; most of the members of the dramatis personae are outcasts or gangsters; yet the method of the piece is unrealistic to the point of permitting even the gangsters to speak an elevated language, and some section of the public is finding it possible to adjust itself to the unfamiliar convention.

Naturally audiences are by no means of one accord. Neither, for that matter, were the critics, several of whom dismissed the play as a manifest absurdity. But the most common argument brought against it and usually delivered with an air of great finality has the disadvantage of proving too much. "Who," it is asked, "ever heard of a gangster who spoke in verse?" But who, for that matter, ever heard of a hero or a king who did so either? History does not record that any Moorish general in the employ of the Venetian state ever delivered his orders in iambic pentameter, and it does not seem likely that any fourteen-year-old Italian girl was suddenly gifted with Juliet's ability to extemporize immortal verse. The real question to be answered is the same in every case. Does the convention justify itself?

Every dramatic author of necessity endows his characters with a greater articulateness than most persons possess in real life. The most realistic prose dialogue is more efficient as utterance than the speech of everyday conversation. As the tension of a play rises, the effectiveness of the dialogue must rise with it; and when that tension reaches a certain point, poetry, the most effective way in which language can be used, becomes the only suitable medium.

In recent times the drama as an art form has suffered from the fact that its necessary brevity puts it at a disadvantage in comparison with the novel. It can succeed only by being very much more intense than fiction usually is, and it may be that it can succeed only by abandoning the attempt to compete with the novel in naturalism. Without exaggerating the significance of a single play, one may recognize the possibility that "Winterset" has an importance even beyond that conferred by its very considerable merits as an individual work. If the audience finds it acceptable, then it may help to break the grip which naturalism has somehow managed to secure on the modern theater.

Issues and Men

The Great British Referendum

IT is a curious fact that it was a peace vote which more than anything else drove the National Government in England into the aggressive and dangerous stand it has taken against Mussolini and into assuming the leadership of the League of Nations. I am well aware that many people still believe that the only possible explanation is British self-interest, the fear that if Mussolini conquers Ethiopia he will go farther and strive to make the Mediterranean an Italian instead of a British lake—how well founded that anxiety is was shown in an article in *The Nation* of October 16. But whatever the contributing causes, I remain of the opinion that the votes of nearly 12,000,000 English men and women polled by the British League of Nations Association last spring, under the leadership of Lord Robert Cecil, was the most potent force in the vitalizing of the English government on this issue and in its sudden determination to make the League of Nations justify itself and stop the unprovoked war against Ethiopia. Its upholding that stand in the recent election campaign resulted in its winning a larger majority than had been expected. It seems to me plain that Lord Robert Cecil—if he deserves the credit for the referendum—may well be called the savior of the League. For everybody agrees that if the League had remained inactive in the face of this Italian iniquity, it would have become merely a subject of contempt and ridicule.

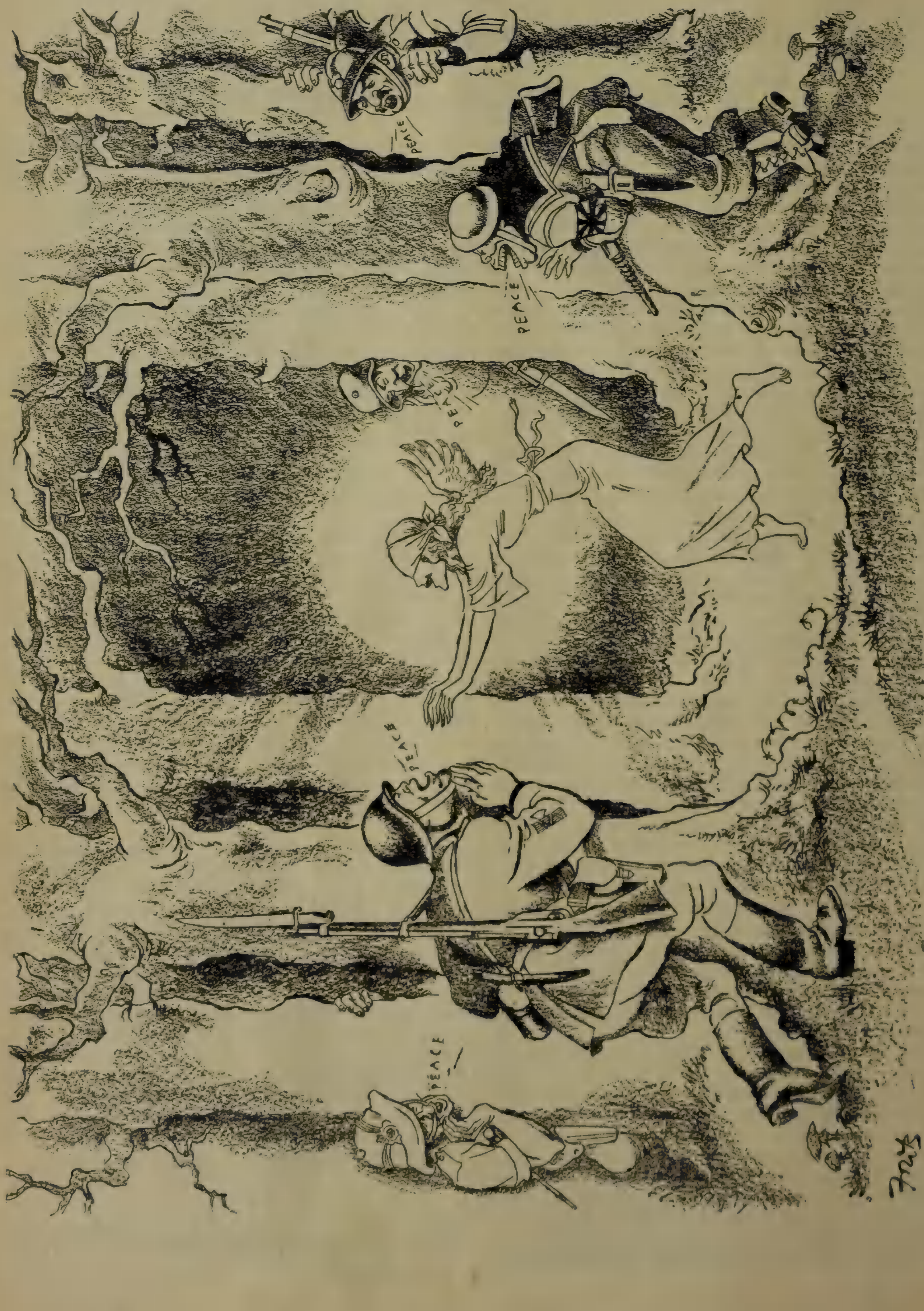
Instead, the League has won millions of adherents all over the globe. Here in America there are innumerable people who for the first time are ready to join it—of course with certain reservations to prevent our being liable for a part in League-ordered wars. If the League really puts its pacific boycott through, preserves every foot of Ethiopia, humbles Italy without firing a shot, and thereby demonstrates a new technique in stopping wars and preserving, in Wilson's words, "the rights of small nations everywhere," it will have achieved the greatest step forward toward the abolition of war yet taken. It is impossible to deny the truth of what Winston Churchill has just said—that "such a system of pains and penalties was never proclaimed against a single state in the whole history of the world. We are in the presence of a memorable event." Even if it should turn out that England's sole motive in resurrecting the League was to safeguard itself against Mussolini and Hitler, that would not detract from the credit due to the British government if the intervention proves a success.

It is worth while, in view of what has happened, to reprint the referendum figures. Here they are: total votes cast, 11,627,000. Now when this vote was proposed and while it was being taken, the government sneered at it and the Tories and diehards said it would prove nothing. It was supposed that it would peter out for lack of funds. However, the money was found, and as the votes rolled in, the Liberal and Conservative politicians sat up and took notice. They could not deny that 11,627,000 votes out of a population of 44,000,000 was a genuine cross-section of the British public. It was too large for the Baldwins and Churchills to ignore, and so overwhelmingly one-sided as to make it impossible for anybody to deny that it was an unanswerable popular mandate. Winston Churchill himself has been one of the greatest critics and antagonists of the League. Today he marvels and approves without reservation. It is as if the ghost of Henry Cabot Lodge had appeared to acclaim the event and to beg the Senate to vote us into the League.

Whether or not this pacific boycott leads to actual hostilities, whether or not the Ethiopian war, as Raymond G. Swing and many others think, proves to be a "little war" carefully prepared in advance to save Mussolini's face, to be ended by a cession of Ethiopian territory to Italy, nothing can dim that British referendum. It answers those who say that you cannot have a people voting on questions of war and peace. It sets a precedent of which every country should take note, and especially the United States. There were some who begged that alleged great democrat (with a small *d*) Woodrow Wilson to take a vote of the country in April, 1917, to ascertain what was the will of the American people. Mr. Wilson wrung his hands. It could not be done because it never had been done. There was no machinery for it in the Constitution. A few weeks later General Hugh Johnson and General Crowder set up overnight the draft boards for registering millions of young men—which proved conclusively that it would have been no task at all to take a national vote on the war. Now the British have shown the way. No American statesman can henceforth seek to hide behind the Wilsonian excuses. Lord Robert Cecil has demonstrated that it can be done by private subscription in short order, by a machinery created on the spur of the moment and run chiefly by unpaid workers. This polling of about one-quarter of a great people has had results which have stirred the entire world.

I hope it is true that some of our peace organizations are planning a similar vote in the United States. The wonder is that our League of Nations Association has not already launched it. Perhaps they are waiting for the Presidential elections to come and go. I hope not. It is so vital and so thrilling a moment and President Roosevelt is so big-navy mad that there would be no time to lose before letting the Administration and our army and navy lobbies, our fighting admirals and generals, know just where the country stands. Of course everything will depend upon the questions selected for submission. I for one cannot but believe that, whether the vote is for our entry into the League or not, it will be emphatically and overwhelmingly for our keeping out of war at all costs and using all our influence in behalf of those who are striving to make the League what its founders wished it to become—the destroyer of war.

Oswald Garrison Villard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Miss Peace: "Somebody Is Calling for Me."

Sanctions *vs.* Neutrality: A Debate

The Case for Sanctions

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

SINCE this is a brief debate I must avert disputes over definitions. By sanctions I mean economic sanctions. I am opposed to American participation in military sanctions. And I advocate economic sanctions only if in our own judgment the Kellogg pact has been violated. My case for sanctions, then, rests on the assertion, first, that there can be no law governing international relations unless behind it lies the ultimate certainty of collective enforcement, and, second, that economic sanctions are the most effective non-violent method to effect the outlawry of war.

I base my opposition to neutrality on my understanding that it requires equal treatment of two belligerents without regard to the nature and origin of their conflict. If a country is guilty of unprovoked aggression, the policy of neutrality proclaims an indifference which is purely rhetorical. There can be no indifference, not only because unprovoked aggression is illegal, but because it encourages subsequent aggressions if no collective effort successfully punishes it, and because, fearing its repetition, other countries will increase their armaments. As I understand the case for American neutrality, it presupposes that without equal treatment America becomes partisan, gives help to the aggrieved nation, and ultimately may be committed for economic reasons to the victory of that state, even to the point of having to go to war on its behalf. If I believed that partisanship must have this consequence, I should accept neutrality. But I believe that partisan help can and should be limited. Not only that, I believe that a fully worked-out system of economic sanctions, in particular the embargo on imports from an aggressor state, would not need to be used often if ever again. One demonstration would be enough to reveal its power. If the demonstration can now be made, no country with any substantial foreign exports will dare to go to war illegally knowing it will lose its export trade. Had Japan known this before the Manchurian venture, the militarists at that time would not have overridden the politicians in Tokyo. Had Mussolini known it last summer, he would have accepted the proposals of the Committee of Five of the League, which Haile Selassie accepted. The potential strength of sanctions is far greater than was previously guessed.

But sanctions cannot work if they are not universal or nearly so. The outlawry of wars of aggression may be impossible without American cooperation in economic coercion. The United States can give this cooperation with the utmost consistency. It originated the Kellogg pact; that treaty with Italy became the law of the land; it can only refuse to join in enforcing the law if it is indifferent to the law. Joining League states in enforcing our own law does not mean joining the League. The only issue of law involved at Geneva, in the case against Italy, is the law of the Kellogg pact, for there is no basic difference between a war of unprovoked aggression, as defined by the League, and war used as an instrument of national policy, as defined by the pact.

I expect my opponent to argue that the League is serving as the tool of selfish British imperial interests. But I think this interpretation, true as far as it goes, does not serve her unless it is the only truth, and the whole truth. I should be the first to say that British imperial interests are deeply involved in the dispute with Italy. I also expect a Conservative British government to behave imperialistically. But I should be startled if she dismissed the action at Geneva as no more than the dictation of British imperialist interests. We already know how British imperialism behaves when home opinion is not aroused in favor of the League. We saw it in the Manchurian crisis. The British imperialists compromised with the aggressor, kept on the good side of him, to protect their interests. The technique I should have expected in Ethiopia, had British imperialists been free from public pressure, is a deal with Italy. Mussolini expected it. He offered the British every safeguard in northwest Ethiopia. To this day he cannot understand why it was not accepted. And the British imperialists, having "split" with Mussolini in Africa, would have proceeded to strengthen their navy and their Mediterranean bases. That would have been traditional imperialism. But the British government went to the League because it was driven there by British public opinion. And what aroused British public opinion was not Italy but Hitler, the collapse of disarmament, and the conviction that a war was impending which would destroy civilization. The revival of the League appeared as the last hope of establishing a system of law in Europe. Sir Samuel Hoare, reading this mandate from the country, laid down a new doctrine of sanctions at Geneva. Britain will support them, actively and increasingly, only in cases of unprovoked aggression and in all such cases. He expanded and confirmed this doctrine in subsequent communications with Paris. This doctrine puts an end to the old League, whose sanctions were dedicated to enforcing the peace treaties more than to peace. Britain has now finished the job of severing the treaties from the Covenant. Hitler began it; Britain went on with it in the naval agreement with him; and now there is this new doctrine. The doctrine, in effect, limits coercion under the Covenant to violations of the Kellogg pact. This has happened so recently that its full import is not understood in this country. America's fundamental objections to the League, as a system of enforcement, have been removed. We can cooperate with the League because it is doing no more than putting teeth into our own peace pact.

Admittedly, the British are serving their imperialist interests. But is that the only point? If it is, obviously neutrality becomes our unescapable policy. But I contend that this argument is not of service to the other side. If there is any peace motive at all at Geneva, any chance whatever of establishing a peace of law, that chance is worth taking, whatever imperial interests are served. The task of curbing imperialism and producing the economic equilibrium which will reduce the urge to war can be performed in only two ways, either by war itself or by establishing a legal peace system. That is the problem at Geneva. And the League is making the effort to outlaw war. To dismiss that effort

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because it favors the British Empire is about as blind as policy can be. If there were five, ten, even twenty chances to one against the success of League policy, neutrality rather than cooperation with the League would be indefensible. For it would mean the abandonment of the hope for law before hope was gone. When the hope for law is gone anarchy reigns. That means that we in America shall have a war machine too, and the ascendancy of the military mind. I am sure the pacifists are sincere in wanting to make it impossible for us to take part in another war. But I believe that neutrality is a short-sighted way of serving that purpose. The only sure way to stay out of wars is to establish peace.

What Neutrality Means

By DOROTHY DETZER

THE question that the American people will face in January is not whether sanctions imposed by the League of Nations are quite wise or effective for League countries, but whether the Congress of the United States should substitute for the present inadequate law new neutrality legislation which will give the President the power to cooperate with the League in imposing sanctions on an aggressor, or whether the legislation should be mandatory upon the President to apply embargoes on both sides.

Unfortunately, the present law, which will die on March 1, has been labeled neutrality legislation. It is not neutrality legislation, and only came by this misnomer because of the determination of a growing body of public opinion to abandon our traditional "neutral rights," "freedom of the seas" and so on. It is now quite clear that these "neutral rights" were the little paths which inevitably led the United States into the road of war in 1917. The present law, therefore, is not really neutrality legislation but embargo legislation.

I realize, of course, that those who advocate that our government cooperate with the League in applying sanctions against Italy are as opposed to war as I am, and that they believe that such action would help in bringing to an end the tragic war now in progress. In the present situation I contend that America has up to November 18 through its so-called neutrality legislation applied the most effective sanction that any country has applied, but that to lay embargoes only on the aggressor is inevitably to risk the United States being drawn into a League war.

How can we know whether the British navy will be set in action to guarantee the effectiveness of economic sanctions? I am one of those who cannot forget that seventy-two British warships are now waiting in the Mediterranean and that they were dispatched there by the British government before the League applied sanctions, and while England continued to sell to Italy raw materials essential for war. Nor can I forget the report of the Committee of Five to the Council at the September meeting of the League. That report to my mind was one of the most amazing and hypocritical documents yet produced by the League. The independence and integrity of Ethiopia were not even an issue. The plan provided for the partitioning of Ethiopia, not territorially but functionally. The Committee of Five evolved a new type of imperialism within the framework of the League, and with it the independence of Ethiopia vanished. It is true that the Emperor was ready to accept the plan, but Haile Selassie was faced with a choice of two evils. The independence and integrity of his country were not a consideration. Imperialism imposed by a group of nations under the aegis of the League must have seemed less objectionable than subjugation to the imperialism of Italy. Fortunately, however, the recommendations of the Committee of Five were not adopted by the Council even though Ethiopia was prepared to make this Hobson's choice. Such "Christian" nations as Russia and Turkey refused to accept it. I contend, therefore, that the League powers were taking action against Mussolini not in defense of Ethiopia but primarily in defense of their own imperialist interests.

On October 2 I sailed from England for the United States, and for several days the British press had carried British casualty lists of dead in a splendid little private war which England was carrying on all by itself against a country as independent as Ethiopia. Between the northwest frontier of India and Afghanistan lies an independent territory occupied by the Mohmand tribes. These tribes are in about the same state of "backwardness" as the people of Ethiopia. The immediate reason for British action on the northwestern frontier was very much the same as that which started the Italian-Ethiopian conflict. "Incidents on the border" were the immediate cause, but the real reason lay in the fact that the tribal chieftain of this independent territory was harboring 2,000 refugees who had escaped from Indian prisons, where they had been placed by the British government for working for Indian independence! The press dispatches on the first day, in which ninety-two British dead were reported, stated that "very heavy casualties indeed" were inflicted on the enemy. And we are horrified by the brutality of Italy when we learn that 2,000 Ethiopians have been bombed by Italian airmen! Yet the bombing of natives by British airmen occurred only three weeks after Sir Samuel Hoare said at Geneva, "We believe that small nations are entitled to a life of their own . . . and that backward nations are, without prejudice to their independence and integrity, entitled to expect that assistance will be afforded to them by more advanced peoples. . . ."

Whatever action the Congress takes on redrafting and extending the present law, it is surely important to anticipate future situations as well as the present crisis. The test of the legislation, it seems to me, would be to make it so tight and rigid that America could not be drawn into this present war through the gate of economic sanctions any more than it might have been drawn in by the retention of our old neutrality rights and our insistence on the freedom of the seas. The present crisis is certainly only a curtain-raiser for what may come when Germany breaks loose, or when Japan goes too far in the Far East.

Another serious question involved in this legislation is that of the war-making power. The Constitution provides that the war-making power of the government should rest in the Congress. Real efforts are under way now for a constitutional amendment to take away that power even from the Congress and place it in the hands of the people through a referendum. It would seem a dangerous departure, indeed, for democratic government to transfer this power to the Executive, even through the indirect medium of permissive neutrality legislation. There can surely be no way of our knowing whether the present economic sanctions will be extended to military sanctions; and military sanctions are war. This is the heart of the whole problem.

With all due respect to the fine and splendid spirit of the President and the excellent statements which he and Secretary Hull have made, it seems too great a risk to lodge this power with the Executive. Presidents can die. Imagine permissive legislation in the hands of Garner! And new Presidents can be elected. Imagine such power in the hands of a Republican Administration!

The Italian-Ethiopian conflict is not the only danger situation in the world. To the United States the Far East presents a far more knotty problem, and when the Open Door is really threatened, I should hope that the neutrality legislation would be so rigid that the Executive would not have the power to risk the United States in war.

Rebuttal: *R. G. S.*

MISS DETZER'S argument falls into three chapters: the first, defining what "neutrality" really means; the second, condemning the action and motives of the League; the third, arguing for mandatory legislation. Her definition of neutrality will come as a surprise to the isolationists, who, I imagine, think of the neutrality resolution first—and perhaps last—as forbidding our partisanship in any foreign conflict. In so far as it bespeaks our determination not to uphold traditional neutral rights, I accept it whole-heartedly. But what I do not accept is the inference of indifference to the nature of a conflict, and the principle of equal treatment. For this is indifference to legality, if the war is illegal. And this abandons the one hope of peace, which is to establish it on a legal footing.

The second argument, as I anticipated, attacks the motives of the League, and of Britain in particular, and goes even farther than I expected. Surely Miss Detzer does not speak literally when she says, "The League powers were taking action . . . not in defense of Ethiopia, but primarily in defense of their own imperial interests." This is partly true of Britain; it is not true of France and Russia, the only other powers involved. It is not true of any of the smaller states, which are vitally interested in a demonstration that war can be outlawed. I repeat, that Britain has imperialist interests in the conflict with Italy does not alter the case unless this is the complete, exclusive truth, which I am certain it is not.

In her third argument Miss Detzer is afraid that economic sanctions will lead to military sanctions, and that once we take part in the first we inevitably must become partners in the second. But I specifically rejected American participation in military sanctions. All we need to do, if a blockade is declared, is to accept it, and accept any list of contraband the blockader issues. There is no compulsion to fight unless our interests drive us to it; and no application of economic sanctions of itself can create such an interest.

Despite Miss Detzer's quite comprehensible indignation against British hypocrisy and against the Report of the Committee of Five, I feel that on the real issue we are not far apart. We both want America to stay out of war; we both reject military sanctions; I believe that a chance remains for outlawing war which she ignores. And in ignoring it she takes a leap toward a calamity that has not befallen the world, and that may possibly be averted if national wars can be eliminated. In a system of peace, we both should agree I am sure, the first task would be to work for the economic equilibrium on which enduring peace depends.

Rebuttal: *D. D.*

I AM surprised that Mr. Swing interprets my armument as an "inference of indifference to the nature of a conflict and the principle of equal treatment," and contends that "this is indifference to legality if the war is illegal."

I would certainly grant that the United States cannot be neutral and is not neutral in the present conflict. The American people are certainly aroused and horrified and indignant over the brutal aggression of Mussolini against a weak and helpless nation.

But I am not neutral either in the case of Britain and the Mohmand tribes; nor am I neutral in the case of France, whose cavalry in the middle of September fought a bitter battle at Dedeau against Moroccan subjects who rose against the theft of their property by French tax-collectors. I submit that Mr. Swing might have had a case on this question of our "equal treatment" in the present conflict had the League acted to maintain the independence and integrity of Ethiopia. The report of the Committee of Five, it seems to me, completely destroyed that case. But I grant that I am indifferent to the conflict between the British and Italian imperialisms, and indifferent to that "legality" which defines bombing as "police action" when used against frontier tribes and as "war" when the powers are involved.

I cannot believe that Mr. Swing really means "that the one hope of peace is to establish it on a legal footing." Peace imposed on a "status quo of injustice and hatred" no matter how legally cannot last. Justice and disarmament and a basic economic readjustment of our present order, not legality, are the only true hopes of peace.

Mr. Swing deplores my attack on the motives of the League and especially of Great Britain. I grant that governments act on mixed motives, but does Mr. Swing forget that the safety of the routes to India broke up the Turkish empire, spilled blood in the Crimean slaughter, and was a primary cause of the World War when the German Bagdad railway became a real threat to Britain's interest in the East? As for the other great powers, France wavered a long time before it decided to abandon its new-made friendship with Italy and agreed to support League sanctions. Surely its relationship with Germany and not the independence of Ethiopia brought it to that decision. Russia, I grant, refused to accept the report of the Committee of Five. But surely Russia was not unaware of Hitler and his hankering for the Ukraine.

On the real issues Mr. Swing and I are not far apart. One's point of view on the whole matter depends upon whether one puts collective security first or keeping out of war first. Surely the day must come when the nations of the world must cooperate for the security of all. Perhaps the application of economic sanctions will prove to be the best and most effective strategy, but only if divorced from any military backing, and only if steps are taken to secure equality of economic opportunity for all nations.

David Gets the Third Degree

By EMANUEL H. LAVINE

DAVID GOLDBERG was twenty-five years old but in worldly wisdom he was no more than ten. Besides being simple-minded he had bad health, and his physical and mental handicap kept him from finding steady employment. His elder brother, however, contributed toward David's support and that of his aged, extremely orthodox Jewish parents.

David was brought up virtually in the shadow of a synagogue, and although he and his parents later moved to a section somewhat removed from his boyhood district, he never failed to attend the orthodox services in the synagogue where he had been confirmed in his faith when he reached his religious majority at thirteen. Regularly, year in and year out, Friday evening saw him with his stooped shoulders, his weak blue eyes, and his heavy shock of brown hair, sitting in the seat which had become his by right of custom. Orthodox to the extreme, he would not carry a purse on the Sabbath or, when it rained, an umbrella.

It was a Friday evening in early summer. At home David and his parents had just finished the Sabbath meal of fish, rich golden soup, and chicken.

"This evening is one of special importance," David said eagerly. "The great rabbi from Jerusalem is to talk at the *Schule* tonight. I must leave at once so that I shall not be late."

"Go, David," his father said. "We cannot be there. It will be for you to listen closely to each learned word of the distinguished rabbi. Then you shall tell us all he said. A good Sabbath, my son. Go in health and come in health."

Having received the paternal and maternal kiss, David walked to the *Schule*. The words of the learned rabbi were filled with rabbinical learning and logic, his theories expounded in a soothing singsong. David, listening to every word, felt that he must not miss a syllable, for his parents would derive such pleasure, even at second hand, from the wisdom of the great teacher. When, just before midnight, he started on his walk home he felt like some messenger carrying precious gifts. His spirit soared but his weak body could not keep up with it. Panting he found himself skirting a small park and he sank down on a bench. His exhaustion and his mind at peace with all mankind lulled him into a sleep.

The occasional roar of a street car or a delivery truck did not disturb him. How long he slept he did not know, but his awakening was a rude one. The heavy hand of a policeman struck his shoulder with terrific force, sending him sprawling from his slumped sitting position to the pavement. He blinked, believing it was a horrible nightmare. A kick in his side as he lay on the sidewalk brought him to full consciousness. A revolver gleamed wickedly, and a voice bellowed: "Who the hell y'think you're foolin'? Where did the other fellows run?"

That face, never showing much intelligence, now looked blank and puzzled as that of an infant. The towering bulk of the brass-buttoned figure was terrifying. The gun, from which he shrank in mortal fright, was held close to his head. "Where did the guys who helped you go?" the voice bellowed.

David, dragged to his feet by the painful process of having his brown shock of hair yanked upward and him with it, attempted to stutter something. He received a slap across the face from a broad and heavy hand. His head spun. Suddenly he found his wrist held in a handcuff and himself dragged to a corner where two other policemen stood. They bellowed at him, too. So bewildered was David that he burst into tears.

"That's the old boloney," the police officers roared. "Save it for the judge—when you get to him."

One of them gave him a well-placed boot with his heavily soled size-eleven shoe. Then they dragged him to the station house for "questioning." The "questions" weren't asked, they were given—in the forms of kicks, slaps, and short jabs which sent the frail body of the questionee sprawling to the station-house floor. Then he was yanked upright by his hair, the thick brown hair which was damp and matted above the terror-stricken face.

"We shoot lousy rats who won't talk," was the way one of the questioners put it, brandishing a gun in the sharply lighted room and causing the bewildered eyes of David to distend in horror. It was only then that David heard dimly the words "burglary" and "robbery." One of the detectives at the station was drafting a "voluntary confession," putting in both the questions and answers. It was something about breaking into a paint-store with two other men. No one mentioned anything about constitutional rights or warned him that anything he might say would be held against him. Anything he wouldn't say was being held against him—viciously so.

"You come clean, kid, and we'll let you loose," one grizzled detective said, in a pseudo-hearty voice to the quailing David. When he didn't understand, slowly shaking his head, which ached from the many buffets and hair-yankings, the hearty-voiced one ripped out a string of oaths and cuffed him on the side of the head so that he staggered. A rookie cop, brought in to witness how the thing was done, asked: "How can you let him go if he admits the robbery?"

"You'll learn, kid," the veteran detective chortled. "I only promise him that but it don't mean anything."

In the inquisition chamber the air was stifling. Sweat dripped from the faces of all, ran in small rivulets down cheeks and hands. One detective, hauling out the fingerprinting apparatus, pulled David toward the table to take his prints and perhaps trace some previous record. Pressing the shaking fingers of David into the heavy inking pad, the detective then held them on a white sheet. The perspiration made it difficult to procure clear imprints. After finishing the job, which looked messy, one of the detectives became so enraged that he picked up the inking pad and struck David across the forehead. A small gash and large bruise knocked the tottering victim unconscious. He lay on the floor, tears mingling with a thin stream of blood running down his face.

Only the intense heat in the room brought surcease for

David. After one detective said casually, "You birds might have a corpse on your hands if you don't quit; the kid don't look strong," he was tossed into the cooler until morning. But before he was allowed to nurse his aching body, they shoved a pen at him to sign the finger-print record. David shrank from the pen as from a red-hot poker. He never wrote on the Sabbath. When he said as much, great guffaws echoed in the room. Guffaws first and then more cuffs on the side of the head, one of them with a telephone book. Dazed, he scrawled his name on the papers which accused him of burglary, robbery, resisting arrest.

Not one of the police officers bothered to acquaint David with his right to communicate with friends or relatives free of charge. All that David wanted was to get away from his tormentors and lie in some corner. That wish they acceded to when they threw him into a cell. The iron cot, devoid of mattress, since mattresses are "unsanitary," was chained back against the wall. Too weary and dazed to undo the cot fastenings, David lay on the cool, dirt-incrusted concrete and there lapsed into grateful unconsciousness.

In the early dawn David awakened, his limbs cramped, his head buzzing with excruciating sharp pains, and somehow or other he realized all that had befallen him. Even had he been accorded the privilege of using a telephone he was too orthodox to use one on the Sabbath. All that he knew was that it was the Sabbath and he was in a prison. He forgot that he had relatives or friends. All he could envisage was the cell in which he stood trembling and aching in every joint of his bones—an abandoned soul punished in Hades for some frightful crime of which he knew nothing.

His old parents, distracted after hours of waiting for his return, were desperate as the day dawned. Never before had David been away from home all night. They turned to the synagogue to give them some sort of solace, weeping bitter tears that for the first time since he had been confirmed at thirteen David was not by their side on a Sabbath morning. Too religious to use the telephone to call their eldest son, Sam, they stayed in the synagogue all the morning and until late in the afternoon.

David, meanwhile, was belabored by a new shift of police officers in the morning. They cuffed and beat him again, still seeking to get the "voluntary" confession. Finally, in disgust, he was handcuffed to a short swarthy fellow charged with slashing two garment strikers with a knife, and taken to police headquarters in a patrol wagon. When he protested vigorously against being forced to ride on the Sabbath, he was given two swift kicks, and his handcuff partner gave his wrist a jerk for good measure. The humiliation of riding on the Sabbath far surpassed the physical pain he was undergoing, and David wept helplessly.

At headquarters he was again booked, then photographed and dragged to the basement elevator to wait for the morning line-up. When the time came, he was shoved on to a raised platform upon which a bank of Klieg lights shone, virtually blinding him. He could not see the massed detectives who stood behind the lights, unseen by those who were lined up, and casually glanced at the faces of the malefactors. He heard something again about burglary and robbery.

Handcuffs replaced, he was again shoved into the locked steel cage on wheels and finally brought into court, a battered, perspiring, blood-flecked, semi-hysterical "desperado." The judge turned to the arresting officer.

"What are you charging this youth with?" he asked

"Burglary, robbery, resisting arrest, and refusing to aid the police," the officer replied promptly, a bit proudly.

"What was he doing when you arrested him?" the judge asked.

"Nothing. Well, he was pretending to be asleep on a bench," responded the officer.

"Nothing?" the judge shouted. "Why did you arrest him?"

"There was a burglary in a small paint-store on my post. After looking all around and finding no one, I walked by the Smith Street side of the park. I saw this man and I decided to lock him up."

"He was the first one you saw, so you decided to lock him up, is that it?" the judge asked, with an appraising eye on the cowering, trembling David.

"Yes, your honor," the officer replied.

"What was found on the prisoner when you searched him?" the judge asked.

"Only a latchkey," the police officer replied. This time it was meekly, for he had just caught on that the judge perhaps wouldn't hold this "desperado" without a little more evidence.

"Did that key fit the lock of the paint-store?" the judge asked.

"No, it didn't," the officer replied a little sullenly.

"Then I am glad I wasn't the first person you saw after you discovered the burglary," the judge said cuttingly to the officer. Turning to David he said, without asking him a single question: "You are honorably discharged, young man." To the officer, who was about to turn away, the judge said: "You should be ashamed of yourself for displaying such poor judgment in making this arrest. So should your superior officers. Next case."

Too dazed, hurt, and humiliated to go home immediately, David wandered through the streets. He was without money, since he carried no purse on the Sabbath, but he could not have eaten anyway until he had said his prayers. He was even afraid to sit down and rest, for it had been while doing so on the previous night that he had been introduced to tortures. Late in the afternoon, driven by hunger and fatigue, he shuffled in the direction of his home, and there, in his street, neighbors started joyful shouts that the missing youth had been found. The gash on his head, his bedraggled clothes, bespoke only one thing. He had been struck by an automobile and had been treated at a hospital.

With strange cunning David allowed the neighbors to make up their own story. The true facts of his absence, his simple thoughts told him, would destroy the respect of the neighbors for his parents. How could he tell these people that he had been arrested by policemen, had been beaten, had been in a court. He waited for the privacy of the little flat. Even then he was afraid to tell his mother and father. Would they believe in his innocence? He had swallowed only half a cup of tea when he fell on his knees and hiding his head in his mother's lap offered up a prayer and then told of all the circumstances that had befallen him.

There the three wept until sundown, the aged man and woman who had known of pogroms in Russia and Poland in which Jews were beaten without provocation and without right of redress. They wept because a simple faith in a "free America" had been shattered.

It so happened that Sam, the eldest son, through years of custom, telephoned his parents every Sabbath at sundown to wish them health and good luck for the ensuing week. When he heard the weeping murmurings of arrests and beatings and burglaries he came rushing in a taxicab to the home of his parents. He called a doctor for David and sought to calm his parents. He assured them that no stigma would remain to besmirch David's and their good name. He went to the police station and made inquiries. That the police might have made an honest mistake in arresting his brother on suspicion he was ready to believe and understand, but the brutal beating he could not condone.

The police system functioned perfectly in handling an embarrassing complaint. From one officer to another, from one non-existent name to another, the brother was shunted. After five unsuccessful visits to various police districts, during which his business was neglected and his money expended in cab fares, he decided to write to the authorities and present the circumstances. He felt that if more public-minded citizens would act in making complaints, the possibility of the recurrence of such evils would be reduced to a minimum. He wasn't asking for justice now. He didn't care for redress or punishment of the offending officers. All he wanted now was the return of the finger-prints and photographs. That would remove the stigma, he felt, of criminality. In his letter, which he wrote himself, he explained that he wasn't making a complaint against the police officers. All he wanted was the records.

His request was mailed to the chief of police. But the chief's secretary received the letter. Eight days after Sam mailed the letter, he received a form bearing a rubber-stamp signature, apprising him that his complaint would be investigated and receive prompt attention. Three weeks passed and he heard nothing. So Sam swallowed his pride and told the entire sequence of happenings to some friends who had connections downtown. A personal interview with the secretary to the chief resulted. The secretary was the son of a social registerite, and Sam Goldberg's appearance and diction annoyed him.

In the end it was a police inspector not stemming from the social register who turned over the records without fuss or quibble—a double film showing a prisoner's Rogues' Gallery number pinned across David's chest and one set of finger-prints.

David had to be brought into court to obtain a certified copy of his honorable discharge, which had to be forwarded to the state capital and to Washington, where additional sets of prints had been sent for filing with the Federal Bureau of Investigation Identification Unit.

Besides being entered in the books of the police station, David's name was also entered at the court, at police headquarters, and at the state and federal criminal-identification bureaus. Though he was innocent of all crime, innocent even of evil thoughts, it remains to this day in the records. Should David be unfortunate enough to meet with an accident or perhaps another arrest, newspapers would be informed through their police reporters, who would get their facts from police files, that David Goldberg had been arrested on a certain earlier date charged with burglary, robbery, and resisting arrest.

How about the cops? What about them? Well—what about them?

[*Although the names are fictitious, this is an account of an actual case on file in the records of police headquarters in New York City. It is in all respects faithful to the facts.* —E. H. L.]

The Red Cross Answers the Call

By KINSEY HOWARD

Helena, Montana, November 5

EIGHT hundred and forty-five earthquakes have jarred this historic Montana capital since October 12. The two most severe tremors, on October 18 and 31, left seven dead, scores injured, hundreds suffering from shock, and property damage totaling $4,000,000. There have been twenty-four-hour periods during which the tremors came every ten minutes.

Helena's nerves are in a bad way. One thousand of its homes are destroyed or damaged. At least 30 are ruined; 170 are seriously damaged; 900 more require some repair. Its City Hall is wrecked; some of its churches are ruined; its new million-dollar high school is more than half destroyed, one grade school completely demolished; its courthouse is damaged. Both railroad stations and scores of business houses and apartments have suffered serious losses. Hundreds of the citizens have fled; and others go with each new earth shock.

But the Great Mother, the American Red Cross, has arrived and has the situation in hand.

Even as she extended her healing arms to draw stricken Helena to her breast, the Great Mother voiced a message: it was a call for $30,000 cash, quick. The breast, it seems, was dry. The call, broadcast over Montana, brought response from surrounding cities but very little, naturally enough, from stricken Helena; that city felt, not unreasonably, that the Great Mother, with a "disaster reserve" of $4,000,000 and total assets of nearly $12,000,000, could afford to loosen up, and in a hurry.

E. R. Transue, disaster-relief field worker sent by the Great Mother to Helena, explained that the call was not a demand, only a suggestion that donations would be received. But the call, as sent out under the signature of William M. Baxter, Jr., Midwestern branch manager, read:

> We estimate that it will require approximately $30,000 to assist the affected families in Helena to rehabilitate themselves. The national organization has made an initial contribution toward the relief fund of $5,000. While we do not expect our chapters to use campaign methods in raising funds for the relief of these disaster sufferers, we do confidently expect a substantial contribution from each chapter in Montana.

After the October 31 quake the Great Mother boosted the ante $15,000. Its own contribution still stood at $5,000, and up to November 4, Mr. Transue estimated, only about $4,000 of this had been spent or obligated. "The Red Cross," he declared, "will go ahead and do its job regardless of the amount collected; in fact, only about $2,000 has come in in response to the call. I estimate $45,000 will be required and the national organization will make up the difference." He only expected, he admitted, about $10,000 from Montana.

An editorial in the Helena *Independent* on the morning of this interview had served tacit notice on the Great Mother that she need not expect any of the amount asked from Helena itself. Ostensibly commending the Red Cross for calling off its annual membership drive in Helena because of the disaster, the newspaper said:

> While the people of Helena are grateful to the Red Cross for stepping into the crisis at this time . . . after all, that is the business of the Red Cross. It is not necessarily a charity—it is a security and emergency insurance fund which the people of the United States have been building up for a good many years. To this fund Helena has always paid its premium. . . . Now we expect to draw on this fund which we have helped create. It is our right to expect every dollar which is needed for relief from the Red Cross, and we do not need to get down on our knees and beg for these funds, any more than it would be necessary for us to supplicate a fire-insurance company to pay the amount of its policies on business houses in the event they were destroyed by fire.

For a couple of days the Red Cross fed orphans housed in passenger coaches loaned and heated by the railroads. It provided food at a temporary refugee camp set up by the National Guard; and it is sharing, with the Emergency Relief Administration, food costs of a refugee dormitory which supplanted the outdoor camp when zero temperatures set in. Its boast that no one, except through ignorance, went without food or shelter is apparently justified. It was not called upon to assist in evacuation of the destroyed hospital nor in final removal of the orphans to another city. Its expenditures for actual relief, then, have not been large. This Mr. Transue confirms, declaring that probably 80 per cent of the $45,000 Red Cross budget for Helena will go to repairing and rebuilding Helena homes.

If it does, the Great Mother will be setting some kind of a record. Her annual report for the year ending last June 30 asserts that the 1934-35 period was a bad one for disasters: it beat the average by 56 per cent; yet in only one instance was a sum exceeding that budgeted for Helena spent by the Red Cross; this was in the Mississippi-Tennessee floods, when $58,000 was expended for relief of more than 18,000 people. But there's a catch in this one: of the $58,000 total, $52,000 was contributed to the Red Cross for this specific disaster; the national office paid out only $6,000. Tornadoes in Amite County, Mississippi, killed a score and destroyed or badly damaged 456 homes; the Red Cross spent $39,236 for relief, but it took in $4,000 in contributions.

The Great Mother, listing disaster-relief expenditures in her annual report, lumps together the sum she herself spends and whatever she is able to dig out of the pockets of the stricken city or its neighbors. Thus the tabulation of disaster expenditures shows $23,231 for Nome after fire destroyed much of the city; but the summary of receipts elsewhere in the report discloses contributions which reduced the national organization's share in this disaster to $16,673.

Total disaster relief, domestic, insular, and foreign, for this 56-per-cent-worse-than-average year was $630,395; but total disaster-relief contributions were $288,095, leaving an actual disaster expenditure by the national organization of $342,300. Oddly enough this is almost exactly $10,000 more than another item, listed as "general executive offices, accounting, War Department audit, area managers and assistants," which comes to $332,331! Another costly item was "general chapter service," which cost $528,591, or $186,000 more than disaster relief. Chapter service included $125,410 for correspondence.

It is impossible to obtain from the Red Cross representative a flat statement giving the organization's standard of relief. The only measure of Red Cross help, Mr. Transue declares, is need. As disaster-relief field worker, he, apparently, is judge of that need. He wishes to administer the funds in his control to the best advantage of the most people; commendably, he guards against graft and chiseling in rebuilding operations. But this view of his duty and the view of the newspaper already quoted—a view shared by many Americans, that they have paid their dollar and in return expect protection—inevitably must conflict. To the Red Cross field worker the organization does serve primarily as a charity, not as an insurance, and it is as a charitable appeal that the call immediately goes out for more funds, goes out to citizens who have been paying annual memberships faithfully for decades under the impression that they were supporting continuous "disaster relief." And it is as a charity that the Red Cross finally functions: in other words, from the bottom up.

Suspicion arises, after a critical analysis of the Great Mother's annual report, that next year's lists may show expenditures in Helena to have been considerably less than the $45,000 now budgeted with great fanfare of publicity. The earthquakes—Helena hopes—will be only a disturbing memory by then, and few Helena folks will read the voluminous printed summary. It will be interesting to learn what the final figure will be and how much of it will have been contributed by the Great Mother out of her healthy "disaster reserve."

Correspondence

Buyers, Combine!

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

"Buyers, Beware!" says your editorial in your issue of November 6. And elsewhere in the same issue of *The Nation* you embark upon the work of educating American consumers on how to protect themselves from the wolves in sheeps' garments.

We have had similar attempts in the past. With what results? Consumers' Research has thus far reached a mere 50,000 consumers in a country of about 130,000,000. What you are really trying to do is to educate every consumer in the land to become an expert buyer of shoes, clothing, tooth paste, underwear, hats, foods, cosmetics, services, and so forth. Having been a buyer of one product myself, I can assure you that you could no more succeed in this noble endeavor than you could make humanitarians out of the makers of ammunition.

Why not tackle the problem at the source? The average consumer, with the possible exception of the leisure-ridden ladies and gentlemen of the capitalistic class, is too much pro-occupied with his or her problems of daily existence to imbibe all the information about the products to be purchased. It requires great knowledge and experience to be a good buyer. You cannot expect the average person to consult an encyclopedia every time he wants to buy something. The only way out of this dilemma is consumers' cooperation. Organized consumer buying power alone can do what you so eagerly want to do through "educating" the public to know what it is buying or what it should buy. The average consumer should be able to walk into a store with the same sense of security as to quality and price as when he goes to take dinner at his mother's table. Such confidence the consumer can have only when he goes to a store which he owns and controls, where the buying is done for him and done by experts.

Here is your opportunity. Do not wait until the country is aflame with the message of the cooperative movement to join the chorus. This is the time for you to give space and time to help spread the consumers' cooperative message.

New York, November 3 J. A. DE BREST

In Defense of Fairness

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am wholly ignorant regarding the economics of milk distribution, but in common with thousands I know a great deal about Mr. Charles C. Burlingham's devotion to the public good. Indeed, if an old New Yorker may venture an opinion, it would be difficult to name a citizen of New York more consistently devoted to the public good than Mr. Burlingham. Which doesn't at all mean that all Mr. Burlingham's notions for effectuating the public good are ultimate wisdom, as he would be the very first to admit. But it surely does mean that when one has given a long life of generous devotion to the commonweal, disagreement with Mr. Burlingham's views regarding the hygienic dangers of loose milk, or the constitutional validity of differential minimum prices between advertised and non-advertised brands of milk, ought not to be explained by calling into question Mr. Burlingham's motives. Messrs. Chase and Goldsmith, in their article in *The Nation* for October 30, ought to conceive it possible that Mr. Burlingham may not see the light as they see it without attributing his darkness to his distorting friendship with a former president of the Borden Company. That kind of self-righteousness and unfairness toward an honored citizen is too easy.

Cambridge, Mass., November 8 FELIX FRANKFURTER

Contributors to This Issue

DORTHY DETZER is secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

EMANUEL H. LAVINE is a reporter on a New York morning paper. His article is a chapter from a book he is writing, to be called "Cheese It—the Cops!"

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the staff of Bennington College.

LUDWIG LORE, formerly the editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*, conducts a column, "Behind the Cables," in the New York *Post*.

MARYA ZATURENSKA is the author of a book of verse, "Threshold and Hearth."

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What problems face young couples who delay marriage for economic reasons?

Is the proportion of illegitimate births increasing despite widespread knowledge of contraception?

Is homosexuality common among unmarried women?

Is a marriage in which there has been pre-marriage sexual intercourse more likely or is it less likely to go to smash?

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Labor and Industry

"We Told Washington"

The Cotton Pickers Visit the Government

By THOMAS BURKE

OUR delegation went to Washington to protest against the brutal murder of at least six people during the cotton pickers' strike in Alabama, the beating of scores of others, and the complete violation of many constitutional rights. There were Mrs. Annie Mae Meriwether, wife of a murdered Negro strike leader; Wesley Smith of Calhoun and Henry Roberts of Fort Deposit, Negro strike leaders driven from Lowndes County; Joseph S. Gelders, recently an assistant professor of physics at the University of Alabama; Donald Henderson, editor of the *Rural Worker;* and myself. We didn't like Washington. Here was the one place where we should have been treated with courtesy and allowed the freedom Jefferson had in mind when he added the Bill of Rights to the Constitution. Instead, we were shadowed by G-men, forced to eat in Jim Crow restaurants, forced to find sleeping quarters in private homes to avoid Jim Crow practices, and leered at by well-fed, well-dressed white people as we climbed in and out of taxicabs together.

President Roosevelt had just returned from his fishing trip, so we went to call on him. Police eyed us sternly in the reception room of the White House. Newspaper reporters swarmed out of a press conference. We asked for an interview with the President. We were told we could see his secretary, Mr. McIntyre. Finally we saw Mr. McIntyre's secretary. We told him about the terrible living conditions in the Black Belt of Alabama, about wages of $1 to $3 a week for 70 or more hours of work and wages of 35 cents per 100 pounds for picking cotton; we told how the Share-Croppers' Union had called the strike of the cotton pickers to win $1 per 100 pounds for picking cotton and $1 a day for wage hands.

Then we told him about High Sheriff R. E. Woodruff of Lowndes County shooting four times at Willie Witcher, Negro strike leader in Calhoun, beating him over the head with a pistol, and throwing him into jail for twenty-seven days. That was on August 19. We explained how a lynch mob organized by Sheriff Woodruff had carried six strike leaders out of their beds that night and beaten them almost to death in the swamps. We told how, a few days later, Smith Watkins, a Negro leader of the union, was caught by the mob, his stomach ripped open with knives, his body riddled with bullets and thrown into the swamps near Fort Deposit. Also we told him how Jim Press Meriwether, a Negro striker, had walked into his sister's home with a sack of flour and had been shot down by John Frank Bates of Fort Deposit, one of a gang of lynchers who had taken over the house; and how this lynch mob had carried the dying man to C. C. Ryles's plantation to question him as he lay in the hot sun for more than six hours, then hung him to a limb and riddled his body with about a hundred bullets. Mrs. Meriwether told how part of the same mob came to the place where she was staying, and how Vaughn Ryles and Ralph McGuire stripped her naked and whipped her with a rope until her legs were cut and bleeding, and how they hung her to the rafters until she was unconscious—later they drove her away from the place. We told him that on Labor Day a mob headed by Deputy Sheriff Ed Arant of Fort Deposit raided the home of Ed Bracy, county leader of the union, and shot him nineteen times in the neck and head as he tried to escape through the back door. We also told him about the three unidentified, bullet-riddled bodies of Negro strikers found in the swamps around Fort Deposit and Calhoun—and that no inquest was held to identify the bodies. All of this, we told him, had happened merely because the workers used their constitutional right to strike.

The official smile on the President's secretary's secretary's face faded as we proceeded with the story. We told him that Governor Graves had sent Kyle Young, former High Sheriff of Talapoosa County and leader of the lynch mob against the share-croppers in Camp Hill in 1931, to investigate the strike with bloodhounds from Prison Camp No. 4, and that the investigation ended with the running down of strike leaders in the swamps.

Our mass of facts proved beyond doubt that if justice was to be done, if the Constitution of the United States was to be upheld, the federal government would have to step in and do the job. We listened to some talk about states' rights; we heard reasons why the federal government could not meddle with private affairs in a state. But all the while we were insisting that people's lives and violations of the federal Constitution were the responsibility of the federal government, we were remembering something: the former Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan, Governor Graves, is a faithful "New Dealer"; there will be an election in 1936; the President will need every vote he can get to be reelected; and the masses of Negroes and poor whites do not vote in Alabama. The states' rights alibi droned in our ears as we were escorted away. The man who had been elected because he had promised to remember the "forgotten man" refused even to recognize us.

After that we went to see Postmaster General Farley. We saw his secretary, a pompous little whipper-snapper who became very indignant because we assumed we had certain post-office rights. His lips trembled with rage as we insisted on presenting our case. We were about to remind him that our taxes helped to pay his salary, that he is paid to serve the public, not to run us out of our own building. He cooled down and sent us to see an investigator. We told the very impatient investigator about George Hall, the Calhoun postmaster, who took part in lynchings and who opened mail addressed to farm hands and share-croppers, using the information in the letters to identify and terrorize union members. Even letters from the FERA in Washington were opened or not delivered. We told him the Fort Deposit postmaster was doing the same thing. We told how George Hall forced a Negro boy to burn a bundle of copies of the *Daily*

Worker, which has second-class mailing rights, at the door of the Calhoun post office after Hall had opened the bundle. Then we told him that the Montgomery postmaster had refused to accept the rent for P. O. Box 322 unless Albert Jackson, secretary of the Share-Croppers' Union, appeared in person to pay it. Albert Jackson was being hunted by the lynchers in both Lowndes and Montgomery counties, and we said it looked as if the postmaster were cooperating with the lynchers in the man-hunt to find the leader of the strike and the Share-Croppers' Union.

Our public official told us we were making a pretty broad statement, asked us to put it all in writing, clicked on the official smile signaling the end of the interview, and rushed off. We remembered as we left that Mr. Farley is the chairman of the National Committee of the Democratic Party and that he feels just the way Roosevelt does about the coming elections.

At the Rural Resettlement Administration offices we could not see Mr. Tugwell, but we saw one of his assistants. He was very sympathetic and listened to our whole story. We told him how Superintendent Jenning in Chambers County had evicted two "steer"-farm families (they are called "steer" farms because the work animals are steers) when they had refused to scab on the cotton pickers' strike. We told him that the farm foremen had tried to force steer-farm families in Talapoosa County to scab on the strike but that the farmers had refused.

Then we told of the $7 monthly food advances for a family of fourteen on steer farms, of farm foremen collecting all the peas and most of the corn the farmers raised for the government debt, of taking the first bale of cotton for rent, of farm foremen holding the steer farmers' gin certificates and refusing to allow them to sell their own cotton. We quoted the Alabama Rehabilitation Administration's report, which states that these families had been placed on "Alabama's poorest soil." We told him that some steer farmers had said they would rather be in the federal penitentiary than see their families starving to death on these slave farms. We pointed out that the local administrators of Rural Resettlement were landlords who keep the steer farmers beaten down in even worse slavery than exists on the plantations.

Our friendly official agreed with us that something had to be done; he explained the purpose of Rural Resettlement; but it became clear that the government was pouring millions of dollars into a bottomless hole. We left with the feeling that this person would honestly like to do something about it but that he didn't have the power.

At the FERA Mr. Hopkins was not in, so we saw Mr. Dort, director of the Division of Investigation of the FERA. Here again we found sympathetic ears for our story. We told how Thad Holt, Alabama Relief Administrator, had issued a statement before the strike saying, "Cotton pickers must pick cotton or else—" and how relief workers in Montgomery had been transported to the plantations in government trucks and paid 50 cents per hundred by the landlords for picking cotton, while continuing to receive their relief orders from the government. We told him how landlords like N. J. Bell at Calhoun had refused to let his wage hands get relief in spite of the fact that they are starving. We told him about the misery and hunger that exist in the rural regions and how people are being denied relief.

Mr. Dort promised an investigation if we would present more detailed facts—though the investigation would have to be indorsed by "higher-ups." We remembered the Mary Connor Meyers report on Arkansas. We remembered that it was suppressed, and that Mrs. Meyers no longer works for the Administration.

Chester Davis, AAA administrator, heard our story too. Joseph Gelders and Mrs. Meriwether told how the landlord-controlled committees of the local AAA discriminate against the croppers and tenants, how landlords sign the AAA contract for all their croppers and tenants and then keep the gin certificates, land-rent checks, and parity premiums that are due the croppers and tenants. Only in sections of the Black Belt where the Share-Croppers' Union is strong do the croppers and tenants get gin certificates, and Talapoosa County is the only place where they get land-rent checks. And this was the result of bitter struggles led by the union. Chester Davis promised investigations too.

None of them really wanted to investigate. It was clear to them that these violations had taken place. All the New Deal agencies admitted that letters were always coming in protesting against these very things. Yet they told us we had to present more detailed facts before they would investigate. We realized that we would have to bring tremendous pressure upon the Administration to get an investigation. We will get the facts, but it is a mighty hard job in the illegal conditions under which the union is forced to work, and the facts can only be exposed where the union is strong enough to protect its members.

It also became clear that the FERA, the RRA, the AAA, and similar New Deal agencies were receiving the brunt of the workers' and farmers' anger against the whole Administration. They act as a buffer. It is in these agencies that the New Deal liberals are placed, people who listen sympathetically to the stories of hunger and terror, but whose hands are tied, who have to answer to the "big stick" in the White House. We tried to get definite statements from them but received only evasive replies. These New Dealers always remembered "instructions," dismissals, suppressed reports, and all the other scandals of the New Deal. Behind the liberal front were the bitter reactionary wielders of the "big stick" ready to suppress anything that might really be helpful to the "forgotten man."

We told our story to Washington—the whole horrible story of murder, terror, and suppression directed against a strike called to win $1 a day for farm workers. And at each office we left a parting challenge. We said we would get the "detailed" facts; but we said also that we were going back to organize stronger than ever; that through the organized strength of the workers and poor farmers, white and Negro, we ourselves would put a stop to murders, terror, extra-legal violence, and complete violation of civil and constitutional rights. We reminded the officials that where the union is strong, the landlords do not dare to terrorize the people. If the federal government refuses to protect the lives of its citizens, if it allows small groups of despots to rip the Constitution to shreds and fling it in the faces of their victims, then we, red-blooded Americans who are being crushed in the vise of landlord oppression, will take it in our own hands to win the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" for which our forefathers laid down their lives in the American Revolution.

Letter to a Clergyman

By HEYWOOD BROUN

THE REVEREND ERNEST J. MARVIN,
Pastor of Lawrence Methodist Church:

DEAR SIR: I note that today you did the selecting of a text for the editorial page of Mr. Hearst's New York *American.* Your name was printed prominently under your somewhat tactless suggestion of the fourteenth verse of the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. It runs as you may remember, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." What a thing to be suggesting to Mr. Hearst! Indeed, you might have gone ahead and shot the next verse right back at him. You know it: "Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled."

I hate to bring up any root of bitterness myself, Mr. Marvin, but aren't you somewhat ashamed of yourself for having lent your name, the prestige of your church, not forgetting the authority of the Bible, to the mean task of garnishing a Hearst editorial page. I know you'll answer that you didn't stop to think. That's not good enough.

Perhaps you may reply that after all a lot of the other boys are doing the same thing. You may attempt to remind me that the Reverend R. A. D. Beaty of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Manhattan, was in the paper just one day ahead of you, and that the text for tomorrow is to be picked by the Reverend Israel Goldfarb, rabbi of Beth Israel Anshe Ameth, Brooklyn. That is not a moving argument. As far as I'm concerned, I say a plague on all the houses of worship which permit their pastors to uphold the hands of William Randolph Hearst for the sake of a little cheap publicity.

I am assuming that there is no other reward than the privilege of seeing your name in print next to the reading matter from the Good Book and the daily cartoon. There are those who seem to feel that no betrayal has been committed if only no silver pieces have changed hands. The crime of Judas did not lie in the fact that "they were glad and covenanted to give him money." You'll find that story of the deal between the apostle and "the chief priests and captains" in the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke. As a matter of fact, I had a text all picked out for you in the very next chapter of the same Gospel. It seemed to me that you might be moved to preach a repentant sermon to atone for the slight service which you rendered to the high priest of the money changers. On second thought I have decided to withhold the text at this time and use it in a more auspicious place, for what I started to set down was Luke XXIII, 2: "We found this fellow perverting the nation." Under the circumstances it would hardly do.

I hope you will pardon the length of this letter, my dear Mr. Marvin, but I really am curious to know what animates a clergyman when he lends his name to the adornment of a Hearst editorial page. It can hardly be that these local gentlemen of the cloth actually approve of the policies of the *Mirror,* the *American,* and the *Journal.* And yet they stumble in with their little scriptural garlands in honor of the Sage of San Simeon. Can it be that the hearts of you gentlemen bleed for poor Mr. Hearst turned out of his palace in a driving snow storm by the income-tax law of California? You, for instance, Pastor Ernest, if I may grow that familiar, nominate for the top of the New York *American* editorial page the phrase, "Follow peace with all men." Did you suggest it seriously or in a spirit of mockery? Have you ever followed the editorial page in question and noted its constant emphasis upon fascist philosophy? Certainly the path of peace does not lie in that direction.

And there was also the matter of "holiness." The text you suggested goes on to say, "without which no man shall see the Lord." Is it your notion that Mr. Hearst's campaign against labor and his effort to drive all workers into a deeper serfdom is really a holy war? In recent years William Randolph Hearst has dropped the mask and preached day after day the theory that a government's first and only duty is to protect the holders of vast fortunes so that they may accumulate a little more. Do you honestly think, Mr. Marvin, that Mr. Hearst's passionate concern for his millions is in accord with the teachings of the Savior to whose service you are dedicated?

There are men and even political parties in the land today who preach the spirit of a cooperative community such as Jesus outlined to his followers. These men are branded in the Hearst press as agitators and reds. Anybody who raises his voice for human rights against the dead weight of property rights is assailed by William Randolph Hearst. If the old man of San Simeon can be imagined as having lived many centuries ago, you know as well as I do what his reaction would have been when he heard the report of the advice given to a certain rich young man. The Hearst press of Jerusalem would have denounced that Teacher. It would have called upon Pontius Pilate to imprison first and then deport the outside agitator from Galilee.

And if you can still hold the fantasy of Hearst in the Holy Land, imagine the broadside he would "suggest" to his editors upon hearing that a young zealot had dared to scourge the money changers out of the temple. Hearst is Hearst, and even in that day the incident would have been followed by an editorial calling upon the Supreme Court and the shade of Thomas Jefferson to protect the business man against subversive propaganda. Indeed, I almost seem to see the headline, "Alien Red Soaks the Thrifty."

Well, that's all I have to say, Mr. Marvin, and I must close now. I wish you and your fellow-clergymen would really give serious consideration to the question of whether the Hearst pulpit is a fitting place for anyone who believes in the Brotherhood of Man.

In an Early Issue

How to Control Munitions

H. C. Engelbrecht

Facts for Consumers

SMITH BROTHERS, Inc., now almost as famous for their radio program featuring Trade and Mark as for their cough syrup and cough drops, and the Carleton and Hovey Company, distributors of Father John's Medicine, have recently entered into stipulations with the Federal Trade Commission which will oblige them to modify the claims made for these highly profitable cold remedies. Father John's will no longer be represented as an effective therapeutic remedy for colds, coughs, or throat troubles, but as a "treatment" for these common disorders, effective "by providing the beneficial effects of Vitamin A." Smith Brothers has agreed to discontinue advertising that its products are effective remedies for colds, or that either preparation has a unique advantage over other remedies owing to Vitamin A content. These apparently conflicting orders on claims which may be made for the efficacy of Vitamin A leave the decisions up to the consumer. According to Dr. Alphonse R. Dochez of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, considered America's leading student of the cold, proof is still lacking that the incidence of colds can be diminished by the administration of excessive amounts of certain vitamins.

In a paper which Dr. Dochez recently read before the New York Academy of Medicine he manifested a similar lack of enthusiasm about the effectiveness of ultra-violet light treatments. The rational treatment of the common cold, according to Dochez, and the one which he prescribes for himself, is a forty-eight-hour rest in bed; relief of inflammatory swelling of the mucous membranes is "best accomplished by bland irrigations and sprays. The belief that the respiratory mucous membranes can be rendered sterile by the use of local antisepsis is erroneous." A salt-water solution is the most obvious of the bland substances and steam inhalations are an effective method of clearing the head. Still the public continues to spend millions of dollars every year for over-advertised cures for the common cold, thereby maintaining the owners of these proprietories in opulence.

The most recent seizures of cold cures by the Food and Drug Administration include Granny's Cough Syrup and Bostwick's White Pine Cough Syrup, for fraudulent therapeutic claims and failure to declare the percentage of chloroform. The Federal Trade Commission has acted against Tarpinod, "guaranteed to break up a cold in twenty-four hours or to stop a cough"; MacMillin's Formula, held to be "without therapeutic value in the conditions mentioned in the advertising"; Broncotone, held an ineffective treatment for respiratory disturbances ranging from asthma to colds; and the Calafo Company's Liquid, Mentholated Asthmatic Powder, and Mentholated Inhallettes.

* * *

RECENT advertising of Kruschen Salts in the trade press is another example of the impudence of manufacturers of proprietories and of the incomplete protection afforded the public by the existent food-and-drug legislation and procedure. Six months ago the United States Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the Federal Trade Commission's cease-and-desist order against this product, prohibiting representations that Kruschen Salts are a cure or remedy for obesity, or that they will of themselves reduce excess fat. In *Drug Topics* for November 11 E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., the distributor, announced that "Kruschen advertising never stops and Kruschen does what it says it will do," thereby achieving a nice equivocation and a direct slap at the Federal Trade Commission and its cease-and-desist order.

ORDINARILY the reports of Better Business Bureaus are models of restraint but in its campaign to clean up the local bedding industry, the Chicago bureau has broken with tradition to the extent of using "scare" copy to warn the public of the dangers in second-hand bedding. "What's in mattresses and upholstery filled with 'used material'?" it asks. "Almost anything—but mostly shredded particles of old perspiration-stained mattresses, discarded bandages, dirt, and germs." The Chicago clean-up was inspired by the NRA bedding code, which forbid the use of any second-hand material, an improvement over many state laws which permit "new" bedding to be made of old material, when it is so labeled. The Code Authority did not claim any great success in the enforcement of its provision, but the Chicago bureau is now carrying on the work.

The list of manufacturers whose products are blacklisted is too long to print here, but can be obtained from the Chicago Better Business Bureau.* It includes Rhein Brothers, who made mattresses for babies' cribs of second-hand shoddy, and the Lincoln Bedding Company, which manufactured 200 mattresses of old material and sold them for new to the Cook County Hospital. Firms which are cooperating with the bureau now attach to their products a "sanitary guaranty" specifying that the bedding has been manufactured in a factory inspected by the Chicago Better Business Bureau. No data are available as to the strictness of the inspection.

The Englander Spring Bed Company, Incorporated, one of the largest in the industry, has been served by the Federal Trade Commission with a show-cause order charging it with unfair competition through use of "false, fictitious, and inflated price marks." The Chicago Better Business Bureau has ruled that manufacturers should not label a mattress at a price greater than 125 per cent above cost. Such labels, it points out, "serve as a false basis of comparison to the customer."

* * *

AN article on gasoline appearing in the current issue of the *Consumer*, the new publication of the NRA Consumers' Division (free to anyone who requests it), is interesting if only because of admissions in a government publication of certain practices in the industry which heretofore have been known to a comparatively small sector of the buying public. Thus we are informed that for ordinary automobile engines the use of the special high octane (ethyl) gasoline for which a two-cent premium is charged is a waste of money. "This predicament is now being recognized by the automobile companies, which are attempting to remedy the situation without cost to the gasoline companies," says the *Consumer*. The Chrysler Company is mentioned as working on an engine amenable to any octane gas. The practice of the major companies of swapping gasoline in order to save transportation costs, and of depending on independent producers for part of their supply is cited, and consumers are warned to be "wary of paying any significant differential in price because the pump has a familiar trademark blazoned conspicuously on it." Here, probably for the first time, the government is actually warning the consumer against blind faith in advertised trade names.

Manufacturers of two products, Graf-Ex and Miracle Gas Compound, both represented as increasing gasoline mileage, have entered into stipulations with the Federal Trade Commission to discontinue assertions that their products will make one gallon of gasoline do the work of two. The Coffield Protector Company, maker of Graf-Ex, will also discontinue claims that by the use of its product oil consumption can be cut down three-quarters.

RUTH BRINDZE

[*Miss Brindze's page of Facts for Consumers appears in* The Nation *every other week.*]

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* A list of cooperating manufacturers and retailers can also be secured by writing to the bureau at 111 West Washington Street, Chicago. This information is valuable, since many of the manufacturers have national distribution of their products.

Books, Films, Drama

Our Critics, Right or Wrong. IV

The Proletarians

By MARGARET MARSHALL and MARY McCARTHY

THE Marxist critic, as he appears in the pages of the *New Masses,* is an extremely complicated animal. Though he has cut himself off from the bourgeois critics, a number of vestigial traces of the bourgeois intellectual life still cling to him. For example, in organizing his own Book Union he has paralleled the activities and methods of the Literary Guild and the Book of the Month Club. Moreover, he has not abjured the literary back-scratching which goes on in high-powered capitalist literary circles. A somewhat sordid series of incidents which recently stained the fair face of the *New Masses* indicates quite clearly that personal friendship can still play a part in the literary judgments of the proletarian critic. When "Redder than the Rose," by Robert Forsythe, made its appearance in book form, it happened to be reviewed in the *New Masses* by Robert Briffault, a close friend of Kyle Crichton, who, as virtually everyone at that time knew, is none other than Robert Forsythe. After about two pages of praise for the "rollicking humor" of the essays, Mr. Briffault began to speculate, a little coyly perhaps, on the identity of the author.

> Robert Forsythe [he guesses] is, almost certainly, a young man. He is probably fresh from Harvard—I deduce this from his detestation of Boston and his scholarly contempt for institutions of higher learning. (Moreover, Forsythe is wealthy. One has to enjoy large private means from well-invested capital to be a Communist writer . . .) I picture Forsythe from the dainty deftness of his trip on the light fantastic toe of humor, as a slim, maybe a trifle scrawny and undersized, slip of a lad with angel-blue eyes and a shock of golden curls.

When, a few months later, Briffault's "Europa" came out, it was reviewed rather unfavorably in the *New Masses* by Granville Hicks, who spoke of "the banality of the dialogue and the general lack of stylistic distinction," and who used a generalization of Forsythe's to prove that "Europa" should never have been a novel at all. Mr. Hicks probably lived to regret this slip of his critical tongue, for it was Robert Forsythe to the rescue, with sneers for the unwary Mr. Hicks and extravagant plaudits for his crony and admirer, Mr. Briffault. This friendly exchange of compliments was only exceeded by the shower of approval which the Janus-faced Mr. Crichton, in his book column in capitalist *Life,* bestowed on Mr. Forsythe's book.

The Forsythe-Crichton-Briffault love feast and its few counterparts in the history of the *New Masses* are merely superficial evidence of the hangover of bourgeois literary habits in proletarian criticism. In a much deeper sense the average Marxist critic is distressed by the shackles of bourgeois aestheticism which, no matter how he chafes against them, still hold him fast. The obligations of the *Herald Tribune* reviewer are simple: he is customarily expected to write, in fair English, more or less favorable reviews of the books presented to him. For the *Saturday Review* scribe life is not much more difficult: he must write in good English his own opinion of the book set before him, and that opinion must conform, roughly, to the general conceptions of literature held by the editors of the magazine. The *New Masses* critic need not worry about his English, but his problem is polygonal.

He must, in the first place, applaud any proletarian novel, no matter how inept, on political grounds. If his old-fashioned aestheticism intrudes on his political theory, his conscience obliges him to whisper a word of blame amid a hundred of praise. Thus we see Granville Hicks writing a fumbling finale to a loving review of a class-conscious effort called "Parched Earth."

> There is no doubt that the book has faults, but they are of minor importance in a first novel that treats so complicated a series of incidents with so much clarity and force . . . that shows so profound and truly Marxian an insight into the action of social forces and their effect on individual lives.

And Oakley Johnson is troubled about "Just Plain Larnin'," vaguely dissatisfied with it on aesthetic grounds, yet struggling to convince himself that its weaknesses are political.

> It is a good story, with living characters; its faults are minor [he does not list them] and, after all, possible of correction. Put it beside Grace Lumpkin's "To Make My Bread": the difference of subject matter makes the comparison all the more instructive. "To Make My Bread" is . . . the better book perhaps because Grace Lumpkin wrote with the Communist Manifesto at her elbow, whereas Mr. Shields may (I am guessing) have had George S. Counts's "Dare the School Build a New Social Order?" too close to his.

As a corollary to the principle of praising the proletarian, the Marxist critic must, willy-nilly, berate the bourgeois. It is usually easy enough to damn a bad bourgeois work of art, and the left-wing critics have done good work in pigeonholing Dorothy Parker, Thornton Wilder, Robert Nathan, and Ludwig Lewisohn, among others. It is harder to down a relatively good bourgeois. Sally Greene can do her best to dispose of Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point" in eighteen somewhat ungrammatical lines, but she shoots quite wide of her mark.

> The characters, although by no means intentional on the part of the author, are heavy indictments against the society which breeds and nurtures them.

Kenneth Fearing is foolish enough to deprecate "The Magic Mountain" with a couple of casual clauses in a review regretting that "Death of a Young Man," by W. L. Rivers, did not get the attention it deserved "in a season when the cultural brotherhood was wringing its hands over 'The Grandmothers,' 'A Good Woman,' 'Magic Mountain,' etc., etc., each of these masterpieces being 'greater and more poignant' than its fellows." But Michael Gold's aesthetic sensibilities force him to admit of Thomas Hardy: "One ought not to criticize an honorable old genius," even though his lack of information leads him to go on to a sneer at the "eighty comfortable years" of Hardy's life. Henry Flury has not the heart to condemn Proust altogether, so he describes "Swann's Way" as "a good antidote for *Snappy Stories, True Confessions,* and all the other McFadden string. This translation from the French deals adequately with the psychology of a great emotion." Hicks is numbed by Proust's artistry, but his political conscience stings him into a measure of disapproval, and he writes of "Remembrance of Things Past":

> We never see how the aristocracy is linked to French industry and finance by marriages and investments. Though the aesthetes will howl at the suggestion, I believe that "The Remembrance of Things Past" would be a greater work if Proust had followed the Guermantes out of the salons and bedrooms into the fields and factories that support them.

This curious internal warfare between Marx and aestheticism, which gives to left-wing reviews of bad proletarian and good bourgeois books such a hybrid, muddy quality, is not the only cross that the *New Masses* critic has to bear. He must also hew to the party line, accommodating himself swiftly and dextrously to its every shift. If Trotzky is tossed out of the party, a Trotzkyist novel, whatever its merits, is automatically taboo; and if the United Front is ushered in by Dimitrov, the palest liberal novelist must be welcomed into the fold. Thus in 1934 "Man's Fate," a real revolutionary novel, was slighted because it accepted Trotzky's view of the Chinese Revolution, and in 1935 Robert Rylee's humanitarian "Deep Dark River" is reviewed with enthusiasm and few reservations under the misleading heading, "Another Southern Novelist Falls in Line." In the same way, only a change in Moscow's complexion can account for the fact that Carl Van Doren, last year called "fascist" by the *New Masses,* is today an adviser of the Book Union. Just a little while ago Louis Adamic also was denounced as a fascist by William Z. Foster, but now Dale Curran defends him from Isabel Paterson's attacks.

The problems of the *New Masses* reviewer do not end here. He is placed in an equivocal position by the very nature of the magazine for which he writes. The *New Masses* subscribers seem for the most part to be intellectuals, many of them renegades from the middle class. At the same time, it is also read by a number of more or less untutored members of the working class, and its position as a virtual Communist Party organ demands that it cater to the interests of the proletariat. So there arises a great confusion. If a *New Masses* critic writes an esoteric, abstruse review, the editors are often bombarded with comical, perfectly sincere letters from workers, asking in effect, "What the hell? Who cares? Give us red meat!" But red meat is too simple for the intellectuals' taste; they quickly grow bored, and their subscriptions are allowed to expire. Now the *New Masses,* having for years veered wildly from one course to the other, has settled down to a rather unsatisfactory compromise. It has recognized the preponderance of intellectuals among its subscribers, and to them it is now serving what it considers a brand-new dish called "Content and Form in Proletarian Literature." "The question of content and form," announces Isidor Schneider, "has again become a literary issue. Proletarian writing has arrived at such a degree of maturity that it can afford to raise the question for itself." Heralding a new era in which the imagery and symbols in left-wing writing will be the subjects of critical scrutiny, Stanley Burnshaw apologizes for the past.

> During the past year . . . there has been a narrowing tendency in book reviews, critical studies, and literary articles purporting to embody the Marxist point of view. We have been so much concerned with *what* the author is saying that we have neglected the concomitant question: how does he say it?

John Yost, too, has seen the light, and thus apostrophizes his fellow-critics: "Let us not be guilty of an infantile literary leftist snobbery." It must not be thought, however, that this change in the *New Masses'* literary policy has in any way released the pent-up traditional aestheticism within the Marxist critic. Questions of content and form can be taken up only within the framework of Marxian dialectics: faults of style or construction are still "minor" faults. The left-wing critic has remained true to his teachers. Though he dallies with the intellectuals, it is a chaste political dalliance, and he has not altogether forgotten Lenin's admonition, which was quoted in the *New Masses* review of Clara Zetkin's "Reminiscences of Lenin":

> It is the masses who must be considered. We must not frighten them either by "left" stupidities or by "right" timidities. . . . Think always of the masses, Clara, and you will come to the revolution as we came to it: with the masses, through the masses.

In accordance with this suggestion the strange new dish which the intellectuals are devouring has been salted to the worker's taste. The Marxist critic, already self-conscious, has been obliged to deal with abstract problems in oversimplified sentences, to mix "plebeian" with "fancy" words and melodramatic name-calling with scholarly analysis, and, finally, to dot his most intellectual discourse with "goddamns," "hells," and "stinkings." This affectedly sweaty style may make the going easier for the proletarian, though he may, on the other hand, consider that he is being patronized; at any rate, it gives the intellectual the feeling that he is right in the midst of the class struggle.

As a sideline to this traffic with the intellectuals, the Marxist critic is also required to run a kind of correspondence school for proletarian novelists. He must write not only for himself, for the party, and for his organ's subscribers; he must also write for the authors whose books he reviews, and the proletarian novelists are an easily dissatisfied, captious lot. Over a year ago the *New Masses* ran a symposium of replies from fourteen authors whose books had been reviewed in the magazine, and to whom the editors had written asking whether the criticism of their work in the *New Masses* had helped them, and also what they expected from Marxist criticism. Apparently, they expected a good deal, since thirteen of the fourteen replies were, on the whole, unfavorable. The *New Masses* appears to have been discouraged by the result of its survey, for this, in part, was its editorial comment:

> We believe that these letters will interest readers of the magazine, and we trust that they will prove of value to its reviewers. . . . We are glad that we decided to give the authors their day in court, but we are not convinced

> that they have said the final word. . . . Moreover, as an examination of the letters shows, writers want very different things from critics, and it would be altogether impossible to satisfy them all. There are more and greater problems than some of these writers realize, and they can only be solved if authors and critics work together.

For the Marxist critic there are, indeed, "more and greater problems," problems so urgent and so intricate that the critic has become maladjusted. Subjected to pressure from within and without, the *New Masses* critic has developed a lively inferiority complex. His experience with an older school of criticism, his acquaintance with the great bourgeois writing of past and present, make him aware that there has not yet been any great proletarian writing, that, indeed, a good part of proletarian writing is pretty sad stuff. He tends, therefore, in many cases to overrate the artistry of bourgeois writing. He will condemn a novel on political grounds but speak sadly and often wrongly of the "slickness" of its craftsmanship. Granville Hicks, for instance, while bemoaning Phyllis Bentley's class alignment, considers her "one of the ablest of the younger English writers." Bernard Smith was displeased as a Marxist by "The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, but he felt that it was "a work of genius, surely." To Charles Yale Harrison, Faraday Keene's "Peccadilloes" was "fine writing . . . wasted on . . . trite, sure-fire themes." Though Mike Gold blasted the reputation of Wilder in the *New Republic,* J. Q. Neets wrote of "The Woman of Andros" in the *New Masses:*

> The novel has perfect structure, impeccable delineation of plot and character, subtle nuances of meanings, rhythms, and colors. . . . "The Woman of Andros" is genuine art. . . . Dismissing Wilder's ideology as utterly reactionary, we nevertheless cannot help admiring his superb structure, his economy of means, his chrystaline [sic] style.

It took Josephine Herbst to rebuke him for his gullibility in a letter to the *New Masses* in which she declared: "I seriously doubt the importance of Wilder's style, even considered as style." Yet, in some ways, the inferiority feelings of the left-wing critic have worked to his advantage. He does not dare to indulge in the outlandish comparisons so much favored by the capitalist. In general, he limits himself to a reference to Jack London or Walt Whitman. The following quotations are exceptions to the rule.

> [Of "Orient Express" by John Dos Passos] Not since Matthew Arnold has one so marshaled English words to paint pictures—nor has the turbid ebb and flow of human misery made such sharp erosions in the copperplate of an artist's mind.
>
> Keene Wallis . . . an ex-harvest worker and I. W. W. will take Carl Sandburg's place in five years.—Michael Gold, 1929.

The inferiority feelings of the proletarian critic must rest on personal as well as aesthetic grounds. The revolution needs writers, propagandists, prophets. The left-wing critic must, therefore, act as a missionary for the revolutionary movement. He must court young writers of talent, lure them into the proletarian camp. Often, unhappily, he makes mistakes; he does not recognize the true proletarian features of a future comrade. E. Merrill Root, for example, reviewed William Rollins, Jr.'s first book under the title, A Sophisticated Yawn:

> The effect of this book is the same as if one saw a tenth-rate Boston vaudeville troupe giving a burlesque of "Antigone." How long will such cheap, smart, tinsel, dreary stuff as this be the fashion?

"A House on a Street," by Dale Curran, now one of the *New Masses* favorites, was reviewed several months after publication. Henry Roth's "Call It Sleep" was snubbed in an unsigned review until a barrage of indignant letters brought it to the editors' attention. Mike Gold called Albert Halper's "Union Square" ". . . a gold brick . . . not a picture of the Communist movement in New York. . . . It is a picture of the author and his rather shabby-minded friends." Robert Forsythe insulted Hemingway before the *New Masses* obtained the much publicized article, Who Murdered the Vets? from the very author whom its comic muse found so contemptible. The most humorous mistake of all was made by Orrick Johns, who condemned a "Fascist Dialogue" published in the *American Spectator* as "satire at the expense of the workers and destitute," only to receive a note from the author, Harold Preece, informing him that the piece in question was a satire on fascism, to which Mr. Johns could only reply:

> I regret that I did not identify the Harold Preece who published in the *American Spectator* with the same writer who has contributed to the *New Masses.* . . . Had I done so I should have devoted more space to him than a mere running mention—but I did read the story. Our Texan comrade writes well, but I think he made a mistake to submit his sketch to [such a] publication. In such pages Preece's story had an ambiguous ring. . . .

It is well known that Archibald MacLeish was denounced by a *New Masses* critic as a "dirty Nazi," though later in the same periodical V. J. Jerome asserted that the poet's play, "Panic," "justifies us in expecting . . . him, America's most splendid singer, to sing the epic of the proletariat. . . ." Granville Hicks, in 1934, called Sinclair Lewis "a double-crossing apologist for the existing order," though "It Can't Happen Here" was welcomed as a contribution to the fight against fascism. As if to compensate for such errors and oversights, the *New Masses* critic has, in many cases, gone out of his way to attract what later proved to be a political viper to his bosom. James Rorty, Ezra Pound, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Morley Callaghan have all been wooed by the *New Masses,* and later cast aside, often with a "fascist" label.

In his pathetic eagerness to gain converts the *New Masses* critic is unbelievably naive. It seems quite within the range of possibility that if Mark Sullivan were to suggest that he had an interest in the workers, the *New Masses* critic would welcome him, temporarily at least, into the brotherhood. The complexities of politics, economics, aesthetics, magazine sales, and personalities are altogether too much for the *New Masses* critic. His job is too big for him. He is, in consequence, forever backing and filling. If we are to have any sensible Marxist criticism, this critic must be relieved of some of his responsibilities. It may be that the new united front will disembarrass him of a few of his sectarian obligations, and so reendow him with critical and revolutionary dignity.

[*This is the fourth of a series of articles which have appeared every other week in* The Nation. *The fifth will appear in the issue of December 18.*]

The Critic's Job

The Double Agent. By R. P. Blackmur. Arrow Editions. $2.

THE fundamental defect of most literary criticism in our time is that its object has been too rarely the object which alone would guarantee its autonomy as a special form or mode of intellectual activity—the work of literature. Its object, when it has risen above mere gossip or entertainment, has usually proved to be situated in realms of discourse only remotely or obliquely related to the specific realm of literature—in history, in philosophy, in psychoanalysis, or, as more recently, in political economy. Even such critics as I. A. Richards and Kenneth Burke, who do keep close to the object most of the time, prove upon scrutiny, as Mr. Blackmur points out, to be really talking about linguistics or moral philosophy. Of critics like Dr. Johnson, Walter Pater, and Remy de Gourmont, to mention only more obvious examples of the literary critic *pur sang*, we have suffered a dearth since literature and the other arts were disqualified by all right-minded citizens in the nineties. The T. S. Eliot of "The Sacred Wood" was perhaps the last important critic in English to write about literature as literature and not as something else; and the eclectic nature of his reputation attested to the rarity of his approach. But Mr. Eliot, forsaking literature for theology, has now reduced criticism to a somnolent Sermon on the Devil. Criticism as a whole has become an aerial battleground for competing theologies, including the brand whose leading apologist in this country is Granville Hicks. The literary object, needless to say, has been left far below. And as literary criticism has drifted into the adjacent regions of speculation, it has lost its special role or function, its reason for existence. To put the matter more bluntly, it has lost its utility for those who happen to be most interested in literature when they are talking or reading about literature.

Mr. Blackmur is a young critic who brings to his task, in addition to "enough love and enough knowledge," enough real concentration on the object to make his essays in "craft and elucidation" very useful to the contemporary reader. The most useful items in his collection are precisely those in which the focus is most sharply on the text of the writers under discussion: Notes on E. E. Cummings's Language, Examples of Wallace Stevens, The Method of Marianne Moore, D. H. Lawrence and Expressive Form, and The Masks of Ezra Pound. These are among the best, because among the most securely grounded, studies of these modern writers that will anywhere be found. If Mr. Blackmur has gone to school to Eliot, as is quite obvious from the method, what he has learned has been a method rather than a particular set of judgments. He has applied to certain important American poets of our day the same sort of rigorous textual analysis that Eliot used so successfully on the Elizabethans. And, as in Eliot, distinctions between the imagery used by two poets, between different kinds of imagery used by the same poet, or between the imagery and the intention in a given poem lead usually to some sort of generalized conclusion about a poet or about poetry in general. The usefulness of this fervently concentrated approach will be found in the amount of real light that it throws on the sometimes extremely difficult objects of modern literature, such as the "Cantos" of Ezra Pound or "The Bridge" of Hart Crane.

But the conclusions in the essays mentioned are nearly all safely within the sphere of literary form and style; that is, they do not involve any single and definite intellectual point of view. Technical criticism, like the philosophical, the psychological, and the political varieties, is also only a partial approach to the object. Its value, therefore, is limited. It was inevitable that Mr. Blackmur, again following Eliot, should recognize the desirability of relating his specific analyses to a larger frame of intellectual values. In a final essay the difficulties of such an undertaking are demonstrated in a style that is a reflection of a good deal of earnest confusion. (The trouble is partly that Mr. Blackmur has not yet decided whether Eliot or Henry James is to be the principal influence on his prose.) After reviewing most of the prevalent approaches to literature, Mr. Blackmur modestly offers his own, which turns out to be the "technical," although a much-qualified and indeed debilitated version of that approach. It is, we are told, only the facts about a literary work that can be examined; the rest can "only be known, not talked about." But even the facts, it appears, can be arrived at completely only by direct apprehension—mere technical scrutiny is not enough. Art is defined as "the looking-glass of the pre-conscious," and criticism as "the establishment and evaluation . . . of the modes of making the pre-conscious consciously available." In other words, the critic undergoes a kind of mystic immersion in the object, as a result of which he produces a few odd bits of elucidation. The objection to this description, of course, is that it fails to provide the modern critic with what is his greatest need, a method for evaluating the fruits of the "pre-conscious." It reduces his role to that of a deep-sea diver who does not know what to do with the treasures that he brings up to the surface. He is still without a principle for relating his special perceptions to a larger frame of values, so that Mr. Blackmur has not really progressed in theory beyond the practice of his earlier and more useful essays. What his stimulating volume does most forcibly demonstrate, especially through its unresolved contradictions, is the immediate necessity of restoring to criticism a more intimate correspondence between what is talked about and what is known, between the literary object and the whole of our intellectual arrangement of experience. The critic's job is to learn once again how to combine the closest attention to the object with the most complete awareness of the world which surrounds it.

WILLIAM TROY

Barbusse's Stalin

Stalin. By Henri Barbusse. The Macmillan Company. $3.

"HISTORY," Thucydides once said, "cannot be written by a contemporary." Two recent Stalin biographies—"Stalin, a New World Seen Through One Man," by Henri Barbusse, and "Staline," by Boris Souvarine, published in France—give proof, if proof were needed, of the truth of this observation. If the world has yet to produce a man so great, so without fault, as the Stalin Barbusse presents to us in the pages of this latest of his works, it is equally true that Souvarine's representation of the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union as a devil in the flesh is filled with partisan hate.

This is significantly illustrated by the manner in which the two authors treat the Stalin-Trotzky controversy. Russia's official historians have found it possible to write the history of the revolution without even mentioning the name of Leon Trotzky. Stalin's biographers, with greater sincerity but no less prejudice, have given much space and emotional emphasis to his historic adversary—to Trotzky's role in and after the October revolution. The illustrious author of "Feu," the first book on the World War and still one of the most important, makes no attempt to hide his disdain for Lenin's celebrated associate. To Barbusse—who died in Moscow as an honored member of the Russian Communist Party—Trotzky appears as a petty, vanity-ridden confusionist who would have wrecked the glorious Soviet experiment on the shoals of his political intransigence had it not been for the courageous interference of Stalin. Souvarine, expelled from the Communist Party of France in 1925 for his advocacy of Trotzky's cause, no longer follows in his footsteps. That he should invest him, nevertheless, with all the appurtenances of personal and political infallibility does credit to his affections if not to his impartiality. In short, these biographies will be read with profit only by those aware and always conscious of the atmosphere of bitter controversy in which they were produced.

The poet in Barbusse finds inspiration in the story of his hero's early youth. Joseph V. Djugashvili (Stalin is only one of the many aliases adopted by the Russian dictator during his anti-Czarist period) was born in 1881 in the little town of Gori. He was the son of a shoemaker who deserted his wife after the birth of her first child and left her to earn a scanty living as a small-town seamstress. At the age of eight young Joseph was accepted as a pupil in the local clerical school. Seven years later he was graduated into the seminary in Tiflis. On the rebellious Georgian the intense Russianism of his instructors had the effect of arousing an almost fanatical nationism and a hatred of everything connected with the Czarist regime.

From this to a general distrust of the seminary's teachings was a natural step. By way of Tolstoy and Darwin he and other young students steered a devious course toward the teachings of Marx. Books by Turgenev, Gorki, Marx, Kautzky, and Bebel found their way into the eager hands of these seekers. They were caught in the flood of that "live among the masses" movement which became the foundation of Russian socialism. At the end of four years of academic training Stalin renounced all thought of a clerical career to live as a "worker among workers" for the realization of Marxian teachings. As a wandering proletarian he earned his spurs in the revolutionary movement.

Stalin first met Lenin in December, 1905, after two years of desultory correspondence. With a great deal of detail Barbusse describes the later years of intimate cooperation between these two men, always with the clear intention of discrediting the claims of that "obstinate and verbose Menshevik" Trotzky. If one were to believe Barbusse, Lenin made no important decision without the advice and opinion of Stalin. According to Barbusse, the great father of the Russian Revolution had no more intimate friend, no more trusted comrade. He chooses to ignore Lenin's testament, that much-discussed document which is now generally accepted at its face value. From it the student of Russian affairs knows that Lenin was something less than enamored of Stalin's political wisdom. Barbusse makes capital for his hero out of the differences between the two men who shaped the destinies of the early period of the Soviet state. In the main his delineation of the early period is historically accurate but colored and distorted by his too partial preoccupation with the subject of his analysis.

To this reviewer it would seem that Barbusse, in his desire to represent Stalin as the great revolutionist, has missed his true significance. The man who stood at the helm of the Soviet Union in its second decade, steering it through the countless difficulties of adjustment to a capitalist world, deserves more objective treatment than this emotional Frenchman has power to give it. Stalin, whatever one may think of his influence on world communism, has made a lasting contribution to the upbuilding, industrialization, and collectivization of the Soviet Union. Under his guidance the standard of life of the Russian masses is being slowly but surely raised to a point where the hope that it will some day approximate that of the Western world seems no longer a vain delusion. Even the irreconcilable Souvarine admits that the recent history of the U. S. S. R. bears the indelible stamp of Stalin's personality, though it presents itself to his vision as the personality of a man of mediocre intelligence whose greatness lies in his absolute lack of scruples and in a Machiavellian talent for intrigue.

To this part of Stalin's activity Barbusse pays scant attention. Indeed, it must be something of a disappointment to admirers and followers of the Russian Communist leader to find that his biographer feels it necessary to distort historic fact and to detract from the greatness of Trotzky, the man who created the Red Army and saved the early Soviet Revolution from destruction, in order to present the subject of his theme in a more favorable light.

LUDWIG LORE

The Patmores

Portrait of My Family. By Derek Patmore. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

"I HAVE respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters I dare to hope that it will respect me." So with characteristic dignity Coventry Patmore wrote as an aging man, and if posterity has never rewarded him with popularity, he has the respect of the few who have a genuine love of fine letters. For Coventry Patmore was a man of unusual talents, intelligence, and sensibility, and it is only natural that his portrait should dominate his great-grandson's book about his family.

Now that our interest in the great Victorian men of letters is being revived, we are willing to count Coventry Patmore among them; and in his mysticism, his tortuous self-analysis, his delicate psychologizing, he seems closer to us than, say, Tennyson or Swinburne. His influence extended to men who left their influence on our contemporaries, through Lionel Johnson, Francis Thompson, Robert Bridges; and in his last years he met and recognized the genius of the greatest poet of the last decade of the nineteenth century, the then unknown Gerard Manley Hopkins. Unlike most of their Victorian predecessors, these poets, Patmore among them, took a passionate interest in the technique of their craft and were fastidious and discriminating in their self-criticism.

Coventry Patmore's literary heritage was almost too ideal for a poet, as his great-grandson, Derek Patmore, shows. His father, Peter George Patmore, was a critic and essayist of the "Cockney School," a friend of Lamb, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt, and particularly of Hazlitt; it was to him that Hazlitt wrote most of the letters in that painful book "Liber Amoris." As a critic he was one of the first to evaluate justly the genius of Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth, and as a wealthy man he was generous to less fortunate writers. A duel arising from a long-standing feud between the *London Magazine* and *Blackwood's* put an end to his career and left a shadowy disrepute—arising from unjustified gossip—from which his name still suffers.

When Coventry Patmore first began his career, his father's fortune had gone, and his father's name was a handicap, yet it was to his father's taste and encouragement that he owed the resolution to become a poet and the publication of his first book. This first book won the attention of Robert Browning, Landor, and Thackeray, and also won him the friendship of Tennyson. Of distinguished appearance and personality he became a welcome visitor to the literary salons of the day. His poverty was great until, at a dinner at the home of the widow of Barry Cornwall, he engaged the interest of Monckton-Milnes. "And who is your lean young friend with the frayed coat cuffs?" asked Milnes of Mrs. Proctor. Mrs. Proctor gave him a copy of Patmore's newly published poems, and Milnes in contrition wrote: "His book is the work of a true poet and we must see that he never lacks bread and butter." A post at the British Museum was found for Patmore, and he was free to do his best work. Shortly after this stroke of luck he married Emily Andrews, that Victorian paragon who read Latin, Greek, and modern languages, and was an ideal housekeeper as well, and who inspired him to write epics of married love. Her death brought forth the most beautiful of his books, "The Unknown Eros." Emily Patmore, whose beauty and "sense of matronly ceremonial" made her a pre-Raphaelite heroine, deserves a little book to herself if only for having inspired the most exquisite of Browning's short lyrics, "Portrait." She died early of consumption leaving her husband with six small children and a pathetic plea to give them a stepmother. "She will watch tenderly over our children, and she must have a hard heart who will not love such pretty and amiable children as ours." And the children *were* remarkable. Two of them, Emily Honoria and Henry, were poets of promise and more, a promise obscured by early deaths. Emily, who became a nun, had a genuine vocation for the religious life, and in the devotional raptures of her few startling lyrics she resembles not so much her father as St. Theresa. Of Henry, Gerard Manley Hopkins wrote: "We have lost a mind not only of wonderful promise, but even of wonderful achievement"; and from the one example of his poems given by Derek Patmore we can well believe this. Mr. Patmore's book, with its curious sidelights on Hopkins, Alice Meynell, and others of that circle, is of great value to the student of the period. Derek Patmore's style, however, is not Patmorian in carefulness; it is occasionally journalistic and over-garrulous.

MARYA ZATURENSKA

American Rooming-House

At Madame Bonnard's. By Joseph Vogel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MR. VOGEL'S growing public will enjoy in his first novel much of the same sardonic humor which has distinguished his short stories in "The American Caravan" and the "little" magazines. "At Madame Bonnard's" is the story of a West Side rooming-house in New York. The house, its curious collection of American and foreign tenants, and Madame Bonnard with her discriminating laissez faire attitude toward the diurnal and nocturnal habits of her "roomers" are evidently employed by the author as symbolic aspects of a lower middle class caught in the rise of monopoly, economic depression, and new social problems. The key temperature of frustration and futility is skilfully established in the opening paragraph with the description of the feverish behavior of Angelo de Lalla, Madame Bonnard's sex-starved police dog; and the subsequent entrance of Mr. Wexel, agent for the real-estate company which is trying to buy Madame's lease in order to construct a huge apartment house on the site that includes her rooming-house, colors the setting with a nervous air of static impermanence which prevails throughout the book.

In carefully polished prose that is often sharp-toothed with caustic humor, Mr. Vogel succeeds in presenting the reader with several good portrait etchings. Verhulst, the virtuous athletic Dutchman who gradually finds himself deprived of his staunch physical and moral integrity; Clarence Jordan, the young antique-shop employee whose earnest search for Beauty and the Creative Life leads him to the "Principle of Mild Surprise"; Ann Golden and her husband the taxicab driver; the devout Mrs. Steiner, "chambermaid and general assistant"; and tall, graceful Carl Harrison, who drives his own vivacious wife away because she interferes with his propensity for peering through keyholes to watch the other female members of Madame Bonnard's rooming-house undress; these are a few of the dozen or more characters who stand out in clear though somewhat oversimplified outline.

In the general structure of his novel and the development of his theme, however, Mr. Vogel is less successful. His story is essentially dramatic, yet he tells it in the semi-ironic manner of a commentator, which makes the straightforward, realistic passages that pop up occasionally seem even more incongruous. Similarly, the theme of his story fails to indicate clearly its broad social implications. The author's belated efforts to define these implications more firmly—for instance, at the very end when he strives to ring a note of affirmation through one of the most nebulously drawn characters in the book—are, on the whole, too sketchy to be effective.

ABEL PLENN

Films

When Acting Counts

THE art of the motion picture is often discussed as if it did not include the art of acting. The director, the cutter, the photographer, and the author of the script are given their due—particularly the director, who indeed deserves the credit he gets, since it is only in his mind that the whole picture has its being. But the actor is dismissed as the malleable mime which in fact he usually is, so that the notion of his possessing a possible genius of his own is seldom taken with sufficient seriousness. This is wrong for at least two reasons. It does not promote the analysis and understanding of certain special problems to be solved by any actor for the screen; and it does not prepare us for the occasional pieces of fine work which come along.

It happens that within the past two weeks New York has been treated to four actors each of whom may be said to possess genius. The first of these in every respect is Charles Laughton, whose performance as Captain Bligh in "The Mutiny on the Bounty" (Capitol) fixes him in my mind at any rate as by far the best of living actors. I had thought him that before, but the current picture leaves no room for doubt. Frank Lloyd's direction has amplitude and clarity, and the film has many other merits besides the chief one—its making perfect use of such an artist. It is Mr. Laughton, however, whom we watch; and I cannot believe that this is to be accounted for on any other theory than that he has resources beyond the power of even the most brilliant direction to conceive. No man could be told to do what he does. He would have to know how—to know, for instance, how to *be* Captain Bligh, and how to be him in such fulness that no inconsistency appeared between the tyrant of the Bounty and the hero of the open boat on that impossible voyage to Timor. Impossible, but it was done; and we see that it could be done because this man whom until then we have loathed and feared becomes suddenly the object of our admiration. The piety we have despised because it seemed to be an aspect of perversion reveals itself as something too authentic for contempt; it is still terrible, perhaps, but it is pure, and it is the last evidence we need that Bligh carries in him the devil's own energy. That energy expresses itself in every muscle of Mr. Laughton's body, in every slightest lift of his eye, in the peculiar complexity of his smile, and—oddly enough—in the effeminacy of his gait. Nor is Mr. Laughton merely convincing in himself. He is also the cause of the ship's becoming alive whenever he looks at any part of it or at any man on it; wherever he walks there is reality. To say that nothing like this happens in the case of Clark Gable (Christian) or Franchot Tone (Byam) is merely to say that they are not actors. They are charming fellows, but when they get to Tahiti they seem strangely unaffected by the fact; they remain the nice tall persons we have always known, and Tahiti itself might just as well be Hollywood.

The other three actors of the outstanding four are to be seen in two rival versions of "Crime and Punishment." The best of them in my opinion is Harry Baur, who plays Porphyre in "Crime et Châtiment" at the Cinéma de Paris, and whose mastery both of the malevolence and of the wit which Dostoevski wrote into the part should establish him at the top of his profession. He has given himself to the role as completely as Mr. Laughton has given himself to his, with the result that he *is* the magistrate who tortured and fascinated Raskolnikov. And again his brilliance is something for which a director—in this case Pierre Chenal—has no right to claim full credit. His bearing, his voice, and his abrupt, eccentric actions are not the whole story by any means; these could have been dictated to him, but nobody else could have created the aura of plausibility which travels with him everywhere and which intensifies the anguish, the anxiety of the tale. Even the beautifully fluid and mannered movements of Pierre Blanchar as Raskolnikov, walking through the film almost without pause like one possessed, do not accomplish what Baur's more varied performance as Porphyre does. The result in the case of M. Blanchar is a certain monotony, a certain strain, which tends to lower rather than heighten the pitch of the piece—a danger perhaps unavoidable, since Josef von Sternberg, the director of "Crime and Punishment" (the Music Hall), has failed in exactly the same way to avoid it. His Raskolnikov, Peter Lorre, is monotonous of course after another fashion, and that fashion is not without its attending excellence; yet the net effect, curiously enough, is one of understatement. The better the novel the more difficult to translate it as a film. The tension which Dostoevski maintained through hundreds of eloquent pages can only be aimed at in the studio; it cannot be achieved for the simple reason that there is too little time at the camera's disposal, and too few words. Even so handicapped the two films are extraordinarily pitiful and powerful—the French one much more so than the American one, but both of them miles high above the average.

MARK VAN DOREN

Drama

Black Bread and a Circus

"MOTHER," the new piece produced by the Theater Union at the Civic Repertory Theater, earns its right to the well-worn phrase "an interesting experiment." Obviously it is not addressed to the average theatergoer, for it is aimed even more directly than some of the union's other offerings straight at that special audience which takes delight in any exposition of the class struggle in more or less dramatic terms. Nevertheless, its author, that same Brecht who wrote the "Three-Penny Opera," is one of the group of radical and eccentric dramatists developed in post-war Germany, and like several of the others he demonstrates the fact that the left-wing writers of Europe have rather more of something besides their conviction to go on than most of the less-experienced American "proletarian" dramatists have. It is not that he is less doctrinaire or preachy. Ostensibly no one could be more exclusively concerned with a simple lesson. Yet somehow the thing seems to have grown out of a richer cultural soil. It shows a sense of style and a certain flavor of individual temperament even in the presentation of official doctrine. Whether the author has had time to develop these qualities within the framework of a new culture or whether

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he is merely, and against his will, trailing still some clouds of glory from a previous existence as a "bourgeois" artist, I do not know. But whether "Mother" is good art or bad art, it does "exist" as art in the sense that many American proletarian plays do not.

In Germany Brecht worked for the half-futurist, half-communist régisseur Piscator; and for the staging of "Mother" he has adopted Piscator's whole bag of tricks, the guiding principle of which is the effort to intrude instead of to hide both the machinery of the stage and the machinery of the dramaturgy. On entering the theater one finds the proscenium flanked by two large inscriptions, one drawn from Thomas Jefferson and the other from Karl Marx. When the curtain goes up, it discloses a bare stage upon which a simple, undersized set has been placed, while the two pianists who are to provide the occasional music are in full view and the row of spot-lights is frankly (or is it ostentatiously?) unconcealed by even an old-fashioned "teaser." When occasion demands, the actors advance to the front of the stage and either recount what has happened between the scenes or, in confidential soliloquies, expose their mental processes. For good measure, a projection screen is permanently installed above the level of the sets, and upon it are flashed lantern slides, sometimes captioning the scenes or announcing the "chants," sometimes giving photographic illustration of events referred to, and sometimes presenting more or less relevant statistics concerning, for example, Russian casualties during the World War.

The effect of all these is the achievement of a sort of guileful guilelessness and a sort of pseudo-naivete. Gorki's novel, from which is taken the story of a mother who became a revolutionary leader after entering "the party" merely to protect her son, is reduced to a series of simple tableaux pointing a moral in the most elementary terms and achieving a kind of childlike, nursery-tale directness in the telling which suggests the Russian production of "The Princess Turandot." Instead of attempting either to translate the moral into ordinary dramatic terms or to slip it in as unobtrusively as possible, the lesson is everywhere thrust directly forward. The characters convert one another to the cause by explaining in words of one syllable what is meant by "ownership of the means of production" or "class solidarity"; and when the chorus advances to chant to the simple forceful music of Hanns Eisler it does not hesitate to sing such downright sentences as "Come, get up, for the party is in danger," or "Then you must take the entire state and turn it upside down." If the result is to make "Mother" an, at times, almost painfully unashamed didactic charade, it is also to confer upon it the virtue of being quite frankly what it is. Like the otherwise quite different "Waiting for Lefty" I can imagine it being very effectively used as part of a dramatic repertory intended to propagandize a simple working-class audience—though I must add that its exposition of very elementary doctrine concerning the principles of the class struggle seems to me a work of supererogation so far as the usual Theater Union audience is concerned. There is a very good performance by Stanley Wood as the teacher, and there is a genuinely outstanding one by Helen Henry, who plays not only with a fine sense of style but also in a manner which suggests very subtly the simple, humorous shrewdness of the mother.

To turn now from such figurative bread to a literal circus, it should be announced that "Jumbo" (Hippodrome) comes off in absolutely first-rate fashion. Billy Rose, its entrepreneur, is apparently afflicted with that form of megalomania which is the soul of a Big Show. Nothing but the most elephantine theater as well as the most theatrical elephant would do. Neither would anything except the best-known band leader, the most popular comedian, and so on, and so on. But the real news is that there is nothing mouselike about what the various laboring mountains brought forth. Far more successfully than one might expect, the whole thing comes off and gets over. Perhaps I should have some difficulty in describing exactly what I saw, but if I came away with only a general dazed impression of ferocious animals, dazzling girls on bareback horses, daring young men on flying trapezes, and all the rest of it, why, that is exactly the kind of impression that a circus ought to produce. Not that "Jumbo" is all old-fashioned circus. As the press agent proclaims, "To say that it is a blend of Barnum and Bailey with 'Rio Rita' is skirmishing with understatement." I sat close enough to testify that the girls would do credit to any revue. Jimmy Durante is very funny; Paul Whiteman is vastly impressive if slightly abashed on a white horse; and A. Robins is probably the best clown in the classical tradition living today. It's a fine show and, quite literally, better than a circus.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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AFTER A PERIOD of indecision, due in part to Laval's precarious position at home, there is every indication that the League Sanctions Committee at its meeting on December 12 will add oil, coal, steel, and possibly copper to the list of embargoed commodities. As the weeks pass, the importance of oil as an essential war material becomes increasingly evident. Despite recent heavy purchases, it is estimated that Italy's existing petroleum reserves could not last more than six months. With the assurance of ample fuel supplies Italy might be able to hold out against the present sanctions for at least a year; without oil or coal both its war and its regular domestic industries would be hopelessly crippled in a few months. Faced with almost certain defeat if such an embargo is imposed and enforced, Mussolini has again issued a warning that sanctions mean war. His threat has provoked France into giving long-delayed assurance to Britain of full French support in case the British fleet is attacked in the Mediterranean. In all likelihood, however, Il Duce is bluffing when he talks of war. Certainly there have been no developments in his African campaign which would encourage him to believe that he could defeat one of the great powers, to say nothing of France and England combined. Already Italy is beginning to feel the strain of sanctions, and every day that they are enforced makes it more difficult for Mussolini to launch a first-class war.

MEANWHILE, the newspapers continue to be filled with rumors of an impending "deal." That informal negotiations looking toward a settlement are constantly being held is beyond question. It is also undeniable that some day these negotiations will bear fruit. But at present the various parties appear to be as far apart as they were three months ago. The Italians, it is true, may have weakened slightly as a result of their recent defeats in Ethiopia, particularly since there is every chance that more crippling sanctions will yet be imposed. France, if anything, has become a little less patient with Mussolini's ambition for empire. Britain has attempted to steer a difficult course in supporting strict measures against Italy and at the same time leaving the door open for a compromise. Thus far there has been no indication of the predicted change in the National Government's policy after the election. It is significant, however, that despite its firm stand on sanctions Britain has made no move to obtain League approval of the one measure which would stop Italian aggression in Ethiopia—the closing of the Suez Canal.

THE PRESIDENT has assured us once more that prosperity has returned and that the peak of federal appropriations has passed. Bearing out his first assertion we have the fact that November dividends were the highest for five years. Confirming the second is the announcement that federal relief has been suspended in the last twenty-two states. Of the five and a quarter million persons on relief last winter, two million and a half have been given work by the WPA, and nearly a million have been reabsorbed into normal employment. The remainder—dubbed "unemployable" by the Administration—are to be taken care of by the local communities. What this actually means may be surmised from an investigation recently conducted by the FERA into cases dropped by local authorities for "administrative reasons." The living conditions of thirty-five families, selected at random, of which the head was listed as unemployable were found to be "extremely unsatisfactory." Five families reported that they had received no cash income for a month. Eighteen others had monthly incomes of less than $6. A number of persons were discovered to be ill in bed, and many of the individuals interviewed declared that their time was largely taken up with the search for food from garbage cans and refuse heaps. The employables who were removed from the rolls at the same time were found to be in somewhat better condition, though many reported themselves entirely dependent on friends and relatives. This study, it so happens, was made in the city of Atlanta. We trust that the individuals whose plight was revealed by it found time to listen to the President when at the local "home-coming" celebration he spoke of the "swelling prosperity of the spirit that spells . . . a deeper happiness for our fellow-men."

THE EIGHTEEN FAMILIES referred to as subsisting on $6 a month probably have a good deal of time for reading, and no doubt they have been edified by the recent tabulations of Paris designers regarding the ten best-dressed women in the world. A certain Lady Mendl was ranked first, and it was explained that to be the best-dressed woman in the world required an annual expenditure of about $40,000. Lady Mendl hastened to disclaim any such extravagance. A mere $10,000 or $15,000 kept her from nakedness, she explained, owing to the fact that "I am cautious and conservative as to dress and frequently have gowns and wraps I like for quite a long time." An unfortunately high blood pressure keeps us from adequately expressing our pleasure in living in a world which can support circuses like Lady Mendl while even eighteen families—and we have a sneaking suspicion that there may be more—have $6 a month to spend on bread.

ONCE MORE HITLER has sought to delude the world by coming back to his old theme that he has saved civilization from bolshevism. This presumes that the mentality of the rest of the world is as childish and dishonest as his own. Going farther, he declares that his fight against the Jews is wholly to be explained by this war upon bolshevism: "The necessity of combating bolshevism is one of the fundamental reasons for Jewish legislation in Germany. This legislation is not anti-Jewish but is pro-German. Through these laws the rights of the Germans shall be protected against destructive Jewish influences." Then he declares that Germany is separated from Soviet Russia "by only a few miles"; hence the Reich must be defended "against the activities of these chiefly Jewish agents of bolshevism." Of course there never was a time in Russia when Jewish leaders were numerically or actually predominant. It is also open to question whether Hitler has not lied again in declaring that the chief German Communist agitators were Jews. But anything goes with Hitler when he is trying to excuse his abominably cruel and fanatical anti-Semitic persecution. Surely there are very few persons left, outside of the most reactionary circles in England and the United States, so gullible as to swallow this monstrous misrepresentation. His additional announcement that he will combat "propaganda with propaganda, terror with terror, and violence with violence" gives the lie to his own repeated assertions that all hostility to his government has been crushed in Germany.

THE RESIGNATION of George N. Peek as president of the Export-Import Bank marks the end of his efforts to commit the Administration to his muddled views on trade policy. In certain respects Mr. Peek's program appeared consistent with the modern trend of economic development. He was opposed to laissez faire and would have extended the principle of control into the field of international trade. This he wished to do through the establishment of a Foreign Trade Authority—a position to which he personally aspired—and the conclusion of bilateral agreements the advantages of which would not be extended to other countries under the most-favored-nation clause. At one time Mr. Peek and his associates were even toying with the idea of direct barter arrangements and the establishment of a foreign-trade monopoly. Unfortunately, Mr. Peek coupled these somewhat advanced ideas with a general philosophy of foreign trade that was wholly anachronistic. Like Hoover and the conservative diehards, he believed that America's national salvation was to be found in achieving an export surplus, irrespective of the effect of such a policy on the rest of the world. He objected to the reciprocity pacts negotiated by Secretary Hull, not because they were inadequate and inconsistent with America's creditor position, but because they were contrary to his concept of "canalized" trade. To his conflict with Secretary Hull must be attributed at least part of the indefensible delay which the Administration's reciprocity program has suffered. With him out of the way the State Department can have no further excuse for failing to push its program of bilateral tariff reduction.

A SUDDEN and apparently unexplained outcropping of news about coal bootlegging in Pennsylvania has appeared in a number of Eastern newspapers in the last few weeks. Planted somewhere in each story was the statement that the situation was nearing a showdown, that the coal operators were being "forced" to take matters into their own hands, and that it wouldn't be surprising if violence and bloodshed developed soon. Credit for this piece of in-advance hand-washing goes to the Anthracite Institute. Several weeks ago the institute took issue with *The Nation* on the economic aspects of bootleg coal but offered no alternative to it, such as reopening the mines and running them at less profit. Instead, it hired a high-priced press agent to "explain" things to the public. He called on a few managing editors and organized a junket to the coal fields. Some twenty-eight newspapermen, guests of the institute, gathered at Pottsville, where they were provided with the usual good things to eat, drinks, cigars, and a personally conducted tour of the anthracite region. Next day the metropolitan press bore the fruits. "Surveys" of the situation appeared—descriptions of the "ramshackle, dangerous, ugly" bootleg-mining operations (as contrasted with the shiny new machinery and safe shafts of the big companies), estimates of the annual loss to legitimate enterprise, and the hint that federal troops might help to liquidate this illegal business. If that measure failed, or if the President refused to call out the militia, who could protest if the coal companies took whatever measures became necessary to drive the bootleggers from their property? The press did its part nobly; whatever happens, the bootleggers can't say they haven't been warned.

THE ANTHRACITE INSTITUTE has some right on its side, since the bootleg miners are illegally working coal-company property, but there is more than legal right or wrong involved. The problem is an economic one and will not be solved by rifle bullets and blackjacks. Their miserable coal-digging is the livelihood of at least 14,000 men and their families, and they will not give it up without protest. It is also true that the mills of the law have been halted; grand juries won't indict and petit juries won't convict. But it is curious that the Anthracite Institute has ignored the safe and sane way out of the mess—that of arbitration and conciliation. The bootleg miners are organized in two noncompetitive unions. The coal dealers are organized in the Anthracite Institute. The miners have often declared they would stop bootlegging if they were given jobs; in a few cases they have done so, when independent companies reopened their shafts. The Anthracite Institute has insisted it would provide jobs if it possibly could. That seems a workable basis for negotiations. And if no jobs can ultimately be provided within the limits of private enterprise, the government will obviously have to step in to insure the livelihood of these men either in the mines or outside them.

IN MILWAUKEE, which has a Socialist government, a city ordinance was passed on September 30 which ought to raise the blood pressure of the American Legion several points. Believe it or not, the mayor or the chief of police is empowered to close the factory of any employer who refuses to bargain collectively with representatives of the majority of his employees! Predicated on the assumption that the Labor Disputes Act and the laws of Wisconsin establish the rights of employees to free association and collective bargaining, the ordinance notes the city's liability for damages occasioned by large associations of persons in the course of a labor dispute and puts the burden of such damage at the door of the employer who denies his employees their statutory rights. Strikes and unrest, it is declared, have the effect of "causing large assemblages," "straining the capacity of the police department," "denying citizens the free use of the streets," "causing ill effects offensive to the general welfare of the community," "creating resentment among citizens not directly concerned, and causing danger to life, limb, and property." An employer who, by his refusal to meet with his employees in a suitable and lawful manner for the purpose of adjusting differences, causes the assemblage of "200 or more persons within one-half acre of the business premises for one hour or more on each of two successive days" shall be "deemed to be conducting a public nuisance," and the operation of the place shall be "declared to be a public danger." The offending employer shall be given twenty-four hours to close his place of business, and failure to abide by such an order shall subject him to a fine of not less than $50 and not more than $300 for each day's violation, or ninety days' imprisonment. It is interesting to note that a seven weeks' strike at the A. J. Linnemann and Hoveerson stove plant was settled a week after the ordinance was passed.

THE UNITED FRONT meeting of the Socialist and Communist parties at Madison Square Garden on November 27 was highly successful. It is only necessary to recall the mutual violence and recrimination connected with another meeting at Madison Square Garden last year to realize how sentiments and party lines have changed. Aside from the confusion resulting from the fact that persons unknown were so anxious to make the united front a success that they forged 4,000 tickets, the latest left engagement in the Garden was orderly—and extremely impressive. Perhaps the best indication of its success is the fact that the Hearst press, since it had no "riots" to report, was forced to invent "an avalanche of protest" because no American flag was displayed at the meeting. The excitement over this lapse was confined, so far as we know, to the columns to the right of Arthur Brisbane on the day after Thanksgiving. The display of the red flag, said the *American,* had "aroused the resentment of city officials and leaders of civic and patriotic organizations. The failure to give Old Glory the honor due it turned that resentment to wrath." But its examples of wrath and resentment were disgracefully weak. Borough President Harvey of Queens said it was outrageous and wondered what the police were doing; License Commissioner Moss said it was beyond his jurisdiction. So much for the city officials; they had probably eaten too much turkey the day before. But the statements of High-Ranking Army and Navy Officers and Leaders of Patriotic Organizations were not much better. They recommended, to be sure, various violations of the Constitution, such as the banning of meetings of non-citizens, but the old fire was gone. In fact, it seems clear that unless we want to become a second-rate power in patriotic resentment, we must proceed at once to build up General Bullard and Rear Admiral Fiske (retired) to treaty strength.

THE VILLAIN, in the form of unwelcome litigation, still pursues Mr. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., whose conduct as trustee of the Sonora Products Corporation was discussed in *The Nation* for August 7, 1935. The law suits arose over the sale of 180,000 shares of stock of the De Forest Radio Company in 1928, the charge being made that Mr. Biddle, with certain of his cotrustees, pocketed the profits instead of turning them over to the corporation for which they were acting in a fiduciary capacity. In 1932 Federal Judge John M. Woolsey dismissed the suit, accepting the plea of the defendants that the corporation lacked funds to buy the stock. In the Circuit Court of Appeals in September, 1934, Judge Swan found the defendants guilty of a betrayal of trust. On November 23 last Judge Robert P. Patterson directed in United States District Court a judgment of $2,098,755.49 against Mr. Biddle, Harris Hammond, Percy L. Deutsch, and Victor C. Bell in a final decree in an action brought by the Irving Trust Company as trustee in bankruptcy for the Sonora Products Corporation. Presumably Mr. Biddle and his codefendants will now be put to the uncomfortable necessity of digging up some two million dollars with which to satisfy the judgment. Other interesting facts about Mr. Biddle are that, according to testimony adduced during the various trials, he has in the past three years contributed some $55,000 to Democratic Party campaign funds, and that last summer, although the legal actions were matters of public record, he was appointed Minister to Norway, a post which he still holds.

NOW THAT THE SCOTTSBORO defendants have been reindicted by the grand jury—with one Negro juror—the business of a new trial will doubtless proceed with all possible speed. Since the available constitutional avenues of relief have been exhausted, the fate of the nine Negroes will be decided by the State of Alabama. This being true, it is necessary for the defense to put up the strongest possible case. If they are to be defended by a Northern lawyer—and the difficulties in the way of getting competent Southern counsel seem to be enormous—such a lawyer should be unhampered by friction extraneous to the case itself. A very large number of persons have been interested in the fate of the defendants, and numerous groups have been active in attempting to save them from the electric chair. It is hardly necessary to review the past history of unpleasant quarrels among these groups, all of them working for the same end but some of them unable to endure the others. What is obviously needed now is teamwork and concentration on the immediate task of freeing the Negroes from a charge of which there is every reason to believe them innocent.

BURLINGAME
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New Danger Zones in Asia

WITHIN the past fortnight the situation in the Far East has threatened to overshadow the Italo-Ethiopian conflict as an immediate menace to world peace. Backed by the British, Nanking has taken a surprisingly firm stand against Japan's scheme for transforming the entire northern portion of China, including its ancient capital at Peking, into a Japanese colony. Reflecting the unification of the country in opposition to Tokyo, the local Chinese militarists in the north, upon whom Japan had counted for aid in its scheme for "autonomy," have failed to join in the movement. Sung Cheh-yuan, commander of the Peking-Tientsin area, has wavered, but Shang Chen, governor of Hopei, and Han Fu-chu, governor of Shantung, appear to have definitely rebuffed all attempts to persuade them to join the "autonomy" movement. Thus instead of being able to present the world with a spontaneous demand for independence from Nanking, Japan has been forced to call upon its troops to bring direct pressure on the recalcitrant war lords. Whether Nanking will take courage from the rejuvenation of the League in the Italo-Ethiopian dispute and force Japan into open war, or whether it will follow its customary course of compromise and delay, is of course impossible to predict. The resignation of Wang Ching-wei, well-known for his pro-Japanese attitude, as president of the Executive Yuan has given rise to the belief that Nanking is prepared to fight before yielding the whole of North China. But even if it does offer military resistance, the result is bound to be much the same. Nothing short of joint intervention by the United States and the League powers is likely to stop the Japanese militarists in their latest adventure.

Behind the threatened invasion of North China lies the fact that Manchuria has failed to yield the economic advantages that were anticipated in 1931. This failure is exposed in a recent article in *Economisto,* a Japanese journal devoted to economic and financial problems. The purpose of the seizure of Manchuria, according to this journal, was threefold: "to supply the industry of Japan proper with raw materials, to conquer a new market for Japanese merchandise, and to settle the surplus population of Japan." In each instance the results have been disappointing. Many of the raw materials especially desired by Japan are not produced in Manchuria. A considerable portion of the capital invested in Manchoukuo has merely served to create new competitors for Japan's domestic industry, and much of the remainder has gone into railways, roads, and other developments which are of strategic but not commercial value. Although Japanese exports to Manchuria have risen substantially, these exports have consisted largely of the means of production and have been financed by Japanese capital. No increase has occurred in Manchuria's purchase of textiles and cheap manufactured articles, the type of goods which Japan is best fitted to produce. And despite a severe agricultural crisis in Japan, there has been practically no emigration to Manchoukuo.

The economic possibilities of North China are obviously much greater. Recent experiments in cotton-growing have convinced the Mitsubishi interests that with proper development the Yellow River valley could supply virtually all the cotton requirements of Japan's rapidly expanding textile industry. Important deposits of coal and iron ore also exist, which could readily be exploited through the construction of a few hundred miles of railway. Moreover, as the *Economisto* points out, the climate of North China is much less severe than that of Manchuria, and there is reason to believe that some immigration of Japanese might be obtained.

The primary danger in the present situation, however, does not lie in North China. Although the Japanese military leaders are anxious to gain control over the resources of this area, their main interest is clearly in Inner Mongolia, where preparations appear to be under way for a flanking attack against Soviet Siberia. The recent collapse of negotiations between the Mongolian People's Republic and Manchoukuo as a result of the latter's demand for recognition has intensified the danger that border incidents in this area may prove the spark that would set off a world conflagration. During the past three years Japan has been making steady encroachments on Inner Mongolia. The province of Jehol, which is an integral part of Mongolia, was annexed to Manchoukuo in the spring of 1933. In January, 1935, a portion of Chahar was added to the puppet state. A Japanese military mission is situated at Kalgan, the southern terminus of the caravan route to Urga and central Siberia, and Japanese advisers have been recently appointed to the Chahar government. The chief threat to Japanese aspirations in Mongolia comes not from Nanking, which has never exercised direct control over this region, but from the Chinese Communists, who have advanced to the neighboring provinces of Shansi and Shensi. Squeezed between strong red areas in China proper and the Communist-dominated Mongolian People's Republic, a large section of Inner Mongolia might fall under Soviet influence if it were not for the Japanese. This eventuality Tokyo is determined to prevent, particularly since control of this area with its potential air bases would prove of great strategic value in a Soviet-Japanese conflict. The danger is that in its effort to check communism Japan will become involved in a war with Outer Mongolia, in which case Soviet Russia could scarcely be neutral.

Most observers agree that the time has passed when Tokyo would dare to challenge the Soviet Union's position in the Far East without the support of some European power. But since its actions indicate that it is definitely preparing for such a conflict, one can only conclude that at least an informal agreement already exists between Japan and the Third Reich. Success in checkmating such a combination depends, in the last analysis, on the vigilance of the League, while the League's policy, in turn, is largely dependent on Great Britain. Heretofore Britain has been definitely pro-Japanese in its Eastern policy, but its recent reminder to Japan regarding the existence of the Nine-Power Pact, together with the reported loan to Russia, indicates a reversal in attitude. These facts suggest that the Foreign Office has concluded that no time is more auspicious than the present for stopping Japanese aggression. A strong stand by China, supported by League sanctions, might yet check Japan.

Lewis and Labor

JOHN L. LEWIS'S resignation from the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, though it was spectacular after the Lewis fashion, was not unexpected except in the moment chosen. It was the opening shot in the battle of American labor to beat down the forces which have so far been able to keep it from realizing its enormous potential strength and seizing the power it should rightfully exercise in our democracy. It is ironic and unfortunate but not illogical, given our peculiar development as a nation, that the first line of the enemy forces stands within the labor movement itself in the form of a small but strongly intrenched army of craft unions headed by a little band of blind and reactionary bureaucrats who have played into the hands of the real enemies of labor, the great industrial corporations, which are not weak and have their eyes wide open.

From a short perspective the job that John L. Lewis and his fellow-members of the Committee for Industrial Organization have set for themselves—to bring the main body of American labor into the federation against the majority will of the executive council itself—seems difficult. Even the technical device by which they will find it possible to organize the mass-production industries without benefit of mandates and yet within the framework of the A. F. of L. remains to be invented. It may be, of course, that no device will be found, that the craft-union majority on the executive council will win, and that industrial unionism will be compelled to form its own federation. But it is only necessary to consider the forces involved to realize that such a victory by the craft unions would be an empty one, that Mr. Green and his cohorts would merely have won the privilege of dying slowly instead of being killed outright—a privilege which, to be sure, they will fight for to the last ditch.

Mr. Lewis has chosen to lead the forces which Mr. Green cannot possibly control and which he has therefore tried to keep out of the federation. In other words, Lewis is going in the direction which American labor under the impulsion of mass production must take; and fortunately he is proceeding with a consciousness which has been lacking so far in American labor leaders of his power and influence, a consciousness which even John L. Lewis did not possess three years ago. Since then the NRA, whose workings he studied at first hand, has served to bring out more sharply than ever before the basic conflict between capital and labor and to demonstrate the weakness of labor, even with Section 7-a behind it, that is not organized and ready to fight in the same way that employers are organized and ready to fight. Since then, also, fascism has triumphed in Germany, and the fate of labor unions in Hitler's domain is a strong irritant in the minds of Lewis, Hillman, Dubinsky, and the others. Mr. Lewis underlined this threat in his radio speech when he pointed out that there were forces at work in this country which would wipe out, if they could, the labor movement in America just as the labor movements of Germany and Italy were wiped out. Moreover, Mr. Lewis is under no illusion as to the identity of those forces. While Ryan, Green, Woll, *et al.* go on feverish red hunts with the aid of Hugh Johnson, Mr. Lewis, who loves reds no better than they do, proposes to organize the steel industry. In all the basic industries, he maintains, there must be industrial unions "equal in economic strength to management." Otherwise there can be no prosperity even in a country whose "industry can produce enough for an abundant life for all classes of people," and our democratic institutions cannot be preserved.

This is plain horse sense, and there is no doubt that the greater part of labor is with Lewis and the industrial committee. They already have a million organized workers at their backs; and there are other millions of the unorganized in steel, automobiles, and every mass-production industry, clamoring to be led. What is more, the wide interest in Mr. Lewis's dramatic resignation—some fifty newspaper reporters attended the conference which followed—indicates that a large section of public opinion is watching him in his new role with profound interest; and the fact that his whole career and personality—his fighting tactics, his eloquence, even his appearance—are as indigenous as William Jennings Bryan or Billy the Kid will help him to win the support both of labor and the public. It is impossible to believe that he does not realize that he is undertaking a political venture as well as a unionizing campaign, or that he will hesitate to face the issue of a labor party when the time comes.

From this longer point of view the possibility that Lewis has set out upon a course which may lead to dual federationism loses much of its significance. The present development is much more likely to resemble the sequence of events by which the A. F. of L. grew out of the Knights of Labor. History will probably record that in 1935 the giant of American mass-production labor woke up, ripped off the tight but puny bindings of craft unionism, and started going places.

Shun the Nazi Olympics

THE Amateur Athletic Union is holding, on December 6 to 8, the convention at which the final vote will be taken on participation by American teams in the Olympic games at Berlin. Two years ago the union voted to withdraw from the games unless assurance could be given by German officials that the contest would be held according to international rules of fair play. Since then numerous promises have been received from Germany. The protest against American participation has arisen and gathered impressive momentum because it is widely believed that these promises are contrary to the facts.

The movement for withdrawal from Hitler's Olympics rests on two assumptions. The first is that in Germany "non-Aryans" are refused equal opportunities with members of Nazi sport clubs to train for the Olympics. The second is that, contrary to the time-honored traditions of this international sporting event, the German government is in every respect controlling as well as sponsoring the Olympic games to be held in Berlin. On the first point the evidence is overwhelming and need not be repeated here. The fact that two Jewish athletes have been asked to serve on German teams is a meager smoke screen for the ban on Catholics and Jews in Nazi athletics. On the second point proof mounts daily. Perhaps the most striking was the ill-timed—for the Nazi position—appointment of Councilor Wilfred Bade of the Reich Propaganda Ministry to the organization committee for the winter Olympics. Herr Bade, according to the New York *Times,* "will represent Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, and will undertake to coordinate the winter organization committee's work with the Propaganda Ministry's." If further proof is needed that the Berlin Olympics will be government controlled instead of taking place under the aegis of international amateur sport, it can be found in the pages of a pamphlet written by Bruno Malitz, one of the most prominent sport leaders of the Nazi storm troops. This remarkable document is in the files of the Committee on Fair Play in Sports, which offers translations of some of the more noteworthy passages. It has been distributed free of charge to all sport clubs and youth organizations in Germany and is on the preferred list of the National Socialist Library. Herr Malitz declares:

> We Nazis oppose neither physical exercise nor sport; we fight against liberalism and its intrusion into sports. We fight this because liberal thinking is in direct opposition to our own.
>
> The Jewish leaders in sports and the ones poisoned by Jews, the pacifists and reconcilers of peoples, the pan-Europeans like Coudenhove-Kalergi have no place in the German land.

Herr Malitz even has a word to say about the Olympic games in particular, in addition to his remarks about sport in general:

> You will ask us now, "Don't you want any international games, any Olympic games in the Nazi state?" We answer, "Yes; as a matter of fact we consider them, due to international propaganda reasons, as necessary." . . . The state will name the teams.

The roster of organizations favoring withdrawal of the United States from Hitler's Olympics grows daily. Two important men have also lately added their voices to the protest. One is Ernest Lee Jahncke, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy and one of the three American members of the International Olympics Committee. The other is Zack Farmer, managing director of the 1932 Olympic games in Los Angeles. Both of them earnestly and with reluctance declare their complete disbelief in German promises of equality of opportunity for athletes and their conviction that the games in Germany will be dominated by the government. In contrast to their attitude General Charles H. Sherrill, also a member of the Olympics Committee, expresses a belief in German assurances that the code will be observed. General Sherrill has also disclosed some of his other prejudices, which may explain his stand on the Olympics. On November 26, speaking before the Italian Chamber of Commerce at the Biltmore Hotel in New York City, he said: "I am here today to speak for a man I have long known and admired, for a gallant father who has sent his own two sons into the thick of the fighting for their beloved homeland—for Mussolini, also father of that amazing creation of his brain and heart—the new Italy." And referring to Mussolini's suppression of communism, he added: "I wish to God he'd come over here and have a chance to do that same thing." It is clear that Hitler's brand of Olympic games is exactly to the General's taste. Those persons who would prefer that Mussolini remain in Italy—if anywhere—and that Hitler keep his hands off international sport should register their emphatic opposition to the Berlin games, and, if they are members of the A. A. U., their votes.

The Greatest Living Writer

LITERARY prize committees may take a certain comfort in the results of a symposium recently conducted by *Books Abroad,* a useful review of foreign publications issued quarterly by the University of Oklahoma Press. At the editor's invitation various writers, scholars, and critics made nominations for the Nobel Prize, but on the basis of the results just published nobody got it. What is more, a careful examination of the nominations themselves and of the reasons assigned by the various proposers fails to reveal the slightest trace of that "consensus of informed opinion" to which many persons are in the habit of referring. There is nothing like any general agreement, and that is not all. It is plain from the comments accompanying the ballots that approximately one-half of the fictitious committee would vote the booby prize to the candidates proposed by the other half. Plainly if *Books Abroad* really had a prize to give, the award would be almost as unpopular as the Pulitzer drama prize itself.

Thirty-three nominations were offered, but the highest score made by any individual was the five votes received by Maxim Gorki. Theodore Dreiser got three; Willa Cather, André Gide, Eugene O'Neill, and Franz Werfel, two each. The remaining seventeen votes, or half the total, were distributed to as many different individuals; thus even if all the candidates receiving more than one vote each were lumped together, this composite genius would still lack a bare majority.

Several contributors to the symposium, in a spirit more conscientious than generous, could not bring themselves to award the $40,000 (payable in Oklahoma wooden nickels) to anyone. Several of the others, giving reasons, imply discordant "standards," the variety of which ought to seem profoundly discouraging to Marxists, New Humanists, and others who go about with yardsticks guaranteed standard by faith, reason, or that hypothetical consensus of informed opinion which either does not exist or proves the gentlemen selected by *Books Abroad* to be conspicuously uninformed. Burton Rascoe, voting alone for James Branch Cabell, wants the critic to ask himself of any writer, "Do you enjoy his work now more or less than when you first read it?" Mr. Troy, who apparently regards the classics of literature as a series of tombstones, votes for James Joyce because "he brings to a close one whole period of modern European culture." Mr. Allen Porterfield—who may possibly have a tinge of satire in his nature—chooses Christopher Morley because he "leads a decent life" and because, by middle age, he has written more than the ten million words which Goethe finally got to his credit.

As for our own choice, it is—but perhaps it would be better merely to refer to the classic retort of the nineteenth-century gentleman who was asked what his religion was. "The religion of all sensible men." "And what religion is that?" "Sensible men never tell." All well-informed persons of decent taste know who the greatest living writer is. But it would, we feel, be impolitic to let any of our readers know that they are not numbered in that choice company.

Issues and Men

A Kept Merchant Marine

DETERMINED efforts are under way to put a ship-subsidy bill through Congress as soon as that body meets. Secretary Roper has become an ardent advocate of it, apparently in ignorance that what he urges spells a complete break with the historic policy of the Democratic Party. Since the Republicans have long been committed to a government-paid merchant marine there will be plenty of Republican votes for this measure. Many Congressmen and Senators who are now outraged because the New Deal has "destroyed" the character and sturdy self-reliance of the American farmer by paying him for obeying its orders will not be able to see anything wrong in fixing the profits of American shipowners and making them up out of the general taxation of the people. They will turn their backs upon the recommendation of Senator Black's Committee on Mail and Ship Subsidies, which is that, if subsidies are needed, the only way of escaping graft and corruption is by government ownership and operation. They will not spend a moment in studying the relation of our tariffs to our high shipbuilding costs. They will be concerned only with creating a new privileged class, with showing the American flag on "all the seas," and with having a shipping reserve for war time.

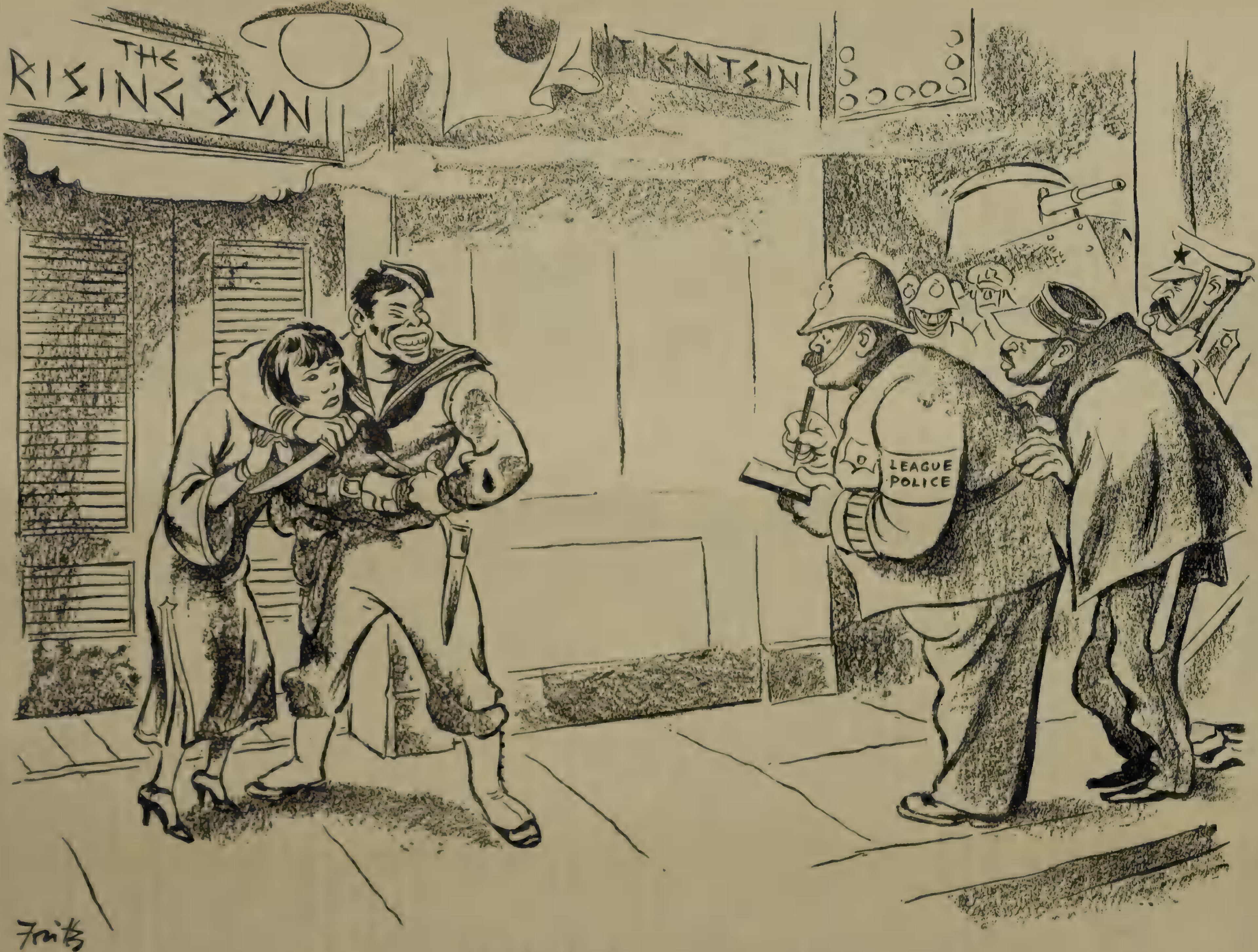
Yet if there ever was a field in which there should be no legislation without a most careful and far-reaching survey of the whole situation, this is it. We cannot legislate for ourselves without any regard for our rivals on the seas, however much we may wish to do so. For the action of other nations is bound to affect us, and every time we take a stand or pass a law the governments of several other countries will probably immediately seek to offset our action by legislation or decree. Most of the advocates of subsidies feel that we ought to fight for "our share" of the carrying trade but do not realize that other countries are bent on fighting for their share. This brings us at once to the questions: How much ocean trade will there be if and when normal economic conditions return? Can there be no other way of sharing it than by a fierce rate-war competition, with every government paying the losses of its nationals out of its general funds?

It is so obvious that this will lead nowhere that Secretary Roper himself admits that it will be desirable to have an international conference to obtain an agreement on the rates and relative sizes of the subsidies to be paid by each nation. To my mind this is just as impossible as the proposal to pay to each American shipbuilder the differential between what the ship costs him and what it would cost abroad. That sounds very simple and easy, but when you examine it, it at once appears wholly impracticable. Take the phrase "would cost abroad," for example. Where? In England, or Japan, or Germany, or Italy? In the cheapest shipyard in England or a more expensive one? In a shipyard not subsidized by its government or in a subsidized one? And how is the exact cost of the ship abroad to be ascertained? Presumably by an agent of the Department of Commerce. But will a foreign shipyard give its cost sheets to any American official who comes along? That seems incredible. Moreover, conditions on the ocean and in economic life are changing so rapidly that the entire cost situation might have changed by the time the American official succeeded in getting the necessary facts, if he were allowed to do so. Of course if our government would be satisfied with a general figure—that the whole ship cost $3,500,000, let us say, to build in England—this argument of mine would not hold so far as detailed costs are concerned. But costs of construction vary so much in Norwegian, Dutch, German, French, Italian, and English shipyards that I cannot see how they could be used as a satisfactory measuring stick for subsidies to American shipbuilders who demand government aid.

It is, however, gratifying to note that there is at least a thought of international action. During the World War the Allied Trade Council in London allocated shipping all over the world, to neutrals and belligerents alike. If a world trade council were to be set up now, it could perhaps devise some method of allocating world trade to the various shipping nations that would do away with the whole vexed subsidy question and bring some order into the chaos of the ocean. That chaos, by the way, might be increased in a remarkable degree if Russia should decide to expand considerably its merchant fleet. This fleet can undercut any other for the reason that it is government owned and operated throughout, and that its crews, like so many other Russian workers, seem to be actuated by a passionate devotion to their government's economic ideals. Russia is threatened today by Germany on one side and Japan on the other. Would it not have the right to demand a very large merchant marine for use when the next war comes? What if Russia should insist that all the supplies that it buys abroad should be brought to Russia only in Russian bottoms? After all, the amount of trade in the world is limited, or at least it will be until the world becomes sane again, levels its tariff barriers, and sees that the road to true prosperity everywhere is through the development of international trade. It all reveals another field in which international cooperation is direfully needed. Without it there is no hope of anything but cutthroat and wasteful competition, resulting in heavy losses to be paid for by those taxpayers who may be induced to do so by appeals to their national pride.

Here we also have a picture of what narrow nationalism means. It spells national destruction or national folly in its every phase. Yet the patriots in Washington who will cheerfully vote the new subsidies will do so without thought of where this whole policy will lead us. At least they should insist that if any subsidies are granted they should be limited as to time and should be terminated if, after a fair trial, it appears that we cannot soon have a self-supporting and an honestly and efficiently run merchant marine.

Oswald Garrison Villard


THE RISING SUN
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"Keep away, Officer, she has agreed to come voluntarily."

Arms Over Europe

I. Britain Takes the Offensive

By LOUIS FISCHER

London, November 18

ENGLAND is again the center of the earth. Her recuperation from the economic depression has proceeded farther than that of any other great capitalist country. There remain, however, almost 2,000,000 unemployed and not only large derelict districts but large derelict industries. Great Britain has passed the zenith of her development. She seeks to rest on her laurels and live on her reserves. These fundamental shortcomings have encouraged certain powers to undertake assaults on British positions which England and the world were wont to regard as impregnable. The enhanced self-confidence engendered by economic recovery and the feeling that, of late, there has been too much twisting of the lion's tail make for a desire to reassert England's might.

A virile Britain helped Italy to establish colonies on the Red Sea. Today Britain opposes the intrenchment of a strident Italy in the same area. In this respect the Italo-Ethiopian situation, highly important in itself, reflects epochal mutations whose significance transcends it.

Why is England so adamant? London blocked action by the League of Nations when Japan occupied Manchuria in September, 1931. Captain Eden's recent attempted justification of this act in the House of Commons on the ground that "the two great neighboring states [the United States and the Soviet Union] were not members of the League of Nations" does not bear analysis, for America in Geneva and London was urgently demanding steps against the aggressor, and Russia would have been pleased to cooperate in them. England facilitated Japanese expansion in China—by not hindering it—because there was sympathy for Japan in some British quarters, because Japan's forward policy seemed to be directed against the Soviet Union, and because Downing Street refused to understand that after Manchuria would come North China and then perhaps Shanghai. The subsequent realization that an aggressive power acquires momentum once it embarks on the warpath contributed to Britain's determination to stop Italy before she got too far. It was dangerous to allow the world to believe that the lion had become a smaller feline. Prime Minister Baldwin stated on October 23, apropos of the Ethiopian conflict, that "one of the weaknesses of a democracy, a system of which I am trying to make the best, is that until it is right up against it, it will never face the truth." This is a wise definition as far as British democracy in 1935 is concerned. Italy put England right up against it. If England was still a mighty empire she had to prove it. Otherwise her decline would be a documented fact.

The truth which Mr Baldwin's democracy failed to face in time was that Italy was challenging the British Empire. Fascism converted Italy into a tremendous military force. Mussolini paid special attention to the air arm. Bombers from the giant hangars at Augusta, Sicily, only ninety-five miles from Malta, could easily rob that island fortress of its effectiveness and shut England off from the eastern Mediterranean. When, to boot, the Italian garrison in Libya was reinforced and Italians began showing a suspicious interest in Egypt, where an Italophile king and the widespread anti-British Wafd sentiment already made the situation delicate, London began to see a serious threat in Mussolini's concentration of almost 300,000 troops in East Africa. The heart of the British Empire lies somewhere near the Nile. England is extremely sensitive to anything which happens in that area. In 1898 England and France almost went to war over the Fashoda affair in the Sudan. An Italy established in Abyssinia could cut the Cape to Cairo tie and intersect the lines of communication with India. General Smuts's warning of the possible reaction on Britain's black subjects added to Downing Street's mental perturbation. The British Empire is a colored empire, and 37,000,000 British Africans are keenly watching Ethiopia. If Mussolini smashed the last independent African state, England would be blamed for allowing it. But if the King of Kings checked the Roman legions or repulsed them, white prestige might be undermined. It was bad either way, and it would therefore be better to buy Mussolini off.

Nevertheless, the British government procrastinated. Final plans for Italy's Ethiopian adventure were laid in the autumn of 1934. In the early months of 1935 American consuls at Mediterranean harbors reported large transportations of troops to Eritrea. Surely the British knew at least as much. Mussolini had stated publicly that he informed the British Cabinet of his intentions in Abyssinia on January 29, 1935. His agreement with Laval, which cleared the way for the invasion of Abyssinia, was reached early in January, and a well-informed Downing Street could not have been ignorant of the fact. Apparently the British did make representations, for I learn that on March 17 the Italian government assured the British government, in writing, that no armed solution of the Ethiopian problem would be attempted. Mussolini, however, did not discontinue the military preparations for just such a solution.

The central date in the history of Europe for 1935 is March 16, when Hitler scrapped the Treaty of Versailles and announced the reintroduction of military conscription. Europe shivered with fright. On April 11 France, England, and Italy met at the little town of Stresa to take counsel together. Mussolini was there, and Laval, Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister, and Sir John Simon, British Foreign Secretary. Italy seized this opportunity to tell England's Abyssinian specialists at Stresa that the Duce had again decided to resort to force in Abyssinia. He was obviously relying on England's preoccupation with the fresh German menace. He was wise to do so, for although the specialists immediately carried the message to Sir John, neither he nor MacDonald ever mentioned the subject to an Italian delegate. Lloyd George extracted this admission from Eden in the Commons debate which preceded the dissolution of the last

Parliament. Eden explained that "it was hardly to be supposed that one of the three powers which had just declared [by condemning Hitler's action] that their joint policy was the collective maintenance of peace within the framework of the League of Nations would take any action in any other continent which would jeopardize that framework." How naive! Mussolini regarded Sir John Simon's and MacDonald's silence on Abyssinia at Stresa as carte blanche to go ahead. Were the British scared out of their wits by Germany or did they think that Italy would be paralyzed into inaction in Africa by the possibility of German aggression via Austria? Perhaps both. And they failed to recognize the blind forces that were propelling Italy into a war.

England startled the world on June 18, 1935, by signing a naval agreement with Germany which many Foreign Office officials here now decry. Having thus mended her German fence, having ascertained, moreover, that Germany was not yet quite ready for a war while Italy was actually on the verge of waging one, Great Britain could concentrate her energy and attention on Ethiopia. Then she became firm.

The official version that Eden went to Rome on June 24 for prolonged conversations with Mussolini about the Anglo-German naval pact meant in effect that Eden implied or said that the pact relieved England and would stiffen her attitude toward Italian aggression. To avoid the impression of a threat, Eden suggested some territorial and economic concessions to Italy at Ethiopia's expense, provided Ethiopia's dependence on England were increased by the grant of the British Red Sea port of Zeila and a narrow corridor to it through British Somaliland. Mussolini flatly refused. He wanted no gifts, certainly no small ones. "I am no collector of deserts," was his argument. The British government now knew that Mussolini meant business. Italy probably underestimated British strength and put her trust in the vacillation which had become characteristic of post-war British diplomacy. This was Rome's crowning error.

By virtue of the Ualual border incident and of Emperor Haile Selassie's appeal to Geneva, the Abyssinian problem was already in the lap of the League of Nations, and London shrewdly decided to keep it there. This would win the Baldwin government support at home, where the huge peace ballot had showed how deep—and simple—is the British people's devotion to collective security. It would also win international support for British imperial needs from nations which feared that another case of successful aggression would be Europe's toboggan to a second world war. If a bargain were struck behind the League's back at Paris or elsewhere, however, Geneva might subsequently be persuaded to use its rubber stamp. And a British naval demonstration could surely do no harm. The British fleet, down to 230,000 tons in the Mediterranean on August 5, 1935, was quickly raised to 500,000 tons and is being maintained at that level. Britain had not taken such decisive action since 1918. It was naturally followed by the League's arms embargo, financial embargo, and economic sanctions in September and October.

The remarkable speed and practical unanimity with which sanctions were adopted by League and non-League nations reflect Italy's moral isolation and material weakness, and England's determination. A more powerful aggressor in a field affecting a less influential nation would perhaps have less trouble with Geneva. Be that as it may, sanctions are a delicate device with many virtues. Though slow, they are remorseless, yet too universal to invite real reprisals. They cannot end a war immediately, but they accentuate the normal wear and tear of war and thus hasten the crisis. During the last month, in Geneva, Paris, and London, I have heard innumerable discussions as to whether sanctions would be allowed to continue if Mussolini's position or that of the Fascist regime in Italy became precarious. Sanctions can easily and quickly be withdrawn. The one big question in sanctions as in the entire Italo-Ethiopian conflict is: How far does England intend to go? One hears rumors every day about "dirty deals" at the expense of Ethiopia. Whenever the British Ambassador in Rome sees the Duce, whenever Laval conducts a conversation on the Abyssinian question, stories circulate about a projected settlement which would give some satisfaction to Italy. Did not Sir Samuel Hoare say as late as August 1, "We are not unsympathetic to the Italian need for expansion"? He also favors a redistribution of world raw materials—although how that could be done he has kept secret.

Why this uncertainty regarding England's policy? There are numerous reasons. All fit closely into a pattern and some overlap. Powerful British circles would not want Mussolini to fall; they are thinking of the future of European capitalism. England may yet need Italy's assistance against Germany or France. An Italy made more tractable by sanctions and war losses might give up its designs on the British Empire and its yearning to civilize large parts of Africa. A few territorial acquisitions by Italy would then represent no danger to Great Britain, might indeed dispel some Italian animosity for Great Britain. Suppose, on the other hand, that Italy, desperate and frantic from prolonged British intransigence, should tear down the pillars and throw all of Europe into a war by bringing Germany in on her side? That would be undesirable. Mussolini must never be allowed to think that no escape through compromise is left. British advocates of big armaments may maintain that Mussolini's airplanes could work havoc with the British fleet. Nevertheless, England, with the League behind her, is more than a match for Italy. England's difficulty, however, is that she has three fronts—the Far East, the Mediterranean, and the North Sea or Central Europe. She really needs three navies, and British anti-armament propagandists are neither many nor popular. While London mobilizes forces for the Mediterranean front, one of the other fronts or both may become active. This is another major element in Britain's fundamental weakness, and it peers through to mock every demonstration of British power. Nothing would help Mussolini so much as the diversion of British strength to cope with new Japanese encroachments in China or with a fresh German crisis. That is why in the very midst of the Italo-Ethiopian dispute the British government naturally thinks of a far-reaching agreement with Germany and France, at the cost, some say, of the League of Nations. The alternative to such an arrangement might be an Anglo-French military alliance, which is once again the object of serious consideration.

Conflicts like the present one set everything in motion. Before and after the Fashoda incident, which today's East African complication inevitably calls to mind, Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Minister, wanted an alliance with Germany. Germany turned it down. In the spring of 1899, just prior to the Franco-British settlement over the Sudan, France offered Germany an alliance. Germany turned it down. Soon England and France entered an entente against Germany. Now again any combination, or its opposite, may result from the Anglo-Italian antagonism. Nothing would be too fantastic. The colonial war in Africa is setting the stage for the next act in the drama of Europe.

This too is clear: British isolation, whether splendid or sordid, is at an end. Only a very strong Britain can stand alone. The choice between empire and Europe has become purest nonsense. There can be no empire without British influence on the Continent. Every disputed frontier, every potential powder magazine, is Britain's business, and the new Conservative Cabinet can be expected to mind it. England needs friends, and in politics friends demand compensation in the shape of commitments. England will also construct a larger air fleet and a better navy. Before she has these, she must avoid appearances of weakness. Lovers of peace submit that there is protection in collective security; the League could reduce England's armaments budget. Downing Street knows the value of Geneva. It knows, too, that in the present uncertain world situation ultimate protection resides in might. The armaments race and England's entanglements in Europe are just beginning.

[*This is the first of a series of articles by Louis Fischer surveying the world crisis from various European capitals.*]

The Japanese-American War Myth

By VERNON NASH

BEHIND the struggle over ratios at the forthcoming naval conference will lie the conviction that war between the United States and Japan is inevitable. Yet actually a war between the two countries would be about as feasible as military combat between Switzerland and Paraguay. How, for example, could either of them succeed in placing landing parties on the soil of the other? Would some other country furnish a neutral meeting ground? Or would the navies meet by common consent in the middle of the Pacific Ocean?

I have yet to talk with a naval or military officer who believes that the high commands on either side would risk sending any substantial part of their navies as far from their bases even as Midway Island. One is disposed to accept this opinion when one recalls that the two greatest navies of the world were almost in hearing distance of each other during the World War, and yet the admirals dared risk only one encounter. They are still arguing over who won the Battle of Jutland, since both sides turned tail and ran at the first good opportunity.

How many units in either the American or the Japanese navy can carry fuel and other essential supplies for a Pacific round trip, together with sufficient ammunition to enable them to engage in a serious naval conflict? Even if successful operations so far from their bases were possible for modern fleets, both sides would feel it necessary to keep back the main body of their naval forces for defense of their coasts. This fact alone would prevent any possible major success by a smaller force from either navy, even if it were sent. Prospect of certain failure would doubtless mean that such minor contingents would not be sent at all. Transports with land forces cannot leave port without adequate naval convoys. Unless the navies can operate effectively, therefore, the armies of the two countries can never meet. What remains? Guerrilla tactics by raiding cruisers and submarines of each country against the maritime commerce of the other would seem to be the only practicable operations.

The effort of a combatant to establish a blockade of the enemy is of course a form of warfare. But it is not the kind of warfare for which the two navies have been built and for which the respective publics are prepared. Admiral Sims's strictures upon battleships after the World War remain unanswered. Our fleets may not cower in port as did British dreadnoughts from 1914 to 1918, but they cannot range sufficiently far from their bases to be thoroughly effective offensive weapons.

Put the foregoing to your friends and acquaintances and note how many of them will retort almost automatically that both sides would doubtless resort to the use of their air fleets. When you point out that the only planes which have flown the Pacific have had to carry such a heavy load of fuel that they were scarcely able to get off the ground with it, and ask what good it would do to send planes which would be empty and bombless when they reached their destinations, then they talk sagely of new and better bombers, of aircraft carriers, and of the projected air bases on a string of islands in the Pacific.

There is of course a wide field for speculation on the results of future inventions. Air bases in the western Pacific, however, will be useful in war only so long as they can be defended and supplies can be taken to them. How long would that period be if our battleships could not safely remain in those waters? Aircraft carriers cannot venture from port unaccompanied by fighting naval convoys any more than troop transports. Let us assume for the argument, however, that one of them steams out on a day's journey or so westward or eastward with its complement of war "birds." The planes would still have to carry such a large supply of fuel for the projected round trip that they could not support the added weight of even one bomb. It is said that there are Japanese aviators who are pledged to undertake *one-way* trips against an enemy, striking for an objective which would exhaust the small supply of fuel they would be able to carry along with a load of aerial torpedoes. Such patriotic heroism might be effective in operations against the strategic centers of Far Eastern Siberia, but the gasoline load required for even a one-way trip from any Japanese air base or venturesome aircraft carrier to the nearest vital center of the United States, Pearl Harbor, would still be so large as to preclude the carrying of bombs large enough to cause serious damage.

An unmistakable signpost to these significant facts has been before us since the adoption of the five-five-three naval ratio. Western strategists have been asserting that these relative strengths make Japan unassailable in Asiatic waters by the British and American navies combined. If this be true, how very remote indeed are the probabilities of success for Japan in an attempt to capture Pearl Harbor at Honolulu. If ten-to-three favorable odds are not sufficient when we must do the going, what chance at all have three-to-five unfavorable odds when Japan must do the coming?

This unwillingness of navies to play "dare base" means not only that we are safe from attack; it means also that Japan can do what it pleases in the Far East so far as the United States and Great Britain are concerned, except for such restraints as diplomatic and commercial pressure can provide. How far even the extremes of embargo or the withdrawal of recognition would affect and influence Japan is another issue; it is the practicability of war which is under consideration here. Not questions of policy but the alleged dangers of a war with Japan or some other power provide the chief arguments by which the American people are being led to approve the construction of a larger navy. Would that there were some individual or group sufficiently powerful to demand and obtain authoritative answers to such questions as the following before we are launched on a great building program: What potential naval enemy even now could attack us successfully so long as we confine naval operations to the defense of our own shores? Against what potential enemy could we operate effectively outside our own waters even with a navy built up to treaty limits? So long as ships are dependent upon and must remain near bases, what conceivable sense is there in increasing their numbers beyond that needed for coast defense? Under the circumstances we are forced, willy-nilly, to observe the Pact of Paris except in our dealings with our neighbors and with non-naval powers. If our present navy is larger than we need for self-defense, and if no navy we can possibly build is adequate for offense against a first-rank power, then the conclusion is inescapable that General Butler is right about the navy at least—it's a racket.

Even if our naval authorities could give the nation a satisfactory answer to questions already raised concerning the practicability of a war with Japan, another pertinent query would remain: Will we fight? Most Americans would doubtless affirm confidently that our peace-loving land will never start a war. Let us accept that assertion at its face value. It seems at least plausible that we might decide, if it came to a showdown, that our present and future interests in the Far East were not worth fighting for. Let us ask the second half of the question then: Will Japan attack us?

Some months ago I heard an American military expert develop the thesis that Japan would not dare attack Russia unless the Soviets were simultaneously invaded by a European power. He argued that Russia's vital centers are too far away from the Orient to be paralyzed by Japan, although Japan might quickly take the whole of Eastern Siberia. Fighting would then settle down to a long war with the lines at Lake Baikal or the Ural Mountains. In such a prolonged struggle the Soviets would have an overwhelming advantage. Similarly Japan must lose a war with the United States. Even if it should succeed in occupying the entire west coast of the United States, a fantastic assumption, the heart of industrial America would still be beyond two mountain ranges and across plains more than a thousand miles wide. Meanwhile, what would be happening to the financial structure of a country 40 per cent of whose foreign trade is with the United States? Surely we are not being asked to believe that Japanese leaders have become so mentally unbalanced by jingoism as to be indifferent to these vital considerations.

There remains the issue previously mentioned: Is there no stopping Japan in Asia? It is probable that only Russia could do it by direct, warlike means. Great Britain and the United States might participate in such a war, singly or jointly, by enforcing blockades outside the Orient and by extending credits and furnishing supplies and, perhaps, land reinforcements to the Soviets. The two Anglo-Saxon nations, alone or together, without Russia, can effectively use only economic and diplomatic weapons. Could such means stop Japan? I think so. Great Britain or the United States can dictate Japanese policy at any time, I believe, by the simple expedient of closing their ports to Japanese shipping until Nippon meets their terms. Even those who believe that the island empire can pull out of its present economic extremities would scarcely maintain that Japan could stand the additional loss of all its trade with America or all its trade with the British Empire for any prolonged period.

Japan is supplying the latest documentation to the thesis that the most terrible affliction that can come upon any nation is for it to become the conqueror of another. Those who are unwilling to wait until this demonstration has been made conclusive, but who abhor boycotts almost as much as war, can consider the possibility of compelling the Japanese government to become responsible again by withdrawing diplomatic recognition from the present military junta. The Japanese are undoubtedly the most sensitive people on earth; they could not endure such an affront to their pride. How much recognition means to them is shown by the frantic efforts they continue to make to get international acknowledgment of Manchoukuo, even by indirection.

But both economic pressures and diplomatic demands are subject to the same serious objection. The Japanese populace might rise in fury as soon as it learned of them and wreak its vengeance upon the nationals of countries participating in sanctions. Such outrages could be prevented. I believe, by warnings to the Japanese government of reprisals within our power, such as extensions of an embargo for a period relative in length to the number of lives lost. There is overwhelmingly conclusive evidence that the Japanese government can and does control its own people. In the face of such a threat, the commercial tycoons of Japan would see to it that it did so.

The assertion that no nation would be willing to use embargoes or to break off relations does not invalidate the practicability of these weapons if they were used. Here, at any rate, are America's alternatives: we can use our superior diplomatic and commercial power within or without a declared state of war, or we can wait for the certain breakdown of Japan when its swashbuckling imperialism on the mainland of Asia has failed of its purposes. We cannot directly make full-fledged war upon a naval power which is on the other side of an ocean five thousand miles wide. Japan is not able to use large-scale operations, naval, military, or aerial, against the United States; and America cannot injure Japan by these means. Since this significant fact is demonstrable, for what are we preparing?

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"We Want a United Front"

By HEYWOOD BROUN

A MAGNIFICENT opportunity was mislaid in Madison Square Garden when Earl Browder and Norman Thomas met in debate. It was not precisely lost, for at least one step was taken toward a united front. On the other hand, it would have been possible with the numbers and with the undercurrent mood actually to have achieved a working basis for cooperation then and there. If I am told that things cannot be done that fast, my answer is that they must be if any effective fighting front against fascism is to be organized. The risks of a divided liberal and radical front are so obvious that I cannot see why a few chances should not be taken for the cause of unity.

Frankly it seems to me that the fault lay with Norman Thomas. From my point of view he was too much disposed to stand on the wrong side of the causeway and contemplate only those waters which had already flowed under the bridge. Does it really matter now what the *Daily Worker* said about Mr. Thomas two or three years ago? I will grant readily enough that it was not only just but expedient for the Socialist leader to criticize as sharply as he pleased such factors as have made united-front efforts fruitless up till now. It had been my notion, and even my fear, before the meeting that the so-called debate would turn out to be a prearranged symposium—in fact, something like the wrestling matches held in the Garden in which all the punishing holds are barred by tacit consent. But it did seem to me that after the difficulties had all been mentioned, the final emphasis should come on the necessity for unity and the common factors which make it wholly possible.

I think Norman Thomas shook the salt cellar far too vigorously throughout and particularly in his last five minutes of rebuttal. I have no wish further to scarify tissue but I cannot refrain from saying that I think he was guilty of petulance. Since I belong to neither camp I believe it is my privilege to suggest that the progressive members of the Socialist Party should go into a huddle to review what happened in Madison Square Garden and prepare for an additional public parley. There is, I think, ample public interest to fill another hall at which Thomas and Browder might speak again with other Socialist and Communist spokesmen and, even more important, with A. F. of L. leaders like Lewis, Hillman, and Gorman.

To me one of the strangest things in the meeting was the complete reversal of popular fallacies concerning the Socialist and Communist parties in America. It is generally believed that the handicap to the growth of communism here is a failure on the part of the leaders to approach immediate issues from a native point of view and in the American idiom. It has also been said on many occasions that Communists are fanatics and that their economic beliefs constitute actually a religion, which tends to make them somewhat bleakly puritanical.

Nothing could have been farther from the facts as they were unfolded in the Garden. It was Norman Thomas who used Rand School words and Earl Browder whose idiom throughout was that of old Ed Howe. It was, ironically enough, Browder who quoted "The Star Spangled Banner" and Norman Thomas who rebuked the Communists for traveling too far and too rapidly to the right.

I hardly conceal the fact that to me Browder seemed not only the more genial but by far the abler speaker. I have always felt that Norman Thomas was too thin-skinned and too sensitive about his dignity. He has all the courage in the world but he is actively annoyed by even a fugitive boo or hiss. I think that men in the labor movement must steel themselves not only to endure but even to enjoy some of the rough and tumble which is properly a part of the proceedings when mass audiences assemble. I mean specifically that I thought Norman Thomas was unfair in saying in effect, "There's your united front," when he drew a mere scattering of boos after he had labored the same point about Soviet oil some five or six times. Party discipline is one thing, and certainly the Communists were courteous to Norman Thomas, but a united front must allow for some give and take since the groups combined are not to be expected to sacrifice all autonomy.

Of course, a united front must appeal to many groups outside the Socialist and Communist parties. But it seems to me that both in the economic and in the political trenches many recruits will be gained once the first step has been taken toward unity. As a matter of fact, none of the Communists or the Socialists with whom I talked after the meeting seemed to be as disappointed as I was. Certain sharpnesses which disturbed me they accepted as merely strategic maneuvers. But I think I am correct in saying that along the fringes a potential enthusiasm was dampened. Indeed, I felt that Norman Thomas was closer to the united front in his opening remarks than in those with which he closed his argument. Perhaps the debate could be staged again and run backwards.

While it is true that in America there is a popular disposition to cling to individual leaders rather than to a cause, I do believe that a proper united front between communism and socialism must rest on something more than Norman's yea or nay. To put it bluntly, I feel that if Norman Thomas actually means to obstruct the united front, an appeal should be taken over his head to his followers. He has every right to move in his own way to bring about a proper fusion, and I am quite ready to admit that I may be wrong in thinking that his tactics at Madison Square Garden were a mistake. I most certainly do not believe that the way to get a united front is to cooperate in the beginning only on individual issues such as the Herndon case, the Mooney case, and the Scottsboro boys. Of course, there ought to be cooperation on these issues, but it should be a part of teamwork all along the line. After all, if a little cooperation is a good thing, then a much greater amount of cooperation ought to be a much better thing.

No group which desires to create a Labor Party can get there by going in one toe at a time. The growth of fascism in this country moves along at a much faster pace. Not only do we want a united front but we want it now.

"Not Too Much for a Negro"

By ROBERT W. HORTON

RAYMOND STEWART was found dying on the floor of his farmhouse in Kemper County, Mississippi. His skull had been crushed. His shoulder was broken. Blood covered his head. He was dressed in shirt and underwear. The witness who found the body said: ". . . I opened the door and noticed a form lying down on the floor, some human being. I couldn't tell right at that time what it was; of course I imagined it was Mr. Raymond. It was dark in the room, and I went . . . to get a light. I found a lantern on the mantel and lit it and brought it back and put it close to him. I first called him three or four times to see if I could rouse him, but he didn't reply. He was breathing hard and seemed to be unconscious." Stewart expired shortly afterward without regaining consciousness.

The room in which he died was used for storing cotton seed, of which a quantity was there. It also contained a tool chest, which was open and spattered with blood. A bloody chisel lay on top. Stewart's shirt appeared to be scorched in one place, and a broken lamp was found on the floor. Its wick had been pulled out and set afire from end to end. The killer apparently intended to burn the house.

The murder was discovered some time after noon on March 24, 1934. On April 6 three illiterate Negroes—Yank Ellington, Ed Brown, and Henry Shields—were sentenced by Judge J. I. Sturdivant of the Kemper County Court to be hanged for the murder.

A few hours after the murder had been discovered, Yank Ellington, who worked for Stewart and lived about a mile away, walked up to the house. Finding there was nothing he could do, he sat down on a log with some other Negro boys, talked a while, and then went home. That night Cliff Dial, a deputy sheriff, called and asked Ellington to accompany him to the Stewart house. A crowd had preceded them, and when the sheriff and his quarry arrived, the crowd immediately began accusing Ellington of having murdered the farmer. Ellington denied any part in or knowledge of the killing. He was thereupon snatched up by the mob and taken to a nearby tree. A noose was quickly fashioned for his neck, the rope tossed over a limb. Would he confess? No! He was hoisted off his feet and threatened with death if he did not confess. Lowered to the ground he again denied knowledge of the crime. The crowd yanked him aloft a second time, the noose burning a ring into the flesh of his neck. Would he confess? No! He was lowered again and the noose was slipped off. He was then stripped and tied to the trunk of the tree. The men in the mob took off their belts and began swinging them buckle-end first against the bare flesh of the quivering Negro. Would he confess? "No," he cried. The torture drew only blood.

On the witness stand Ellington said, "They turned me loose and told me to go home, and I just could get home."

Next day Ellington found himself once more in Deputy Sheriff Dial's custody. This time he was taken to Meridian for what Dial described as "safekeeping." On the way, however, Dial decided that Ellington must "belch up the truth." He stopped his car, ordered the manacled Ellington out, stripped him, and began beating him with a strap armored with metal at the end. So vigorously did Dial apply the lash that "he did cut his body in strips." This was the same body that only a few hours before had been belabored by the mob at the Stewart place. During this second blood-letting by the law Ellington persisted in disclaiming any knowledge of the crime, but as the metal cut deeper and deeper his courage withered until finally he cried, "Tell me what to say and I will say it." Coached by Dial, Ellington told a story. He was thrust back into the car, and the journey to Meridian and "safekeeping" was resumed.

It was in the Meridian jail that Ellington discovered that his friends, Ed Brown and Henry Shields, had also been arrested and accused of the murder, the alleged motive being a plot to get money paid to Stewart on a cotton-acreage-reduction agreement, money they claimed was due at least two of them. What occurred in the Meridian jail the first night, however, is best described by Associate Justice Virgil A. Griffith of the Mississippi Supreme Court. Said Justice Griffith in a dissenting opinion on the conviction of the three:

> On Sunday night, April 1, 1934, the same deputy [Dial], accompanied by a number of white men, one of whom was also an officer, and by the jailer, came to the jail, and the two last-named defendants [Brown and Shields] were made to strip, and they were laid over chairs, and their backs were cut to pieces with a leather strap with buckles on it, and they were likewise made by the said deputy definitely to understand that the whipping would be continued unless and until they confessed, and not only confessed but confessed in every matter of detail as demanded by those present; and in this manner the defendants confessed the crime, and as the whippings progressed and were repeated they changed or adjusted their confession in all particulars of detail so as to conform to the demands of their torturers. When the confessions had been obtained in the exact form and content as desired by the mob, they left with the parting admonition and warning that if the defendants changed their story at any time in any respect from that last stated, the perpetrators of the outrage would administer the same or equally effective treatment.

Justice Griffith went on to say:

> Further details of the brutal treatment to which these helpless prisoners were subjected need not be pursued. It is sufficient to say that in pertinent respects the transcript reads more like pages torn from some medieval account than a record made within the confines of a modern civilization which aspires to an enlightened constitutional government.

Confessions having been obtained from the three, it was mere routine for them to be indicted two days later by the grand jury of Kemper County. That was on April 4. On the afternoon of the same day the three were rushed from Meridian to DeKalb and arraigned. The court asked if they had counsel. No, of course not. Did they want counsel? Well, they didn't think it would do much good. Thereupon the court appointed John A. Clark and L. P. Spinks, both of the DeKalb bar. (DeKalb is the county seat and has a population of 3,946.) The prisoners, however, were allowed only half an hour to confer with counsel before being taken back to Meridian, some thirty miles away.

The next morning they were returned at nine, the hour the trial was to start. The two lawyers immediately requested an opportunity to confer with their clients. Judge Sturdivant ordered them taken to a room in the courthouse for the conference, accompanied by guards. Deputy Cliff Dial appeared at this point and sought a seat at the conference between the defendants and their counsel, presumably feeling that his previous intimate association with them justified his presence. The counsel, however, succeeded in ejecting him, whereupon he stood outside staring through the glass panel, his eyes fixed upon the three Negroes.

The conference had hardly started when the court sent word that of course it didn't mean to hurry matters but it would be most convenient if counsel would terminate the conference as quickly as possible. Counsel ignored the suggestion. But the court persisted and sent the same message at intervals until the conference ended. While it lasted, Deputy Dial contributed to the confusion by first staring and then putting his ear to the keyhole, listening to hear whether the Negroes changed the stories they had learned so painfully.

His conduct moved the Negroes to whisper to their counsel that they were afraid to talk. At the conclusion of the conference the Negroes were returned to the courtroom. Counsel was then unable to obtain time to confer with witnesses and had to do this by whispered conversation as the trial went on.

The court, so scrupulous in the appointment of counsel, overlooked advising the defendants that they were entitled to be tried separately. The court also failed to suggest that the defendants were entitled to a special venire from which to draw a jury. The court did, however, appoint two additional members of the DeKalb bar to the defense—"Honorable D. P. Davis and Honorable Joe H. Daws." Such an array of distinguished local counsel made a most impressive appearance in the record as well as in the court. It seems, however, that three of the talented gentlemen must have been chosen more for decoration than utility, since John A. Clark, one of the first two attorneys appointed by the court, in a sworn statement to the Supreme Court of Mississippi, said: ". . . affiant states that neither of the three men assigned with him in the trial of said cause was at all in sympathy with the defendants, but all prejudiced the case and thought they should be convicted."

The technique of crime detection among the Negro population in Kemper and Lauderdale counties, Mississippi, was disclosed during cross-examination. The confession is obtained by the deputy or deputies in the fashion indicated above. Then the sheriff is called in to hear it. He goes through the perfunctory gestures of his office, tells the accused to disclose the truth, says the law is there to protect the accused, and so on. His hands are thus kept clean. The dirty work is done by the deputies and the blood mopped up before the sheriff arrives. Bruises, lacerations, even necks burned by the noose are overlooked, or credited perhaps to misadventures arising before the accused was taken under the protection of the law.

Sheriff J. H. Adcock of Kemper County and Sheriff Bryce Stevens of Lauderdale County were the two principal officers of the law called in to listen to the lacerated defendants tell how they murdered the deceased. Their testimony on the stand indicated that they had heard reports that there might have been a bit of whipping, but of course they could not testify to that, it being beyond their knowledge. Sheriff Adcock, modestly revealing his kindness toward the illiterate Negroes, informed the court that he had told them, after the torture, to "go on and tell the truth about this thing; no harm can come to you here." He subsequently added, "I spoke to them separately, but I was as kind as I knew how to be."

It was not until Ed Brown took the stand that the story of the scourgings was disclosed in detail. Brown said he was called out of his cell in the Meridian jail on Sunday night by Deputy Sheriff Dial.

> He told me to come out here, that he had heard I told that I killed Mr. Raymond. I came out of the jail house and I said, "I declare I didn't kill Mr. Raymond." He said, "Come on in here and pull your clothes off; I am going to get you." I said to the last that I didn't kill him. There was two more fellows about like that there, and they was whipping me. They had me across chairs kind of like that. I said I didn't kill him, and they said put it on him again, and they hit so hard I had to say, "Yes, sir." Mr. Cliff said, "Give it to me, and I will get it." He took it, and it had two buckles on the end. They stripped me naked and bent me over a chair, and I just had to say it; I couldn't help it.
>
> Q. They whipped you hard there?
>
> A. Yes, sir. I will show you. There are places all the way up there.
>
> Q. Did you bleed any?
>
> A. Did I bleed? I sure did.

Henry Shields testified to virtually the same treatment. Then Yank Ellington came to the stand.

> Q. Where do you live?
>
> A. On Raymond Stewart's place.
>
> Q. Raymond Stewart or Mr. Raymond Stewart?
>
> A. Mr. Raymond Stewart. . . .
>
> Q. What did they do after they tied you?
>
> A. They whipped me good.
>
> Q. Was that all?
>
> A. They hung me twice; they pulled me up to a limb twice.
>
> Q. What is the mark on your neck?
>
> A. That's where they pulled me up to the limb twice.
>
> Q. That was done with a rope?
>
> A. Yes, sir.
>
> Q. Did it hurt you?
>
> A. Yes, sir.

The Honorable John C. Stennis, district attorney, sought to show that Ellington certainly could not have been afraid of kindly Sheriff Adcock, but he elicited only this reply: "Yes, sir, I am scared of all white people."

The court meanwhile had admitted into evidence the confessions. Judge Sturdivant, however, bowed to propriety to the extent of ordering the jury from the room while admission of the confessions was discussed. He then ruled they were admissible and called the jury back to hear them recited by the sheriffs and deputies.

Finally the underlings of the sheriff's office came to the stand. They admitted conduct with the defendants that even a jury might suspect would not lead to free and voluntary confessions. Deputy Dial's testimony was most helpful in this respect.

> Q. On Friday night were you present when certain parties had the defendant Yank Ellington?
>
> A. I was.
>
> Q. Tell whether or not you took up for Yank and protected him?
>
> A. I did. I told them that Mr. Stewart [apparently a brother of the deceased] had asked me to take charge of the place, and I didn't want any of the Negroes beat up, and I didn't believe this Negro was guilty, and I would rather they didn't beat him up.
>
> Q. That was Friday night?
>
> A. Yes, sir.
>
> Q. After you intervened, what became of Yank?
>
> A. He went home, or I suppose he did. I got them to turn him loose.

This questioning was by the district attorney. Mr. Clark then took the deputy on cross-examination and asked:

> Q. Now, when you went up there Friday night and befriended Yank, who had charge of him then?
>
> A. A bunch of them was there; I expect it was twenty men.
>
> Q. Were they whipping him?
>
> A. It first started around the fire there. Sam Land and I went by the houses and told the Negroes to come up there and then went down to Dan Camp's and came back and they had Yank and Manny Brooks.
>
> Q. Did they whip them in your presence?
>
> A. Yes, sir.
>
> Q. Did they hang him there?
>
> A. Well, you know they didn't hang him. They pulled him up but they didn't hang him.
>
> Q. Of course, they didn't kill him.
>
> A. No, sir.
>
> Q. How many times did they pull him up?
>
> A. I didn't see them pull him up but one time.
>
> Q. Did they whip him any after they pulled him up?
>
> A. Yes, sir.
>
> Q. When did you first offer your friendship to him?
>
> A. I begged them before they started not to beat the Negroes up.
>
> Q. But they wouldn't listen to you?
>
> A. No, sir.
>
> Q. They whipped them a little anyhow?
>
> A. Yes, sir.
>
> Q. A right smart?
>
> A. Not too much for a Negro; not as much as I would have done if it was left to me.

Ellington was the last of the principals to testify, and shortly thereafter the trial ended, the proceedings having consumed less than two days. The jury dispatched its duties most expeditiously, finding each defendant guilty. So eager was the court to dispose of the case that sentence could not be put off even to next day. In the words of Mr. Clark:

> . . . as soon as the court could look at a calendar and arrange the date for the execution . . . they were called to the bar . . . and sentenced to be hanged, and the date set for the execution. . . . As soon as this was done, the prisoners were immediately handcuffed, taken out of the courtroom, and driven away for Meridian, the county seat of another county thirty miles away, with no opportunity to make a motion for a new trial . . . no money in the hands of anybody to pay for going down there to visit them or have any talk with them about making one. The court next morning signed the minutes and adjourned . . . for the term, and affiant states upon oath that such was the manner and haste in which the trial was conducted; . . . just before the date of the execution he went at his own expense down to Meridian and had a conference with each of the defendants, and so impressed was he with their innocence that he prepared and had executed a pauper's oath and petition for appeal, two of the other attorneys declining to have anything to do with any effort at appeal in said cause, and the third [Davis] only permitted his name to be used but took no part. . . .

Lucky were Ed Brown, Henry Shields, and Yank Ellington in having John A. Clark for their lawyer. The appeal for justice which he pressed before the Supreme Court of Mississippi has thus far (late October, 1935) spared their lives. The Mississippi Supreme Court denied the appeal, but John A. Clark did not give up. He went again before that most august body. This time he sought a rehearing on a suggestion of error. Again the court was adamant, relying upon a technicality to spring the hangman's trap. The court held that had objection to introduction of the so-called confessions been taken at the proper time and in good form, a new trial could perhaps have been granted. But although the substance may have been adequate, the form was not. It was thumbs down.

The petition for the rehearing did, however, produce an opinion which for clarity, vigor, and grace of expression has perhaps not often been duplicated in legal literature. It was the dissenting opinion of Associate Justice Griffith. In replying to the points made by the majority of the court as to the delicacies and refinements of procedure having been ignored, Justice Griffith said:

> To my mind it would be as becoming a court to say that a lynching party had become legitimate and legal because the victim, while being hung by the mob, did not object in the proper form of words at precisely the proper stage of the proceedings. In my judgment there is no proper form of words nor any proper stage of the proceedings in any such case as the record of the so-called trial now before us disclosed; it was never a legitimate proceeding from beginning to end—it was never anything but a factitious continuation of the mob which originally instituted and engaged in the admitted tortures.

Justice Griffith went farther, and in going farther did honor to a profession in which such integrity of intellect seems uncommon. He said, in concluding his dissent:

> It may be that in a rarely occasional case which arouses the flaming indignation of a whole community, as was the case here, we shall continue yet for a long time to have outbreaks of the mob or resorts to its methods. But if mobs and mob methods must be, it would be better that their existence and their methods shall be kept wholly separate from the courts; that there shall be no blending of the devices of the mob and of the proceedings of the court; that what the mob has so nearly completed let them finish, and that no court shall by adoption give legitimacy to any of the works of the mob, nor cover by the frills and furbelows of a pretended legal trial the body of that which in fact is the product of the mob, and then by closing the eyes to actualities, complacently adjudicate that the law of the land has been observed and preserved.

As this is written, the Supreme Court of the United States has just taken jurisdiction in the case of Ed Brown, Henry Shields, and Yank Ellington *vs.* the State of Mississippi. Arguments are to be heard, and some time after the new year the highest court in the land may give three of the humblest petitioners in the land another opportunity to test Mississippi justice.

Holiday Book Section

Fifty Outstanding Books of 1935

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U. S. Camera 1935. Edited by T. J. Maloney. Morrow. $2.75.

Propaganda and Society

Propaganda, Its Psychology and Technique. By Leonard W. Doob. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

IN America the word propaganda, as Mr. Doob says, "has a bad odor. It is associated with the war and other evil practices." One may say that it is only since the war that it has had any odor at all: although both the word and the thing are old, it is only since the war that people generally have become familiar with the word or conscious of the thing. Long before the war everyone was familiar with advertising and political oratory, but no one thought of them as propaganda. Even now few people think of them as propaganda. The reason is that most people associate the word propaganda with activities that are dishonest, sinister, and menacing; and for some curious reason neither advertising nor political oratory—Communist oratory apart—is regarded as having any of these qualities. It was the war undoubtedly that gave the word its sinister connotation. Early in the war the people in each of the contending countries learned that the violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, or red books issued by the enemy governments were "mere propaganda"—that is, a deliberate selection and distortion of documents designed to prove (what all honest men knew to be false) that the enemy governments were in no way responsible for the war. During the war the people in each country, having had their eyes opened, easily spotted the fact that the enemy governments were keeping up their lying propaganda. Thus propaganda became associated in people's minds with a "menace"; and after the war, when the chief menace was social revolution, people learned that the Communists employed propaganda for promoting their nefarious ends. And then came the Fascists, who also employed propaganda. Thus it happens that "propaganda," being a savory mouth-filling word like Mesopotamia, can now be freely used by anyone to discredit those whose projects or opinions seem to him offensive and dangerous. Last summer a friend of mine, traveling in Germany, met any number of Germans who called his attention to the curious fact that American newspapers are always "filled with propaganda." Now that people are propaganda conscious, those who employ propaganda have to be ingenious: the subtlest form of propaganda is to suggest indirectly that your opponent has so little reason on his side that he is forced to resort to propaganda.

Mr. Doob thinks that most of the books on propaganda—for example, F. E. Lumley's "The Propaganda Menace" and E. D. Martin's "Our Invisible Masters"—are inadequate because their authors take the popular view: they regard all propaganda as an evil to be destroyed. Without knowing it they are therefore themselves propagandists—they employ propaganda to defend something that they are inclined to against propaganda that defends something they have no mind to. Wishing to avoid this weakness, Mr. Doob approaches the subject as a scientist whose primary purpose is to understand propaganda as a social-psychological phenomenon. Like other social phenomena propaganda may be good or bad, and Mr. Doob has his own private notion as to that; but it is "unwise to be 'for' or 'against' propaganda until the phenomenon itself has been understood." Starting, then, with the preliminary definition of propaganda as "the attempt of someone to influence someone else," he makes an analysis (Parts II, III) of the psychological conditions that make any propaganda effective and of the sociological conditions that make particular kinds possible. This is followed (Parts IV, V) by a survey of the kinds of propaganda—commercial, moral, political—that now flourish, and a discussion of the "vehicles" of propaganda—newspapers, radio, motion pictures, pamphlets, parades, and so on—that are now employed. The book closes with a brief chapter entitled Which Propaganda? The answer is a bit uncertain, but Mr. Doob is convinced that people must choose the propaganda they like, and that until they understand the nature and technique of propaganda in general they will not be able to choose the particular kinds that are socially useful.

So far as I know, Mr. Doob's book is the best one on the subject, and should be read especially by those who think that propaganda is a recent invention used only by clever and unscrupulous individuals to mislead the virtuous and the right-thinking. I fear, however, that those who most need to read the book will be put off by the rather formidable apparatus of technical terminology that is built up in the opening chapters. This defect, if it be one, arises from the author's desire to attain scientific precision. The advantage of technical terms is that they can be precisely defined once for all, and then used in the defined sense. The disadvantage, at least for me, is that the definition of human thought and conduct cannot be made very precise after all, and in any case I soon forget what, precisely, the precise definition is, and so find myself thinking about words rather than real things. Mr. Doob has sufficient command of his subject, and of the English language, to dispense with scientific terminology. Had he done so, more people would read his book, and it is more important that many people should read his book than that a few professors should think him scientifically sound, all the more so since many professors will think him unsound anyway.

Another point, which does not detract from the value of the book for the general reader, is of interest from the scientific or philosophical point of view. It concerns Mr. Doob's definition of propaganda. The preliminary definition—"the attempt of someone to influence someone else"—is too vague of course, and naturally Mr. Doob does not let it go at that. If propaganda is not to include all efforts to persuade people, what efforts at persuasion are to be excluded? That is the central problem, and Mr. Doob admits that it is a difficult one. He attacks it specifically in the field of "education." Is education propaganda? Teachers in schools and college certainly "influence" their pupils. Are they then all propagandists? Mr. Doob lets a great deal of formal education slide into propaganda, but he endeavors to save some of it. The distinction is made by the magic word "science." Teaching which has reached the "scientific stage" or the stage of "scientific procedure" is education, in the true sense, and not propaganda. A teacher of chemistry, for example, conveys to the pupil a factual knowledge of chemistry, and whoever teaches it will convey essentially the same factual knowledge. Of course if the teacher suggests that chemistry "can alleviate all the problems of the universe" he is a propagandist, not an educator. This distinction is applied also to the humanities. "The teacher who acquaints his students with the scientific approach to social phenomena is an educator. . . . But the teacher who tries to convince his students that the conceptions of his age are universally valid . . . is a propagandist." Thus we reach the conclusion: "The essence of education in the true sense seems to be its objectivity in the light of scientific truths prevalent at the time, whereas propaganda, intentional or unintentional, is an attempt to control the attitudes of people." In his strictly formal definition

Mr. Doob says, "to control the attitudes of groups of people through the use of suggestion."

The distinction is apparently this: the educator presents facts in order to arrive at an objective understanding of the world; the propagandist, by means of facts or otherwise, suggests attitudes in order to induce people to act in the world. Well, there is a distinction here no doubt, but I think Mr. Doob has taken "science" too much on trust, without sufficient inspection of its credentials. No doubt there is an "approach," an "attitude of mind," that may be called scientific, but the "scientific method," or at least its application, varies with the subject matter studied more than we are apt to suppose. There is at least one radical difference between the physical and the social sciences which I think Mr. Doob has not sufficiently taken into account. The difference is this: knowledge of physical phenomena acquired by the physicist does not modify the behavior of physical phenomena; knowledge of social phenomena acquired by the sociologist does modify the behavior of social phenomena. Fortunately for the physicist, the electron cannot acquire a knowledge of physics. Subjecting the electron to light does not enlighten the electron but only the physicist, and so the electron goes on behaving forever in the same way it always did, whatever the physicist may learn about that behavior. At least the physicist hopes so: he makes that assumption, and every night prays, figuratively speaking, that the assumption will hold, since otherwise his science would be all moonshine. It is quite different with the sociologist. The phenomena—men and their thoughts and actions—which he learns something about can in turn find out what it is that he has learned about them, and as a result of this learning they can change their behavior. The sociologist is really disheartened when his subject matter does not take advantage of his learning to change its behavior. Of course the sociologist wishes to be objective, he does not wish to be called a propagandist; but, being a man and therefore himself a part of the social phenomena he studies, he cannot be indifferent to the behavior of men. He hopes that what he has learned about human behavior is true in some sense, and that some men at least, if only a few sociologists, will accept it as true. But obviously, in so far as it is accepted, it "influences," whether by suggestion or not, the "attitudes" of men, and so modifies their action. By Mr. Doob's definition the sociologist, however "scientific" his procedure, however well founded his factual knowledge, must then be, whether unintentionally or of set purpose, a propagandist.

Mr. Doob must then be a propagandist. Of course he is "objective"; it is unwise, as he says, "to be 'for' or 'against' propaganda until it is understood." But after it is understood, what then? Why, "the author believes very timidly that the recognition and understanding of a phenomenon enables an individual to free himself to a certain extent from the force which that phenomenon represents"; and so it is not "too pious a hope" that "insight into the . . . nature of propaganda will . . . render many kinds of propaganda less effective." In short, Mr. Doob's "ultimate objective" in propagating a true understanding of propaganda is to influence the "attitudes" of as many people as possible, and thereby control their actions. On his own showing this makes him a propagandist, but I do not object to his being one, since he is, in my opinion, employing propaganda for a good purpose. I agree with him that people will never be able to "destroy the evil and buncombe of society" until they are able "to puncture the lies in the 'truths' which they accept, and appreciate the truths in the 'lies' which they reject." I believe Mr. Doob's "Propaganda" will help them—some of them, a little—to do this. Whether even a general understanding of the nature of propaganda would enable them to "destroy the evil and buncombe of society" is another matter. That might mean the destruction of society itself.

Carl Becker

Religion and Science

Religion and Science. By Bertrand Russell. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

THE "conflict between religion and science" is no longer primarily a conflict between the scientist and the church. That is what it was in the days of Galileo, and, to some extent at least, that is what it remained through the days of Darwin—the last great scientist whose theories found in organized religion their most powerful opposition. Almost a generation ago, however, the battle ground was shifted and the conflict became an internal one. Today it looks as though a new phase might be about to begin, as though the authoritarian state might become the defender of a simple obscurantism at least as dangerous as that which the rationalist attributes to the medieval church. But at least that phase is only just beginning, and most of the living issues are now issues between one scientist and another. What its opponents call "orthodox" science and its defenders call science itself is threatened less by priests and statesmen than by physicists and physiologists. New discoveries have thrown doubt upon doctrines which seemed unshakably established, and many scientists think that they have discovered in the scientific structure cracks through which mysticism, free-will, and God may creep back into the universe again. Many scientists today believe things that many a liberal preacher learned to smile at in the seminary itself.

Because he tacitly recognizes these facts, Mr. Russell has been able to write a fresher book than his well-worn title might suggest. Not even he, to be sure, can discover anything very new to say about the Copernican revolution or the reception of Darwin's theory, but his later chapters contain as illuminating an account as one is likely to find of the philosophical points at issue between the more orthodox scientists and those who are flirting so openly with conceptions distinctly religious in character. In each case he presents the arguments with admirable fairness, though he himself, of course, is far less sympathetic to the Eddingtons and the Haldanes than he is to those who are not so obviously anxious to assume that every gap in knowledge is to be interpreted not simply as a gap in knowledge but as evidence that there exist permanently unknowable areas to which various mystical significances may be confidently attributed.

On, for instance, the crucial subject of determinism he presents very cogently the reasons for believing that in quantum mechanics the physicist is dealing merely with something not yet determinable rather than with something actually indeterminate. It is true that at present "it cannot be known what an atom will do in given circumstances; there are a definite set of alternatives open to it"; and all that we do know is that in a certain proportion of cases each of the possible alternatives will be taken. It is also true that there is no real validity in any argument based upon the assumption that since the movement of large bodies is determinable, that of atoms would probably be determinable also if atoms were as easy to study as billiard balls. As a matter of fact, large bodies are made up of innumerable atoms, and their behavior would be predictable even though no more than a statistical account of the behavior of their constituent parts was possible. But granted that the question is at present an open one, is there any real reason, except the ardent desire to postulate a belief in human free-will on a belief in free-will among the atoms, for making the assumption that the unpredictable behavior of minute particles of matter is sufficient evidence that their behavior is in no way determined? Does not, on the contrary, the fact that a certain proportion of atoms regularly behaves in one way and a certain proportion in another suggest that the case is like that of mortality statistics, where the fact that we cannot predict who will die and who will not does not by any means indicate that death has no causes. As Mr. Russell says, "What is new in quantum mechanics is not the occurrence of statistical laws, but the suggestion that they are ultimate, instead of being derived from laws governing individual occurrences."

The discussions of the probable validity of the mystical experience and of the existence of a "cosmic purpose," either deistic, pantheistic, or "emergent," are almost equally good, and it is only the chapter on Science and Ethics which seems to me less satisfactory—not because I disagree with the position taken but because Mr. Russell hardly seems to recognize the desperate state in which that position leaves any hope we may have for a secure "scientific" or even rational society.

Briefly, his position is that while the theologians are perfectly right in saying that science can tell us nothing about "values," neither can religion or anything else. To say that anything is "beautiful" or "good" is merely to say, "It is in accordance with an accepted code," or "I like it." Right and wrong are not objective facts but matters of feeling, which is to say, matters depending upon desire. All attempts either to enforce a code or persuade others to accept it voluntarily are merely attempts to make others feel as we do, and there is no fact outside our feeling to which our feelings can be referred for justification. But though I, for one, know no way of escaping from these conclusions, the fact remains that various conflicting codes do and will exist and that they have an enormous influence upon any society. Science can tell us how to reach our aims, but it cannot tell us what those aims should be; and since nothing else can either, we are permanently faced with an arbitrary factor which is likely to vary as much in the future as it has in the past. To say this is not to say that we ought to accept a religion. It is merely to say that we always do accept one whether we know it or not, and that an irrational element will always exist in every society. Mr. Russell does, to be sure, suggest one criterion for the evaluation of any act, which, he remarks, has seldom been used. An act may be called ethically commendable if "it may in fact have good effects." But that criterion is, of course, meaningless because it does not answer the question "What effects are good?"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In Search of Havelock Ellis

From Rousseau to Proust. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THESE articles, reviews, and prefaces written over a period of thirty years show that even in the realm of literary criticism Havelock Ellis is unwilling to relinquish his role of philosopher of love. Eschewing any sort of rigorous intellectual approach, he finds his model in the type of "appreciation" developed by Pater and vulgarized by his followers in the nineties. The principal advantage of this form, of course, is that it permits the critic to express what is actually an emotional sympathy with his subject beneath the appearance of considerable erudition and a certain amount of diffuse analysis. The erudition is often intriguing in and for itself, as in the little travelogue on Savoy in the Rousseau essay or the discussion of allergy in the one on Proust. But it is not clear whether geography and disease explain these two writers any more than do the facts about their heredity, social background, sexual aberrations, and writing habits which Mr. Ellis has also patiently collected from various sources. As for the analysis, it is hardly more than the effort to reconcile the more disconcerting of these facts with a predetermined devotion to the subject. Even when analysis fails, as in the case of Verlaine and Proust, there is always the nineteenth-century apology of genius. Every one of these figures is a genius, and no genius, not even the distressing Jean Jacques, can be anything but lovable in Mr. Ellis's eyes. The truth is that here as elsewhere the philosopher of love, as he says of Gourmont, is less "a critic of books than a critic of life." Life itself is richer than any of its products, including books and philosophies; it is "the unique and puzzling phenomena, still profoundly human, presented by the man" which attract Mr. Ellis.

It is therefore less as "a unified study of modern French literature" than as a casual sheaf of eulogies on various literary personalities that the collection should be read. The most worthwhile chapters are those in which the erudition is the most prominent, in which the analysis is less important than the facts. It is of some interest to learn more about Madame de Warens, Rousseau's first patroness, about Restif de la Bretonne, the shoe fetichist and author of a work of forty-two volumes on women, and about Besenval, "the perfect type of French chevalier" of the eighteenth century. For most of us even the names of Alexandre de Tilly and Elie Reclus will be an addition to knowledge. In these essays we see the philosopher as delver into old and forgotten tomes, a *bouquineur* in the manner of France's Sylvestre Bonnard. The resuscitations themselves are a sufficient charm against analysis. It is only when we come to characters about whom we may possess some knowledge that we suspect Mr. Ellis of allowing his devotion to get the better of his judgment. What we have in the essays on Hugo, Verlaine, de Regnier, and Fournier, in place of an agreeable erudition, is analysis decaying into appreciation of the softest and least critical variety.

The objection is not so much to particular judgments as to a general temper of mind that has probably affected Mr. Ellis's accomplishments in other fields as well. It is true that one can quarrel with a taste which finds Rousseau "a master of words," de Regnier a poet of "passion and fantasy," and "Le Grand Meaulnes" an undying work of art. But a comparison of Mr. Ellis with Gourmont, to whom he devotes much space, may bring out the weakness in the former which explains the inescapable sentimentalism not only of his judgments but of the whole quality of his work. Like Mr. Ellis, Gourmont was something of a "universal man," a dabbler in both science and the arts, an amateur of truth. Both men have written philosophical discourses which read like prose-poems; both have written a *physiologie d'amour*. Both have given the impression of a literary man with a bad conscience. But the parallel is broken when we consider the manner in which these two writers of the same generation resolved the conflict of their interests in their work. The trouble with Gourmont, according to Mr. Ellis, is that "the first question with him always is, not what is true, but what is false, not what is worthy to be loved, but what is to be derided." In the search for truth Gourmont allowed his mind to come to rest in an irrational hatred of certain men and things; Mr. Ellis, in an equally irrational love or acceptance of a great many men and things. In both men the critical faculty finally abnegates before temperament; for the expansion of love is as little appropriate to the purposes of criticism as the contraction of hatred. The leakage into intellect of sensibilities that might perhaps have expressed themselves more purely in artistic forms results in both cases, but especially in Ellis's, in products that are marked by none of the highest qualities of either intellect or sensibility, whether taken alone or in their fusion in the greatest art. As a scientist or philosopher Mr. Ellis addresses us too often in the tone and language of the artist; and as an artist his voice is too clogged by the stuff of unassimilated fact to be audible. The unquestionable charm of his writing is directed to that crepuscular region of the mind in which thought and feeling melt into a comfortable vagueness, to that region which is the native element of the sentimentalist. It is the sort of sentimental charm which a lesser order of thinkers—Rousseau, Gourmont, and Ellis himself—shares with a lesser order of artists—Hugo, Verlaine, and Fournier. That it happens to be something that was suffused in the intellectual climate of the period to which Gourmont and Mr. Ellis belong allows us to complete the comparison between them; for the search for Havelock Ellis today leads quite clearly to the realization that like Gourmont he "belongs to an age that is past." WILLIAM TROY

Amy Lowell and the Poetic Revival

Amy Lowell. By S. Foster Damon. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

S. FOSTER DAMON knew Amy Lowell personally. In writing this definitive biography he had at his disposal her letters, her diaries, and the constant assistance of Mrs. Harold Russell, Miss Lowell's literary executor. His biography is, without any question, the complete and authoritative account of Miss Lowell's very extraordinary life.

Mr. Damon works over his material as a scholar would work, dating every item that can be dated, giving with much more exactness perhaps even than Miss Lowell could have done the location and date of her lectures, her trips, her famous dinners. If, therefore, this biographer inclines to be a little "stuffy," the reader will thank heaven that he is not sentimental, that he does not fictionize so essentially dramatic a personality. If, moreover, Mr. Damon takes Miss Lowell far too seriously as a poet and treats her work with the respect he might give that of some classic writer, the reader can forgive him this and rejoice in a book which is the best record in existence of those lively years in poetry between 1912 and 1925. With Harriet Monroe printing the new poets and Miss Lowell lecturing on them, America had such a revival of interest in the art as today seems inconceivable.

What drove Miss Lowell, one of the famous aristocratic Lowells of Boston, to champion so new a cause may be decided by some psychologist. It does not matter. Despite her almost lifelong illness, despite her wealth, her tremendous egotism, Miss Lowell was an eminently sane person. Mr. Damon proves it. He prints enough of her criticism and of her lectures, given when the air was heated with argument, to indicate how remarkably correct this woman was in judging other poets—even those who differed with her. The launching of the imagist anthologies, the means by which Miss Lowell bore off from England the new school, her long quarrel with Ezra Pound—on her side always dignified, on Pound's crabbed and violent—Miss Lowell's decision as to when the imagist school as an isolated group ceased to be important, all indicate this New Englander's shrewd judgment. She was humanly overpersuaded by poets in sympathy with her, but she could not be flattered.

Miss Lowell knew everyone of importance in the years between 1912 and 1925. She helped Lawrence, financially and through encouragement, even when she didn't quite like his books, and that is only one evidence of her generosity. She encouraged the young Elinor Wylie; she gave E. E. Cummings letters of introduction to magazines. She knew but could not quite approve of Eliot's poetry. (Does an established leader ever approve the new leader?)

There is no doubt that Miss Lowell was a great force toward progress, a moving factor in bringing about America's artistic independence. Though little of her poetry will last, though the very premises of imagism forced the poets in this school to give us only the static, though imagism as a whole was an escape from thought in a period when any thoughtful consideration of our social framework harassed the artist incapable of changing it, this movement in poetry, led by Miss Lowell, was nevertheless a movement in which America broke its manacles. Victorianism and imitation of English poetry ceased in this country when the poets of the 1914 revival chose their own language and their own scene for materials.

No one interested in American literature can afford to neglect Mr. Damon's completely documented account of Amy Lowell's life, for her life covered the period of America's coming of age. Nor was this awakening provincial. Miss Lowell was cosmopolitan. Through her the influence of the French modern poets and of Chinese art came directly to bear upon American poetic art. As a critic, Miss Lowell was forever analyzing artists in other countries. Her "Six French Poets," her "John Keats," her "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" are books that will live. Some of Miss Lowell's opinions on modern poetry must be modified. Many of the poets about whom she was enthusiastic have come to little or nothing. But she was often right. Again and again she recognized an important figure in a first book. Miss Lowell, moreover, saw the relationship between poetry and propaganda. She herself opened avenues which our better and later artists have followed. EDA LOU WALTON

William James

The Thought and Character of William James. By Ralph Barton Perry. Little, Brown and Company. Two Volumes. $12.

WILLIAM JAMES is one of those towering figures in the history of thought who, like Augustine and Nietzsche, is more remarkable as a personality and intellectual force than as a systematic thinker. He seems to be undeniably of his time and yet out of it. His problems, his language, the options he set for choice—all point to the pervasive social and philosophic tradition within which he developed and against which he revolted. But the vigor of his thought, the wrestling—at once intense and subtle—with ideas, the color, daring, and imaginative sweep of his own choices are qualities which transcend social context. Rarely was a philosopher so much one with his own philosophy. Like the creations of all great minds his writings do not date. Although declared many times dead, his works are read more widely than those of the professors who have written his obituaries.

The five hundred and more letters, marginalia, and diary entries of William James which compose the bulk of Mr. Perry's monumental study naturally have a more intimate flavor than James's published works. But their very spontaneity and dramatic freshness suggest the reason for James's compelling relevance. All the problems of philosophy lived in him. He rediscovered them by reflection upon his own cosmic fears, hopes, and consciousness of activity. As we observe the unfolding of his thought in these letters extending over a period of almost forty years, and note the brilliant and incalculable profusion with which new ideas are thrown off, James's mind suggests nothing so much as a psychic analogue of the mutant-bearing *Oenethera Lamarckiana.* Its annual crop could have stocked the garden of an ordinary philosopher for life. But there was one virtue that ordinary philosophers had which James conspicuously lacked. They *weeded* their gardens while James left to time and chance and the near-sighted pecking of critics the necessary paring and cutting. The net result of James's thought was a series of fructifying insights which illumined problems and suggested solutions but which could never be presented as consistent doctrines. It is not surprising therefore that although

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most contemporary philosophers owe him something, there is none who calls himself a Jamesian.

William James opposed life to abstract consistency not because he had any hankering for the obscurantisms which taught that since the truth is dark there are no degrees of clarity, but because the norms of consistency were drawn from fixed patterns of logical discourse which caught everything but the temporal, the developing, and the particular. James was anti-intellectualist in the interests of intelligence; he sought to fit consistency to what he called "the each form of reality." Nor could he, on his own philosophy of radical empiricism, deny whatever traits of constancy, order, and regularity experience is discovered to possess. The type of consistency which characterizes the "each form of reality" known as a man's philosophy is to be found in the set of qualities which distinguishes his personality from others. Philosophies, then, become a series of visions which must be understood in terms of the imaginative hunger and the concrete decisions of philosophers before the evidence marshaled in their support can be intelligently examined or even declared relevant. These letters of James provide the clue to that kind of consistency in James's philosophy which James looked for in others. They show that for James the most authentic qualities of experience were its unpredictability, its uniqueness, its individual centers—precisely those elements which were imperfectly recognized if not denied outright by the reigning monisms of absolute idealism and mechanical materialism. Almost every one of James's important doctrines reflects the characteristic twist in the direction of the immediate. His modification of Peirce's principle of pragmatism, that the meaning of an object is its conceived effects, stressed the importance of particular consequences in individual experience. His theory of radical empiricism makes all the temporal, spatial, and logical relations which tie things together matters of direct particular experience. To safeguard the qualities of experience which concepts must disregard in order to get their work done, James converts the immediate awareness of qualities into a kind of knowledge, thus creating difficulties for his pragmatic theory of communication. His revindication of chance, contingency, and plurality, as well as his conception of religion as consisting exclusively of varieties of religious experience with no appreciation of its institutional forms, was consistent with his other positions in a sense which James would never deny. He was a mugwump in metaphysics on the same ground as he was a mugwump in politics. His philosophy was in the nature of a protest against the ontological imperialisms of the traditional systems with their categories of eternity, totality, and invariance.

These volumes round out the portrait of James by presenting a much-needed account of his social and political sentiments. They reveal how empty-headed are those critics who have referred to James's philosophy as a glorification of American strenuousness and commercialism. James was an inveterate foe of bigness, jingoism, and regimentation. He was active as a vice-president of the liberal Anti-Imperialist League when the country was in the throes of nationalistic fervor. Some of his social insights were extremely keen but characteristically unorganized. "The chronic fault of liberalism," he wrote, "is its lack of speed and passion." In the professional politicians he saw the natural enemies of democratic society no matter how socialized. He predicted that "they will capture every machinery you can set up against them." None the less, the limitations of James's doctrine of immediacy appear most clearly just in those situations where social instrumentalities must be relied upon to ease conflicts. James did not develop a social philosophy and never really understood the dominant forces which produced the ugly features of his own society, his interest in immediacy having crowded out the problems of social control. His forte was psychology not history. In a sense nothing existed for him but the present. The abiding significance of whatever social philosophy he had was the importance of individual differences.

Not only are these books indispensable source materials for James's philosophy, but through them run all the exciting philosophical currents of the last two generations. The letters of Bradley, Bergson, Dewey, Peirce, Santayana, and numerous others are important in their own right. Who would believe that Bradley saw Hegel in James's pragmatism and Ward, Kant? Even Santayana seems eager to make contact with some aspects of James's thought. For strongly as his contemporaries disagreed with James's manner of putting things, they felt that he had glimpsed important truths. They loved him as one loves a child who, pure of heart and keen of vision, sees things which eyes blinded by poring over other men's wisdom can only vaguely discern. Would that he were patient enough to make the most of his gifts—this was their common plaint. Only the great mind of Peirce, to whom James overstated his indebtedness, seems to be touched with a little envy. James's generosity was a fault in a philosopher but a necessity in one who was so free of pride of intellect, and who, loving battle, always proved to be a tender warrior. Sometimes it led to grotesqueries—as when he addresses the shallow, twenty-five-year-old Papini with the salutation "dear friend and master"—but more often it inspired a confidence in his friends and pupils without which they would hardly have undertaken their severally important contributions.

No definitive study of James's life and work can be written. If it could, it would refute his own philosophy. But Mr. Perry has earned the gratitude of all students of American philosophy and culture by his judicious organization of the contents of these volumes and by the skilful way in which he plays the role of a Greek chorus in the drama and passion of William James's intellectual development.

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TO keep a diary in public, as Mr. Adams has done for a quarter of a century in four successive New York newspapers, is not to be like Samuel Pepys, who kept his not only in private but in shorthand. Or so it seems. The fact may be otherwise in Mr. Adams's case, and indeed I am sure it is; for I find him in these volumes to have preserved his privacy after all—to have expressed himself with a strange and startling quietness in the midst of four million words which seemed as we read them week by week to be noisy merely with the world's doings. Such of those words as he now reprints continue to rustle with the comings and going of many people and to crackle with their sayings; and there is no doubt that the "Diary" will have its uses for some historian still to be born, just as it gives pleasure at the moment to such as delight in remembering yesterday, or to such as can appreciate it as the repository of witticisms, F. P. A.'s and others, which it so richly is. But there is something about it more valuable than that, as there is something in Pepys more valuable than his record of the Restoration drama or his reports of what My Lord said to His Majesty concerning the war with Holland. There is F. P. A. himself, a single and separate person who indubitably was alive during a particular stretch of time, and who into the fabric of a diary which he kept contrived to weave an unbroken if sometimes tenuous thread of evidence that this was so. The ultimate fascination of reading his book is the

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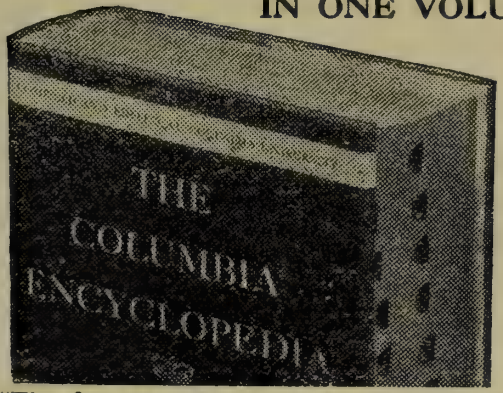

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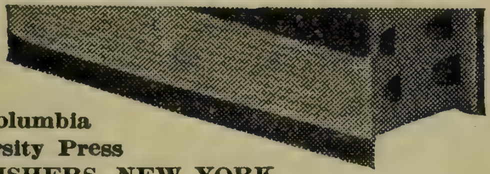

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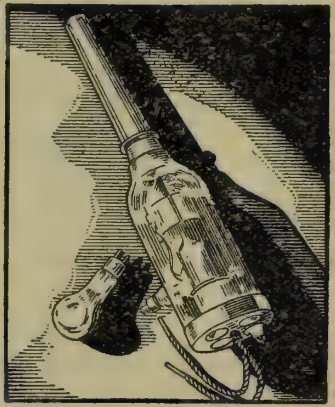

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fascination of finding its author in it even when he is trying to keep himself out.

Whether he knew what he was doing is not an important question, but I suspect that he did know, since he wrote in 1926: "No matter how cunningly a man writeth there are things he cannot conceal; and no matter how candidly he writeth, there are things he cannot exhibit or disclose." At any rate he has known (I hasten to leave the pure past tense behind) how difficult the art of the diarist is; and I have little doubt that he considers himself no great success, nor do I suppose for a moment that if he reads what follows he will accept it as an account of his character. Yet the words are his own.

> Meditating all the morning upon Life and its purpose, yet am come to no conclusion, save that it is worth its so great cost. But as to its end, I know not.
>
> And I did read until my eyes were weary, and would have read longer, save for thinking of how old Samuel's eyes failed him in 1676, and for that I have no desire, forasmuch as there are so many things I am fain yet for seeing and so many more I have not yet seen at all.
>
> Yet am I torn by no regrets that those days are gone from me when I was a college youth, for I do have far greater joys now than ever I had in the old days, nor would I exchange with any man his position.
>
> I wish that I felt that there were no uninteresting things or persons.
>
> I shewed him a letter from G. Ade, wherein he saith: "I have the lowborn gift of remembering the unimportant and the trivial. I could not give you any important date in history, or name the Presidents in order; but I can still do all of the sticky sentimental songs that I heard at the Olympic about the time of the World's Fair." And so it is with me, too; nor does it fret me much, since all those dates are in books, but the things I remember are mine alone.
>
> Those days seem full of greatness and romance and adventure, yet I doubt that they were as wonderful as our own days, here in the office, did we but know it.
>
> Lord! I hear a great deal of arguing these days, yet never do I hear that anybody is convinced of anything he did not believe already. Nobody, that is, save myself, I being so fair-minded that anybody can convince me of anything, but some do say that is not fair-mindedness, but spinelessness.
>
> My heart is soft as any melon.
>
> She very pretty and gay, and told me again she thought I was a good man, and was astonished it did not anger me, which it did not, but pleased me greatly.
>
> When I do see cleverness worshiped and made a fetish of I yearn for simple goodness.
>
> Found this day many a gray hair on the left side of my head, and am growing old, as the song hath it, which thinking of, I to my harmonicka and play, very sweet and sad.

Very sweet and sad. The words are not sentimental, nor is it sentimental to insist that F. P. A. is a very simple and good man who so loves the world and all things in it that he has been content to bury himself, or seem to bury himself, beneath the mountain of its many parts. Losing himself in five hundred friends he has found himself; living completely in the present moment he has stumbled upon the long view; surrendering and dispersing his identity he has made us feel him at last as something tough, something singular, something leathery with life. The world which he cannot do without and must set down patiently lest it be lost is not his own world merely, it is everybody's; he is not introspective. Yet he is in it too; he is by no means an insentient recording-device. It is his in the same way that it is ours, which is why he can be both friendly and intelligent, both wise and witty, both tolerant and intransigent. The combination is rare—so rare that it is never found in its pure form outside of a good diary, which

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itself is among the rarest of literary things. Predictions are being made that F. P. A.'s diary will be valuable to future students of this day. I venture to assert that it has already joined the company of those precious documents which prove that the individual can exist—especially when he is innocent of any idea that he does.

MARK VAN DOREN

Where Marx Left Off

Marxism and Modern Thought. By N. I. Bukharin, A. M. Deborin, Y. M. Uranovsky, S. I. Vavilo, V. L. Komarov, and A. I. Tiumeniev. Translated by Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE underlying thesis of this collection of essays by eminent Russian Marxists is the intellectual bankruptcy of bourgeois society. This bankruptcy they hold to be the reflection of the impending collapse of bourgeois economic culture. It is evident not only in the social sciences but also in the physical sciences.

During the nineteenth century scientists looked upon matter as composed of small, hard, massy particles. This so-called "billiard-ball" conception was exploded between 1895 and 1900 mainly by the electron theory. The crisis thus precipitated in physics was widened by subsequent investigations, which showed that electrons behave like waves and that both matter and light possess a dual character, that of particle and wave. What had once appeared to be solid, determined, and causal in nature now disappeared in a sea of chance, probability, and non-materiality. In seeking to escape the dilemma of the older mechanical materialism and the findings of the new relativity physics, philosophers of science like Jeans and Eddington resorted to idealism which varied from vitalism to sheer mysticism; while indeterminist scientists like Max Planck, who maintained that "belief in some sort of reality outside us alone provides the necessary support in our aimless groping," fell directly into the arms of the Great Arithmetician.

The contributors to this volume hold that this recrudescence of philosophic idealism is vicious and reactionary in its effects upon human knowledge and progress. For, once it is maintained that the physical universe is ruled by pure chance, the next step is to declare that human society and history are likewise matters of chance and, therefore, to deny the power of man to change society. Such a position leads to social pessimism in the social sciences, to the romantic history of the Spenglers and Meyers, and to the "modernization of antiquity" by the intellectual exponents of fascism.

It is maintained that Marx's dialectical materialism is the only avenue of escape from the spiritual morass into which the thought of the Western world has fallen. On the basis of dialectical materialism the scientist accepts nature as objective reality, independent of man's will and perception but not independent, historically, of man and society. From this standpoint he sees that in the essential unity of the organic world and human nature man works upon the outside world, changes it through his labor power, and is in turn changed by it. This conception, we are told, is beyond the understanding of bourgeois thinkers; *ergo* their confusion, the reactionary character of their thought. Although a layman in the field of naural science, I can see how dialectical materialism, as a scientific methodology, as a theoretical approach to the world of man and nature, avoids the snares and delusions of indeterminism. Yet I should like to know how this approach really enables us better to grapple with the recent problems of science, as such. There is nothing in this volume, except Vavilo's all too brief essay, The Old and New Physics, that even touches this question. The other contributors are too engrossed with

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the social significance of scientific development to pay any attention to it.

Because of this preoccupation with the socio-political implications of science, the book fails to fulfil its purpose of providing English readers "with a better understanding of the intellectual basis of the reconstruction of society progressing in the U. S. S. R." And even from the standpoint of polemical journalism the volume misses its mark, at least in so far as American readers are to be considered. The attacks against anti-Marxist thinking and thinkers assume a much wider comprehension of Marx and of the European controversies between Marxist and anti-Marxist scholars than exists in this country. Moreover, the tireless reiteration throughout the book that Marx and Engels alone unlock the doors of all scientific and social problems is exasperatingly boring and tends to convert Marxism into a sort of cult rather than to prove its scientific qualities. This surely is not good propaganda for Russian scholarship. Nor will it heighten that scholarship in the estimation of those serious students in this country who are trying to understand society from a Marxian standpoint. Have the theoreticians of communism nothing to tell us but that Marx's explanation of economic evolution is the only correct one? There is an increasing number of young scholars who are ready to admit the superiority of Marxian over other types of economics in explaining and predicting the organic changes of capitalism. But this same group is inclined to doubt that there is anything in Marx's system that enables us practically to guide a planned economy once it is attained. How, they ask, will a collectivist economy, in the absence of free (?) markets, determine demand, or arrive at the allocation of its material resources and labor power? To say that these calculations will be based upon social needs begs the question, since needs must themselves be determined somehow or other. This is no new question. It has been asked in Russia and so far has not been answered. Although Bukharin, who sets the tone of the book in his essay, The Teaching of Marx, does allude to planning, he nowhere broaches the subject theoretically.

Another, perhaps less practical, question which Bukharin fails to clear up is the character of the "state" in Communist society. All he tells us about this is what Communists have officially stated a thousand times, namely, that after the proletarian dictatorship the state will wither away. In support of this "stateless communism" he quotes Marx as follows: "All socialists understand by [anarchism] the ultimate aim of the proletarian movement." In the first place, this sentence was taken from a statement written in 1872 by Marx in company with several other members of the International Workingmen's Association. In the whole statement it seems that all this group of Marxists meant to do was to define their conception of anarchism. They said: "All socialists understand by anarchism is this: the aim of the proletarian movement, the abolition of classes, once attained, the power of the state, which serves to maintain the great producing majority under the bondage of a small exploiting minority, will disappear, and the governmental functions will be transformed into simple functions of administration." I can see nothing in this statement which supports the theory of the "withering away of the state."

Furthermore, in his criticism of the Gotha program, Marx wrestles not with the problem of how the state will wither away but with what kind of state will finally emerge in Communist society. He ends by saying that "this question is to be answered only scientifically." But he himself never answered it. And instead of taking up where Marx left off, Bukharin is content to ladle out sterile phrases and such romantic nonsense as this, that "the dictatorship of the proletariat is both a state and not a state."

Abram L. Harris

Behind the Scenes with Napoleon

With Napoleon in Russia. The Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza. From the Original Memoirs as Edited by Jean Hanoteau. Abridged, Edited, and with an Introduction by George Libaire. William Morrow and Company. $3.75.

JACKET blurbs and this reviewer have so infrequently seen eye to eye on the merits of books that it is a rare pleasure to report harmony at last. These "Memoirs" are indeed "the most important discovery of Napoleana [sic] in our time" and, I hasten to add, a most engrossing and fascinating discovery as well. In George Libaire's excellently edited volume, though it contains only the central portion (covering 1811 and 1812) of the complete French edition of three volumes (1933), which covers the years from 1808 to 1814, we have without doubt the most interesting and the most dramatic parts. For the strange history of Caulaincourt's manuscript and its publication more than a century after the death of its author, I commend the reader to the editor's useful introduction. The "Memoirs" are not important for any fundamental modification of the Napoleonic epic. They leave the main lines of the story untouched. They are important precisely because they corroborate the story by taking us behind the scenes into the fullest intimacy that any mortal could have with Napoleon. As a matter of fact, they are not memoirs at all; they are the first-hand jottings of an honest reporter who contrived to find time immediately after every brief interview and long discussion to record what had been said. Hence their freshness and their moving reality. For that reason alone these pages of Napoleon's distinguished Grand Equerry and trusted confidant, the recently returned ambassador to the Czar, would be an invaluable document. But these pages are more than scrupulously accurate reporting. They constitute the most penetrating and acute analysis of Napoleon's character that exists in any language.

Take, for instance, this half-admiring, half-despairing verdict that Caulaincourt wrote in 1811 as he tried vainly to recall the Emperor to reason and dissuade him from the madness of a Russian expedition:

> . . . and he was always wanting to persuade someone. . . . Once he had an idea implanted in his head, the Emperor was carried away by his own illusion. He cherished it, caressed it, became obsessed with it; one might say he exuded it from all his pores. . . . If he sought to fascinate you, you could be sure that he had already fascinated himself. . . . He always applied all his means, all his faculties, all his attention to the action or discussion of the moment. He put passion into everything.

Neither Caulaincourt's frankness nor his profound understanding of the inevitable consequences of the Emperor's Polish policy, nor all his courage in bearding Napoleon with the truth, moved that imperial mass of will and passion. But if Caulaincourt could not move, neither could he be moved. Unpersuaded and of his own opinion still, but as a soldier in loyalty bound, he accompanied his master through the grim fiasco of the invasion and withdrew with him in the grimmer horror of the retreat.

No one can appreciate that epic tragedy until he sees it again through the eyes of Caulaincourt and reexamines it in the light of his sober day-by-day commentary. In a sense this section, which is by far the largest part of the volume, is one long, sustained elaboration of his earlier analysis of Napoleon's character. Not that Caulaincourt was indifferent to the catastrophe that relentlessly overtook more than half a million tortured men and their wretched horses. The horror is all there—

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the confusion of the high command, the collapse of morale, the hunger, the cold, the putrefying bodies on the roads, the dashed hopes, the remorseless pursuit of terrifying death. But for Caulaincourt the major catastrophe centered about the Emperor. Temper it as he would, for this blunt, honest man almost revered Napoleon, his judgment of the campaign is as deadly and devastating an indictment of Napoleon as was ever framed. It is the catastrophe of illusion triumphing over reality. When a staff officer appealed to him early in the campaign with these words, "Your Majesty must be told the truth," and proceeded to do so, Caulaincourt remarks, "The Emperor paid no attention to these prudent observations." Again, before Borodino, his generals braved his anger, but, says Caulaincourt, "the Emperor listened to us, but since he always hoped to have on the morrow what escaped him that day he was led on and on despite himself." There was the same self-hypnosis at Moscow and during all of the retreat: "Clinging still to the idea that he was going into quarters the Emperor could not or would not show a trace of foresight."

The dramatic climax is reached in the endless conversations that these two men held when for thirteen days and nights alone in their sledge they fled across the continent to France and safety. "Never," said Napoleon, "had any man so long a tete-a-tete with his sovereign." To be sure, Napoleon did most of the talking, about himself, his life, his contemporaries, and his future—and Caulaincourt as soon as he had the chance recorded the words. These words reveal the Napoleon the world knows; above all they reveal the Napoleon that his aide knew so well—the Napoleon who "was always wanting to persuade someone." "In ten years' time," he maintained, "I shall be blessed as whole-heartedly as I am hated today." At least he was consistent. One set of illusions had lured him into the campaign. Now, barely escaped from the holocaust of his hopes, he was yielding to a new illusion. In Caulaincourt's words, "he had already fascinated himself."

Leo Gershoy

Guide to Latin Manuscripts

Codices Latini Antiquores. A Palaeographical Guide to Latin Manuscripts Prior to the Ninth Century. Edited by E. A. Lowe. Clarendon Press. 50 shillings.

IT is not extravagant to say that the publication of this work marks a new era in the study of Latin paleography comparable to that which dawned for Latin epigraphy when the "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum" appeared. Here for the first time the scholar finds assembled a brief but critical description of the fifteen hundred Latin manuscripts written before, or with any probability before, the year 800. In this first volume, a stately product of the Clarendon Press, the account of each book is accompanied by an excellent collotype reproduction of a characteristic section, or sections, of text and by a select bibliography including a list of facsimiles. The manuscripts walk up in turn, present their cards, their photographs, and a letter of recommendation from Dr. Lowe. One is glad to make their acquaintance, and learns much about each in short order.

A chronological arrangement of this mighty mass of manuscripts scattered about in various countries was wisely rejected by Dr. Lowe. Instead, he presents in turn the oldest books of certain geographical sections, ten in all. The Vatican City, a more than terrestrial center, makes an admirable starting-point. The library of the Basilica of St. Peter and the Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana contain some of the oldest existing codices of classical and ecclesiastical works, including some of the palimpsests discovered by Cardinal Angelo Mai, whose achievements were immortalized in a famous ode by Leopardi. Nor are its treasures limited to manuscripts of Italian origin. The volume is fittingly dedicated to the late Cardinal Ehrle, a paternal friend to Dr. Lowe—and to many another happy laborer in the vineyard of the Vatican—and it is a worthy memorial of him.

Although convinced by Dr. Lowe's reasons for abandoning a chronological arrangement of all his manuscripts, one might well find it advisable in the separate parts of the work. But not to discuss this point, we may be content with the amazing wealth of information here set forth within a tiny space. The sections chosen for reproduction are not taken haphazard. The act of selection is the last step in a long and loving study—*il lungo studio e il grande amore*—of each and every book. It is a painful act, to partake discreetly of these *cenae dubiae*. It involves the balancing of many possibilities, and a flesh-tearing renunciation of countless important aspects of a manuscript that the author would like to describe. For all that he has furnished investigators with many a fascinating clue.

It is needless to add that Dr. Lowe is an ideal person to push to a successful end the gigantic task that he has assumed. Born in the United States, he is familiar with the too little exploited store of manuscripts that our country contains. For many years a lecturer on paleography at Oxford, he has ready access to the libraries of the British Isles. A pupil of Ludwig Traube, he is a master of German method and conversant with the German collections. An intimate friend of Cardinal Ehrle and of his eminent successors at the Vatican Library, he has the keys to Italy, and by monumental publications has proved himself the foremost authority on Beneventan script. He has worked incessantly in the libraries of Spain and is a not unfamiliar figure in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. Few, if any, scholars alive have had so wide and intimate an acquaintance with the manuscripts of many countries.

To plan a work of such scope and to present the first instalment in so brief a time is little short of a triumph. The success is due not only to Dr. Lowe's unflagging energy, but also to the generosity and wisdom of the institutions that sponsor this undertaking in providing him with a goodly store of photographs and competent assistants in research and in securing for him that learned leisure which is the prime requisite for success in such a work. It is devoutly to be hoped that nothing will impede its further progress.

E. K. Rand

Recent Records

HISTORIANS of ancient Egypt tell us that at first the privileges of immortality were restricted to the Pharaohs; later, an ever-widening circle of priests and royal followers acquired the same benefits; and eventually, as the "democratization of Osirianism" progressed, it became possible for even very humble men to purchase a few magic scrips by which they might safeguard their destiny after death.

Similarly, in contemporary America, though we fellaheen cannot yet rejoice in the taking over of material wealth from the great commercial dynasts, we may at times profit by a partial democratization of spiritual goods. Thus—as regards the growing literature of phonograph records—we note how great orchestras, whose services were once purchasable only by the most privileged, have gradually extended their availability until now, in the form of discs, expert performers can be privately hired at a very modest outlay, a few hours of corvée on the highways of some lord or in the copying of documents in his counting house.

Among the newest releases (all the recordings mentioned this week are by Victor) probably the greatest convergence of mastery, as regards composition, performance, and recording, all three, is the Sibelius Symphony No. 2, in D Major, presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. In the total effect these eleven records put forward most persuasively the broad textural range of the composer and the emotional range that corresponds to it. There is, to be sure, more of ruggedness than of loveliness here—not even the slow movement taking us wholly into the realm of the gentle—but if you would "build up" symbolically, with the assistance of sounds architecturally distributed, you will find these records to your purpose. Koussevitzky has stressed the variety of the composer's effects without loss of continuity—in contrast with so many modern works, which continually seem to be starting all over again.

We admit that, in the abstract at least, we distrust too great reliance upon the appeal of volume in music; yet we cannot always successfully beat down an onslaught of sound when it is full upon us. With such commingling of resistance and surrender we follow the Mahler Symphony No. 2, in C Minor, which masses its attacks upon us until the very quakes and belchings of the earth seem implicated in its assertions. There are, to be sure, lulls in the symphonic struggle—even lulls which the composer didn't mean to put there—but such events as the dawn of "primeval light," so pleadingly heralded by the contralto in the fourth movement, are imposing; and toward the end of the fifth movement the excitement mounts until, as the vast chorus is topped by the riotous clanging of church bells, we get, if not the heroic, at least the gigantic. If you want such, sturdily conducted by Eugene Ormandy, we can commend this great enterprise to you.

We have remarked, of the Sibelius, that it contained more ruggedness than loveliness. The quartet "Mir ist so wunderbar," from the first act of "Fidelio," with its cuckoo-like theme, well supplies the deficiencies. Particularly the opening measures, sung by Erna Bergner alone (as Marzelline), are astoundingly clear and sweet, and suggest perhaps a *Wiegenlied.* For contrast—total contrast—we have on the reverse the "big scene" of Act II, where Florestan is killed in the dungeon by Don Pizarro, and the trumpet announcing the approach of the rescuers serves as does the liberating horn in "Ivanhoe"—an invigorating moment for all its operatic patness, though not nearly so dramatic in the opera as in the purely orchestral overtures. Also, the tensest moment of a drama is the one most likely to suffer by being given as a fragment, since it is most in need of the foregoing material that serves to prepare us for it.

As regards music in the idiom of the twenties and thereabouts, we think that a particularly fortunate selection is Honegger's Concertino for Piano and Orchestra, as played by Eunice Norton, with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy; while an agreeable violin concerto in an earlier manner, on occasion making light sallies into sentiment, is the Wieniawski Concerto in D Minor, played by Heifetz, with the assistance of the London Philharmonic Orchestra under John Barbirolli. Composed by a famous virtuoso of the last century, with an orchestration that is there mainly to fill in for the violin, it offers many opportunities for brilliant technical display. And we should mention the Toccata in C Major (Op. 7) of Schumann and a Liszt transcription of his "Frühlingsnacht," as played by Josef Lhevinne. The record conveys the pianist's crisp treatment of these short pieces.

As Beethoven's Fourth Symphony is among the comparatively neglected, there is all the more reason for having the suave performance of this happy work by Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Less given to picturesque outcroppings than to the amenities of the Pastoral Symphony, it is shown to possess *en revanche* an almost even constancy of flow.

KENNETH BURKE

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☐ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says ☐

Crime Marches On. Morosco Theater. A play about radio. Considerably more noisy, extravagant and generally more goofy than the institution it satirizes.

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Mother. Civic Repertory. Elementary lesson in the principles of the class struggle more or less enlivened by "advanced stage methods."

Porgy & Bess. Alvin Theater. One of the big hits of the year but to me less effective than anything so elaborate ought to be.

Pride & Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. I do not remember an evening in the theater of more unalloyed delight.

Remember The Day. National Theater. Touching and entertaining story of a boy who fell in love with his teacher. Unusually well acted and with enough humor to give it edge.

The Taming of the Shrew. Guild Theater. The play is gentle Shakespeare's most ungentle farce. The result is distinctly exhilarating.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. "Winterset" seems to me bold, original and engrossing.

Drama

Cat Fight

FROM plays in which George Kaufman has had a hand I always come away with the feeling that I must be an ungrateful wretch. Almost invariably I have passed a very agreeable evening, and almost invariably I continue to quote some of the choicer witticisms until at last the time comes —as it nearly always does—when it is impossible any longer to find anyone who has not seen the successful play. Yet I can seldom write about his latest offering with the enthusiasm which perhaps I ought to show. When one has said that it is tremendously clever and tremendously amusing one seems to have said all. The fact is too patent to need any demonstration, and there is nothing that any spectator is likely to miss. Mr. Kaufman knows too well how to make the most of his own qualities to need anyone's help in pointing them out, and there are in his works none of those hidden virtues which it is the critic's delight to reveal to that general public which, so he fondly hopes, is less percipient than he.

Thus it is in the case of "First Lady" at the Music Box. It seems that Katharine Drayton, who knows her Washington, conceived the idea of writing a play about one of those feminine feuds in official society certain of the reverberations from which often reach the public. Mr. Kaufman liked the idea too, and between them they concocted a tale about the beginning of a Presidential boom which would serve as a thread upon which to string a series of scenes between two ladies, each expert in the art of using her claws. There is little enough to the play except the cat fight about which it is built, but the fur flies continuously, and no more is necessary to supply two hours and a half of exhilarating combat. A writer as consistently successful as Mr. Kaufman usually gets a production at least as fine as money freely paid into a surefire investment can buy, and in this case that means a well-nigh perfect presentation. Jane Cowl, who has gradually made herself one of the most accomplished of our comedians, is the cat who fights on the side of the angels, and Lily Cahill, probably our most engaging as well as our most accomplished interpreter of the dumb yet deadly blonde, is the cat who scratches for the wrong side. All the cast is good, but Miss Cowl and Miss Cahill are really the show.

But let us return to the subject of Mr. Kaufman's wit which seems to need no interpretation or comment either because it is so good or because it lacks some overtone or resonance that would make comment or interpretation possible. The most obvious thing about it is, of course, the fact that it is not literary but colloquial. To compare it with, for example, the wit of S. N. Behrman is to perceive at once that while Mr. Behrman is part of a tradition of polite comedy that is pretty continuous from the days of Beaumont and Fletcher on, Mr. Kaufman breathes exclusively the air of Broadway and represents an apotheosis of the Broadway gag man. In itself that is, of course, nothing against him. Wit, like all other kinds of literature, often profits tremendously by drawing substance from non-literary sources. But if Mr. Kaufman sometimes transmutes the gag into the epigram he does not always do so, and there is too much dross in his gold.

Take, for purpose of comparison, three of the outstanding japes in "First Lady" and arrange them in what seems to me a descending order of merit. (1) Miss Cowl is supposed to be the granddaughter of a famous President. When a candidate for that office looks at a portrait of the great man and remarks, "I think I can fill his shoes," Miss Cowl replies,

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"Perhaps. But the other end of grandfather was more important." (2) One of the other female characters is called "the ten least-dressed women in Washington." (3) Of certain ladies too eager for presentation at court it is said, "Those three feathers are more important to them than to a fan dancer."

Now of course I do not know the degree of responsibility assumed by each of the two collaborators for these three jokes, but, as I said above, they seem to me to illustrate three levels of wit. Number one is first-rate. It not only sounds like wit, it is wit. It has the three qualities which wit demands—compression, unexpectedness, and a core of sound comment. Number two is distinctly more merely flashy, and Number three is plain rhinestone. Its theme is worn out; the comparison is more extravagant than pointed; it brings a laugh only because any mention of fan dancers is thought funny by the same persons who, in the heyday of vaudeville, used to laugh at any mention of dill pickles or cheese. In other words, it is a gag pure and simple, and as such neither better nor worse than those which hard-working hacks with a card index turn out daily for the radio comedians and the makers of Hollywood "shorts." To say this is not to say that "First Lady" is not an entertaining piece which will certainly, and for understandable reasons, be a tremendous success. However, it explains, perhaps, why I am more ready now than I was at the beginning of this discourse to forgive myself for not speaking with unrestrained enthusiasm.

Ernest Truex seldom gets a play really worthy of his real and ingratiating talents. "Whatever Goes Up" (Biltmore Theater) is no exception. It's about a cigar-store clerk who won a sweepstakes prize and who, of course, didn't get much fun out of it. The situations are perfectly routine, and though Mr. Truex makes it seem better than it is, it does not seem very good even at that. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, author of "Soviet Journey" and other books on Russia, is *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent.

VERNON NASH is professor of journalism at Yenching University at Peiping.

ROBERT W. HORTON is a member of the Washington staff of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

CARL BECKER, professor of European history at Cornell University, is the author of "Everyman His Own Historian."

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the staff of Bennington College.

EDA LOU WALTON, associate professor of English at Washington Square College of New York University, is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

SIDNEY HOOK, professor of philosophy at New York University, is coeditor with H. M. Kallen of "American Philosophy Today and Tomorrow."

MARK VAN DOREN is the author of "A Winter Diary and Other Poems" and "The Transients," a novel, and editor of "An Anthology of World Poetry."

ABRAM L. HARRIS, professor of economics at Howard University, is preparing a book on "Black Capitalism."

LEO GERSHOY is the author of "Napoleon and the French Revolution."

E. K. RAND is professor of Latin at Harvard University.

KENNETH BURKE is the author of "Permanence and Change."

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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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NO MOVE that the United States could have taken at the London naval conference would have appeared more hypocritical than the proposal for a reduction of 20 per cent in total tonnage. The Administration must have known that it would be rejected. In view of the recently announced increases in the French and Italian navies and the threat of new German construction, Britain is in no mood to consider reduction. Any suggestion that presupposes the continuation of the present ratios is a red rag to the Japanese. Since the United States is farther below its quota than any of the other powers, a cut would be much less expensive for this country than for Great Britain or Japan. It is obvious that no agreement is to be achieved unless the American delegation faces the issues realistically. Either we must give way to Japan's demand for parity or we must enter into a collective agreement for maintaining the status quo in the East. If we desire disarmament—as vast numbers of Americans do—we must show our sincerity by offering to make concessions far greater than those we ask of other nations. And why not? No country has greater natural security than the United States. A navy for purely defensive purposes would be but a fraction of the size of our present fleet. If our naval force were reduced to defensive size, other countries would find it much easier to make reductions. Apart from the protection of our imperialistic interests—which mean very little to most Americans—is there any reason why we should not take the first step?

SHOULD MUSSOLINI ACCEPT the new "peace" plan drafted by Sir Samuel Hoare and Premier Laval, the League's efforts to build a system of collective security would be effectively sabotaged. Ostensibly the scheme calls for an "exchange of territory" between Italy and Ethiopia. Italy is to be offered an area equaling approximately half of Ethiopia, while the African kingdom is to receive in return a narrow strip of territory leading to the port of Assab in Eritrea. Included in the land which is being offered Mussolini is a vast tract of fertile highland country, said to be highly suitable for colonization by Europeans. The proposal goes far beyond the ill-fated plan drafted by the Committee of Five prior to the outbreak of hostilities, and would give Mussolini more than his armies would be able to conquer—at their present rate of progress—for many months. That Laval has wished to "satisfy" Mussolini has long been evident, but Hoare's approval, unless overridden by the Cabinet, can only mean that Baldwin has deliberately deceived millions of pro-League voters who gave him a specific mandate last month. Doubtless the unholy scheme will be defended on the ground that it removes the threat of an immediate war in Europe. Actually, however, the chance that Mussolini, weakened by the check to his armies in Ethiopia and harassed by sanctions, would attack England and France together is extremely remote. The primary danger of war in Europe lies in Hitler's widely heralded thrust toward the East. If Mussolini obtains his empire by defying the League, all hope of that agency's restraining Hitler will have vanished.

LAVAL'S POSITION as a mediator between Italy and Great Britain has been strengthened by his somewhat unexpected triumphs at home. Owing to the Radical Socialists' unwillingness to assume responsibility for the devaluation of the franc, Laval's fiscal policies were approved by a substantial if grudging majority. The attack on the government for its leniency toward the Croix de Feu and other fascist organizations proved more difficult to withstand. But after three days' heated discussion a formula was found which satisfied all but the extreme left parties. The so-called defense organizations, both of the right and of the left, are to be dissolved and denied the right to reorganize using uniforms, insignia, or arms. Anyone caught carrying a revolver to a public meeting is to be subject to a heavy sentence, and any individual or journal responsible for provoking political crime is to be dealt with severely. As a result of this agreement, not only the Laval government but democracy itself is given a new breathing spell in France; the chances seem now distinctly against a fascist coup d'etat before the elections in May. Once that hurdle is surmounted, France should return to a left government which is representative of the views of the majority of the population.

THE FIGHT to keep the United States out of the Berlin Olympic games has just begun! The strength of the non-participation sentiment was indicated in the A. A. U. convention on December 8 when the vote by the union itself for adoption of the Steuer amendment urging further investigation in Germany was 54¾ to 43¼; when the vote of the allied organizations was added to the count, however, the proposal was lost by 2½ votes. Jeremiah T. Mahoney, in withdrawing from the post of president and from the special committees of which he was a member, including the American Olympic Committee, announced that he would prosecute the non-participation movement with all the forces at his command, and would refuse to support campaigns for Olympic funds. The difficulty of raising the large sums necessary to send athletes to Berlin may be the final obstacle which the proponents of participation cannot overcome. For it is becoming plainer every day that there is a real opposition which is not confined to Jewish or Catholic groups but includes many thousands of persons who, without any racial or religious stake in the matter, are intensely eager for the traditions of international sport to be upheld. This opposition is evidently nation-wide and it gathers strength and numbers every day. That the pro-participation forces in the A. A. U. recognized the nature of this protest is evidenced by their struggle to keep the issue from coming to a vote. Mr. Brundage, the new A. A. U. president, announced that the matter is now settled; but it is not settled, nor will it be as long as advocates of fair play in sports have a voice.

POSTMASTER GENERAL FARLEY has finally canceled a ship-subsidy contract—one of the three held by the United Fruit Company for the service between New Orleans and Puerto Colombia. Farley has proudly announced that the company has agreed to carry the mails on a straight poundage basis, and that the cancelation will save the government about $4,000,000—approximately $544,000 having been paid out on a $4,571,658 contract. This, however, is not such good news as it at first seems to be. The real facts of the matter are set forth in a report on the United Fruit subsidies submitted early this year to President Roosevelt by Farley himself. First of all, the United Fruit itself has for some time been trying to have the contract canceled—a small one compared to the other two, which will have yielded the company nearly $16,000,000. Cancelation was requested because the contract provided that two new ships, costing about $7,000,000, should be constructed by next March. One may still ask why the other two contracts were not canceled. All three of them were awarded through the most flagrant and unconscionable collusion, and in Farley's own words, they "are therefore illegal." The United Fruit's Washington lobbyist was Elisha Hanson, who also hires out to the publishers. He earned his money. The contract advertisements so carefully specified the characteristics of the then existing United Fruit services that no other lines could possibly enter bids. Needless to say, the $150,000,000 United Fruit Company never had the slightest right to any subsidy: its profits were large, even during the depression; the lines it operated were industrial lines, carrying bananas principally; of its ninety-five ships sixty-four were actually flying foreign flags; the personnel was interchangeable between the foreign and American ships, and the wages, hours, and living scales were the same. These conditions still obtain. It is worth noting that Farley's estimate of the savings to the government through the present cancelation is misleading: the $4,000,000 consists in large part of the greatly increased subsidies that would have gone to the line had the new and faster vessels been constructed.

DISAFFECTION in the ranks of the Socialist Party has been brewing for a long time. It is a healthy sign that at last it has taken the form of action in the recent withdrawal from the New York Central Committee of Norman Thomas and the left-wing group. Mr. Thomas withdrew after the introduction of a resolution which proposed to "reorganize" the party—with the leftists omitted. Louis Waldman, Socialist state chairman, read Mr. Thomas and his supporters out of the party at a meeting at the Rand School on December 8. But the national party organization has voted to send an official delegation to the left-wing convention in Utica on December 27, which would seem to indicate that Mr. Waldman is without the fold and Mr. Thomas is safely inside. The split has been occasioned in part by a difference of opinion over the proper Socialist attitude toward Soviet Russia and over the more immediate question of a united front with the Communists. The Old Guard charges the left-wing faction with "efforts to commit the party to policies of armed insurrection, force, and violence." The left wing answers this highly colored accusation by saying: "We are loyal Socialists who accept the constitution, declaration of principles, and platform of the Socialist Party and utterly reject control from Moscow. . . . What we want is not to make the Socialist Party Communist but . . . Socialist and efficient, something which it is not and has not been under the control of the Old Guard in New York City." The split should prove distinctly beneficial if it leads to closer cooperation between the two leading radical parties, and hastens the formation of a national labor party.

THE CONSERVATIVE PRESS, which a year ago studiously avoided the implication of the income-tax figures, has shown ill-concealed glee in pointing out that the reduction in the number of million-dollar incomes from forty-six to thirty-two during the past year indicates a "redistribution of wealth" downward. On the surface there appears to be some justification for this claim. The number of individuals in each income class above $100,000 declined, while the number in each of the brackets below $100,000 increased. The total income of those receiving over a million dollars in 1933 was $82,000,000; in 1934 it was only $57,000,000. To assume from these figures that the New Deal has aided the masses at the expense of the classes would, however, be faulty mathematics. Surely no one would maintain that American families which receive from $10,000 to $100,000 a year—less than ½ of 1 per cent of the total number—can be included among the "little fellows." Yet the number in this group increased from 89,000 in 1933 to 129,000 in 1934. The number of individuals receiving $10,000 a year or more rose more than 33 per cent as compared with the previous year, while the total net income of the 5 per cent of the population whose income was sufficiently high to be taxable increased 15 per cent over 1933. The decline in the highest brackets may well be entirely accounted for by changes in the capital-gains section of the 1934 law which permitted a taxpayer to report only a fraction of his gains if the property had been held for a period of years. When we consider that the average weekly wage of industrial workers was only 1 per cent higher in 1934 than in 1932, it will be seen that New Deal communism is yet a long way off.

ARMED WITH NEW POWERS making him virtual dictator of Nanking's rapidly dwindling domain, Chiang Kai-shek has apparently struck a deal with Tokyo by which China retains nominal and Japan assumes actual control of the Peiping-Tientsin area. The details of the new arrangement are not yet available, but the Japanese insist that the independent government of Hopei and Chahar will exercise full authority over all foreign, financial, military, and juridical affairs. Although the new "state" is considerably smaller than that originally planned by the Japanese militarists, Japanese jingoism has won another substantial victory. Spurred by the unexpected strength of the League in the Italo-Ethiopian crisis, Chinese public opinion had been demanding a showdown. Great Britain and the United States, with substantial interests in North China, had taken a definite stand against further Japanese penetration in violation of the Nine-Power Treaty. All of this potential opposition has been sidetracked, however, by the facts that the new regime will have the official blessing of Nanking and that it will remain nominally a part of China. Secretary Hull's statement to the press reiterating America's "faith in the fundamental principles of its traditional policies," while mild in tone, was welcome as an indication of our continued interest in the Far East. By itself, however, the United States can do nothing, unless it wants to go to war. If Japanese imperialism is to be curbed, it can only be through collective action.

THE CAPITALIST WORLD used to object to Bolshevik propaganda. It still does when that suits its special purposes—in a pre-election period, for instance. But now Bolshevik propaganda is entering a new phase in which the capitalists either pay for it or are paid for it. Thus the Turkish and Persian governments have contracted with Moscow to build modern industrial plants for them. That impresses the Orientals. They see Russia as Asia's new industrial leader. Soviet engineers, workers, and machines help them improve their lot. Nothing could be more effective pro-Soviet propaganda. And its cost to the Kremlin is nil. Indeed, there is even a financial profit. In the West the crafty Bolsheviks have adopted a method of propaganda which is still more subtle. During the first ten months of 1935 the Soviet government purchased seventy second-hand ships, totaling 250,000 tons, in foreign countries, mostly Germany and Holland. But it bought them on one condition. The seller was obliged to tear out the cramped, tight, dark quarters for the crew in the lower decks and put in roomy, pleasant cabins in the best part of the vessels for the Soviet sailors. Seamen are an international lot, and this innovation will be carried by them to every corner of the world. In the bars of Shanghai, in the dives of Buenos Aires, German and British and Norwegian salts will be talking about the wonderful accommodations which the Bolsheviks provide their sailors. Even the London City is being bombarded with a new type of propaganda. The bankers and business men of England are impressed by the fact that in 1935 the Soviet government paid cash for literally all its orders in Great Britain. This is the real red menace, and it has obviously been in preparation for a long time. We suspect, in fact, that the first and second Five-Year Plans were conceived as parts of it.

TWO IMPORTANT COMPLAINTS have been recently issued by the National Labor Relations Board under the Wagner Labor Disputes Act. The first of these is directed against the Associated Press for discharging and refusing to reinstate Morris Watson for joining the American Newspaper Guild. The case will be heard on January 8, and an answer by the Associated Press may be filed before that time. The board has also decided, in the case of the Pennsylvania Greyhound Lines, that the company has violated the law by forbidding its employees to organize and bargain collectively, and has ordered the reinstatement of discharged employees with back pay and the dissolution of the company union which the bus line had formed as a substitute for the labor union its employees wanted. Ivan Bowen, attorney for the company, has announced that no recognition will be given to the order of the board until it has been "passed upon by a court of competent jurisdiction." The United States Circuit Court of Appeals is the court in question, and it should be given an opportunity to review the order without delay. Such a test of the Wagner law cannot come too soon. It is evident that the momentum given by the NIRA to the processes of collective bargaining is slowing down. Few cases have come before the labor boards, and such decisions as have been handed down have been defied or ignored by the companies against whom they have been issued. Both of the preceding cases appear to be clear-cut violations of the law; the question to be determined now is whether or not there is a law to violate.

THE CHAIN GANG cannot yet claim Angelo Herndon. An application for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the statute under which Herndon was convicted was a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment was acted on by Judge Hugh M. Dorsey in Fulton County Superior Court on December 7. Judge Dorsey ruled that the statute was in fact unconstitutional and that Herndon's conviction and sentence, therefore, were "illegal, void, and of no effect." Herndon is out on $8,000 bail for a twenty-day period during which the state may appeal the case to the Georgia Supreme Court. If it does, the Supreme Court of the United States may be expected to rule on it at last. A mere layman, of course, should hesitate to express an opinion on judicial processes, particularly with respect to the court of last resort. But if the Georgia insurrection statute is unconstitutional now, it was so while the Supreme Court was twice ruling that the issue of constitutionality had not been properly raised. Mr. Justice Cardozo, in a dissenting opinion, indicated that the technicality on which the court refused to take jurisdiction was a finely drawn one; that it was drawn meant months in jail for the defendant, and more months are still ahead of him while the final appeal goes through its measured paces. Months, however, are undoubtedly better than years. In a comparatively short time Herndon may be free. His years in jail have made him many friends and have demonstrated the strength of the mass protest which as much as anything helped his cause to be celebrated and his freedom to be a matter of public concern.

Oil on Troubled Waters

FOR years the scramble of the powers for possession of the world's oil reserves has been recognized as a probable factor in the next world war. With the exception of the United States and the Soviet Union, none of the leading countries have anything like an adequate supply of petroleum within their own boundaries. Great Britain has overcome its natural deficiency by its control of rich fields in Iraq, Persia, the East Indies, and Mexico, but the other great industrial nations, notably Germany, France, and Italy, are almost completely dependent on imports. That this inequitable distribution of one of the world's most necessary raw materials should be a cause of international friction and animosity was only to be expected. That it might become one of the primary factors in establishing an effective system of international organization was foreseen by no one.

Yet it can scarcely be denied that the subject of oil has become the pivot around which all hope of building a system of collective security turns. The sanctions which the League has thus far imposed against Italy can only be fully effective after a considerable period of time. Meanwhile, Mussolini has virtually a free hand to push his campaign in Ethiopia. Should he conquer a large portion of the country before the next rainy season sets in, the chances are that he will be able to obtain even more favorable peace terms than are now offered him by Laval and Hoare. Japan's occupation of Manchuria has shown how difficult it is to exercise effective pressure against an aggressor after it has obtained the fruits of aggression. If Italy is to be made to furnish an example of the unprofitableness of war in violation of international law, the existing sanctions must be materially strengthened. And no step is likely to bring Italy to its knees more quickly than the inclusion of oil among the commodities which are to be barred from the aggressor. Modern warfare simply cannot be conducted without an ample supply of petroleum products. The Italian armies in the deserts of Ethiopia depend on motor transport for their food, water, and munitions. Tanks and aeroplanes are useless without gasoline and lubricating oil. A large number of Italy's merchant and naval ships are oil burning. Italy itself produces no petroleum, and only a very restricted amount is obtained from Albania. For its remaining supplies it is wholly dependent on League powers and the United States. Rumania and the Soviet Union, two of its largest suppliers, have definitely declared themselves in favor of an embargo. Great Britain, controlling the Iraq fields, has also indicated that it will support such action at the meeting of the League Sanctions Committee on December 12.

The hesitancy with which the League has viewed a step which, if successful, should firmly establish the principle of collective security is attributable to two factors: (1) fear that Mussolini will be driven to war against the "sanctionist" powers; and (2) anxiety lest the United States—the only non-League power in a position to export oil in large quantities—furnish Mussolini with the petroleum required to wage his illegal campaign. Both dangers are real ones. But it is difficult to believe that Il Duce has so lost his reason that he would embark on a hopeless war against England and France and the other League powers. Uncertainty regarding America's policy has been more important as a restraining factor.

The report that the Standard Oil Company had agreed to supply Italy's war requirements in exchange for a thirty-year monopoly has dramatized a very real danger. We are not in a position to pass judgment on the accuracy of this report. As was shown in the celebrated Rickett case, the mere fact that certain Standard Oil officers have made a denial is not to be taken as conclusive. It so happens, for example, that on the same day that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was issuing its pious statement declaring that it had turned down Italian war orders, the Vacuum Oil Company, an affiliate of the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, was reported to have completed arrangements for the construction of a modern oil refinery at Naples at a cost of six million dollars. But even accepting Standard's protestations of innocence at their face value, the fact remains that this company has declared that it intends to do business with Italy until the government takes drastic steps to prevent such transactions. The President, Secretary Hull, and Secretary Ickes have each urged on several occasions that American firms dealing in "war materials" should refrain from trade with either Italy or Ethiopia. Nevertheless, American exports of crude oil to Italy rose over 400 per cent in October.

The Administration's position is seriously weakened by the fact that it has no authority to enforce its policy on American business interests which wish to trade with the belligerent countries. Uncertain of public support, it has weakly assumed that the "implements-of-war" clause in the neutrality resolution could not be stretched to include such essential raw materials as oil, scrap iron, and cotton. The only step which the government has taken thus far to enforce its policy has been that of exerting pressure on companies owing money to the Shipping Board not to deliver oil to Italy. This action has admittedly proved ineffective, largely because the Administration has no control over mortgagors who are in good standing. According to the latest statement of loans in default, only two tanker companies are in arrears. These are the American Tankers Corporation and the National Motorship Corporation—the Sun Oil Company.

Unless the Administration is willing to allow a handful of oil companies to obstruct the League in its determined effort to substitute law for anarchy, it must take action under the "implements-of-war" clause or seek immediate legislation empowering the President to restrict the sale of war materials to belligerents. To wait until the regular session of Congress would be fatal, not only because it would give Mussolini at least another month's supply of oil, but because it would create vested interests in this country which would fight tooth and nail against any effort to curtail their profits. Three years ago the Administration found power to launch its recovery program by invoking emergency legislation passed during the World War. Today another emergency exists which may have an even greater effect on history than that of 1933. The effort to create a world organization capable of enforcing peace may fail, but it must not be because the United States neglected to carry its share of the burden.

What Business Wants

A GOOD case can be made for the thesis that the protection of private property in the Constitution provided, at the time it was written, adequate safeguards for the individual. The acquisition of property was open to all, and property once obtained was individually controlled. As long as a continent, fabulously rich in lands and resources, remained to be filled, the basic law protecting property protected in some measure the equality of individual opportunity. With the advance of the Industrial Revolution the nature of property changed. The corporation began to take the place of the person, the individual control over property began to decline, and an individualist civilization gave way to the capitalistic era. The basic law of the Constitution was stretched by the Supreme Court to protect the new kind of property. The due-process clause of the Constitution and states' rights became the new charter of business. Even so, business, in demanding its complete independence, submitted itself to the stringent economic laws of laissez faire; it took its losses, it maintained a free market, and on the whole it fostered competition. The frontier still was moving, and the individual still had the freedom of the beckoning West.

Then came the turn of the century and the rapid emergence of finance capitalism. Corporation property ceased to be private in any sense of the owners' personal control over it, and corporate interests began to coalesce, to the point that today 200 corporations control 60 per cent of the corporate wealth in the country. At the same time business undertook to evade the stern principles of laissez faire. It undermined competition by mergers and market agreements, it promoted the utterly uncapitalistic doctrine of price stability, and finally in the depression it refused to take its losses and insisted on being bailed out by government money. Hoover and Roosevelt spent billions to sustain property values, and both have preached the revolutionary doctrine of price stability. Thus property is no longer individual, and its possession no longer expresses accurately what Madison would recognize as the unequal faculties in man. It has a nationally acknowledged claim on the Treasury for its security, and it raises a problem not dreamed of by the writers of the Constitution or by the Supreme Court in the latter part of the last century.

The chief political struggle in the country is to gain public control over this new type of property through the government, since it no longer can be controlled individually. Business now invokes for finance property the freedom guaranteed to individual property by the Constitution and to the property of competing corporations by the Supreme Court in the days of laissez faire.

The National Association of Manufacturers at its annual meeting knew this to be the issue, but hid it behind this language: "Whether collectivism or a dictatorship shall succeed our representative constitutional democracy." Even in this language the issue is clear. The government, which in the new era must bail out business, make it safe, and stabilize the national economy, is not to control what it finances. For our "representative constitutional democracy" was notable as a hands-off-property regime from the start. The platform for American industry adopted by the N. A. M. is explicit beyond any possibility of misunderstanding. Five of the seven planks say "hands off" in five different modulations: plank two—"the limitation of government power over business"; plank three—"divorce of politics from bank or credit regulation"; plank four—"curtailment of expenditure to the proper and necessary functions of government"; plank five—"prevention of destructive taxation"; plank six—"maintenance of constitutional guaranty."

Of the remaining planks one is for the return to the gold standard and another for "greater freedom of enterprise," whatever that may mean. The N. A. M. resolved to work for the repeal of unemployment insurance and uniform old-age pensions as being "of a depressional character" and impracticable. In another resolution it attacked the government for "setting labor against industry." So bold a claim for the right to rule without check could not be made in a fascist state, and it can be made in America only so long as the Supreme Court feels it is bound to ignore the transformation in the nature of property. The pretense of the N. A. M. that the constitutional safeguards for property were designed for, or must be applied to, the interlocked corporate holdings which are typical of today's finance seems to us an unpardonable affront to American traditions.

Commenting on the seven-plank platform, Lammot du Pont declared: "We can truthfully state that by following these principles our country can make way for reemployment and prosperity." The seven principles we note were all loyally observed during the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era. They produced the depression. Yet they remain all that these business men know or feel they need to know of a social order.

The Law and the Alien

WHEN Congress meets early in January, one of the first things on the agenda will be consideration of anti-alien legislation in various forms. A number of bills were introduced at the last session with nothing to recommend them but the intemperate "patriotism" of persons who believe that an alien, *per se,* is an undesirable character and ought to go back where he came from. The overwhelming sentiment in the national legislature and perhaps in the country as a whole has been for strengthening rather than tempering our already stringent anti-alien laws; year by year interpretation of immigration legislation, fortified by court decision, has moved in the direction of less discretion on the part of the Department of Labor, charged with the enforcement of the statute, until in most respects the procedure is entirely mandatory and the immigration authorities have no choice but to deport aliens who fall into certain classes.

In an attempt somewhat to modify this harsh and shortsighted procedure, the Department of Labor is sponsoring the Kerr bill, which endows the Immigration Bureau with discretion in certain cases. The bill is designed to alleviate, in the cases of aliens of good moral character, the severity and injustice which have operated to separate wives from husbands, parents from children, and in too many cases to disregard the common usages of humanity. Aliens who originally entered the country without inspection but who are no longer subject to deportation may in certain cases be permitted to regularize their residence and become citizens. Students and visitors who, although admitted temporarily, are subsequently entitled to permanent residence may at the discretion of the department be permitted to remain without the inconvenience of first having to leave the country. In cases of illegal entry, where the procedure has been to detain aliens for indeterminate periods at the pleasure of the local or federal authorities, arrest is regularized, and an alien cannot be held for more than twenty-four hours without a warrant. Criminal aliens under the Kerr bill would be subjected to harsher treatment than is now accorded them; provision is made for the deportation of any alien convicted of possessing or carrying any concealed or dangerous weapon—with the amendment that he must have been convicted of a crime.

It will be seen that the proposed bill does go a certain way toward the modification of laws which have too often seemed inexplicably harsh. It is concerned mainly with the vast majority of deportation cases—those, for example, in which an alien has entered the country unlawfully or has a criminal record. It does not touch in any way the minority cases, which are of most interest to persons who like to think of America as an asylum for political refugees or a place where speech and thought are not subject to prohibitory legislation. During the years 1925 to 1935, 218 persons were deported who were classed as "dangerous radicals"—in contrast, of course, to the many thousands who fell into other classifications. In 1932 there were fifty-one such deportees; in 1933, seventy-four; in 1934, twenty; and so far in 1935 there have been seventeen. Although in numbers these cases are insignificant, in principle they are the most important. None of the legislation so far proposed would give the Immigration Bureau discretion in cases of this sort; under the present law membership in the Communist Party is mandatory ground for deportation. For an alien to ally himself with any group suspected of Communist affiliations—from the Unemployed Councils to the Federal Council of Churches, which "The Red Network" classes as dangerous—is a risky business if he happens to live in a community suffering from unemployed demonstrations, a conspicuous picket line, or any other challenge to the status quo. Jittery local officials do not like aliens who make a disturbance. They do not like citizens ditto, but citizens are harder to deal with. The alien needs special protection if he is to enjoy the citizen's share of traditional American rights.

It is fitting, therefore, to credit the Department of Labor with its sponsorship of the Kerr bill and to urge that the bill itself be passed as speedily as possible. It is equally fitting to suggest additional legislation, or a modification of existing legislation, which would permit departmental discretion in cases of political deportees. There have been an uncomfortable number of deportation cases in which cause and effect have too neatly operated: the cause being some sort of championship of simple rights, like the right to eat, or work, or picket, or organize in a labor union, and the effect the shipping off of an alien to the country of his origin, where he would be unwelcome, or strange, or even in danger of death. It is perhaps too much to ask that a Department of Labor, trying to bring a little humanity into the immigration laws against the hostility of an anti-alien Congress, should propose such legislation. But the pressure of public opinion should be exerted on the Congress itself, in an attempt to secure the same legal rights for aliens that are now granted to citizens.

Broadway Is Prosperous

EVER since the moving picture established itself as the most popular form of mass entertainment, the theatrical business has been part of the luxury trade. Certain special audiences have been built up by one or two insurgent groups, but "Broadway" depends almost exclusively upon those who can afford high-priced tickets. Nevertheless, Broadway is booming again, and its prosperity doubtless indicates a return either of better times or, at least, of confidence "in the higher brackets."

No business suffered more in the early days of the depression. Overbuilding, even for boom days, got those producers who were interested in real estate hopelessly involved, and when the Shuberts went into bankruptcy Broadway thought that the end of the world had come. At the same time audiences dwindled, production fell off, and there was one year during which gloomy wiseacres prophesied the end of New York as a great theatrical center. Today, however, it is deliriously prosperous. That does not mean, of course, that the death-rate is not high. Even in the palmiest days something like 80 per cent of all productions lost money. But that is taken for granted; it is hits that count, and at the moment there are fifteen current plays established in the money-making class.

"Jumbo" tops the list with takings of about $69,000 for the last week in November. As usual, other musical shows, including "Porgy and Bess," achieved the highest gross receipts, but there are eleven highly prosperous plays, among which "Pride and Prejudice" takes the lead. As *Variety*, from which these statistics are taken, points out, last year produced only thirteen hits, or two less than have appeared during the first third of the present season. It is also worthy of note that the successes are by no means to be found only among the lighter or more obviously "popular" offerings. Several, like "First Lady" and "Boy Meets Girl," are more or less frivolous and merely colloquial comedies, but others, like "Pride and Prejudice," "Winterset," and the two holdovers, "The Children's Hour" and "Tobacco Road," are not what is ordinarily called sure-fire theater. Neither, for that matter, is "The Taming of the Shrew."

Another interesting phenomenon is the growing extent to which the moving-picture companies are helping to finance plays which they hope may later prove suitable for screening. A great deal has been said about the possible bad effect upon the stage of Hollywood subsidies, and offhand the danger would seem to be great. Undoubtedly the moving-picture industry has done the theater a great deal of harm by luring many of its most promising actors away and also by employing too much of the energy of outstanding playwrights. There would seem, also, to be a real danger that the stage might become a mere "feeder" to the movies. And yet it must be admitted that so far the record is less than conclusive, largely, no doubt, because the movie magnates still seem to be in a state where they do not know exactly what they want. Warner Brothers has an interest in "Boy Meets Girl," which has obvious picture possibilities, but the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company is interested in "First Lady," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Winterset." All three are plays which the stage is lucky to get.

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Issues and Men

Clark McAdams

ONE of the few remaining great American journalists died the other day in St. Louis. Clark McAdams, for years the editor of the *Post-Dispatch* of that city, combined in himself all the qualities needed by the head of a fearless, independent, and unfettered newspaper. He wielded a remarkably able pen; he was responsible and conscientious; he was courageous and a devoted patriot in the best sense of that much-abused word. A great liberal—he could not have served on the *Post-Dispatch* as anything else—he clung to that philosophy of life, unshaken by untoward events and the complete eclipse of liberalism in many countries, because of his unbounded faith in human nature and his lofty ideals. His heart responded to every appeal of the underprivileged as that of any honest editor should, and when it came to a clear-cut case of injustice his whole being vibrated in response.

But nature's bounty to Clark McAdams did not stop there. Other gifted men similarly situated have been denied, like Horace Greeley, the saving ingredient of humor; or, if they had it, have suppressed it, like Edwin L. Godkin, in favor of their supreme control of the weapons of sarcasm and irony. McAdams's rare humor was part of his own kindly outlook upon life, which nothing could shake since it was but the reflection of his essential nobility and generosity of soul. At his funeral Dean Otto Heller of Washington University said of him: "And how could his attitude have been other than friendly to all the world, when with all his soul he believed in working for the general good? He was the most socially conscious person of his community. Never have I known one more closely related to the whole life of mankind and so infallibly on the side of the angels." It was doubtless Mr. McAdams's very kindliness that kept him from the mistake others of us are too prone to fall into—of criticizing individuals more than the system. But that did not weaken his pen or render it less effective. His hot indignation was not to be restrained when there were obvious evil-doers to be lashed. No one who read them can forget his leaders on the rascalities of the Harding Administration or his level-headed, luminous analyses of the Ohio gang revelations, which the *Post-Dispatch* and its brilliant Washington staff did more than any other one journal to spread abroad.

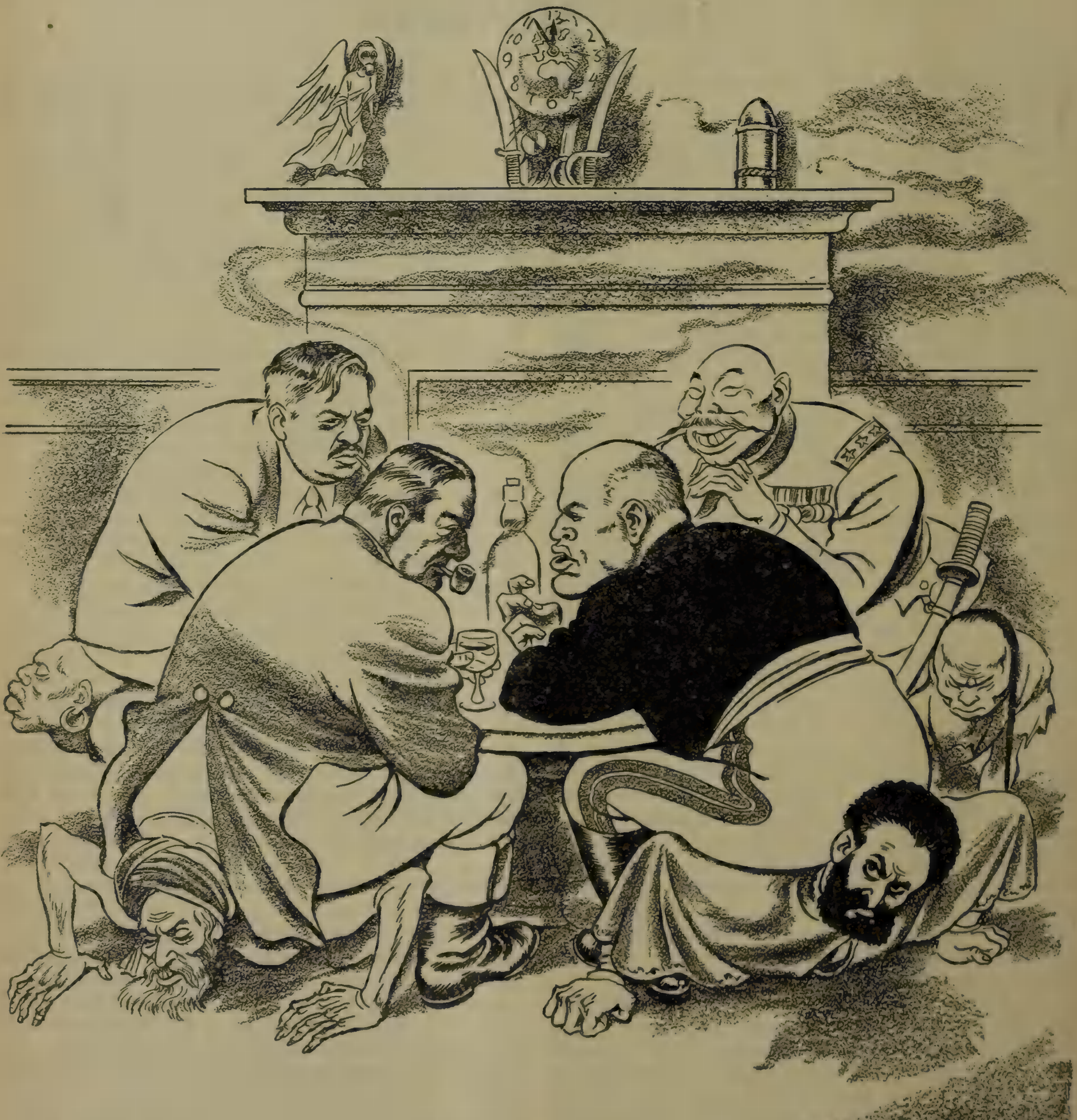
It is hardly surprising that the staff of the *Post-Dispatch* gave Mr. McAdams undivided loyalty and affection. They knew better than anyone else his selflessness, his absorption in his task, his devotion to the public weal. They knew that he did not take a position until he had fought his way through to it by the most careful reasoning, and that then, such was his clear integrity, he could not be shaken or driven into retreat. He could not be "reached," and he would not compromise. When the New Deal suddenly came to pass and Mr. Roosevelt held out that vision of a reorganized America which he has so unhappily failed to achieve, Mr. McAdams threw himself into the fight for it with the hot enthusiasm of youth. The more he studied it and realized its possibilities the greater his enthusiasm, the more eloquent his championship of the new promise and its sponsor.

When this led to a parting of the ways with the ownership of the *Post-Dispatch* and his transfer to the role of contributing editor, he met this supreme test with a self-control and bravery of which few could be capable. In justice it must be set down here, however, that Clark McAdams was in considerable degree what his opportunity and the *Post-Dispatch* made him. After becoming chief editorial writer he had for some years complete freedom of utterance. He was warmly backed by the then unlimited liberalism of the Pulitzer ownership, which even today is far more liberal than that of most journals and can still boast of an unsurpassed group of honest idealists in its editorial rooms. In other words, Mr. McAdams's setting was for years precisely what was necessary for the development of a great editorial figure—a milieu in which a man could champion any cause he espoused with unrestrained ardor and without having to go hat in hand to some absentee owner to ask for permission to say what he thought. In no other atmosphere can we hope to breed the successors of the great journalists of the past.

That, from the point of view of the profession, is the moral of Clark McAdams's life. He would be the first to say that others like him could be found without difficulty, if only they could be assured of the opportunity that he so richly enjoyed. When people ask me as I journey around the country why it is that the great personalities have so nearly disappeared in journalism, and why there is not a single nationally known daily editorial writer on a New York newspaper, with the exception of one who has prostituted his talents to a base service, the answer is that the responsibility lies with the owners of the dailies. They can create the conditions which for so many years made the offices of the *Post-Dispatch* and the New York *World* and the old *Evening Post*, the Baltimore *Suns*, and many others the resort of brilliant and fearless men and unhampered writers with a message to deliver. It is still possible to point to the *Post-Dispatch*, the Baltimore *Sun*, and some other newspapers where these conditions more or less continue. And everywhere I go I meet in newspaper offices aspiring and eager young men longing to get out of an intellectual servitude they cannot bear into one of the offices in which men can be free and earn enough to support their wives and children.

Even so, the Clark McAdamses are rare. "No station in life," Dean Heller also said, "requires more steadiness and purity of motive than the editorship of a great newspaper; and there is none that puts those qualities to a severer strain. But the manhood of Clark McAdams as a publicist proved equal to any test." After all, freedom to write what one thinks cannot alone produce such a man. The right qualities—the virtues, the philosophy, the pure ideals, the love of liberty and of humanity—must be there, too.

Oswald Garrison Villard



"Can't we find a common basis for a gentleman's agreement?"

The Mortgage Scandals and the New Deal

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

IT is hardly a month since the newspapers carried the announcement that President Roosevelt had lifted up one Lamar Hardy to the substantial post of United States Attorney for the Southern New York District, and that he had also, on the same day, elevated one John J. Kelly to the position of United States Marshal for the same area. Those who follow such matters carefully had also noted the appointment, a day or two before, of Max D. Steuer as counsel for the Congressional (Sabath) committee investigating real-estate-bondholders' reorganization committees. The three appointments occasioned a considerable amount of discussion in several quarters of the metropolis, ranging from the offices of distinguished Wall Street lawyers to the well-known back rooms of a dozen Tammany clubs. Something, the theory was, lay at the bottom of all this. It took the better-informed a day or two to fill in the picture. Those who see it all now are suffering from that bleakness of spirit which comes to men who have looked upon wonders that mortals ought never to behold.

What they see cannot be put in a nutshell, either. The Hardy-Kelly-Steuer appointments are but three tarnished threads in a rich and varied political tapestry. Concealed in its folds are matters as diverse as (a) President Roosevelt's desire to be reelected next year, (b) the "guaranteed"-mortgage-certificate scandals, involving 300,000 investors and one and a half billions of investments, (c) the split between Tammany and the Administration, (d) the scandals attending many real-estate-bond reorganizations, (e) the decreasing importance of Leader Dooling and the increasing power of the James J. Hines (of Harlem)–Edward J. Flynn (of the Bronx)–Farley bloc in the Manhattan Democratic organization, and (f) the Administration's plans to take that organization over before the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1936. The civics books say that appointments to high law-administration posts should be conceived in the desire for effective law enforcement, and no such desire is listed above. The trouble is that civics books are written for the ages, while Presidential and Congressional committee appointments are made with an eye on the election calendar.

J. J. Dooling, leader of Tammany Hall, did not want Lamar Hardy appointed United States Attorney for the metropolitan area. Mr. Dooling did not want John J. Kelly named United States Marshal, for the position carries heavy patronage authority. Mr. Dooling had other candidates for the two jobs. But there will be an upheaval shortly in Tammany, and Mr. Dooling stands an excellent chance of losing his own job. Whoever replaces him will be a most important figure in the coming Presidential election, and those who have the most patronage will be in the best position to dictate the choice of his successor. Mr. Kelly starts with several natural advantages, not even including the fact that he heads an advertising agency in which Elliott Roosevelt is a partner. He is one of the Tammany leaders who function under "Jimmy" Hines, in opposition to Mr. Dooling. He himself has been mentioned prominently as the next leader of the Hall and is willing to make whatever sacrifices would be entailed in order to carry the torch. Lamar Hardy's connections with the higher Democratic politics arise through the medium of Edward J. Flynn, Democratic boss of the Bronx, and Governor Lehman's Secretary of State. Mr. Hardy, a distinguished and able lawyer, has long had business contacts with Mr. Flynn, and it is those contacts which, in a way, provide the drama of this piece. Of that, more later. The point to keep in mind here is that by throwing these two appointments to the segment of the Democratic organization opposed to the present Tammany leadership, that leadership becomes subjected to a policy of attrition. By careful placing of their patronage, Messrs. Hardy and Kelly can wean away one of Mr. Dooling's props after another, and can thus convert a regiment of the Tammany faithful to the truth, the light, and Jimmy Hines. Now let us return to Mr. Hardy, whose case cries aloud for individual treatment.

The biggest financial scandal in the history of the state of New York is the "guaranteed"-mortgage-certificate bubble. No financial bust on record approaches the one and a half billion dollars of small investors' money tied up in these certificates. The Moreland Commission, which looked into these affairs at the request of Governor Lehman just a year ago, returned a report that was an indictment of the whole top section of our financial community. One of the companies most severely criticized by George W. Alger of the Moreland Commission was the State Title and Mortgage Company. Twenty-five former directors of that company are being sued by the state Insurance Department for $5,000,000 for making "unlawful, unsafe, and unsound" loans to affiliated and subsidiary companies. One of those directors is Lamar Hardy, who is also a founder, former counsel, and chairman of the executive committee of the company.

As United States Attorney for the Wall Street sector, Mr. Hardy will have among his duties the prosecution of violations of the vast new body of securities and banking legislation framed by the New Deal to bring the more abundant life to the small investor. From the time he helped found the State Title and Mortgage Company in 1927 until he severed his connection with it in October, 1931, Mr. Hardy had the fortunes of a great many small investors at least partly in his care, but they don't seem to have profited greatly by it. It is on record that the State Title and Mortgage Company was called on the carpet by the Insurance Department in 1931 for correction of "an unsound condition." It is on record that long before the state took over the company an Insurance Department examiner reported that "the company is not observing the law . . . and the situation is terribly involved in intercorporate relations."

In a survey of the report returned by the Moreland Commission on October 5, 1934, the writer has found eighteen citations of the State Title and Mortgage Company for conduct that can be called questionable. John A. Dilliard, president of the company at the time it was taken over, is now valiantly appealing a jail sentence of six months for failing to disclose to investors the fact that, out of $4,091,698 of bonds and first mortgages listed among assets, $3,816,349 was already pledged as collateral on RFC loans. State Title and Mortgage, with $75,000,000 of "guaranteed" mortgages and certificates outstanding, could not maintain the ridiculously low guaranty fund of $5,300,000 required by law (two-thirds of its $8,300,000 capital). It reduced its capital to $5,000,000 and then to $1,000,000 in order to be able to reduce its guaranty fund—but its obligations were not reduced correspondingly. Ultimately, according to testimony taken, there was a guaranty fund of only $200,000 behind $75,000,000 of contingent liabilities.

We are most interested in what happened during Mr. Hardy's tenure. In 1929 State Title and Mortgage purchased a bank, which was operated thereafter as a wholly owned subsidiary under the name of the State Banking Company. When State Title needed cash, it would sell its mortgages to its own bank and repurchase them whenever the repurchase was advantageous, thus making the bank's depositors unwitting purchasers of these real-estate obligations. "A very nicely thought-out idea," said a bank examiner of this practice, "but an unsound one from the viewpoint of proper practice for an institution authorized to accept deposits." The State Banking Company opened an account with the Bank of United States, in November, 1930, a few weeks before the Bank of United States was taken over by the Banking Department. The bank examiners reported of this deposit: "This inactive deposit of $150,000 appears to have been maintained in violation of Section 290 of the penal law in that it has the earmarks of having been used to influence the Bank of United States to lend a substantial sum of money to one of the other subsidiaries of the National American Company" (a unit in the State Title and Mortgage chain).

In July, 1931, State Title and Mortgage decided to engage in a typical "swap" operation in connection with mortgages in its group series "C." "Swapping," as practiced by many of the companies, consisted of lifting out good mortgages against which a series of "guaranteed" certificates had been issued, and substituting others, which might or might not be as good. Investors who held the certificates rarely knew that any change had taken place in the portfolio of mortgages which supposedly backed their investment. The most frequent reason for "swapping" was the need for ready cash, and in those cases the most salable mortgages would be extracted, the less salable, or defaulted, mortgages substituted. In the group series "C" case, State Title wanted to withdraw the 134 mortgages on deposit, of which only 19 were in default, and to substitute a single mortgage on the Hotel Victoria annex—a mortgage that was past due. To do this legally the annex property had to be appraised at $2,500,000. An independent appraisal of the property at $1,925,000 was on file. The company's own appraisal, made in the prosperous year of 1929, stood at $2,250,000. But in the depression year 1931, a vice-president of the company, a lawyer who had never before appraised any hotel property, obligingly made an appraisal of $2,500,000, and the substitution was accomplished. That the hotel annex was doubtful security since it could not be operated by itself as a hotel without expensive alterations was a thought not allowed to influence the deal.

State Title and Mortgage Company was clearly guilty of most of the standard bad practices of the "guaranteed"-certificate business. It sold more than $27,000,000 of guaranties after its guaranty fund had been impaired to the extent of more than 50 per cent as of December 31, 1930. It boosted sales of certificates in series in which it acted as its own depositary, in preference to series in which there was an outside trustee. When a mortgage in a series was paid off, the company kept the money and put another mortgage into the group, instead of using the fund to pay off existing certificates. By a complicated series of intercorporate maneuvers, it put defaulted mortgages into the portfolios of an affiliate, made indirect loans to that affiliate, took this same money back from the affiliate as "interest" on the mortgages, and was thus enabled to record the interest as "paid." The Moreland report has served as the basis of state and federal indictments of a number of Mr. Hardy's associates, in addition to Mr. Dilliard. Since Mr. Hardy was chairman of the company's executive committee he either knew these practices were going on or he was extremely remiss in his duties.

Edward J. Flynn, boss of the Bronx, was named earlier in this article as Mr. Hardy's link with Democratic politics. New Yorkers may recall stories of the past two years concerning various crippled children who had recovered large money damages as the result of automobile-accident injuries, but who were now penniless because the City Chamberlain's office, trustee for these minors, had placed their funds in sour mortgage certificates. The City Chamberlain's office favored the securities of the State Title and Mortgage Company above all others for the years between 1928 and 1932. It bought $1,235,000 of State Title "guaranteed" mortgages, of which $1,169,845 dropped into default, and $890,000 of State Title guaranteed certificates, all of which went into default. For part of that period the City Chamberlain was none other than Edward J. Flynn. Mr. Flynn's law firm, Goldwater and Flynn, was of counsel for the State Title and Mortgage Company, and Monroe Goldwater was a director of National American Company, Inc., which controlled State Title.

State Title's other point of contact with Democratic politics lies in the person of Joseph V. McKee, a Flynn associate of long standing. Mr. McKee, former Acting Mayor and former President of the Board of Aldermen of New York City, received a $25,000 fee from the company for negotiating loans totaling $4,700,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In 1932 he persuaded the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company to "tone down" certain damaging parts of a letter, which, as depositary for the issue of group series "C" of State Title certificates, it was about to send to certificate holders to inform them of the Victoria Hotel annex "swap" transaction.

With Mr. Hardy's qualifications for the post of United States Attorney thus illumined, where does Max D. Steuer, new counsel for the Sabath committee, fit into the picture? Mr. Steuer is a major Tammany strategist. More than a Tammany lawyer, he is a Tammany master-mind. Tammany, through transit, land condemnations, tax assessments, pier manipulations, has constantly been linked with the highest flights of New York high finance. Can it be that Mr. Steuer, aware of Mr. Hardy's elevation, aware of the ring of patronage being forged around the present leadership of

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Tammany, sought a post which might enable him to remain a key factor? Tammany influence may be weak in the White House, but it is strong in Congress, where it controls even the powerful Rules Committee of the House. Mr. Sabath's committee has recently had its powers broadened. It can now probe into a variety of real-estate matters, including, perhaps, a certain title and mortgage company, one of whose former directors is to be United States Attorney. Is it possible that Mr. Steuer has formulated a plan? Will there be a fight in the Senate against Mr. Hardy's confirmation, as there certainly should be, and will Tammany, if hard pressed, join virtuously in that fight?

The Latest Invasion of Mexico

By ELIZABETH KNOWLTON

THE Lions invaded Mexico last summer. So did the Rotarians. Not to mention innumerable American teachers, American students, and ordinary American tourists. And now the incursion of winter tourists is about to begin.

"Here is much loot," wrote the lieutenant of Cortez about Mexico in 1519. The spirit of the invaders seems hardly to have changed in 400 years. Back across the border they pour laden with their spoils: hung with serapes and sombreros, struggling with paper packages, bowed down under baskets, those gay-colored baskets with Aztec patterns in red and blue and green, now packed to overflowing with Mexican silver, pottery, glassware, lacquer work, leather work, toys, and novelties—products of a people expert in handicrafts, acquired at a very favorable dollar exchange. Bundles and baskets fill sleeping cars and steamer staterooms as the Americans return in triumph from the latest, and not the least serious, invasion of Mexico.

This year marks the beginning of the foreign tourist trade as a really important factor in Mexican life. In the latter part of June the Rotarians held their international convention in Mexico, D. F., with 8,000 attending. Hardly had the capital recovered from this invasion when it was overrun in late July by a horde of between 3,500 and 4,000 Lions. Here was a demonstration of what the tourist trade means. For a week every street and restaurant in the city swarmed with Lions—stout Lions of California in bright yellow sweaters with purple badges, tall Lions of Kansas wearing enormous yellow sunflowers, round-faced, clean-shaven Lions of everywhere strutting about the metropolis in shirt sleeves and new giddy-colored sombreros, and with them their Lioness mates, smart in make-up and plucked eyebrows. They flooded the shops and the markets, bargaining avidly in high-pitched voices. Their presence dominated the town. The National Fine Arts Palace, the Rockefeller Center of Mexico, new, expensive, and modernistic with steel and dark marbles and glass, was given over to them as a convention building. Great blue and yellow signs and arrows—"information desk," "check room," "Providence for 1936"—broke out on the polished elegance of its walls; and the visitor to Mexico who wished to see this noted structure, with its glass stage curtain made by Tiffany, its Museum of Mexican Folk Art, its famous Rivera and Orozco frescoes, would be stopped in the doorway by a bebadged sergeant-at-arms: "Sorry. You must come back next week. This palace belongs to the Lions now."

Thus welcomed, the Lions made themselves thoroughly at home. Two met in a hotel lobby to go out to a restaurant to dine. One was dressed in ordinary clothes; the costume of the other consisted of an open-necked shirt with rolled-up sleeves, and seersucker trousers, both of which had obviously seen the dust and mud of many days of motor travel. "You aren't going to dinner in those clothes?" exclaimed the first. "Of course," said the other. "We're in Mexico!"

But there is a more serious aspect to this last invasion than a question of occasional international bad manners, unfortunate though those may seem, or even of the unaesthetic effect of booming good-fellowship in a soft-voiced ancient city. Again and again Mexico has attracted outside despoilers, and the harm done by the occasional military adventurers since the days of Cortez has been nothing to that caused by the economic dominations. During the colonial period the agricultural produce of the country enriched absentee landlords overseas; more recently, in the days of Díaz, to foreign large landholders as exploiters were added foreign financial interests, whose concessions now include the major portion of the nation's minerals, oil, and public utilities. However much we may absolve "predatory wealth," which merely followed economic laws, however little we may blame foreign capitalists, who entered only because native capitalists would not venture, the fact remains that with the greater part of its natural wealth pouring out of the country Mexico has become cruelly impoverished. Only the smallest proportion of the population ever struggles above the margin of bare subsistence. Those Indian peons who still own land barely keep alive; those who were deprived of their lands during the Díaz regime quietly starve.

But there *was* a revolution in Mexico. And today its leaders pay at least lip service to the doctrines of socialism and communism, and profess to be bending all the forces of the government, if necessary even to the point of confiscation of wealth and land, to throwing off the yoke of foreign capitalistic domination and improving the condition of the downtrodden peon. How far their actions bear out their words and how near the country is to a true communist state, is a subject of interminable discussion. Yet certainly something is being accomplished toward the break-up of the large landholdings and toward the education of the Indian, especially in practical agriculture and knowledge of sanitation.

In trying to improve the condition of its citizens, the Mexican government is faced with a situation almost unique today. The country is very little developed industrially, and the great majority of the people are accustomed to communal life in small villages with subsistence farming and handicrafts. Soviet Russia, forced to meet a somewhat similar problem, elected large-scale production and industrialization. Mexico, lacking the raw materials for industrialization, is trying the experiment of building a different type of civilization, along lines that seem fitted both to the natural resources and to the temperament and gifts of the people. Here in the twentieth century the present government is trying to preserve and perfect the early economic form of subsistence farming and handicrafts, with emphasis on production for exchange and immediate consumption within small groups rather than for export or even nation-wide commerce.

For long centuries, as invaders have come and gone, the Indian has been happy in his general way of living—with his communal village government, his work on the land which he loves, his frequent fiestas, and his crafts, for which he has the natural talents and the feeling of the artist. He does not crave any great increase in economic goods, and definitely shrinks from industrialization or any change in the tempo of his life. Foreign employers complain that he lacks ambition, because, when given high wages, his reaction is to work only part of the time rather than to change his standards. To transform Mexico, in its present stage of development, into a country of really contented people, all that would seem to be needed is an increase in productivity to the point where everyone would have plenty to eat, and an improvement in health knowledge and sanitation sufficient to lower the scandalously high death and disease rate.

Into this picture of a land of small resources and simple ways of living, trying to free itself from the influence of foreign capitalism and to work out its salvation in its own way, steps the figure of the American tourist. What is more, he is invited, even urged to come by the government itself, which needs badly the cash that he brings. And he will not require much urging: Mexico is a ready-made tourists' paradise. Give it a few modern hotels with a bath for every room, such as are already springing up not only in the capital but in many of the smaller towns and villages, and you will have a rival to California or the Riviera, with even better climate, greater variety and beauty of scenery—snow-capped volcanoes, wild forests, subtropical vegetation, and a wealth of flowers—and a much more picturesque people to decorate the background. And, not least important from the tourist point of view, there is an incredible and fascinating amount of loot to be carried away. The stream is already beginning to flow southward. With the completion of the new motor road from Mexico City to the American border, it will undoubtedly rise to tremendous proportions.

Is, then, Mexico's experiment going to end almost before it begins, swept away in the flood of the American tourist trade? Will Mexico become a purely parasitic nation, living on the yearly influx and gradually learning to reflect the less attractive traits of our commercial civilization? Will its government, dependent on us for most of its revenue, come to accept our point of view along with our money, and resign all its present efforts, however inadequate, toward the more equal distribution of wealth and the preservation of a pre-capitalistic economy? Will its people become restless and grasping and eager, losing their craftsman's pleasure in work well done and in the perfecting of each trifle, and striving instead to make each object faster than the last and to sell each one dearer, turning from their communal life of mutual helpfulness, as each tries in modern competitive fashion to get ahead of his next-door neighbor?

Through all its earlier foreign invasions Mexico preserved intact its native spirit and ways of living. Is it about to succumb at last?

The Future of British Labor

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, December 1

ON November 14 the Labor Party gained 98 seats at the polls, and the Baldwin government was returned to power with a majority reduced, indeed, but still of 246 members. Even though each member on the government side of the House will represent only 27,000 voters as against 55,000 voters for each opposition member, this is unquestionably, from the progressive angle, a disappointing result. It means that for the next five years Mr. Baldwin, short of some unlooked-for catastrophe, will dominate the British scene.

What is the explanation of the result? Certainly, I think, no single cause but a number of contributory causes, the weight of each of which will vary according to one's individual standpoint. Among them must be included:

1. The absence of definite leadership in the Labor Party. Mr. Lansbury's resignation just before the election did grave harm. Mr. Attlee, his successor, did his best; but as he was widely believed to be a merely temporary appointment, he did not appear an alternative Prime Minister. To have such a leader is imperative in an election here. For the absence of such a one the Labor Party paid a heavy price. In my own judgment hundreds of thousands of non-party voters supported Mr. Baldwin simply because they did not know what was involved in voting for the other side.

2. An absence of clarity in the Labor Party attitude to foreign policy and rearmament. The official Labor view on the first was hardly distinguishable from that of the government, save as it attacked the record of Sir John Simon. On the second, if Mr. Baldwin asked for a blank check, the Labor Party's promise of "adequate" armament was, in the absence of a specific program, at least equally vague.

3. The record of the 1929 government. This was a heavy millstone round Labor candidates' necks. We could not be defended by a party which stood for socialism.

4. Fear. The electors, generally, felt that in a crisis such as this they had better trust the men they knew. Further (a) the unemployed voted Conservative in the hope partly that rearmament would mean work—for example, in the shipbuilding areas; and (b) the tariff-protected areas like Birmingham and Leicester voted to keep the protection against foreign trade.

5. Some weight must be given to distrust of the unions. Some of this lingers on from the general strike of 1926 and the election of 1931. It was exacerbated by the claim of the unions, ruthlessly made at the Brighton conference of the Labor Party last October, to dominate the shaping of party policy.

6. Certain minor causes are important. (a) There was poor local organization in many areas—for example, in

Birmingham. (b) There were poor candidates badly chosen in others. I was myself sent to speak in behalf of at least four candidates for whom I should not myself have wished to vote. (c) The suddenness and brevity of the election hardly gave time for the making of Labor's case. (d) In the use of the wireless and the movie—both of great influence—the government was definitely more skilful than Labor.

Some aspects of the results deserve special emphasis.

1. Labor will have a strong front bench; almost all its tried leaders have been returned. But broadly speaking, its back benches will be unsatisfactory. There are too few young men. There are too many trade-union officials in the late fifties and sixties who have no special parliamentary contribution to make however well they may have served their unions. The Labor Party simply must find a way of bringing its young men early into the House if it wants to have a strong government next time.

2. The Liberal Party is finished. It could only run 150 candidates for 615 seats; it returned only 20 members. It lost its leader, Sir Herbert Samuel, and three of its whips. Forty-four of its candidates lost their deposits for failing to poll one-eighth of the votes cast in their respective constituencies. It has little hold on the electoral mind outside the west country.

3. National Labor is a farce. It will have eight members in the new House compared to fourteen in the last, and all of these were elected by Tory votes. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald was well beaten; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald by no less than 20,000 votes. Probably they will both continue in the government, but safe Tory seats will, if that be so, have to be found for them.

4. The Simonite Liberals obtained twenty-one seats; but they have become indistinguishable from the Conservatives. No doubt in the next few years they will be completely absorbed by the Conservative Party.

5. For the first time since 1924 a Communist candidate was returned for the mining constituency of East Fife.

6. The Fascists did not dare to run candidates at this election. It is, I think, safe to suggest that they are unlikely to develop any strength unless and until the Labor Party actually comes to power. The breakdown of conservatism might then give them a new significance.

7. The real victors of this election were Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden. The first typified security and common sense devoid of reaction; the second, a League of Nations policy in foreign affairs. They are the assets through whom the government obtains the support of the "mugwump" voters.

8. Predominantly, the Liberal vote of 1929 appears to have gone to the government candidates. This is especially the case in the urban constituencies. Assuming that the Liberal voter is usually the older voter, the increase in the Labor vote is, I think, mostly that of younger electors who have become twenty-one since 1931. In so far as this is so, it is, clearly, a hopeful sign for Labor.

If I had to put the result succinctly, I should say that while the electorate had a strong feeling against the government, it was not convinced that the Labor Party could safely be intrusted with power. It felt this, I think, on three main grounds: (a) a doubt whether the time was ripe for experiment with untested principles; (b) a doubt whether the Labor Party had the nerve or the courage or the determination (especially after 1929-31) to give effect to its principles; and (c) a conviction that, generally, the government had not done so badly and that, especially in an international crisis, there was no special reason to suppose that the Labor Party would do much better.

What of the future? I do not think anything is gained by concealing the fact that the result is a serious setback for Labor. It has now been out of office for four years; if things remain pretty normal, especially abroad, it will be out of office for four more years. It must win the next election if it wants to remain the vital alternative to conservatism, for the simple reason that a political party under the parliamentary system dare not go on losing if it is to retain its hold on the electoral mind. What, then, has Labor got to do in the next four years?

1. It has got to find a leader, stick to him, and give him the chance given to Mr. MacDonald to make himself a national figure whom the country expects to be Prime Minister. This cannot be done too soon. Of the possible men of this type I believe that only Mr. Attlee or Mr. Herbert Morrison are genuinely available. Granted the conditions of the problem, I believe Mr. Morrison more valuable in this role because he has the more arresting personality.

2. It has got to bring its young and able men into Parliament. That place, after all, is the one place where national political reputations are made. I know young men in the Labor Party who ought to be in the next Cabinet, but they are not in the House.

3. It has got to make up its mind whether it is going to be a "social-reform" party or a "socialist" party. If the first, it will, logically enough, continue to be essentially trade-union in complexion; but in this event it will only win in a period of relative prosperity when the economic situation permits the luxury of social reform within the framework of the present system. Frankly, I do not see signs of any such period ahead, and I think that a Labor government of this kind would bring us to another 1931. Alternatively, if it is to be a "socialist" party, it must accept the logic of that position. It must then find a philosophy and fit its scheme of legislative priorities to that philosophy. It must avoid the appearance of wanting to "slip into" socialism and the pretense that a frontal attack can be made on capitalism without paying the price for it. The only philosophy that suits this alternative is Marxism; and the Labor Party, if it wishes to be Marxist, must cease playing with the disillusioned Liberals who feel that there is a career in the Labor Party now that liberalism offers no constructive opportunities. Which choice the party will make I do not know with any confidence. Foreign affairs and the industrial position will do much to shape its decision. The one thing of which I am certain is that the party can no longer afford to be obscure about its outlook. The facts make a choice essential. Its fate depends upon the courage with which it makes the choice.

4. The Labor Party has also to make up its mind about the meaning of fascist Europe on the one hand and of Soviet Russia on the other. To the first, its attitude is still the *simpliste,* "It can't happen here." To the second, it still insists that British conditions are too different for Soviet experience to be significant. Both are the policies of the ostrich, and both are born of the refusal to understand that we are a world power enmeshed in a world system, and not

an island power capable of isolation whenever we desire it. To confront these problems seriously means a drastic revision of Labor's foreign policy in the concrete. Events may force this in the next twelve months. But it is the mark of a great party to anticipate the lesson of events.

Corporate Tammany Halls

WALTER S. TOWER, executive secretary of the American Iron and Steel Institute, made his debut as a leading American humorist with a letter to Major George L. Berry, coordinator for industrial cooperation. Mr. Tower, in behalf of the steel industry, declined Major Berry's invitation to a conference at Washington for the creation of a new NRA. The steel industry, he said, looks to "the influences of natural economic forces" for recovery and fears the effect of any action "designed to regiment business enterprise."

Natural economic forces have not operated in the steel industry for a generation. Its prices are regimented. Its workers are regimented. Its investors are regimented. When it comes to coordination—*Gleichschaltung* is the Nazi term—Major Berry is an amateur beside the steel trust. Prices have goosestepped since 1901, and the prices of some steel products are higher now than they were in 1929. Steel-company towns are Third Reichs in miniature. And although United States Steel is, as they say, owned by the public, try and get even a Hitler-style plebiscite.

* * * * *

THE claim to a profit on services rendered at a price established in a free market has become a claim to operate corporate Tammany Halls without interference. The fight against the Utility Holding Company Act illustrates the dominant trend. Since United Gas Improvement has led the parade in the refusal to register with the SEC, examination of its structure is pertinent. U. G. I. declares that it does no interstate business, although within its huge system electric power is transmitted over eight state lines and gas over five. It asserts that all its companies are already regulated by state commissions, although one state commission after another has complained that effective regulation is hamstrung by the interlocking of operating with holding companies beyond state control.

The need for supervision is demonstrated by testimony on the U. G. I. given before the Federal Trade Commission. U. G. I. collected $2,000,000 in management fees in 1928 and $1,500,000 in 1929. It had more than $17,500,000 outstanding in cash advances to affiliated and subsidiary companies in 1929. At one time it had as high as $500,000 outstanding in loans to its officers, in at least one case to purchase directors' qualifying shares. All these loans may have been legitimate and proper and to the interest of its investors. But how are the investors to be sure? In February, 1931, U. G. I. had 77,961 stockholders. The largest was United Corporation, with 25.71 per cent of the shares. United Corporation, with $50,000,000 in stock, controlled $800,000,000 in assets. But United Corporation itself was a device to make it possible for the Morgan utility group to capitalize on the stock-market boom and to finance their control with the savings of the public. The temptation to insiders is great where they have so little stake in the company they control.

* * * * *

OPERATING, subholding, and construction companies are in the U. G. I. system. The same group sits on both sides of the table in fixing management fees, construction costs, and financing charges. Regulation at the present time places a premium on inefficient operation, costly management, and a bloated capital structure. The higher the costs and the higher the capital account shown, the more the consumer can be charged. The Federal Trade Commission report discloses the average annual rate of return to U. G. I. on the cost of its investment in various subsidiaries. Here are a few samples:

	Per cent
Allentown-Bethlehem Gas	21.36
American Gas	10.987
Concord Gas	49.3
Gas Securities Corporation	27.68
Harrisburg Gas	83.86
Philadelphia Electric	11.36

All these operating companies are regulated by state commissions. Is from 10 to 83 per cent a fair return? Investment in our most stable industry yields in many cases higher dividends than investments in highly speculative enterprises. The Federal Trade Commission report also shows the profits made by U. G. I. on utility investments which it sold. A few examples follow:

	Bought for	*Sold for*
Omaha Gas	$724,263.77	$1,770,727.40
Savannah Gas	24,987.37	2,771,034.00
Des Moines Gas	255,511.06	3,264,200.00
Minneapolis Gas Light	209,395.84	5,835,087.50
New York and Westchester Lighting	948,998.38	6,050,183.90

These profits, of course, reappear as capital on the books of the new owners. Consumers pay a return on them, and investors buy the stock issued against these inflated values. Such investments are hazardous in that they depend on continued control and/or continued evasion by utility companies of the regulatory agencies which fix the prices consumers must pay.

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

Correspondence

What Follows Sanctions?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of November 6 you say, "Mr. Simonds, in seeing this clash [of imperialistic interests, Britain versus Italy], which is there, fails to see the incomparably greater fact that human society is trying to organize itself on the principle of a Kellogg pact enforced by penalties, and thus bring to a head the experience of a cursed generation in waging the greatest and most disastrous war in history."

May I venture to say that what I do see is two things? In the first place, while, as you argue, sanctions may not mean a declaration of war, the effect of the form of sanctions to be employed against Italy must be identical with that of the "hunger blockade" employed against Germany after the Armistice. Therefore, the result must be the same, and what that result was is notorious.

In the second place, the effect of the advocacy of military sanctions by British Labor has been to make it impossible for the Labor Party to offer the slightest opposition to the present Tory program of armament expansion, because to impose military sanctions is to risk military reprisal, and against that nations resorting to sanctions must be prepared.

When human society, in its effort to organize itself on the principle of the Kellogg pact, has, at the very outset, to resort to the technique of the "hunger blockade," which was the most devastating detail of the "most disastrous war in history," and to leave a clear field for nationalism to rush forward to vast armament expansion, it is my humble judgment that it is on the wrong track.

My quarrel with *The Nation* does not arise from any blindness as to the objective of sanctions but from a perception of what the consequences of the sanctions method of attaining that objective must be. So far the adoption of that method has led to the formation of a program to starve the Italian people into submission and to the renunication of all hope of disarmament.

Snowville, N. H., November 12 FRANK H. SIMONDS

College Football

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your issue of November 27 "Left Wing" says some brisk things about college football. Most of them probably are true. However, as in all such articles dealing with general conditions, notable exceptions might well be cited. On November 16 Dr. Alan Chester Valentine was inducted as fourth president of the University of Rochester. In his address, speaking of publicity ballyhoo, he said:

> Much of this sophomoric distortion is centered about intercollegiate athletics and particularly about football. There is much that is good about athletic competition, but when victory becomes a necessity to maintain the morale of students and alumni, when the clamor of sports journalists and locker-room critics affects its policies, a university has sold its birthright. This university shall not yield to such distortion. Its students will continue to play games because they like them, but we shall not pretend that athletic achievement is the main or even a major end of college life. I turn with pleasure to more profitable things.

President Valentine is thirty-four years old and a dozen years ago was a first-class football player at Swarthmore. The University of Rochester lost seven out of eight games played this year, and no one connected with it or any of the alumni, so far as I have noted, raised a blood pressure about the record. There are schools which play what they preach.

Rochester, N. Y., November 25 PAUL BENTON

Mr. Canby and Miss Millay

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May "an old gentleman wandering down a strange street" in whom "literature stirs . . . a number of vague, often undocumented associative thought processes" humbly state that in spite of approaching senility his memory is still reasonably clear. Your young lady critics of the critics charge him with rejecting many of Miss Millay's poems when he was on the *Yale Review*. The story runs the other way. One of the few things which in old age he still remembers with pride is that he saw some of the earliest poems that Miss Millay sent out and fought vigorously for their acceptance, but was defeated by the more conservative tastes of another editor no longer associated with the *Yale Review*. As he probably launched the story himself, it is rather too bad that it has turned such a somersault in getting into print. Differences in opinion seldom trouble him, nor even rather flagrant misstatements as to what he has said in his reviews, but as a steady admirer of Miss Millay's work for many years, he deprecates such gross inaccuracy.

New York, November 20 HENRY S. CANBY

From a Left Critic

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

We poor Marxist critics of the *New Masses* whose inferiority complexes and bourgeois subconscious the Misses Marshall and McCarthy analyze with so much relish would like to point out to the ladies that most of the confusions they giggle over are strictly theirs, and please not to try to put them on us. The confusions breed in two misconceptions; first, that this life of ours doesn't change and writers don't change, and therefore Marxist critics musn't change; and second, that Marxist critics all think alike. (Why the hell don't they wear their uniforms? our two critics seem plaintively to lament.) Life, however, does change, and changes pretty fast as even *The Nation's* columns indicate; and writers change more than the rest. That is why Sinclair Lewis and MacLeish and others get hit for one sort of book and are praised for another.

Secondly, the Marxist viewpoint is not rigid and fixed. It has not yet matured as a critical method in literature. But while it seems to us to have got farther on the way to usefulness and truth than other methods, it is not afflicted with so revelationary and conformist a psychology as the propaganda-ain't-art school.

Furthermore, the courting of middle-ground writers is not done, as our critics intimate, as a piece of social climbing; and it is eager, not because we want to make high-toned friends, but to unite writers against fascism. We feel that in the fight against fascism maybe there is no time to worry whether we have an over-eager look on our faces when we welcome allies.

New York, November 27 ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

The N. A. A. C. P. and the *Amsterdam News*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May I be permitted to make clear to the readers of *The Nation* that the position taken by William Pickens, referred to in Allan Chase's article, The *Amsterdam News* Is Winning, in *The Nation* of November 13, is Mr. Pickens's personal one? The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has taken no official position in this controversy. The individual officers who have expressed their opinions on different occasions are acting on their individual responsibility. This, of course, applies to my statement in behalf of the workers.

New York, November 20 WALTER WHITE, Secretary

Patriotism and the Legion

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation* for November 20 you commented on an Armistice Day speech delivered by Michael J. Kane before a group of American Legion men in Philadelphia. As a delegate to the Philadelphia County Council of the American Legion, I answered the intemperate and un-American remarks of Mr. Kane. My speech, published in the Philadelphia *Record* on November 10, from which I quote below, is, I believe, more representative of Legion opinion than Mr. Kane's.

> I feel I would be false to our institutions and to the Legion if I did not take this occasion to condemn and repudiate the unlawful and un-American sentiments of Mr. Kane. . . .

> As an American citizen who fervently believes in our form of government, I conceive it my duty to be zealous for the freedom and the liberty of every other citizen. In order that I may enjoy freedom, I must permit everyone the freedom to differ from me. I believe in intelligent patriotism. . . . We must guard against jingoism and desist from a disposition typified by Mr. Kane to whip or shoot anyone who doesn't goosestep with him or his kind.

Philadelphia, November 16 JACOB HULITT

Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Political prisoners in the United States today are the objects of special persecution in most federal, state, and local prisons. They are denied even the meager privileges generally accorded by prison rules. Every attempt is made not only to cut them off completely from the world outside and the labor movement in whose ranks they fought and fell, but also to break their spirit and morale. Mental torture is the general rule, and in many cases it is accompanied by physical torture.

There are today almost one hundred men and women, political prisoners, serving terms of from one year to life imprisonment in four federal penitentiaries and thirty-seven state and local prisons for their activity in the labor movement or as a result of vicious racial persecution. In some jails their cells are periodically raided, their little personal belongings, books, and letters confiscated. Their visitors have been barred from many jails. In one New York state institution their entrance was prohibited by armed troopers. Threats, solitary confinement, withholding of incoming and outgoing mail, barring of a Weekly News Letter compiled from the pages of the nation's daily newspapers—these are some of the mental tortures imposed on men and women who sacrificed their freedom for their beliefs.

The underlying cause for this special persecution is the degrading fact that the United States does not recognize the status of political prisoners. They are officially numbered and listed as murderers, dynamiters, rapists, thieves—crimes pinned on them as the result of brutal frame-ups. Thus Tom Mooney becomes No. 31921—murderer. Courageous miners who defended their homes and families against gun thugs, bullets, and starvation are recognized only as dynamiters or killers.

The Prisoners' Relief Department of the International Labor Defense, which sends monthly relief checks to these long-term political prisoners and their families, corresponds with them, and, most important of all, maintains a hawk-like vigilance over every attempt to deprive them of their most elementary rights behind the bars, is launching a campaign for the recognition of the status of political prisoners and for special privileges for them as such as an integral part of its annual Christmas drive for relief to political prisoners and their families.

New York, November 2 ROSE BARON,
Secretary, Prisoners' Relief Department

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Shows that productive industry is hampered by rising taxes and recurrently inflating ground rents;—that business recovery begins only when land values are deflated;—that the flow of capital into production of goods and employment of labor can be stabilized ONLY by transferring taxation from industry to ground values, urban and rural;—thus maintaining permanent deflation of land, while putting premium upon movement of capital into business and agriculture.

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Christmas Toys

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Again Pioneer Youth appeals to your readers to dig into their closets for toys, books, dolls, games, and serviceable clothing for the miners' children in West Virginia.

We no longer give away presents indiscriminately at mass Christmas parties. Our club children now repair the toys. A few days before Christmas they run a toy sale for the townspeople. Nothing costs over twenty-five cents. Many things are cheaper. Miners and their wives can pick out presents their children want.

Please send things quickly to the Christmas Party Committee, Pioneer Youth, East Bank, Kanawha County, West Virginia.

New York, December 3 AGNES SAILER,
Director, Mining Town Work

Contributors to This Issue

SAMUEL GRAFTON is a New York newspaperman.

ELIZABETH KNOWLTON contributes articles to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines.

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the University of London, is the author of "Democracy in Crisis."

ISIDOR FEINSTEIN is an associate editor of the New York *Post.*

HANS CHRISTIAN is a Milwaukee newspaperman.

RUTH BRINDZE is the author of "How to Spend Money."

LUDWIG LORE, formerly the editor of the New York *Volkszeitung,* now conducts a column, "Behind the Cables," in the *Post.*

LOUIS KRONENBERGER is the editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse."

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun.*

Labor and Industry

Craft and the Crafts

By HEYWOOD BROUN

WILLIAM GREEN announced proudly at a newspaper conference that peace had come to the building-trades unions and that jurisdictional conflicts would occur no more. Moreover, he announced that here was the full and perfect answer of the craft organizations to the campaign of the industrial unionists. But when Mr. Green brought the play out in detail it hardly seemed a solid enough foundation to bear the whole weight of the labor movement. After all, it entailed the use of much machinery outside the family. The original designation of carpenters, let us say, or sheet-metal workers to do the doors in a piece of construction is to be left to the contractor in case of a dispute. Apparently the motto is to be, "The job must go on."

The craft union which feels itself slighted in the arrangement may appeal to the arbitration of a federal judge, and his decision shall be final. The trouble with this set-up as a working arrangement is that federal judges never make findings very quickly. If the judge comes in at the end of three or four months to say that the contractor was wrong and that the job should have been done by the sheet-metal workers instead of the carpenters, his decision may be of little but academic interest. The job may be already completed. The carpenters will have the pay, and the sheet-metal workers will have nothing but a grudge and a moral victory.

As a matter of fact, arrangements far more shrewdly devised for peace in the building trades have been attempted before, and within the last few years two or three have fallen by the wayside. There is little reason to believe that the present plan will long survive. At any rate it is an all too insufficient answer to the growing demand for organization along industrial lines.

I do not think that anybody seriously doubts the vast increase in membership which would come to the A. F. of L. if John L. Lewis and his allies succeeded in their fight for the industrial set-up. Unfortunately, there are craft leaders who are far from desiring an increase in membership. It is to their immediate interests to keep the A. F. of L. small. Their power and their very jobs as union office-holders may be swept away by the advent of new mass groups within the organization.

But I think that some of the craft leaders are making a mistake even from the point of view of self-interest. The American federation is not in a position to make the choice between expanding or standing still. The federation must expand or die. To stand still is to provide an easy target for the murderous fire which manufacturers are about to pour into the ranks of the unionists. Many of the leaders are loath to accept the fact that the trade-union movement must battle for its life in the next few years, but every indication points in this direction. Big business must at least receive credit for being brutally frank. When Mr. Utley told the manufacturers' convention that the employees would vote 90 per cent along with their employers if the workers were "properly approached," nobody could have had much doubt about his meaning. The methods of Mark Hanna are to be introduced again, and in many of the large plants the word will be given out definitely that a failure to vote for Landon, Knox, Vandenberg, or whoever the Republican nominee may be, will mean the loss of the job. Company unions will be pressed far more than ever before in order to build up groups which will be politically as well as economically subservient to the will of the big-business bosses.

The same spy system which spots a man for union activities can be employed to see that he votes "right" or at least talks that way. Old-fashioned methods of trade-union organizing are not only slow but inefficient. The organizer who goes into open-shop country and tries to get the workers to assemble in a central hall to listen to speeches is butting his head against a stone wall. Many interested workers are afraid to turn up. They have every reason to be afraid. Spotters will pick them off and report them for no greater crime than listening to union arguments.

Nor can these recruits be effectively reached through literature. The labor press, including the weeklies and the magazines, is still weak. Trade unionists must face the fact that the Associated Press, which is the very spinal column of news dissemination, itself stands accused of working against organization in its discharge of Morris Watson, Newspaper Guild vice-president. The newspapers of America will give the A. F. of L. scant room for legitimate news stories. The whole fight between the craft groups and the industrialists has been scandalously underplayed. This is one of the most important political and economic issues in America and even so it gets very scant editorial or news mention. The newspapers in New York are angels of light in this respect compared to the provincial press.

What organized labor should do is take to the air. John L. Lewis on a regular hook-up once a week would command a huge audience from the beginning. As the voice of labor he could ride through and over the spies and the snoopers of the employers. He might even collect in confidence the letters of workers anxious to be organized. All this could be done without the needless making of martyrs in the ranks of those brave people who are the first to stick out their necks. Only when a sufficient number of recruits had been gathered would it be necessary to make an open move. Labor is fighting big business. It cannot fight it successfully with flying squadrons composed of horse-and-buggy unionists.

In the Labor Section Soon

Company Unions in the Mass-Production Industries

A Series of Articles by Various Contributors

The Wisconsin "People's Front"

By HANS CHRISTIAN

Milwaukee, December 5

ON December 1 Wisconsin was presented with a new version of the famous "People's Front." It became known as the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation, and quite a tale hangs by its formation. Rank-and-file pressure, conceived and nurtured largely by Communists and other militants, forced the federation into being. But shrewd La Follette key men and Socialists led by Dan Hoan captured the movement in its tender stages, halter-broke it, and carefully guided it into safe, old-line political pastures. In no sense can the result be called a true farmer-labor political uprising, but it may well develop into exactly that.

As matters stand, a coalition for political action unusual in American politics has been formed between three political parties—the Progressives, the Socialists, and the Farmer-Progressive League—and six economic groups—the Wisconsin milk pool, the state federation of labor, the Farmers' Equity Union, the Farm Holiday Association, the railway brotherhoods and crafts, and the Wisconsin Workers' Alliance. The immediate effect should be a united voting front of all liberal and radical forces in Wisconsin. If the conference action is approved by the groups involved, Hoan appears assured of reelection in Milwaukee in the spring and Phil La Follette in the state in the fall.

The federation plan was voted at a meeting of 225 delegates, 25 from each of the nine organizations. Voting on key issues was split about two to one. The minority, or left-wing, delegates had hoped for a genuine farmer-labor party, which would go on the ballot under its own name. Instead of that, provisions were made that will enable the La Follette-Hoan leadership to keep a tight rein on the new federation for eighteen months; that is, the La Follette plan for cooperation with Roosevelt in the 1936 elections was not imperiled. Not until June, 1937, will the federation hold its first open state convention. For the next ninety days a provisional committee of eighteen will be in charge. After that a state executive board of nine members will take control until the convention.

A rain of resolutions that descended last summer upon the executive board and the state convention of the Wisconsin Federation of Labor, demanding a labor or farmer-labor party, was the beginning of the move that culminated in the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation. It was a genuine rank-and-file demand, and it grew out of the widespread dissatisfaction of Wisconsin farmers and workers with the Roosevelt deal and to some extent with the La Follette regime. State labor leaders, members of the Socialist Party, so manipulated the convention that labor-party discussions were limited to two representatives from each of the preceding nine groups. This meant that the new party movement, as soon as it left the convention floor, was removed from all rank-and-file interference. The eighteen delegates became the leaders of their respective organizations. They met repeatedly behind closed doors, and all other members of their groups and of all other groups were strictly excluded. The conferences were led by Mayor Hoan, Thomas Duncan, confidential adviser of Governor La Follette, and Henry Ohl, Jr., veteran president of the state federation of labor.

The constitution, the platform, and the organization plan which they worked out in secret was finally passed by the December 1 conference. Fraternal delegates and official observers from farmer and labor groups throughout the state came to the conference, but all were refused admittance. All suggestions and resolutions not in accord with the plan agreed upon were ruled out of order, among them one submitted by Mrs. Victor Berger, a Socialist delegate, calling for an open ratification convention to be held in ninety days. Feeling for a true labor party ran high on the first day, and observers said that had the vote been taken late Saturday evening such a party would have been formed. The entire conference was ended suddenly at noon Sunday by the leaders. Much business remained to be done, and the session had been scheduled to run all day. However, the left-wingers were becoming better organized and in the last few hours were clearly gaining strength.

The platform favors cooperative or publicly owned farm marketing, milk distribution as a public utility, joint state and federal social-security laws, a publicly owned banking system, and higher taxes on incomes and inheritances. It contains the words, "Farmers, workers, and other progressive-minded people must form a militant political group toward obtaining a new order of production for use, lest we have another collapse, fascism, and war."

Some odd features attached to the new federation will require clarification. None of the nine participating groups, it was announced, will take part in the federation officially or as a group—with the exception of the Socialist Party. Their memberships are invited to form clubs which will then join the federation. The Socialist Party, however, will enter as a group—providing its members vote to do so in a referendum soon to be taken.

In the spring municipal election Milwaukee Socialists will have the privilege of choosing candidates in those wards where the party is strong. In other wards united-front federation candidates are presumably to be set up. This is a non-partisan election and no changes will therefore be required on the ballots. But in state elections to be held next fall the federation candidates will go on the ballots in the Progressive columns. This means that the Socialist Party name will disappear entirely from Wisconsin elections. The passage of that provision was the Progressives' most signal victory in the conference. In some sections of his party Mayor Hoan has already been accused of selling socialism down the river for the sake of votes. His own position is that the coalition will open up fertile fields for the dissemination of socialist education among the voters of Wisconsin. Whatever criticism may be made of the manner in which the new federation came into being, its formation caught the forces of reaction unawares and elicited half-hysterical cries for the formation of S. O. S. groups—"save out state" societies "to ward off the radical hordes that threaten to destroy our state."

The Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation is a step in the right direction. Its effectiveness in the sharpening struggle for a better order will increase in proportion as its leaders loosen their grip and admit the eager rank and file to democratic participation. Its choices are plainly indicated: to the left lies the road toward socialism, peace, and sanity; to the right, capitulation to opportunism, "modified capitalism," defeat at the hands of the haves, fascism, and war.

The Case for Industrial Unionism

By WILLIAM GREEN

AN industrial form of organization is the organization of all men employed in an industry into one compact union. Craft unionism means the organization of men employed in their respective crafts, resulting in numerous organizations within a particular industry.

The organization of men by industry rather than by crafts brings about a more perfect organization, closer cooperation, and tends to develop the highest form of organization. The causes of jurisdictional disputes are considerably decreased and in many industries can be eliminated altogether. The constant friction resulting among craft organizations in their contention for jurisdiction causes the labor movement more trouble and greater inconvenience than any other problem with which it has to deal. When men are organized by industry they can concentrate their economic power more advantageously than when organized into craft unions. The results of such concentration of economic strength are the promotion of their common welfare and the advancement of their common interests.

The United Mine Workers of America is an industrial organization. All men employed in and around the coal mines, regardless of their skill or calling, belong to the United Mine Workers of America. In negotiating a wage scale between the coal operators and coal miners, a schedule of wages is arranged governing all classes of labor, skilled and unskilled, employed in and around the coal mines. By this process the interest of the unskilled worker is given as much attention as that of the skilled worker. It is indeed, in the fullest sense, a policy of all for each and each for all. A settlement of the wage scale is not finally reached until the schedules applying to all classes of labor employed in and around the mines are agreed to.

The advantage of such a form of organization is so obvious that one can scarcely conceive of any opposition thereto. A form of organization that protects the interests of the unskilled worker is the form of organization most desirable. Much complaint has been directed against craft organizations because little regard has been given to the problems of the unskilled workers. It is becoming more and more evident that if unskilled workers are forced to work long hours and for low wages, the interests and welfare of the skilled worker are constantly menaced thereby.

In the development of industry and organization the tendency is toward concentration and perfection. This applies to the organization of labor as well as to the organization of industry and capital. Hence the reason why organized labor is gradually passing from craft organization to the more effective industrial forms of organization. It may be well-nigh impossible to eliminate the craft form of organization in certain lines of industry. However, it is quite possible to establish industrial forms of organization in the railroad industry, the printing industry, and in other industries where groups of organizations are formed into councils and federated bodies.

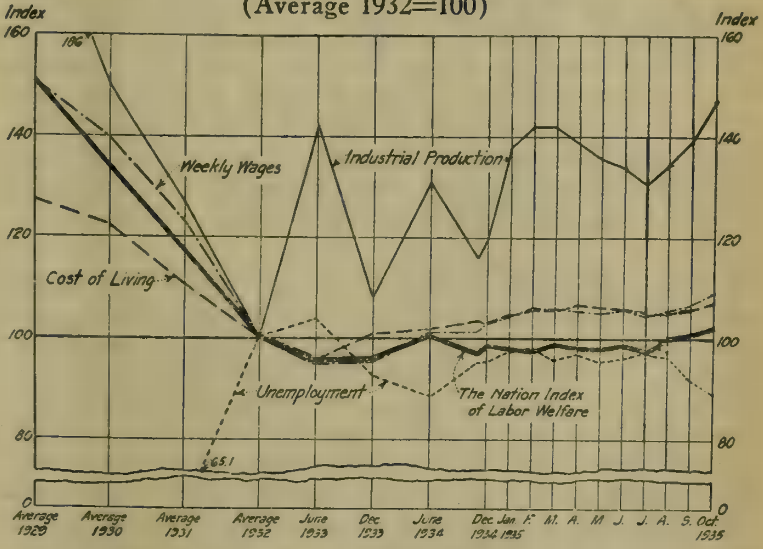
Summing up the situation, some of the advantages resulting from an industrial form of organization are the reduction of opportunities or causes for jurisdictional disputes, the concentration of economic strength, the blending into harmonious cooperation of all men employed in industry, and the advancement and protection of the interests of the unskilled laborer in the same proportion as that of the skilled worker.

[EDITORS' NOTE: *The foregoing convincing statement of the case for industrial unionism is reprinted from "The American Labor Yearbook" for 1917-18, when Mr. Green was an official of the United Mine Workers of America.*]

The Labor Index

CONTINUING the spectacular advance started in August, *The Nation* Index of Labor Welfare rose to 102.5 in October, the highest point since early in 1931. Each of the component parts of the index showed a substantial improvement over September, as well as over October, 1934. Compared with the previous month, employment rose 250,000 and pay rolls increased $8,200,000. The average weekly wage was $22.11 as against $21.97 in September; and the number on relief rolls—including WPA workers—showed a slight decline.

THE CHART OF LABOR WELFARE
(Average 1932=100)



That a large portion of the rise must be attributed to seasonal factors is indicated by the fact that the September-October improvement this year was much less than in the corresponding period of 1934. Last year, after an extremely bad September, the Labor Index rose from 97.3 to 99.7 in October. During the past twelve months weekly wages have increased 6 per cent, while the cost of living has advanced 4 per cent, leaving the employed worker with a net gain of two cents on every dollar which he earned a year ago. However, his real wages are still 13 per cent lower than in 1929 and 7 per cent lower than in 1931. Unemployment and the number on relief also far exceed the 1931 level. Neither employment nor pay rolls have kept pace with the rise in industrial activity.

Preliminary figures for October, and revised figures for September, 1935, and October, 1934, are as follows:

(1932=100)

	Oct. 1935	*Sept. 1935*	*Oct. 1934*
Industrial Production . .	147*	139†	117
Average Weekly Wages .	108.4*	107.5†	102.3
Cost of Living	106*	105.5	102.3
Real Wages	102.3*	101.9	100
Unemployment	90*	91†	91
Index of Labor Welfare	102.5*	101.4†	99.7

* Preliminary. † Revised.

Facts for Consumers

TWO warnings issued by the Food and Drug Administration in the last few weeks have, for obvious reasons, received little if any mention in the daily press. The first reports that an unusually high proportion of decomposed and otherwise putrid salmon was packed this year by the Alaska canneries, and that since July a quarter-million shipping cases have been confiscated. Conditions in the Alaska canneries have long been bad, but W. G. Campbell, chief of the Food and Drug Administration, in his 1935 report proudly announced only one seizure of canned salmon, which still left the record clean because this had been packed a year before. The present backsliding is due, according to the administration, to the season's unusually good catch, which provided a supply greater than the canneries could handle. Production lagged so far behind that tons of salmon had partially rotted before they were processed. Canned salmon seized during September and October was shipped by the following companies: Alaska Packers' Association, Alaska Southern Packing Company, Annette Island Canning Company, Berg Packing Company, Columbia River Packers' Association, Deep Sea Salmon Company, First Bank of Cordova, Glacier Sea Foods Company, Independent Salmon Canners, Kelley Clarke Company, Klawock Packing Company, Lowe Trading Company, New England Fish Company, P. E. Harris and Company, Puget Fisheries, Superior Packing Company, Washington Fish and Oyster Company, Western Pacific Packing Company, Wrangell Packing Company.

* * * *

THE second administration release not thought news by the press outlines new regulations for orange growers who have found it economically advantageous to improve on nature by dyeing the skins of oranges. The more stringent requirements will not become effective until September, 1936, and before that date the growers many find some means to circumvent them. The administration's ruling officially recognizes the charge that the coloring process is being used on green and under-ripe fruit to conceal inferiority. The expensive dyeing equipment was installed, according to the citrus industry, merely to add eye appeal. All dyed oranges must now be clearly stamped with the words "color added," and so can easily be recognized by consumers.

The new ruling implies that the present standard of eight parts of sugar to one of acid is not high enough, and after its effective date the staining of oranges "in simulation of oranges of greater maturity and flavor or of superior variety" will be considered a violation. No standard is established, and whether the 1936 ruling will eliminate the dyeing of oranges remains to be seen.

BECAUSE of the delay in the printing of government documents, parts of the Food and Drug Administration's report for the year ending June, 1935, were antiquated before it left the press. The report on the salmon canneries is a case in point. Seizures of fruit and vegetables for excessive spray residue is another. Aside from apples, which for many years have headed the list, the products found to be most heavily loaded with poisons during the last few months were quinces, pears, cabbage, and cauliflower. In the annual report no seizures of quinces or cabbage were listed. The total number of seizures for excessive spray residue in 1934-35 were, however, high—338 compared with 58 for the previous year. The increase is attributed by the administration to the introduction of oil sprays by Michigan apple growers, which increase the difficulty of spray removal, to the greater activity of the Food and Drug Administration inspectors, and to the use of new and more accurate colorimetric methods for determining lead residue. A similar test for fluorine, in which the spray residue is dissolved in a chemical reagent and the color checked with a photometer, has also been developed by the administration's chemists. No accurate analytical method has yet been devised for determining excessive selenium content, a comparatively new poison used on citrus fruit and grapes. This spray soaks into the soil, is absorbed by the roots, and is thus fed directly to the fruit. Until an analytical method suitable for court work is developed, the consumer can expect no protection against it.

* * * *

FIVE national advertisers have recently been called to account by the Federal Trade Commission with the following results:

The Jergens-Woodbury Sales Corporation will discontinue advertising its facial cream as a new or unique protection from the danger of blemishes or as giving to an aging dry skin the appearance of "supple youth," and will no longer assert that "Element 576" in Woodbury's Cold Cream causes the oil glands beneath the skin's outer surface to function better.

The Musterole Company will stop advertising that Musterole penetrates to the seat of trouble and prevents chest and croupy colds from becoming serious, and that there is no muscular pain or sore throat too severe for Musterole.

Pine Brothers will stop advertising that its Glycerine Tablets will stop coughing instantly, and that Orasol, a mouth wash and breath purifier, is an antiseptic.

Pro-Ker, a treatment for baldness and other hair troubles, will no longer be represented as capable of making the scalp healthy or preventing hair from falling out.

Health Products Corporation, distributors of Feen-a-Mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative, will discontinue claims that Feen-a-Mint relieves constipation satisfactorily and is the most scientific way to get rid of constipation and headaches.

* * * *

WHEN a museum holds a "Consumer Exhibit"—that's news. But the Newark Museum, probably the first to arrange such an exhibit, has found it almost impossible to have it noticed in local newspapers. The purpose of the exhibit is to train the consumer to know what he is buying; this is done by a collection that includes jars which magnify their contents, slack-filled containers, and containers with false bottoms. A series of tests for textiles applied to samples of fabrics purchased locally is also on view. Still another feature is a model medicine chest, which of couse does not include well-advertised proprietories. The exhibit will be on view in the branches of the Newark Public Library until July, 1937.

RUTH BRINDZE

[*Miss Brindze's page appears every other week in* The Nation.]

Books, Drama, Films

Our Critics, Right or Wrong. V

Literary Salesmen

By MARGARET MARSHALL and MARY McCARTHY

IN the past four articles of this series the *Herald Tribune Books,* the *Saturday Review of Literature,* the New York *Times Book Review,* and the literary section of the *New Masses* have been examined in respect to their usefulness as critical guides to literature during the past ten years. It would be pleasant to drop the matter here and to ignore the book columnist of the New York daily newspaper, since he is, after all, such an easy mark. Unfortunately, he is influential; his column is scanned (at least) by millions of readers a day. It is therefore vital that we take a brief look at him.

It must be acknowledged at the outset that it would be absurd to expect profound literary criticism from any writer whose job demands that he read and review one or more books in a single day. John Chamberlain may assert airily: "As a daily reviewer I am not momentously conscious of believing very differently than I did as a weekly reviewer or free-lance writer . . .": and it is quite probable that Mr. Chamberlain's general views of life and literature have undergone no striking change during his two years' tenancy of his column on the *Times.* His practice, however, *has* altered. It is extremely doubtful that Mr. Chamberlain, given a few days to think it over, would have said, for instance, that Robert Briffault's "Europa" "may lack one or two of the elements of great fiction but it . . . will probably stand up as the most useful novel that has come to light"; and the first sentence of his review of November 19 is the rather desperate remark of the typical newspaper reviewer: "One finishes Frederic Prokosch's 'The Asiatics' with a helpless tongue-tied feeling born of the fact that no critical clichés seem to fit this astonishing novel."

Lewis Gannett, who is disarmingly frank, put his finger on the difficulties of the trade he and Mr. Chamberlain now follow in his comment on Sholom Asch's "Three Cities": "It may be remembered when 'Anthony Adverse' is forgotten; but I never got well started. There were good books and shorter out that day." Each of the newspaper critics, with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, has, on some occasion, inveighed against the exigencies of time and mass circulation which hamper him in the exercise of his craft. A certain amount of this fretfulness is justified; but the book columnists overdo it when they offer the daily pressure to which they are subjected as a kind of blanket alibi for errors in judgment. Harry Hansen, for instance, simply does not make sense when he presents the following excuse for his erratic critical behavior:

> Now and then I hear that we are too enthusiastic . . . I don't share this view. The enthusiasm in newspaper reviewing comes, I believe, because we write after the first impact; if we had weeks and months to devote to a book we might cool off.

If this statement means anything at all, it means that Mr. Hansen fears that his first reactions to literature are usually wrong; and if Mr. Hansen really doubts the reliability of his first reactions he has no business running a daily book column. In a different way Lewis Gannett apologizes for his work in the *Herald Tribune:*

> My own column must reveal my lamentable ignorance of the eternal principles of criticism; a review of my own reviews would, I suspect, disclose little but an autobiography. Well, why not? Why pretend more? Anatole France called criticism the adventures of a soul among masterpieces; our daily columns are the adventures of our modern minds in the modern world as reflected in its books.

It is not necessary or even possible for the newspaper reviewer to write brilliant or subtle criticism. Still, it seems odd that a "lamentable ignorance of the eternal principles of criticism" should qualify a man for the position of book columnist, especially since he does not by any means restrict himself to reporting the evidence but is continually handing down critical decisions. Mr. Gannett sums up his own case adequately. He has had no special training in literature or criticism. He came to the *Herald Tribune* from *The Nation,* where he was a first-rate writer on foreign affairs. William Soskin of the *American* has an equally nonliterary background. He was a law student at Columbia University, a reporter on Wisconsin and Chicago newspapers, managing and news editor of several New York newspapers, before he was appointed book columnist on the *Evening Post.* Harry Hansen was a war and peace-conference correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* shortly before he became the literary editor of that paper and thence graduated to the New York *World.* Only John Chamberlain, who worked for some years on the literary section of the Sunday *Times,* and for a short period on the *Saturday Review of Literature,* seems to have served an apprenticeship in criticism. It is significant that Mr. Chamberlain today so far outshines his fellow book columnists that we tend to overestimate his talents.

If we wish to know why it is that a man so patently ill at ease in the critical chair as Mr. Gannett, say, or Mr. Soskin, is allowed to conduct a book column in an important New York newspaper, we need only to inquire into the book columnist's real function to discover the answer. The book columnist's job is not to evaluate literature, for at that he is woefully inefficient; his job is, to put it bluntly, to sell books. Since the *Herald Tribune,* for instance, does not print newspapers for art or typography's sake, Mr. Gannett's column must, at the very worst, pay for itself; and across the page from Mr. Gannett's column we find the publishers' advertising which supports it. Literature is art; but it is, at the same time, merchandise. Publishers cannot print only good books, even if they want to, for there are not in one season enough to go even once around. Publishers' lists, then, are substantially composed of mediocre books, heavily advertised as "good" or "great." Many or most of these books a newspaper columnist helps to sell. The average mediocre novel will draw from him a favorable review, warm enough in tone to send little trickles of cash customers into the city's bookstores. He writes favorable reviews, not because he is crooked, not because he is the conscious tool of the publishers whose advertising eventually pays his salary, but because he is a pleasant, generous man with no literary training, very little discrimination, and a vague "love of books." As one might expect, he professes contempt for "highbrows"; it is indeed his favorite rationalization when he is confronted with his own critical shortcomings. "The simple way of avoiding superlatives," says Mr. Brickell, neatly avoiding the issue, "and one that is often followed by the reviewers of the highbrow weeklies, is not to like anything, and particularly not to like anything that anybody else likes."

It is not to be imagined that Gannett, Brickell, Soskin, *et al.* are the only literary salesmen disguised as critics who function in the book world of today. The reviewers on the *Herald Tribune Books,* the *Saturday Review of Literature,* and the New York *Times Book Review* are performing precisely the same service for the publishing houses. Among the literary weeklies *Books* is most conscious of its role as a book-selling medium. There was a time, in the middle and late twenties, when *Books* was a moderately respectable literary journal. Its back pages were filled with reviews of trivial pieces of fiction and non-fiction, but its cover and front section were often devoted to articles by important men and women of letters. Virginia Woolf, Rebecca West, Paul Valéry, and Lytton Strachey were making in *Books* stimulating contributions to critical thought. Today any Sunday's *Books* looks like a trade journal. No distinguished critical name adorns its cover; an entire page in the back section is devoted to a tabulated account of the best-sellers as reported by bookstores all over the country; a downright unfavorable review, particularly of a work of fiction, is a rare and disturbing phenomenon, though some harassed reviewers have learned how to insert a hint of their real feelings between the favorable or equivocal lines.

The causes of this change in policy are readily perceived. *Books,* of course, subsists on advertising. Book publishers were among the first to feel the pinch of the depression. Lowered sales meant a lowered budget for newspaper advertising. What was more natural than that *Books,* recognizing the publishers' plight, should do what it could to get a larger slice of the reduced advertising budget. Before the realities of depression literary pretensions faded. The effort to make the date of its review coincide with the date of publication of the book reviewed was intensified until at present *Books* frequently appears, with its consistently favorable review, several days before the book is actually on sale. It began to feature lists solicited from well-known persons of "Books I Have Liked," "Good Reading," "Books I Have Read Recently," "Books I Expect to Like This Season," "Books I Wish I'd Read." Later it introduced a Popular Fiction Number and a Mystery Story Number. Its latest and most successful stroke in its campaign to endear itself to the publishers resulted in the publication of its tabulated list of best-sellers. This was the consummation of a deal with the booksellers. The *Herald Tribune* today distributes about thirty thousand copies of *Books,* at a nominal cost, to bookstores in all the key cities of America. The booksellers mail these on, free of charge, to thirty thousand customers; and, in return, *Books* every Sunday prints its lists of the booksellers' weekly accomplishments in the sale and propagation of culture.

Useful as all these sales stunts must have been to the financial welfare of *Books,* by themselves they would have availed virtually nothing. To cement the friendly relations between criticism and advertising, *Books* needed and got favorable reviews of new books. This it has achieved in various ways. Reviewers who were obviously second-string in the old days (and for some reason the majority of these are tender-hearted ladies) were moved up to take the place of more stringent commentators. Again, *Books* may hand out a doubtful book to the author's best friend, as when it invited Malcolm Cowley to review the work of his familiar, Matthew Josephson, and intrusted the latest effort of Branch Cabell to Ellen Glasgow. It encourages a specialist in one field to review a bad book in another, where his ignorance will make him timid. Stuart Chase, for example, was called upon to consider "The Glories of Venus," a novel about Mexico by Susan Smith. Mr. Chase, naturally, could only report: "Whether it is a good novel I cannot say, for I am an economist . . . Susan Smith can write." Sometimes it finds hidden virtues in hitherto neglected authors. In 1930, for instance, a whole page in *Books* was devoted to proving that Harold Bell Wright's works—which the reviewer admitted had had scant notice from *Books* in the past—are folk literature. No wonder the publishers found it worth while to insert, two pages later, a half-page advertisement of Mr. Wright's latest opus. Reviewers on *Books* are handpicked, but if *Books* makes a mistake, there are ways of rectifying it. Sometimes the review is pulled out at the last minute and another substituted, as was the case with Benjamin Stolberg's review of Ida Tarbell's "Owen D. Young," which was subsequently published in *The Nation,* while Gannett's review of the same book took its place in *Books.* Sometimes, *Books* reviewers complain, the offensive (that is, critical) lines are cut; and whatever unfavorable reviews appear are usually printed some time after the book's publication. To insure perfect results, the selling power of the reviewing staff of *Books* has recently, we hear, been gone over by an efficiency expert. The expert, we understand, frowns on "negative" reviewers and smiles on Sinclair Lewis, who leads the list, though Lewis's most enthusiastic admirer, H. L. Mencken, once pronounced him "a dreadful ham as a critic."

The *Herald Tribune* is occasionally hypocritical about its activities, now and then candid. The editor of *Books,* instructing one young reviewer in the practice of her art, assured her that "there is something good in every book that must be brought to the attention of every reader." On the candid side are the quotations from booksellers which the *Herald Tribune* occasionally prints to the effect that Lewis Gannett is their favorite (best book-selling) critic, and the advertisement in *Books* which announced: "Every day Lewis Gannett writes on books. . . . Every day, too, timely advertisements and news stories keep you abreast of developments in the realm of books."

The *Herald Tribune's* book policy has had its effect on its competitors, the *Times Book Review* and the *Saturday Review of Literature.* Neither of these publications has gone to such extremes as *Books* has in its quest of advertising. The *Times,* as we pointed out in an earlier article, usually merely "covers" books as it would news events; while the editors of the *Saturday Review* are of so benign and uncritical a habit of mind that their opinions would scarcely disturb a publisher. Both of these periodicals have throughout the depression grown a little more kindly, but unlike *Books* they are not psychopathically antipathetic to unfavorable reviews. They have, however, resorted to other measures to keep pace with *Books.* The *Saturday Review* now gives out to booksellers a small rack with a place in the middle for the current *Saturday Review* and a place on each side for the display of two books reviewed in its pages. The *Times* has but lately introduced its own tabulated report from American booksellers. It also furnishes to publishers small cards to be inserted in new books, asking the book buyer what review inspired him to purchase the book. The *Times* tabulates the information received and issues it in pamphlet form to publishers. Naturally, the *Times'* book reviews lead all the rest in sales appeal.

The pressure which such sales devices must inevitably bring to bear upon reviewing is apparent. Booksellers are not interested in distributing among their customers or displaying in their windows a weekly literary supplement in which unfavorable reviews predominate. Whether or not the attempts on the part of the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* to compete with *Books* presage an era in which reviewing in the literary weeklies will have become merely a branch of advertising it is impossible to tell. Certainly, the publishers themselves are well aware of the growing benevolence of the critical brotherhood. An amusing advertisement by Coward-McCann for "Brassbound," by Mary Bickel, makes this quite clear.

> Book reviewers are optimists, turning on the adjectives at the slightest provocation. But book *sellers* are hard-boiled. . . . To rate a kindly adjective from a book *seller* a book must be way up in the stratosphere.

An examination of criticism in America today indicates that criticism is healthiest where it is farthest removed from publishers' advertising. *The Nation* and the *New Republic,* if they are in some cases a little stodgy, make a genuine attempt to maintain critical standards. The *New Masses,* for all its errors, is vigorous. These periodicals carry some advertising—not much. In the quarterlies—the *Yale Review,* the *Virginia Quarterly,* the defunct *Symposium* and *Hound and Horn*—none of which carries or carried advertising, some of the most independent criticism has been written. Unfortunately, these publications, removed as they have been from advertising, are also removed from mass circulation, and the criticism, therefore, though good, has been stylistically academic. During the last ten years in America criticism has been only sporadically interesting. Edmund Wilson, Joseph Wood Krutch, Rebecca West, Frances Newman, Louis Kronenberger, Clifton Fadiman, and Robert Morss Lovett have seemed, in varying degrees, perspicacious, but their faint catcalls have been drowned out by the bravos of the publishers' claque. Moreover, none of these critics, with the exception of Mr. Wilson, has made any extended effort to relate what is valuable in modern literature to the body of literature of the past. Really vital criticism will probably not come until genuinely critical and independent minds can somehow communicate unhampered with the vast body of the reading public.

[*This is the last of a series of articles which have appeared every other week in* The Nation.]

Karl Marx

Karl Marx. The Story of His Life. By Franz Mehring. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Edited by Ruth and Heinz Norden. Covici-Friede. $5.

WHEN Franz Mehring, the renowned historian of the German Social Democracy, published the first edition of his Marx biography seventeen years ago, it was received as an epoch-making work in the literary history of the international labor movement. By presenting it in Edward Fitzgerald's good translation to the English-speaking world, the publishers have made an important and satisfactory contribution to serious literature. Other biographies of Marx have been written, before and since. But none has given the reader such a wide historic perspective or showed the man in such intimate correlation with the happenings and spirit of his times. Reading Mehring's monumental work one understands that here, with all his failings and personal weaknesses, stands one of the most significant figures the nineteenth century produced.

In the flood of translations from the German which has enriched our literary output during the last decade, there has been no noteworthy contribution from among Mehring's important works. Reading "Karl Marx" again after all these years, one understands the reason. This is no book to be read for amusement or pastime. It will not appeal to that sector of America's reading public which demands of its heroes, past and present, that they be just erratic enough to be interesting and amusing, yet not too far from their own experience to be wholly comprehensible. Karl Marx's faults were not entertaining peccadillos. In a man of lesser stature they would have been intolerable. To those who do not appreciate the stupendous vision of his economic and political interpretations, he may appear as an irascible, intolerant, and not always over-scrupulous bigot.

Karl Marx, the founder of the modern labor movement, came of a family of Jewish patricians. After giving a brilliant account of himself in the University of Jena, he married Jenny von Westphalen, daughter of a small nobleman of modest means, with whom he lived for twenty-four years in one of those rare spiritual unions which surmount all material adversity. At the early age of twenty-four he became a contributor and later the editor of the *Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne. It was his fate even then, says Mehring, to provoke strong reactions from those with whom he came in contact. People served Karl Marx with unselfish devotion or hated him for his faults. These conflicting attitudes toward him produced a chemical reaction without which his genius could not have come to flower.

His activity in Cologne was beset with difficulties. Weary of political persecution he turned his back on Germany in 1843 and went to Paris, where he made a precarious living for himself and his young wife by writing for newspapers and periodicals. In the companionship of Heinrich Heine, Joseph Proudhon, and others he underwent a process of intellectual clarification. Here, too, began his intimacy with Friedrich Engels, whose loyal and understanding friendship was destined to become the foundation of his later personal and intellectual life. In endless stimulating discussions with these new-found friends, half-formed convictions took definite shape. Marx had come to Paris full of vague resentments against a social system the real meaning of which he as yet only dimly perceived. When he turned his face toward London two years later those convictions, to which he devoted a life of restless and tireless energy, had already taken definite form.

To a biographer of Mehring's type this aspect of the man is of minor importance. Himself the typical *streitbare Pro-*

fessor to whom intellectual polemics are more important than meat and drink, Mehring understands the severity with which Marx dealt with his opponents. Among his contemporaries, bourgeois as well as party comrades, he was respected and feared for his brilliant and devastating satire. To me it seems, indeed, that Mehring's analysis of Marx owes its preeminence to the close similarity in their natures and their outlook on life. Mehring was no whit less ruthless and intolerant in his castigation of the reformists in the German socialist movement of his period than was Marx in his acidulous attacks on the bourgeois democrat, Professor Karl Vogt, or in his—for the most part unjustifiable—aspersions on Michael Bakunin, the Russian revolutionist, or on Ferdinand Lassalle and Johann B. von Schweitzer, the propagandist forerunners of the socialist movement. To both, ideas were a highly personal matter, much more important than accidental personal relationships. Neither found it possible to separate his disapproval of another's ideas from the person who uttered them. Both had that intensely personal relationship to abstractions which expresses itself in violent hatreds and loyalties. To persons who react less violently to the stimuli of ideas, such characters are inexplicable. August Bebel once referred to Mehring (at the Dresden Social Democratic Congress in 1903) as a "psychological riddle," and Otto Rühle, whose biography of Karl Marx aroused a great deal of discussion a few years ago, tried to explain the "contradictions" in the character of the great leader as the products of an underlying psychopathic disturbance.

Lovingly and with infinite patience Mehring follows Marx through the long years of his exile. The task is not an easy one. Which was the real Marx? The heartless fighter who abhorred and decried all sentimentality in the labor movement? The leader of the "Kommunisten Bund" and the First International whose haughty rejection of reformist proposals alienated those worthy people who offered their good-will as a substitute for the proletarian class struggle? Or the loving father, the deeply affectionate husband, the man who inspired a friendship so unselfish that it deserves to stand beside the famous brotherhoods of history and tradition? This ardent socialist, this daring philosopher, says Mehring, was sentimental and modest in his personal relations. When he demanded absolute allegiance it was to the cause, never to himself and his ideas. He himself would have been the last to claim for them the infallibility with which they have since been invested.

A library of hotly contentious literature has been written for and against the Marxian conception of socialism as the next step in social and economic development. Because of it we are inclined to forget that Marx's greatest contribution to modern thought was not that he outlined the way into the future, but that he gave to thinking humanity a touchstone by which all future theories of human development might be tested, that he discovered the great law on which all human change and progress are based. It was Marx who first taught what has since become axiomatic: that human society is built upon the primitive human needs of food, clothing, and shelter; that the methods whereby any given social unit satisfies these needs determines its cultural, political, and social superstructure.

Marxism is no longer an outlaw among social philosophies. Mehring shows how "historic materialism" gained recognition in schools and universities from historians, scientists, and journalists as the one great force in human progress; how the development of capitalist society in the sixty years since Marx first charted its course in "Das Kapital" has followed the economic laws which he, building on the hypothesis of Adam Smith and Ricardo, first propounded.

In Mehring's skilled hands the biography of Marx becomes more than the record of a human life. It is the story of an idea and its induction into the warp and woof of the conscious existence of a new generation. It is too bad that the publishers should have felt the need of an appendix which, by the intolerance of some of its references, detracts from the artistic perfection of this truly remarkable work. LUDWIG LORE

Down with Woollcott

The Woollcott Reader. Compiled by Alexander Woollcott. The Viking Press. $3.

MR. WOOLLCOTT is not only a best-seller in his own right, but with a sentence or two he can make best-sellers of other men. At present he is by far the most influential salesman of books in the United States, and consequently looms larger on the cultural scene than even Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf. Mr. Woollcott's ascendancy means, indeed, death to the Five-Foot Shelf and all its analogues, for Mr. Woollcott is no friend of difficult and stodgy classics: he is skeptical of their worth, or at least of their readability, and prefers the readier laughter and tears of writers not in the pantheon. He has had much to say, here and elsewhere, about the snootiness and pedantry of people who play safe with the names which somehow live on in his despite. If he has not quite aspersed their sincerity, he has wiped up the floor with their sense of humor.

Now there is perhaps no better way of attracting followers than by suggesting that they, like oneself, have a superior sense of humor, and I have no doubt that Mr. Woollcott's ripe appreciation of anecdote has helped pave the way for his dictatorship over literature. But he is by no means one-sided, and if he has a lively turn for laughter, he has an even livelier turn for tears. I even suspect that weepsiness is his true love and that he would rather have a good cry than a good laugh. And I further suspect that literature has no meaning for him beyond providing one or the other.

It is very seldom, of course, that a critic who becomes widely influential with the general public is a good critic. He is usually its superior in articulateness, not acumen. If he has virtues, they are only tolerated for the sake of his vices. Thus Mr. Woollcott's immediate predecessor in the land, Professor Phelps, really liked good books as well as bad, but won his spurs entirely through recommending the bad ones. Professor Phelps's chief critical characteristic is a low boiling-point, so that he is as quickly bathed in steam when reading "Anthony Adverse" as when reading Aeschylus. But Mr. Woollcott is a very different kind of critic. He is vastly harder on dull books than Mr. Phelps, and vastly harder on good books. He does not like a great many things, and all the things he likes have points in common. Thus the prose had better be more like French pastry than bread, the sentiment bountiful and lush, the characters exceedingly wicked or noble or salty, the scene distant if not downright exotic. But Mr. Woollcott will not approve of such productions if there is anything naive or blundering about them: they must be executed with all possible cunning and sophistication. Their true character must not be obvious; it must only steal upon you that they are hokum.

Yet hokum they are, high-grade, streamlined hokum if you will, but hokum. There is not much in "The Woollcott Reader" that any well-known critic of our time except Mr. Woollcott will wish to see preserved. Here is, I say boldly, second-rate taste at its most formidable and deceptive, tricked out in its Sunday best, beckoning and easy to take. It is second-rate in a number of respects, but I am satisfied to rest my case on the fact that there is scarcely a thing in this anthology which does not, at bottom, falsify or run away from life. Like all sentimentalists and easy scoffers, Mr. Woollcott can be quickly spotted as an escapist; and in this compilation of modern writing he has escaped to the strongholds of all those who bruise easily and think with difficulty—to the world of children and animals and triflers and people easy to laugh and cry over. I count it of some significance that in a book of 1,011 pages, exactly 72 are laid in the United States. I count it of some significance that in a volume running over with pathos, there is exactly one story that might by any standards be considered to treat of tragedy. I count it of some significance that Mr. Woollcott's leviathan does not include one living writer interpreting the current scene.

It would no doubt be more than enough if Mr. Woollcott sent this book forth to his hundred thousand or so admirers merely with the statement that it contained things which he had enjoyed. But he is at all times the critic: these selections are called "minor masterpieces"; one of them is "as simple and modest and perfect as a Vermeer" and another is "the most moving and uplifting tale ever told in the English language." His critical dicta, furthermore, are set down in a prose which I do not hesitate to describe as nauseating. Mr. Woollcott loves perfumed words, but knows no better how to use them than certain women know how to use an atomizer. This sentence from one of his recent indorsements may indicate what many times awaits a reader of this book: "You, I think, will find Carrie mysteriously warming to the cockles of your foolish heart." When such a writer comes along and compiles such a book as "The Woollcott Reader," I am not afraid to put my own sense of humor to the touch and get up in the pulpit as a reformer. While Rome, by Mr. Woollcott's bland admission, is burning, I should like to see practically everything that he has written and most of what he has compiled and recommended thrown as further fuel upon the conflagration. At least while Rome is burning, let it fumigate.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

warbly same boat

Summer Time Ends. By John Hargrave. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

WITHOUT capitals, without punctuation warbly same boat is a paragraph as well as a phrase, a scrap from a chorus, a fair example of the style, and a statement of the general theme of this book. All of us are in the same boat, in a rotten, leaking tub, loose upon a flood of worthless stock shares and meaningless bank figures, whirling and pitching to certain disaster through a land of plenty on whose shores no landing may be made unless or until Social Credit throws the life line. Specifically the scene is England, where Sir John Jordan, head of the mammoth Soltex combine (whose financial statements will not bear inspection), Lord and Lady Swingletree (she for one brief moment might well be named Chatterley), an author (his brother is an M. P.), an inventor, a physician, the rector of Carton (this is the professional group), Farmer Barrett, George, and Jenny, and their families (unemployed workers) represent the interrelated plight of all classes of society—a desperate country in which the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady have a shocking amount of similarly diseased economic tissue under their sisterly skins.

The dangers of writing novels mainly to show the need for applying an economic doctrine to current material ills are well known. The advanced cases of Marxian fiction are witnesses to the ossification of human beings, the stereotyped plots, and the dearth of interest which can result from the practice. In this case the theory seems to demand fewer strictures, for most notably Mr. Hargrave sustains and exerts his sense of humor and his zest for the variety in his material. His powers of observation are sharp and distinct and fairly free, and he has the gift of selecting and remembering for the record the most telling traits, the most indicative expressions of the vernacular. His characters are characters and types and symbols. They represent certain figures on a chart, but they are also allowed to display some moral and intellectual features which can and do have little to do with the Douglas thesis. In fact, theory rears its naked head only in the final chapter, where in a fine burst of fun and doctrine the climax assumes Shavian proportions.

The book is flashy and readable, but a word of warning is necessary about its loudly proclaimed innovations of style. Much of its interest is achieved by these technical devices. The omission of capitals and periods allows the thought and mood to carry over to the succeeding sentence or to fade out instead of coming to an abrupt stop. The broken rhythm of the prose permits acceleration, retard, accent, and even interpolations without damage to the advance of the narrative. As a means of heightening the effect of tension and contradiction of the things described, it is efficient, and of all the roundly advertised innovations the one least open to question. But search as he may, I doubt if any reader is going to find the symphonic technique or the fourth dimension heralded in announcement and blurb. Clarification of the first point, of the difference between the way prose may be comprehended and the way music composed of more than one theme may be comprehended, would erase much aesthetic confusion from a number of minds besides Mr. Hargrave's. As for the second point, when the book is ended, the fourth dimension still appears a more likely advance for the cinema or painting to make than the novel, and again it is a matter of what words do and do not do as prose. Nor can anyone familiar with the work of Joyce, Pound, Cummings, or Dos Passos greet the compound and compounded words, the various kinds of association, the cut-ins of journalese, advertising, and radio as startlingly new.

Such emphasis only befogs whatever technical issue there is. These things have already become the literary conceits of the first half of the twentieth century, and the chief concern in regard to them is, how well has Mr. Hargrave used them? Do they stick out as affectations and offend as mannerisms, or are they integrated? For one, I find them smoothly welded. Certainly, to imagine the book without them is to imagine a slightly old-fashioned story without any of the imperious, nervous necessity of propaganda. They catch and reflect the temper of the times and seem as fitting as the fact that Mr. Hargrave is the actual leader of the Green Shirts in England today.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Roosevelt as *Rentier*

The Gay Reformer: Profits Before Plenty Under Franklin D. Roosevelt. By Mauritz A. Hallgren. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THIS is more than an incisive review of the New Deal. It is also an analysis of the Rooseveltian psyche and one in which Mr. Hallgren strives with considerable success to show that the President's Hyde Park background makes it impossible for him ever to be a true champion of the forgotten man. His rearing, Mr. Hallgren argues, has made Roosevelt irrevocably a member of the *rentier* class and psychologically immobilized him against doing anything that would transfer power from the ruling class of finance and industrial capitalists to the workers and the lower middle class, members of which, in the final analysis, also belong to the proletariat.

The *rentier* class, he notes, "prospers only as monoply prospers," for it depends on the income from its investments, which are "to a large extent the very life's blood of the giant

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monopolies." It should be obvious, Mr. Hallgren continues, that the *rentier* class "would not want to see the great industrial and financial combinations taken over by the state or broken up for the benefit of the small capitalists. It would want the state to intervene only to the extent that might be necessary to insure more honest and efficient management of these combinations. It would want the sources of its income safeguarded, perhaps even underwritten, by the state, but certainly not destroyed."

Mr. Hallgren proceeds then to show how closely Roosevelt's White House career has followed that pattern of class interest. There would have been a closer fit, Mr. Hallgren suggests, did not Roosevelt suffer from "an economic illiteracy" that is reflected in his amazing collection of advisers, among whom at one time or another have been "agents of the monopolists and spokesmen of the lower middle class, high protectionists and Manchester liberals, advocates of laissez faire and industrial disciplinarians, classical economists and worshipers at the shrine of Maynard Keynes, internationalists and isolationists, Republicans and Democrats, confessed Fascists and ardent Social Democrats."

Another factor that has prevented a perfect fit is to be found in the irreconcilable confusions of modern capitalism, which Mr. Hallgren epitomizes thus: "Men must be fed, or they may revolt; work must be provided, or the whole machine may break down; but when means of providing work and wages are sought, it is promptly discovered that the only available means are those which threaten the rate of profit, the mainspring of modern capitalism." Roosevelt, he says, has been trying to "recreate in the modern and complex industrial society which is America the pleasant human relationships that exist in the manorial community of Hyde Park"; but his chief business has been tiding American capitalism over "a particularly critical period," and in carrying out that assignment he has "found it impossible to reconcile 'a fair reward' for honest toil with 'fair profits' for the owners and managers of his 'everlasting American system.'"

Mr. Hallgren nails these generalizations down with one spike after another of concrete and carefully documented examples, which he has drawn from very nearly every phase of the New Deal's operations. Most valuable among these, it seems to me, are those that deal with what generally is held to be the most "successful" of the Roosevelt Administration's establishments, the AAA. Mr. Hallgren shows that the AAA has not worked either, and to prove that point he does not need to resort to Marxian dialectic or to any sentimental babblings about the slaughter of hogs' infants. PAUL W. WARD

Drama

The Unregenerated

ONE of the most popular novels of last year dealt in highly appreciative fashion with humors of a disreputable family. So did one or two others not so widely read, and of course Erskine Caldwell's best-known works go about as far as it is possible to go in the direction of exploiting the more ingratiating aspects of total depravity. Add "Weep for the Virgins," which the Group has just produced at the Forty-sixth Street Theater, and you have almost enough to make a literary movement.

Behind this movement seems to lie a mild sort of protest against the more unusual contemporary attitude toward humble folk. These latter are not, say the mild protesters, completely described when they are set down as the helpless victims of exploitation. They are that no doubt, but they are also something more. They are sometimes salty and humorous, lusty and unregenerate. Even decadence is a luxury not the exclusive possession of the upper classes, and it is not necessarily a defense of the capitalist system to exhibit proletarians who manage somehow to assert the human right to be unreasonable, fantastic, and full of flavorsome perversities.

Such at least seems to be one of the rather too many morals suggested by the Group's oddly conceived and oddly named tragi-comedy. A vain and foolish woman married to a shiftless husband imagines that she gave up a promising career for him. Her three daughters work in a nearby cannery, but they have been brought up with the romantic idea that they are intended for better things. One, an affected blonde, is obviously destined for Hollywood. Another, whose real passion is for the food that is making her fat, is assumed to have a talent for tap dancing, while the third is supposed to sacrifice everything for the careers of her two more gifted sisters. Of course men are the great danger, and the daughters are taught to regard them as the natural enemies of their sex. But nature is too strong for art, and to the despair of the mother each ends up in someone's arms—the eldest because she loves her man, the blonde because it seems the only way out of a pressing difficulty, and the tap dancer because she is seduced by the promise of unlimited pork chops and custard pie.

The play was given short shrift in the daily press, and there is no denying its manifold defects. In the first place, the plot wobbles painfully as it pursues its uncertain course. In the second place, the author is never really successful in synthesizing her mood. Some attitude of ironic compassion is obviously intended to unite all the aspects of the piece. Within the scope of that ironic compassion is supposed to be comprehended not only a sympathetic understanding of the essential humanity of the characters but also a comic appreciation of their foibles and a fierce scorn for the tawdriness of the ambitious mother. But not even the Group, whose most characteristic excellence has always been its sense of style, can really impose a unity on the piece. Its elements clash with one another, and one waits in vain for any moment capable of making one feel that even for an instant the author knows what her sum total signifies. Yet the piece is full of amusing bits and enlivened by half a dozen memorable caricatures. No one could possibly call it a well-constructed play, but I am certain that I shall remember some of the persons who inhabit it long after I have completely forgotten what many a well-made piece was about.

To the growing list of hits add "Boy Meets Girl" at the Cort Theater—certainly the most amusing rough-and-ready satire on Hollywood since the days of "Once in a Lifetime." Its authors, Bella and Samuel Spewack, have invented no new form. Their manner is the now familiar high-speed, hard-boiled extravagance which can be so tiresome in, to take a recent example, "Crime Marches On." But they manage it expertly, and they contrive somehow to keep on the right side of the doubtful line which separates hilarious irresponsibility from mere nonsense, and they are consistently funny.

For a limited engagement ending this week Eva LeGallienne is appearing with her company at the Shubert Theater in a repertory of standard plays.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"How Beautiful with Shoes" (Booth Theater) is based on a short story by Wilbur Daniel Steele, but the play, perhaps because of its limited resources, suffers from a lack of complete characterization. The locale is similar to that of "Tobacco Road," but the play seems more like an allegory seen through the eyes of a crazed teacher of English than a realistic picture of the sordid South. Its poetic quality is derived largely from the integration of "A Song of Songs"—a line of which is used as the title of the piece. M. G.

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Films

The Old Days

AFTER his interlude as Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" James Cagney returns in "Frisco Kid" (Strand) to the muscular stuff for which Warner Brothers seem to think God made him. He becomes the toughest customer in San Francisco of the old days—the freshest guy along the Barbary Coast, and until Margaret Lindsay tames him the wildest. The whole thing would be ridiculous were Mr. Cagney not the convincing and attractive actor that he is, with an unusual gift of being able to dominate and authenticate any scene in which the camera finds him. And even then the principal merit of "Frisco Kid" has to do with its success as a costume or period piece. Like "Barbary Coast" it sets out to reconstruct a moment of the American past, and though it is less brilliant than the other film, at several points in its direction it can be said to achieve its end.

The pictures cry to be compared because they furnish so many examples of what the *New Yorker* calls a "funny coincidence." Both of them begin at the water's edge—the harbor is full of fog, and fateful rowboats slip noiselessly on nefarious errands; both of them go in for fights, for shootings, for gaming tables where the dice are loaded, for gilded palaces of sin, and for a sinister criminal element; both of them show a newspaper editor daring to expose the Coast and losing his life after his plant is wrecked; and both of them bring in the vigilantes—big bearded men with deep voices—to hang the leading villains and restore serenity to the town. So it is possible for once to determine which of two directors has done the better job. In this case, I think, the happier artist is Howard Hawks, who accomplishes his results with an economy and a coherence nowhere conspicuous in the work of Lloyd Bacon, whose "Frisco Kid" is by so much inferior to its rival. Nothing in "Frisco Kid" compares with the scene of Knuckle's arrest in "Barbary Coast"—the villain walking erect and ominous through the muddy streets, the vigilantes slipping up to fall quietly into step behind him, and then the whole party marching in rhythm through repeated puddles to the stringing-up place. There is a rightness about this scene, and no one who has watched it will be likely to forget it. For the sake of such things, we must suppose, the cinema was created.

Not only does King Vidor fail to provide any comparable triumph in "So Red the Rose" (Paramount); he fails almost completely to transcend the limitations imposed upon him by the minor quality of Stark Young's romance. The Civil War seems faint and far away—its battles are written on a blackboard between crises in the Bedford household—and while that household is presented with a certain refinement of sentiment, there is a notable lack of vigor in the remaining scenes, particularly those in which stage Negroes sing spirituals and emerge in a decorous flock as if from wings. An anonymous postal card I have received asks me to protest against the picture because it revives old passions. I cannot protest; I missed the passions.

This is as good a place as any to say that the Acme Theater on Fourteenth Street continues to be valuable for its revivals of foreign films; I have recently seen three Eisensteins there and three René Clairs, and I am grateful for an opportunity such as is nowhere else afforded.

Mark Van Doren

[In the issue of January 1 Mark Van Doren will review "A Night at the Opera."]

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THE MOST one can say of the naval conference to date is that it has completely lived up to expectations. Within a few hours after its opening the Japanese trotted out their demand for parity under new phraseology—a "common upper limit." When pressed to define their objective more specifically, the Japanese delegates first said that the "common upper limit" was to apply to three countries only—Great Britain, the United States, and Japan. Later, when it became evident that the smaller powers were joining the two Anglo-Saxon nations in opposing Japan's demand, their position shifted, and the conference was told that all states should have the same theoretical rights of equality. Meanwhile, in bilateral conversations with the British, the Japanese declared that they were willing to concede that England had greater defensive requirements than Japan, but insisted that they must have full parity with America. Since Britain and the United States must maintain fleets in the Atlantic as well as the Pacific, parity for Japan means unchallenged supremacy in Eastern waters. This neither of the other governments can grant while maintaining the existing theory of navalism. If battleships, heavy cruisers, and airplane carriers are of any value, it is for offensive purposes. But why spend hundreds of millions of dollars, the navalists say, if at the same time you allow your potential enemy to have a more effective fleet than you have. To this there is no answer as long as a country is committed to the use of its navy for imperialistic ends. Since Japan cannot give in, for reasons of national prestige, the deadlock appears unbreakable. Unless the United States is willing to make substantial concessions, we might as well recall our delegation and at least save that expense.

STEP BY STEP the Japanese military appears to be imposing its will on China despite the resentment which these moves have engendered. Not satisfied with the semi-autonomous government which has been set up at Peiping with the consent of Chiang Kai-shek, the Japanese have seized Tangku, an important port near Tientsin, and Kalgan, a strategic city at the terminus of the caravan route to Ulan Bator (Urga) and Soviet Siberia. The first gives Japan control over practically all of North China's foreign trade, while the second puts it in a position to bring pressure on Outer Mongolia. Unless checked by foreign powers, the chances are that the Japanese will continue until they obtain full control of the five provinces which they originally intended to include in the North China autonomy movement. Genuine international opposition is unlikely, however, unless the Chinese themselves organize effective resistance to Japanese penetration. The brutal police attack on the Peiping students who were demonstrating against Japanese aggression may prove the spark that will kindle such resistance. Because of China's age-old respect for scholarship, Chinese students have long played an influential role in national affairs. It was the students who were primarily responsible for the overthrow of the notorious pro-Japanese Anfu clique in 1919. Students were in the vanguard of the revolutionary movement in 1926-27. The fact that they have been effectively suppressed since the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931 makes their present uprising the more significant. The students have been particularly impressed by the League's sanctions against Mussolini, believing that if they can organize opposition in China the League can scarcely refuse to take action against Japan.

DR. FRANCIS E. TOWNSEND, who has won the support of millions of hard-pressed, elderly Americans (and of their sons and daughters-in-law) by telling them that Congress can save the nation by the simple and highly gratifying device of giving old people $200 a month which they must spend immediately, has the two old parties worried. The more remote threat is that Dr. Townsend will incite a third-party movement. The immediate cause for alarm is the questionnaire which has been sent to every member of Congress asking for a yes-or-no answer to three questions. The Congressional victim is asked whether he is in favor of the Townsend plan, whether he voted for the McGroarty bill last session, and whether he could be relied upon to help pass a bill embodying the plan at the coming session. To ask a politician any question requiring a straight yes or no is cruel enough. To inquire, for purposes of publication—the answers are to be printed in the *National Townsend Weekly* just before Christmas—whether he is in favor of a plan to pay $200 a month to his elderly constituents is to put him in the position of the gentleman who was asked if he had stopped beating his wife. The simple yes or no leaves no space for pointing out that the proprietors of the Townsend plan have already extracted more money from the old people than the old people will ever get out of the Townsend plan; that the McGroarty bill provides for a pension "not to exceed $200 a month" but sets no minimum; that on other issues, such as labor, the Townsendites are extremely reactionary; and that the transactions tax by which the plan would be financed would bear heaviest on the poor. No wonder the old parties are worried. Making promises that cannot be kept is nothing new for Democrats and Republicans, who have used the trick successfully for decades. The trouble is that Dr. Townsend is, so far, content with forcing the promise and passing on the job of executing it to those in office. The continued agitation for the Townsend plan should make it clear to Congress that the demand for security is too strong to be satisfied by the Administration's feeble gesture in that direction, the social-security act.

WE WISH that the Democrats who are so exuberant over the New Deal and the Republicans who are pleading for a curtailment of government expenditures would take time off to study the two latest and most reliable estimates of unemployment. The first, made by Robert Nathan, formerly consultant of the Committee on Economic Security, places the number of wholly unemployed in September at 10,915,000—a decline of about 4,000,000 since March, 1933. This figure is closer to the estimates prepared by the Labor Research Association and other radical agencies than to those of the more respectable organizations, such as the National Industrial Conference Board. It is considerably lower, however, than the latest estimate of the American Federation of Labor, which has just been issued after more than a year of careful revision and which puts the number of jobless in October at approximately 11,650,000 as compared with 15,740,000 in 1933. Thus while business activity has recovered more than half of its losses in the past thirty months, unemployment is still three-quarters as great as at the depth of the depression. At this rate full recovery to the 1929 level of production would leave about 7,500,000 without work. Less than half of this number are now employed on government projects, and neither of the major political parties, so far as we are able to observe, has anything to offer the remaining four million. Yet these unemployed millions, if even partially organized, could hold the balance of power at the next election.

A PARTICULARLY HORRIBLE vigilante attack took place on November 30 in Tampa, Florida, where three men, members of a radical political group, the Modern Democrats, were seized by a band of men, among whom they recognized at least two policemen, and were flogged, tarred, and feathered so severely that one of them has since died. The mayor, the chief of police, local newspapers, and even the American Legion have denounced this outrage, and local officials have promised to do everything possible to discover and convict the perpetrators of it. However, after much questioning of policemen, Chief Titsworth declared that he had not been able to discover that any of his men had had a part in the affair. Joseph A. Shoemaker, the man who died, was said by his fellow-victims to have been subjected to a more severe beating because he called one of the gang, a policeman, by name; just before his death he regained consciousness long enough to repeat the name to various officials who were at his bedside waiting for it. The condition in which Shoemaker was found, and as a result of which he died, was described by the attending physician and printed in the Tampa *Tribune*. Man's inhumanity to man was never better illustrated, and it was undoubtedly the nature and extent of the violence that provoked the widespread protest.

NO DOUBT THE PROTEST is for the most part genuine. That vigilante sympathies also exist, however, is indicated by a comment in the Fort Myers *News-Press*. This newspaper declared that a similar attack in Fort Myers would doubtless result in a similar outcry, "for the record," but that in private men "who knew who did it and why" would say that the victims got what was coming to them. It went on:

> However, the chastisement administered the other day was, by all accounts, unnecessarily brutal and the people of Tampa may be saying that this time the boys went too far. Laughing off boisterous corporal punishment is one thing and condoning ruffianism just short of homicide is another. There are better ways of combating a nuisance than beating a man half to death, and whatever the authorities in Tampa may think of vigilante justice they would do well to quench both the cause and effect before they have a sure-enough murder case on their hands.

There are two items to add to this. Since Shoemaker was so inconsiderate as to die, the authorities of Tampa have a sure-enough murder case on their hands. And the Tampa *Times* called the *News-Press* editorial "a more charitable view" of the case. The Tampa Defense Committee, the American Civil Liberties Union, and other organizations which are attempting to further legal prosecution of it may want to call this attitude by another name.

ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY must be constantly cheered by the status of academic freedom in New York City's high schools. The latest invasion of student independence took place recently at the instigation of Stuyvesant High School authorities. A group of Stuyvesant students had met in a private home to consider the formation of a chapter of the American Student Union, the projected coalition of Socialist and Communist student organizations. Police summoned by school officials invaded the apartment, broke up the meeting, and seized both the student who resided there and James Wechsler, former editor of the Columbia *Spectator* and an organizer of the Union, who was to have addressed the meeting. When Wechsler asked if he was under arrest, the police replied, "That's up to the principal." After having been detained for about two hours, the two were freed at the suggestion of the principal, Sinclair J. Wilson, who was apparently disturbed by the form rather than the content of the incident. The episode also disclosed the existence of student "spies" who submitted a detailed report of the meeting, carefully distinguishing between those who had attended to listen and those who had gone to "break up

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the meeting." Mr. Wilson later denied that he had wanted the police to raid a private home; he explained somewhat lamely that he had asked for plain-clothes men to act "in case a crowd gathered in the street." It is indisputable, however, that the principal was arbitrarily assuming jurisdiction over the extramural activities of his students, and that, if the youthful spies were acting "spontaneously and voluntarily," as Mr. Wilson claims, nothing has been done to curb their ardor. Perhaps the most shocking phase of the incident, aside from the obvious illegality of the raid, was the intimidation of a student in the presence of school authorities by police who loudly declared, "We'd like to get you alone." Superintendent of Schools Campbell and Mayor LaGuardia have both declared that they will hold immediate investigations. Such an inquiry, if boldly prosecuted, should serve to illuminate the whole system of repression in the city's schools. Stuyvesant High School is not the only offender; the use of police, espionage, "red lists," and student "vigilantes" has been frequently reported in schools throughout the city, and the "Americanism" drive is being faithfully pursued.

PRESIDENT MENDIETA of Cuba has been forced to resign, a victim in the end of the force which brought him to power—American imperialism. For some months the United States has been seeking to organize a "free" election in Cuba, to escape the charge that the government is handpicked by Washington. Difficulties developed when the old Liberal Party—formerly headed by ex-President Machado—split, and a minority group supported the coalition candidacy of Miguel Mariano Gomez. The Supreme Electoral Tribunal declared this combination illegal, whereupon the coalition parties threatened to withdraw from the elections. An appeal was made, doubtless at the suggestion of the State Department, to President Dodd of Princeton University to act as arbitrator. On December 6 Dr. Dodd devised a formula which in effect reversed the tribunal's decision. This precipitated the withdrawal of the strong Democratic Party headed by former President Menocal, while the dominant faction of the Liberal Party issued an emphatic statement charging American interference. On December 11 Mendieta resigned, and José Barnet, former Secretary of State, was elected Provisional President. With Mendieta out of the way, the Democratic and Liberal parties have agreed to participate in the elections on January 10, which will give at least the appearance of a genuine contest. All other parties, representing an overwhelming majority of the Cuban people—the Cuban Revolutionary Party, Young Cuba, the Agrarian Party, and the Communist Party—are illegal. The government terror, the emergency repression laws, and the complete suppression of civil rights have made it impossible for them to conduct an electoral campaign. The United States may attain its desire of having a "constitutional" President in Cuba, but the island will be no nearer freedom than it was under Machado.

MAYOR LAGUARDIA of New York City, who introduced foreign affairs into his job by revoking the permit of a German masseur because the Nazis were undemocratic, has again taken sides in an international argument by attending the Italian Red Cross rally at Madison Square Garden on December 14. It is true that the Mayor confined his remarks to the noble purposes of the Italian Red Cross, but he was the only speaker who paid much attention to this aspect of the affair. Supreme Court Justices Cotillo and Pecora, who also spoke, frankly championed the cause of Italy in the Ethiopian war, and urged Italian-Americans to support the civilizing and liberating efforts of Mussolini and the Italian army in Africa. The purpose of the meeting was described in the *Progresso Italo-Americano* for November 17 in vivid language.

> To once more demonstrate that the hearts of the Italo-Americans beat with the heart of the faraway Motherland and that each and every compatriot who resides in this Motherland of adoption is ready to give all in his power to help Italy fight back the brutal international coalition led by England with the utmost resistance and give a chance to the Italian soldiers who are now in Africa to write another epic page of glory in the history of civilization . . . and also it must serve to show that the five millions of Italian-Americans who live in the United States are ready to immolate themselves on the altar of their great Motherland and will answer . . . an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Even allowing for the impetuous Italian temperament, these look like fighting words, and they might well have warned the Mayor of New York to avoid even the appearance of sponsoring them by his presence at the meeting. Free speech being still a cherished American tradition, Italo-Americans have every right to immolate themselves as loudly as they like, however much they may run counter to American foreign policy by doing so, but for the highest official of a great city to appear in his public capacity while such an attitude is being urged is something else again.

A GRAVE SITUATION has lately been uncovered by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, of which J. Edgar Hoover is director. It seems that a number of applicants for jobs—not to mention a number of men enlisting in the army during the month of November—have criminal records! About 7 per cent of the 7,500 army applicants were discovered to have been accused or convicted of crime, including robbery, embezzlement, forgery, breaking and entering, and unlawful wounding. Fifty-three of the 7,500 have served penitentiary sentences. We do not know the statistical relationship between those of us who so far have kept out of jail and those who have not, but 53 out of 7,500 amounts to .7 per cent, which somehow sounds like a pretty good batting average for the non-jailbirds. However, Mr. Hoover had worse statistics to offer; of 197 persons applying for chauffers' and cab drivers' permits in Kansas City, Cleveland, Omaha, Salt Lake City, and Honolulu, forty-eight, or about 25 per cent, had criminal records, and ten had served prison sentences. What these figures are intended to prove we do not know. Perhaps that no man who ever was accused of a crime, or went to prison for it, should have another job. Perhaps that the employees of the Bureau of Investigation have too much time on their hands in which to look up finger-print records. If a man, even an ex-criminal, is out looking for a job which involves real work at regular wages, it might be more sensible, not to say kinder, to forget his past. He more than other men should have learned the lesson that crime doesn't pay; bringing up his criminal past to plague him may merely convince him that honest work doesn't, either.

The League's Hour of Trial

NOTHING has occurred in the past week to lessen in any sense the shamefulness of the "peace" plan drawn up by Sir Samuel Hoare and Premier Laval. Publication of the terms has only accentuated the incredulous indignation with which the proposal was received in all but the most reactionary circles. The Labor Party had predicted that the Conservatives would make a "deal" with Mussolini after the election, but no one, not even the severest critic of British imperialism, was prepared for such a prompt and complete repudiation of the government's campaign promises. Nor is there any convincing explanation why Hoare and Baldwin should have so dishonored their word at this time. A number of influential Tories, it is true, have never trusted the League and have always favored concessions to Italy. But though this group gained somewhat in the elections, it is still a small minority in the Conservative Party. Neither Hoare nor Baldwin had any known obligations to this clique, and the promise of an extensive rearmament program should have been enough to offset any threatened rebellion from the right. Various other interpretations have been offered, none of which is very plausible. It has been successively suggested that Sir Samuel was bought off by French concessions on the Continent, that he was so ill that he was unable to cope with the wily Laval, and that the King himself intervened to demand a settlement. Speculation of this type merely suggests that the real explanation is either unknown or of a character which is not discussed openly. Could it be that the Britain government knew that an oil embargo would bring Italy to its knees and that it shrank from the inevitable consequences of Mussolini's overthrow? Whatever the reason, it is obvious that Baldwin made a serious tactical blunder in estimating the effect of his sell-out on public opinion, both at home and abroad. The ten million voters who indorsed sanctions in the peace ballot have apparently not changed their convictions.

Isolationist Americans have been quick to seize on the proposed concessions to Mussolini as final evidence of the bankruptcy of the League of Nations. The same groups which accused the League of representing the interests of British imperialism when it declared sanctions against Italy, are now bitter against the leading powers of the League for abandoning Ethiopia to Mussolini's wolves. This is somewhat less than fair. True, the League has stopped short of effective action against Italy. It has procrastinated when promptness might have gained it substantial support in the United States. Yet its value has never been so convincingly demonstrated as in the past week. Had there been no international organization of this type, the dismemberment of Ethiopia would have proceeded quickly and without challenge. The meeting of the Committee of Eighteen at Geneva furnished a sounding-board by which the protests of the small powers could be effectively heard. Britain's commitments to the League gave the opposition the whip hand against the government. In Paris the left parties have been stirred into renewed activity by Geneva's unfavorable reaction to Laval's unhappy proposal. Throughout the world Britain and France stand condemned, not so much for deserting Ethiopia as for violating their obligation under the Covenant. It is possible that the League may yet fail to prevent a peace which will reward the aggressor, but no one can deny that its existence has been a constant stumbling-block for Mussolini. Should it survive this crisis, it might well be an insuperable obstacle to Hitler.

However, the supreme test of the League is yet to come. While the Hoare-Laval "peace" proposal is unlikely to reach a vote in its original form, tremendous pressure may be brought to bear on the Council to accept it with slight modifications. Rejection of the scheme will not in itself be sufficient to save the principle of collective security. It is not enough that Mussolini should be denied a reward for breaking the Covenant; his illegal campaign in Ethiopia must be brought to a halt. This will certainly prove more difficult than it appeared a fortnight ago. France and England are no longer in a position to furnish the moral leadership for a strengthened program of sanctions. The sympathies of the United States have been definitely alienated, and can only be restored, if at all, after some time has elapsed. It is possible, however, that the widespread indignation against the proposed gift to Mussolini will end in much more drastic measures against Italy than would have otherwise been possible. If Laval should be overturned in France and a left government come to power, we might expect a shift in French policy at Geneva. Similarly, if Hoare were forced to give way to Eden, we could easily envision a much-chastened England rigorously applying an embargo on coal, oil, and steel.

The decision of the Council may be known before these words are read. It is expected to uphold Ethiopia in rejecting a plan which would give Italy more than its armies can conquer. The Soviet Union, Turkey, Bulgaria, the Little Entente, the Scandinavian countries, and the British dominions have already indicated their opposition to the scheme. Eden has served warning that he does not expect to push it against the opposition of the smaller states. Under the circumstances Mussolini is likely to reject it also. This would leave the Italo-Ethiopian controversy farther from settlement than ever. Apparently the point has been reached where a showdown on sanctions is inevitable. The minor penalties adopted by the League have been more discomfiting than crippling to Italy. Caught up in a frenzy of patriotic fervor, the Italian people are still solidly behind Mussolini; the difficulties which the armies have encountered in Ethiopia are probably unknown at home. Popular feeling being what it is, Il Duce could scarcely agree to any terms which did not pay the criminal a bounty for defying the law. But should further sanctions be imposed, should Badoglio encounter additional setbacks in Africa, and should the United States extend its embargo to include oil, cotton, scrap steel, copper, and other war materials, the solidarity at Rome would eventually melt away. This would require months of constant vigilance on the part of all supporters of collective action; it would necessitate the sacrifice of millions of dollars in trade; but the final cost would be infinitely less than that involved in a return to the anarchy of militarism. The question of peace or war for this generation hinges very largely on the manner in which the League meets this crisis.

A New Low for the New Deal

WHEN a President contemplates appointing a new United States Attorney for the Southern New York district, it is customary for him to ask the advice and aid of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. In appointing Lamar Hardy to this post last month, the President ignored the custom. He had good reason for the omission. The Hardy appointment is one of the worst the New Deal has made, and the Bar Association might have failed to recognize the heavy political considerations which dictated it. As a result we have the unusual spectacle of leaders of the conservative Bar Association protesting against a New Deal appointment because they feel the appointee is not qualified to enforce the important securities legislation of the New Deal, while the Administration itself stands by and tries to pretend that nothing is happening. Since New York is the country's financial center and the probable site of the most important securities prosecutions to come, the issues raised by the Hardy nomination are national, not local.

It is already known that Senator Norris, as a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, intends to demand a thorough investigation of Mr. Hardy before confirmation is voted upon. Mr. Hardy's obvious ineligibility for his new office stems from his connections with the State Title and Mortgage Company. *The Nation* described these connections last week in an article entitled The Mortgage Scandals and the New Deal. It may be repeated here that the State Title and Mortgage Company was one of seventeen "guaranteed"-mortgage-certificate concerns taken over by the Insurance Department of New York State in August, 1933, leaving some 300,000 investors to nurse their wounds and through cumbersome and costly reorganization proceedings recoup what they could of $1,500,000,000 invested in mortgage certificates. To investigate State Title and Mortgage, all the Senate Judiciary Committee has to do is read the October 5, 1934, report of the Moreland Commission to the Governor of New York. The record of financial chicanery here disclosed should be enough to keep anyone who had been connected, however remotely, with State Title and Mortgage from aspiring to the office of prosecutor of the securities laws.

Mr. Hardy's connection was not remote. He was an incorporator, director, and counsel for State Title, in addition to being chairman of the executive committee. He was officially connected with the company at a time when it engaged in the standard bad practices of the mortgage-certificate business—when it swapped bad mortgages for good in the portfolios backing certificate issues, when it sold certificates after its guaranty fund was impaired, when it routed loans among affiliates and subsidiaries in complicated transactions harshly criticized by the Moreland Commission. In connection with such loans Mr. Hardy and twenty-one other directors of State Title were sued by the state Insurance Department for $5,000,000, and the loans were characterized in that suit as "unsafe, unsound, and unlawful." If Mr. Hardy, as a prime mover in the company and as chairman of the executive committee, knew of these practices, there is no question of his lack of fitness for the post of United States Attorney. And if he did not know as chairman of the executive committee, how much would he be likely to find out about such matters as public prosecutor? Mr. Hardy tries to dodge by declaring weakly that no prosecutor has pinned anything on him. Three prominent officials of the New York Title and Mortgage Company, officially adjudged innocent last week after a Tammany prosecution, might raise a somewhat similar defense. That would hardly make them fit United States attorneys. The skill of the prosecution is no measure of the work done by the mortgage companies.

Attorney General Homer Cummings chooses to defend Mr. Hardy against any charge of "moral turpitude." That means that the New Deal intends to stand behind this preposterous appointment. And that means that the welfare of the investor, so capably upheld in New Deal speeches, is to be subordinated to the Administration's effort to win control of Tammany before the election. The Administration has reason to believe that Mr. Hardy and his coappointee, United States Marshal John J. Kelly, will throw their patronage in the direction of its own bloc within Tammany, and that thereby the hand of "Jimmy" Hines, overlord of Harlem, and other New Dealers will be strengthened against the present Dooling leadership. This is politics, and if it involves placing in charge of securities prosecution a man whose past associations render him peculiarly unfit for such work, that is a sacrifice the Administration is prepared to make. The question is: May it not turn out to be rather shortsighted politics after all? Three hundred thousand New York investors and their families and friends are in no mood to accept the elevation of Mr. Hardy tamely. Indeed, it looks as if the Administration can be saved from a major error only by the efforts of its opponents, those Senators disloyal enough to fight the Hardy confirmation to the end.

Orphaned Silver

A VERITABLE panic was created in the world's silver markets on December 10 when the United States suddenly discontinued its purchases. The alarm subsided somewhat upon Secretary Morgenthau's announcement that silver buying would be resumed, though it would not be carried on predominantly, as heretofore, in London. But despite this reassurance, it is evident that the Administration is being forced to reconsider its entire silver policy. Purchases during the past few days have been insignificant compared to the enormous amounts which the government has acquired in recent weeks, and although on previous occasions the Treasury has stepped in to avert a collapse in the market, it now seems indifferent to sagging prices.

One does not need to look far to discover why the Administration has suddenly tired of its role of Santa Claus to silver producers and speculators throughout the world. China, which was supposed to be one of the chief beneficiaries of our silver-purchasing program, suffered so severely from the deflationary effect of rising silver prices that it was forced, early in November, to abandon the silver standard. While it will be impossible to change the habits of the Chinese people overnight, this action carries with it the prospect that China may ultimately dump billions of ounces of the metal on the markets of the world. A threat by Nanking to sell the

200,000,000 ounces which it obtained by the recent nationalization decree is said to be the immediate cause of the Treasury's cessation of buying. With China's huge stocks overhanging the market, not even the Treasury's recent purchases of 20,000,000 ounces a week would support prices.

It is much easier to indicate why the buying program was suddenly brought to a standstill than to give a logical explanation of the theory behind the "do-something-for-silver" legislation. Silver production is among the least important of American industries, the average annual output from 1931 to 1933 amounting to only about $8,000,000. It is true that the silver lobby was well organized and carried on an extraordinarily effective propaganda campaign. But despite the good fortune that scattered silver ore through six states and gave the silver interests control over twelve Senators, the propaganda could scarcely have been effective if it had not been for the average American's appalling naivete on monetary matters. Great stress was laid, for instance, on the alleged benefits to trade which would result from "raising the purchasing power of the hundreds of millions of persons who live in the East." These benefits were supposed in some occult way to extend not only to trade with China, which was on a silver standard, but also to trade with India and Japan—presumably because they once had utilized silver as a monetary base. Actually, of course, the reverse has been true: our exports to China in the first eight months of 1935 were only 50 per cent as large as in the same period of 1934. Another argument, used in committee rooms and lobbies but avoided in public, was the tremendous sum which the United States could make by cornering the world's silver market. It was pointed out that the total amount of silver in the world, about 15,000,000,000 ounces, was approximately twenty-five times the aggregate amount of gold, 600,000,000 ounces, but that the price of gold per ounce was nearly fifty times that of silver. The United States was powerful enough, it was contended, to bring silver back at least to the same relative value as gold. And in the process all the silver bought at less than $1.40 an ounce would be just so much profit for Uncle Sam. The abandonment of silver in China completely wrecked this little dream. Deprived of its monetary significance, silver may easily decline even lower than in 1933. The greed of the silver producer for uneconomic profits may lead to the complete bankruptcy of the industry.

In a sense, however, our silver policy is but a by-product of our anachronistic commercial policy. As a creditor nation we must make some provision for our debtors to meet their obligations to us. We are insistent that payment shall not be in goods or services; on the contrary, we continue to maintain a "favorable" balance of trade, thus increasing the payments which must be made to this country. Since 1930 we have refused to extend substantial loans to cover the payments due us. This leaves us with no alternative but to accept huge quantities of gold and silver, which though useless to us impose an overwhelming burden on the world's monetary structure. Meanwhile, our lust for gold has practically upset our silver policy. A year and a half ago it was estimated that we should need to acquire only about 1,500,000,000 ounces of silver in order to attain the one-to-three ratio prescribed by the silver-purchase act. Thus far we have acquired 762,000,000 ounces, but meanwhile more than $2,000,000,000 of gold has been imported, leaving the Treasury farther from its goal that it was eighteen months ago. No wonder the Administration has begun to doubt the efficacy of its program.

Masaryk Retires

THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK, son of a coachman and former apprentice to a locksmith and a blacksmith, has voluntarily laid down the high office of President of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic because of the years that rest upon him—he will be eighty-six next March. The constitution of his state declares that only the first President may be reelected more than once, something that has happened every seven years since 1918, a deserved tribute to one who should go down in history as the George Washington of his country. Thanks to him, that country is the soundest and stablest of the nations created as a result of the World War; his retirement will undoubtedly add to the difficulties which it now faces. The conflict of nationalities within Czecho-Slovakia has long been grave, and now a Nazi party has arisen which is greatly aided by incessant Nazi broadcasts from Berlin—for Hitler will never lose sight of the 3,125,000 Germans included within Czecho-Slovakia. But whatever happens in the future, Masaryk's own record is safe. He has shown himself to be a true democrat and a genuine statesman. He has made a minimum of mistakes, though he could not, of course, satisfy all the divergent elements in the national life. Thanks to the fact that the Cabinet is appointed by the President, though subject to a vote of non-confidence by the Chamber of Deputies, Czecho-Slovakia has had a remarkably stable regime since 1918; it has especially profited by Eduard Benes's continuous and brilliant service as Foreign Minister. It is Benes whom Masaryk has strongly recommended to succeed him. Meanwhile Prime Minister Hodza will be acting President until the National Assembly chooses a successor.

For Americans Masaryk has always held a special interest. He married an American, and imbibed here the democratic principles which have always actuated him. Indeed, his country was the only one of the post-war states to pattern its government structure partly after our own, even to the extent of having a special administrative high court to sit in cases of conflict between the central authorities and the local provincial governments. If the country was fortunate in having within its borders 80 per cent of the industries and manufacturing establishments of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, that, on the other hand, has helped to keep alive the antagonism of what is left of Hungary and Austria. But President Masaryk's knowledge of the American federal system and his determination to keep the peace if it was humanly possible to do so have successfully steered the young republic through its first seventeen years.

In his personal bearing and mode of life President Masaryk has been the Jeffersonian democrat. He has lived simply and unostentatiously and has been readily accessible. Power has not gone to his head. Nor has he found it necessary to surround himself with uniformed high functionaries in order to impress himself and his dignity upon the onlookers. His interest in the welfare of the working classes has never flagged, and it is interesting, in view of the bitter attacks upon Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal, to note that Czecho-Slovakia has an eight-hour day, national insurance for health and accident, and old-age pensions. All in all Czecho-Slovakia has been fortunate indeed to have had a Masaryk as its chief founder and first ruler.

Issues and Men

The Roosevelt Strategy Fails

THE declaration of war upon the New Deal by the National Association of Manufacturers and their announced determination to go into politics to defeat the Roosevelt program, the united attack of the public utilities upon the utility holding-company law, and the obvious efforts of big business to assail new legislation in the courts on every front constitute a sinister and alarming development in our political life. For here we have the making of a grave class war. These forces insist that their views as to our national policies shall prevail; that Congress shall legislate exactly as they wish and above all else refuse to "truckle to labor" any further. Spoiled by their ability to dictate tariffs through generations, and to buy elections in order to do so, the manufacturers are determined again to impose their will. They are going to tell the country how much social and political progress there shall be, and themselves fix the taxes they will pay. Woodrow Wilson called the great capitalists "the masters of America." If they win in this new-old conflict they will more than ever dominate our political and economic life, and the New Deal will have been largely without avail.

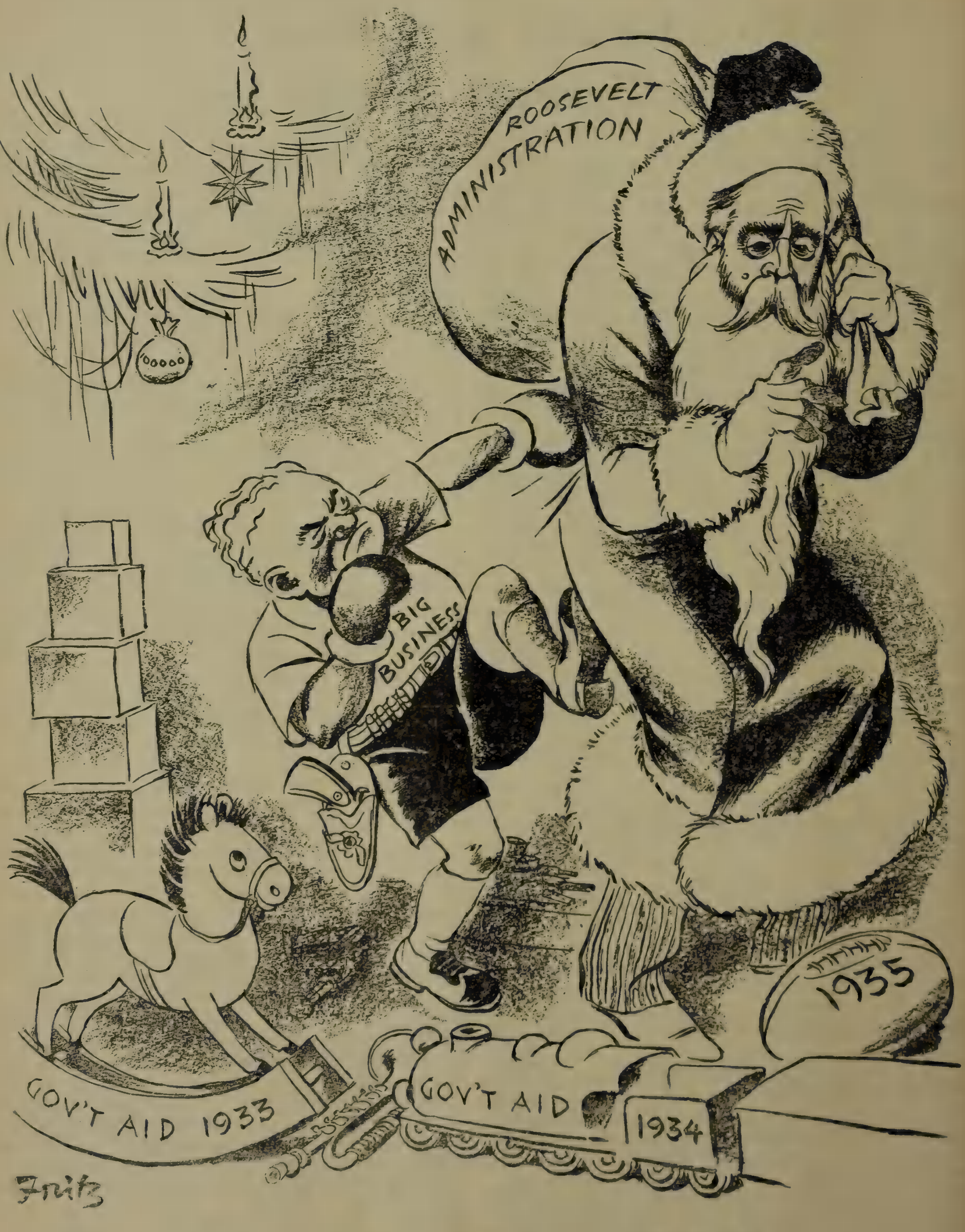
All of this only proves the complete breakdown of Mr. Roosevelt's political strategy. He started out to be good fellow with everybody. He imitated Theodore Roosevelt in playing up to both sides, right and left. When he had so stirred the animals on the right that they began to snarl at him viciously he threw them a bone or promised them a breathing spell before he poked them again. Labor and the liberals he treated similarly, promising them great things, like a "Magna Charta for labor" in Section 7-a of the NIRA, and then failing to carry out his promises. They were to have social security—and received barely a quarter of the loaf. It was always a policy of balancing, of playing up one side and then the other—three steps forward and two backward, and then three steps backward and two forward. The result has been precisely what was to have been foreseen. He has pleased neither side and is now falling between two stools. It was absurd from the first to believe that he could ever hold big business in line once it got over its monumental fright at the closing of the banks. As long as he showed any tendency toward reform he should have counted on its hostility. This he intensified—as he confused his liberal supporters—by his refusal to state his objectives.

The result is that he whose picture used to be applauded with unanimity wherever shown is now in many places hissed when it appears. A year ago, after his unprecedented success in the mid-term Congressional elections, his prestige and power were at their height. That was the time for him to have acted—vigorously and greatly. There was the opportunity for genuine leadership, not merely to consolidate his gains, but to put his program well beyond successful attack. He should have dismissed Farley, ceased all political maneuvering, and given up all thought of reelection—which would have taken care of itself. He should have put every office that he could under the civil service, and should have demanded additional legislation along that line. He should have stated clearly the objectives he had determined to set for himself and have called upon all the progressive forces in the country to stand by him. No legislation should have been submitted to Congress by the Executive until it was well and carefully drawn. He should have put all his strength into improving the character and efficiency of his Administration, so that the country would have felt that the housing program, for example, was advancing with proper speed. He could have cut $500,000,000 out of the army and navy budget and still given those avaricious branches of the government half a billion dollars. He could and should have stabilized the dollar.

In other words, he should not only have eschewed politics and set his administrative house in order; he should have nailed his flag to the mast and let everyone know where he stood. Instead, we had often a half-baked legislative program hastily thrown together, like his soak-the-rich tax program, which I still feel never would have seen the light if Huey Long had died a few months earlier; and the Guffey coal bill, which Congress was asked to rush through without regard to its constitutionality. Instead, we have had an Administration lacking coordination, careful direction, fixed aims. Instead, complete silence on the gravely multiplying violations of personal liberty, the increasing terrorization of labor in many sections of the country, the horrible plight of the share-croppers in the South and Southwest, the ominous growth of bitterness and violence in labor troubles, notably in California. Instead, calm assertions, as when the President landed in Charleston, South Carolina, on his return from his cruise, that the depression has been brought to an end—precisely as he had foretold and the New Deal had ordained. Instead, the effort to transfer 3,500,000 men on relief to work jobs, the deceptive announcement that all employables were taken care of when, as the American Federation of Labor reports, there were 11,500,000 unemployed in October, and the cruel turning back of the forgotten millions to communities utterly unable to care for them. All of this accompanied by steady loss of prestige except among farmers and workers, who hope that he will yet prove their Moses.

All in all it is a most disheartening spectacle of a gay, self-sure politician completely overreaching himself, with the result that reaction is united in opposition as never before; that the specter of serious civil dissension seems close at hand. If the country is today seeing the rout of liberal forces, if it is true that, as Secretary Ickes—but not the President—has declared, we are witnessing the rise of fascism in this country, then the responsibility lies squarely at Mr. Roosevelt's door. The strategy of facing both ways has collapsed.

Oswald Garrison Villard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Who Said That Everybody Loves Santa Claus?

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Arms Over Europe

II. The Tragedy of France

By LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, December 3

FRANCE sees the world through a German prism. From the very beginning it has looked at the Italo-Ethiopian dispute through the same medium. The fate of some Abyssinian territory makes little difference to French Somaliland or to the French colonies in North Africa. But the European constellation which will result from the conflict between England and Italy is a life-and-death matter to every man, woman, and child in France.

France asks to be left alone. It is a tired and sated country. It is neither economically enterprising nor politically ambitious. From the first World War France gained as much as it can hope to retain. Moreover, it sees no sense in fighting Germany again, for if 1914-18 did not solve the Franco-German problem, what, short of the complete dismemberment and impoverishment of Germany, will?

In 1870 Germany defeated France and took away Alsace-Lorraine. In 1918 France defeated Germany and took back Alsace-Lorraine. Now what? Germany is strong again. Another war? No Frenchman wants it. It would be insane and unprofitable. But to abhor war is not to prevent war. The present social system is tinkering with a technique of war prevention. The perfected instrument, however, has not yet been devised. Witness the fighting in Africa. The dread of war therefore haunts tens of millions of persons in the towns and hamlets of the crazy continent which is Europe.

King George V prorogued the British Parliament in October, 1935. Before the dissolution, the House of Commons was given an eagerly sought opportunity to debate the Ethiopian question. The world listened. Stanley Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Anthony Eden made important statements on British policy with respect to Italy and Ethiopia. But Winston Churchill, in office or out one of England's farthest-seeing statesmen, devoted his entire speech to Germany.

> Germany [he said] is already well on her way to becoming incomparably the most heavily armed nation in the world and the nation most completely ready for war. This is the dominant factor which dwarfs all others and is affecting the movement of politics and diplomacy in every country in Europe. . . . In the shadow of German rearmament other dangers have taken shape on the Continent, for instance, the war between Italy and Abyssinia. This is a small matter compared with the dangers [from Germany] which I have just described.

This is the crux of the European situation put succinctly by one of England's ablest orators. Though at times the spotlight may shine elsewhere, the German problem dwarfs all others. Throughout Europe, war is parlor talk, railway talk, lunch and dinner talk. But it is always Germany that is the main theme of these conversations. Italy is a secondary consideration. Germany has frightened all of Europe. The army, military psychology, and rearmament orders to industry are the dominating factors in the present life of Germany. A marvelous country, well organized and technically very advanced, with a big, virile, and able population is concentrating its energy on military preparations. Terrified by a powerful potential enemy, the potential victims of an attack have one choice: they can make terms with the presumptive aggressor or they can join forces against him. This is what all the diplomatic negotiations, pacts, notes, speeches, conferences, and resolutions in Europe are about.

France, England, and several other powers are impaled on the horns of the same dilemma: shall they encircle and isolate Germany or shall they befriend Germany? Which policy offers the better guaranty of national safety? The European situation is uncertain and dangerous because the governments cannot make up their minds. The governments cannot make up their minds because every decision is dangerous and none would be wholly satisfactory. There are many Frenchmen, notably M. Pierre Laval, who favor an understanding with Hitler. If you have an enemy, Laval says, make peace with him. If the Germans can bomb London, say some Britishers, make peace with them. But what seems simple in logic is extremely complicated in international politics.

Every French Cabinet will have to reckon with the widespread desire for a settlement with Germany. In effecting such a rapprochement, however, Laval and his successors must encounter serious obstacles. To France the German is still the *Boche*. He is a devil to whom fascism has lent a longer sword and a better suit of armor. There are other considerations. Parts of the left People's Front fear that friendship with Hitler will foster French fascism and alienate France's allies. The military warn that a Franco-German understanding might weaken the popular will to arm and thus leave France unprepared for the coming struggle. To this the big armament makers add a fervent amen.

Moreover, it takes two to conclude a bargain, and Laval's personal emissaries to Hitler have not always met with a cordial reception. For France can offer Germany little. A promise of non-aggression is worthless; Berlin knows that France will not attack. French guaranties of German frontiers are therefore equally superfluous. If Germany wants a loan it is more likely to apply to London than to Paris, and any redistribution of colonies or mandates—whose?—also lies chiefly with the British. Yet, apart from vague and probably impracticable schemes for industrial collaboration and tariff reductions, these are all the gifts which the French bag contains. Great Britain, besides, is not entertained by the idea of a bipartite Franco-German settlement. For one thing, it would grant France too much freedom to side with Italy. And Hitler, who prefers

Britain's help because Britain has more to give, accordingly reacts but feebly to French flirtations.

The German attitude would quickly change if France complied with one request which Hitler and his subordinates have repeatedly made—if France would scrap its new treaty with the Soviet Union. Hitler argues that it is directed against Germany. It would be so used if Germany took the offensive. It is a pact of mutual assistance, and Germany and Poland have been invited to join. Joining would assure the Germans of French, Russian, and Czech aid if they were attacked. But they have not joined. They may be acting wisely; perhaps they are convinced that they will never be attacked. At the same time German statesmen have striven to rob the pact of its significance. And Laval has never discouraged them. Before he went to Moscow in May, 1935, while he was in Moscow, and since then, he has often stated that for him the Franco-Soviet treaty would be the preliminary to serious negotiations with Berlin. In fact, it would facilitate them. Without it, he might be accused of selling out France. With it, he can assert that having made another friend he can talk more firmly to the enemy.

Actually, however, Laval's coquetting with Hitler has clouded the Franco-Soviet horizon. The treaty was signed on May 2, 1935. According to the French constitution it could have been ratified immediately by presidential decree. Instead, Laval postponed ratification and finally put it up to the Chamber of Deputies, thereby making the whole question of Franco-Soviet relations a political football. The long interval of non-ratification has, much to the pleasure of the French and German fascists, spoiled the honeymoon atmosphere in which the treaty was originally concluded. Then it was styled "an alliance." But such documents are never promissory notes. They are blank checks, and everything depends on the content with which they are invested. This document has been given no content as yet. M. Laval is rumored to have told Prince Paul of Yugoslavia that it would remain a dead letter. The fact that it was made a subject of private diplomatic talks with the Nazis disturbed the Bolsheviks and diminished the trust which they had at first reposed in it. Laval, in other words, has succeeded in chilling the Russians without winning the Germans. This is characteristic of the impasse of French foreign policy. Vacillating between the encirclement of Germany and reconciliation with Germany, the Quai d'Orsay fails in both purposes.

The same indecision plagues France in the East African dispute. Since France has little direct concern with what happens to Ethiopia, the object of the French government in the Anglo-Italian crisis has been to keep the good-will of both parties. They can both be useful in checking Germany. When Germany is weak, Franco-Italian friendship is not indispensable. Indeed, the antagonism between Italy and Yugoslavia, France's ally, makes it difficult. So do Italy's expansionist designs in the Balkans. But these problems are submerged the moment a resurgent Germany threatens Austria and France. The territorial integrity of Austria, a paramount interest to France and Italy alike, then becomes the bridge uniting Paris with Rome.

In January, 1935, accordingly, Laval went to see Mussolini. That meeting marks a turning-point in recent European diplomatic history. Only the Duce and Laval know the whole truth, and they are not likely to reveal it. But some of the facts are known. They agreed that France could withdraw its guards, estimated at 200,000 men, from the Franco-Italian border and use them, if it liked, in northern France, the zone of a possible German invasion. Since this Franco-Italian compact was predicated on a complementary understanding between Yugoslavia and Italy, the safe assumption is that the Italian troops thus liberated from the Italo-French frontier were not to be transferred to the northeastern corner of Italy but much farther away, perhaps to East Africa. This hypothesis is confirmed by the fact that Laval, in his Rome negotiations, presented Mussolini with 2,500 shares of the French railway which runs from Djibouti to Addis Ababa and with two strips of territory, one adjoining South Libya, the other adjoining Eritrea. He likewise renounced in writing the rights in Abyssinia granted to France by the Anglo-French-Italian spheres-of-influence treaty of December 13, 1906. At the same time the prolonged and painful quarrel between France and Italy over Tunis was adjusted—more relief for Mussolini in Africa and the Mediterranean. In many ways the invasion of Ethiopia, whether the French wanted it or not, is France's baby.

From the point of view of Franco-Italian relations, the Mussolini-Laval arrangement was desirable and wise. But the Chinese puzzle of European politics does not always yield to common-sense treatment. If the pieces are nicely fitted together in one part, those in another section may become a hopeless jumble. When the trouble over Ethiopia started, Laval naturally endeavored to continue the policy of Franco-Italian friendship. After all, Italy was merely grabbing some worthless African land. They had all done that before. England, occasionally for anti-French purposes, had cooperated with Italy in naval matters. Surely England would not mind some cooperation with Italy now on the part of France.

So matters stood while Great Britain wavered about Italy and Ethiopia. In May, 1935, London became disturbed. In June it resolved on action. To help clear the decks it signed the Anglo-German naval agreement of June 18, 1935. That came as a shock to Paris. Perfidious Albion again? On February 3, in London, England and France had agreed to work intimately together for the pacification of Europe, especially as far as Germany was concerned. In the second week of April, at Stresa, these two powers had dealt in concert with German questions. And then, behind the back of France, as Paris claimed, Great Britain precipitately signed a naval agreement with Germany which was definitely detrimental to French interests in that it threatened to place France at a disadvantage on the sea vis-a-vis Germany.

All this was no inducement to France to collaborate with England in Ethiopian matters. But England needed such collaboration and therefore insisted on it. Suppose British battleships, pressed by the Italian fleet, required shelter in French Mediterranean harbors. Would the French admit them? The League of Nations was unlikely to decide on sanctions if France opposed them. The French hesitated. How will you behave, Laval asked in effect, if we are attacked by Germany? Sir Samuel Hoare did not know; it depended on the circumstances; there must be "elasticity." France did not like that. England, nevertheless, applied so much pressure in Paris that Laval was forced to approve economic sanctions. In the third week of October, just before the final League decision, when the French government showed its teeth for a moment and objected strenuously to an embargo on Italian exports, the Anglo-French situation was near the breaking-point. Notes flew thick and fast. France, fearing a rupture with London, bowed to British dictation.

The British complain that French tactics delayed the application of sanctions and encouraged Mussolini to trust in concessions from the League or in a transaction behind its back. Although French officials assure one that France will loyally fulfil its sanctions obligations, Paris newspapers and numerous business men continue to agitate against sanctions, and privately there is a suspicion that smuggling is not precluded. At French insistence, moreover, almost perpetual conversations go on, with a view, ostensibly, to a settlement of the Ethiopian war. It is stated, however, that the British participate in these conferences of experts to prevent the French from offering terms to Rome which might be unpalatable to London.

The British resent the French attitude. But their resentment is mild compared to that of the French. England has violently jerked France away from Italy. Paris feels that it is losing its independence in foreign affairs. If compelled to choose between Britain and Italy, France must of course prefer Britain. Britain could be of more assistance against Germany. But the French rested, for a time, under the illusion that they could keep on good terms with both Rome and London, just as they still suppose that they can play with Moscow and flirt with Berlin. The tragedy of France is that in refusing to choose one of two possibilities it risks losing both of them. The Bolsheviks are displeased by French advances to the Nazis, but a Franco-German rapprochement is as far away as ever. French collaboration with England in sanctions embitters Italy, but at the same time French hesitancy has not inspired any too kindly feelings in Britain.

It will be argued that France's irresoluteness and its baneful results are inevitable in the present state of French internal politics, with an unstable government and passionate hostility between right and left. This is indubitably a factor. But the divergent ideas on French foreign policy cut across class and party lines. It is not only Laval who seeks an accommodation with Germany. Daladier, an outstanding figure in the left People's Front, also favors it. Nor would the Socialists always veto overtures to Germany, for the Frenchman in the street demands that no peace possibilities remain untried. Similarly, many reactionaries want an alliance with Russia. In that curious split personality called the *Echo de Paris* André Geraud ("Pertinax") every morning advocates warm contacts with Moscow, while in a neighboring column Henri de Kerillis rails against them and charges that Stalin has bought the People's Front and is interfering in French home affairs. The general staff, which desires contacts with the Red Army, wonders, nevertheless, whether a military alliance might not anger Germany, wonders too whether Russia will join when war comes.

Mussolini is popular with the Croix de Feu, but millions of anti-fascists also want good relations with Italy even at the risk of ruffling Britain, for they are convinced that if France were attacked by Germany England would have to come to the rescue. It is general French belief that Great Britain could not afford to allow Germany to take the Channel ports or to crush France and then dominate the Continent. There is cogency in this opinion. Yet it is well to remember that England did not stop Germany from occupying Paris in 1870. Moreover, real Anglo-French friendship might prevent a war, while ultimate English assistance, rendered after hostilities had commenced, could only prevent a defeat. In any event, it remains true that France's pro-Italian stand can best be understood in the light of this faith in England's necessary obligation to save France. Any government, therefore, will probably seesaw between London and Rome as long as it can. Any government of this year or next will waver between Germany and Russia. The rest is a matter of important nuances but not of essentials. As a member of the Chamber of Deputies said to me a month ago at the annual congress of the Radical Socialist Party in the Salle Wagram, "Laval's foreign policy under Radical pressure is more like what the Radicals would like French foreign policy to be than the policy of a Radical Cabinet might be under right pressure." This is why the People's Front hesitates to overthrow Laval on the foreign-affairs issue.

If the left begins to identify the war danger with foreign fascisms and if the right is completely converted to De Kerillis, the cleavage on foreign policy may follow closely the division on domestic problems. This is possible if French internal politics continues to polarize. Fundamentally, however, the sad impotence or negative influence of France in European matters springs from its difficult position. Its *comme ci, comme çà* attitude is a product of circumstances. When Germany is strong, France needs friends and dare not have enemies. Accordingly, if Britain takes a determined stand, France follows. But if Cerruti, the Italian ambassador here, thunders that petroleum sanctions will mean war, Laval shrinks.

The prospect is that France will hereafter side with England more often than with any other power. Its loyalty to the League of Nations, which has been questioned since the Ethiopian crisis began, must be reasserted in practice. Trusting in these two sources of support and in augmented armaments, France might conceivably withdraw farther into its shell and reconcile itself to a secondary role in world affairs. After all, Holland too is an empire and a rich country; yet there is a tacit understanding that Great Britain will protect the Netherlands and their colonies in case of need. Already occasional French voices dilate on the advantages of becoming a second Spain or Portugal. No great power, to be sure, resigns its rank speedily. Russia, Poland, and the Little Entente will not be dropped in a hurry if at all. But France may attach less importance to their collaboration and shift the emphasis of its foreign policy to London and Geneva. This much is certain: the France which dominated Europe between 1918 and 1934 is no more. It is Germany's gain.

[*This is the second of a series of articles by Louis Fischer surveying the present international crisis from various European capitals. The third will appear in the issue of January 8.*]

Fascism Looms in Mexico

By L. O. PRENDERGAST

Mexico City, December 2

THE anniversaries of two revolutions and a lecture series are the improbable agents that are rapidly provoking a new political crisis in the Mexican government. The honeymoon period succeeding the overthrow of Calles last June is nearing its end. Not that these six months have been all sweetness and light for President Cárdenas. The government's consolidation of its power throughout the country, a problem that involved ousting the Calles governors of the individual states and exterminating the foci of Callista infection wherever they were to be found, has not been easy. But in that campaign the forces which joined to eliminate Calles have at least worked together in self-defense. Now that other issues must be faced, the essentially divided nature of the administration is glaringly revealed. Superficially a "left" government if viewed in the light of its ruthless campaign against the Callista reaction, it is actually composed of left and right elements. It is attempting to face both ways at once, to satisfy the claims and allay the fears of all social classes, and above all to maintain itself in power by any and all means. No social theory or program held in common brought its elements together; their only political bonds were hostility to Calles and the thirst for office and privileges endemic among Mexican politicians.

The old schism within the P. N. R. (Partido Nacional Revolucionario) which provoked the Calles break has not been healed; it has merely been carried over to the new ruling group. In essence it is a quarrel over the methods by which rule is to be maintained, with the so-called left wing favoring the traditional crimson coloring of official Mexican demagogy and the right wing drifting steadily in the direction of open reaction. In the present governmental set-up General Francisco Múgica, Minister of Communications, and González Vásquez Vela, Minister of Education, represent the left wing; General Saturnino Cedillo, Minister of Agriculture, and Emilio Portes Gil, president of the P. N. R. and the man generally credited with having engineered the coup against Calles, are the chief leaders of the right wing. President Lázaro Cárdenas is the bridge between the groups.

The rock on which the existing coalition may split has made its appearance in the past few weeks, and the public controversy which recent events have raised may easily lead to a new government shake-up and Cabinet reshuffling. It has ended for the moment in a pitched battle between members of the working class, fighting under the banner of the Committee for Proletarian Defense (the executive body of the United Front), and the Camisas Doradas (Gold Shirts), an openly fascist body formerly maintained by ex-President Abelardo Rodríguez and Aarón Sáenz, ex-Governor of the Federal District, both of whom were shorn of political power and influence by the ousting of Calles. Their organization, however, found new backers, and the direct line leading from the Dorados into the present administration is the trail of dynamite that may blow up the deceptive façade of government harmony.

A brief review of the developments of the past few weeks is essential for a proper understanding of the fierce tension which has suddenly gripped Mexico City. On October 20 Vicente Lombardo Toledano, leader of the Confederación General de Obreros y Campesinos de México, returned to Mexico from a three months' study tour of the Soviet Union, where he had been the invited guest of the Russian trade unions. The C. G. O. C. is the largest, best organized, and most influential of the various Mexican labor and peasant groupings. It is the heir of the old C. R. O. M. (Confederación Regional de Obreros Mexicanos) once led by the redoubtable Morones, political ally of Calles and the most corrupt labor leader Mexico has ever known. When Lombardo split with Morones in 1932 he took the larger part of the organization with him, and while Morones still leads the remnants of the C. R. O. M., the C. G. O. C. today comprises fully half the organized workers and peasants of the country.

The united front formed spontaneously at the height of the Calles crisis last June has endured, and it has marked the end, even if as yet only on the surface, of the bitter rivalries and enmities within the labor movement. For months before, the Communist Party, without making much apparent headway, had been proposing the formation of a united front. Its swift realization in a moment of crisis was largely due to this persistent campaign. Since then, the resolutions of the Comintern Congress, the threatening war situation, Fascist Italy's aggression in Ethiopia—keenly felt here, as Mexican labor knows only too well the weight of imperialism—have served to strengthen the bonds of unity, and the recriminations which formerly kept Mexican labor hopelessly divided have largely disappeared. Moreover, when the united front was formed last June it was based on class consciousness, all the constituent organizations pledging themselves to a nation-wide general strike in the event of any fascist attack on the rights of the working class.

Immediately upon his return Lombardo announced a series of lectures on the Soviet Union to be given by himself and Victor Manuel Villaseñor, a brilliant young lawyer and Marxist who had accompanied him on his trip. A scurrilous campaign against him was begun at once in the press. Obviously the nefarious Bolsheviks had led him by the nose; he had been shown only what they had wanted him to see, and the true state of affairs in that unhappy country had been concealed from him; he had been hedged about by guides who were spies, by interpreters who were secret agents of the O. G. P. U. (the news that the O. G. P. U. no longer exists has reached very few ears in Mexico); his Communist sympathies (as a matter of fact, Lombardo had been the target for merciless attacks by the Communist Party almost up to the moment of the June united front) were well known, and of course he had found only what he had looked for.

On November 7 the anniversary of the Russian Revolution was for the first time formally celebrated by Mexican labor in a meeting at which Lombardo and Hernán Laborde, secretary of the Communist Party, spoke from the same platform, also for the first time. On November 11 Lombardo delivered his first lecture in the theater of the Ministry of Education. The newspapers the next day redoubled their attacks. The lecture was maliciously garbled in the published accounts, and the experts of *Universal* and *Excelsior,* the two leading dailies of the city, produced sheafs of quotations from their favorite authorities on the Soviet Union—Panait Istrati, Tatiana Tchernavina, W. E. Knickerbocker, "Believe-It-or-Not" Ripley, and the ineffable Walker, Hearst's star Russian correspondent—to refute it. The most transparent and vicious lies of the Hearst press were shamelessly repeated, while middle-class and conservative Mexico City nodded its collective head sagely before the testimony of these unimpeachable witnesses.

Nevertheless, the lectures continued before packed audiences, and the tension grew. In practically all social circles the only topic of discussion was Lombardo and the Soviet Union. It is perhaps difficult for anyone unfamiliar with the appalling provincialism of Mexico City to believe that a mere series of expository talks, laden with graphs and statistics, on the economic progress of the Soviet Union in the last few years could produce a state bordering on public hysteria, but that is precisely what happened. And in this atmosphere of mounting neurasthenia, the anniversary of another revolution approached, the Mexican Revolution of 1910.

In the preliminary celebrations on November 17 a parade of sports organizations was held in which many luckless government employees who would not know a soccer ball from a tennis ball were required to march to swell the ranks of Mexico's "revolutionary" athletes. In the line of march the Camisas Doradas, uniformed, disciplined, armed, had a prominent position. Their participation in a parade under government auspices aroused great indignation in labor circles. Who was their backer? Their former subsidizers in the government had fled with Calles. Obviously, the organization had found a new angel who was in a position to grant it official favor and protection. And then it was announced that in the parade of Veterans of the Revolution to be held on November 20 the Dorados would again take part.

The labor organizations issued a call to their members to prevent the fascists from marching, by force if necessary. Needless to say, official permission, from a government which nominally bases itself on the masses of workers and peasants, to an openly fascist body to take part in a celebration of the very revolution from which this same government claims to derive its moral authority and prestige was at best a stupid blunder. The main guilt for the tragic consequences must be laid directly at the door of the administration. Warning was duly given by the labor unions that they would oppose the Gold Shirt demonstration by every means. In this supercharged atmosphere the twentieth of November dawned and the stage was set.

Shortly before noon the Dorados mobilized in the National Stadium, where they swore an oath of allegiance to the flag and passed out shirts to the hundreds of innocent recruits hastily hired for the day to increase their numbers. Then, in a semi-military column, variously estimated at from two to three thousand, they began their march through the city, with mounted and armed contingents at the head, "infantry" making up the bulk of the column, and a rear guard of another detachment of cavalry. Through bad organization and a mistaken fear that the Dorados would attempt to attack the locals of the trade unions, most of the workers' squadrons had been held on guard at their own union offices. As a result the march of the Gold Shirts' column was practically unopposed until it reached the Zócalo, or central plaza, at about two o'clock.

There the revolutionary veterans, various workers' and peasants' organizations, and the Socorro Rojo (the Mexican section of the International Red Aid) had been holding a meeting since noon. The President's private secretary, Luis Rodríguez, had been reviewing the demonstration from the main balcony of the palace. Orator after orator had appealed to him, as the government's representative, to dissolve the Gold Shirts and to disband their parade before they reached the Zócalo. Rodríguez compromised at last by sending word to the Dorado leader General Nicolás Rodríguez, not to lead his forces past the palace itself, but to debouch through one side of the plaza and so into the side streets behind the palace. It was a compromise that could not possibly prevent the impending collision.

As the Dorados swept into the Zócalo, a tremendous shout of protest rose from the crowds massed in the demonstration. No one can say exactly how the fighting began, but within a few minutes the mounted Dorados, shouting "Death to Jews and Communists," were charging into the packed onlookers, among them many women and children, firing their revolvers, and striking and cutting with knives and machetes. Taxi-drivers drove their cars against the horses, and as the newspapers here reported the engagement, it really seemed like a battle between tanks and cavalry. The workers, for the most part unarmed, defended themselves with clubs torn from the reviewing stands, stones, and bottles. After half an hour of fierce fighting the police succeeded in clearing the plaza. Casualties so far reported are five dead and fifty-odd wounded, among the latter General Rodríguez, the Dorado leader, who was stabbed in the abdomen.

Today as in the crisis of last June the question on every tongue in Mexico City is: What will Cárdenas do? In view of the government's repeated expression of its proletarian sympathies, one might expect an outright suppression of the Dorados. But there are difficulties. While the fight was actually between them and organized labor in general, it has been made to seem a battle between fascists and Communists, so that suppression of the fascists would be almost universally interpreted as governmental protection and support of the Communist Party. The problem for Cárdenas is not dissimilar to that which he faced in the Calles crisis six months ago. The Dorados are being supported by the reactionary, anti-labor, and potentially fascist members of his own government. These are the men whose alliance he won in the struggle to oust Calles. They are politically strong, and they have followers among the populace, particularly among the peasants, and in the army. Unrest is on the increase all over Mexico. Sporadic uprisings and rebellions, for the most part engineered by the Catholics—with money sent in by Catholic organizations in the United States—and by Callistas and other reactionaries, continue to break out in Guanajuato, Jalisco, Sonora, and other states, embarrassing the government and keeping the country nervously on edge. There is little public belief in the invincibility of the administration. Only a firmly integrated government composed of politically homogeneous elements and backed by the unswerving loyalty of the masses could deal effectively with such a situation. But the Cárdenas government is at cross purposes, and so far the President has not dared risk the break which an open move either to the right or to the left would provoke. To suppress the Gold Shirts would be to affront not only their backers within the government but finance capital and the United States as well, for it would imply support of the Communist Party. Not to suppress them will mean the risk of a country-wide general strike, which the united front, in its protest against the events of the twentieth, has already threatened. If Cárdenas allows the incident to develop to the point of a general strike, it can only mean that he has decided on a showdown, not with the reaction, but with labor, for such a workers' movement could be crushed only by armed force.

But it is extremely unlikely that Cárdenas will allow his hand to be forced. What he is most likely to seek is a compromise formula which will allow him to retain working-class support without splitting his administration wide open and without bringing down on his head the wrath of the White House. Unfortunately, the nature of such a compromise is all too obvious. Suppression of both organizations—the Dorados and the Communist Party—would keep peace in his Cabinet, satisfy the press and middle-class opinion, and alienate only a minority of organized labor. It would have the added advantage of splitting labor's united front without seeming to, of sowing again the seeds of mutual distrust among the various sections of the labor movement, which the united front has nearly uprooted, of preserving labor's support of the government and at the same time eliminating from its ranks the most articulate and critical opponents of the administration's pseudo-socialism. Moreover, such a maneuver would undermine Lombardo's position within his own organization. The C. G. O. C. and the rest of Mexican organized labor are too recent friends of the Communist Party to risk very much in the defense of their new comrades in the face of a determined assault by the government.

Louisiana Skin Game

By CARLETON BEALS and ABEL PLENN

NIGHT is falling over the bayou and marsh region of southern Louisiana. Set between sedgy banks or bordered by gigantic live oaks draped with trailing Spanish moss, the inlets lie like motionless mirrors, here and there faintly yellow from the last rays of the sun. Heavy shadows darken the broad expanse of treacherous coastal marshlands. A pirogue slides across the waters to a clapboard shack. A splash of oars pulled in, a thud against the bank, and the occupant of the crude little boat, a rawboned, leather-complexioned man, staggers ashore under a load of pelts. His rubber hip boots make a slushing sound in the mud as he walks to the shack. From its single window a kerosene lamp gleams dully. Casting down his skins, he pulls off his rubber boots with a grunt. He is clad in overalls and work blouse—almost like a factory hand.

"Not good at h'all, this day, no," he says to his dumpy wife and two young sons. "Yo' see, I pass at Bayou Manshac nex' week. Bot, 'bout cinq minute après fo' I cam 'halong side one li'l lagoon, shap' round lak pond. . . ." So he describes his day's experience before setting to work on his pelts.

This tiny shack is like thousands scattered through the marsh country; this man might be almost any one of 30,000 trappers, the workers in Louisiana's fur empire, mostly descendants of early French and Spanish settlers. Many of them are "Cajuns," descendants of those Acadians who were deported from Nova Scotia in 1735, made famous in the "Evangeline" legend and utilized in romantic literature ever since.

The millions of grass-covered acres of semi-marsh lands give the state the distinction of being the greatest fur-producing commonwealth in the Union. The value of fur pelts from Louisiana is almost as great as the annual budget of Honduras, greater than the value of all the gold and silver mined each year in Alaska, more than double that of all the fruits, vegetables, and grains exported from Cuba. Louisiana produces more pelts than all the rest of the United States, more than Canada and Alaska combined. In an ordinary year—this year production was halved on account of salt-water flooding and a trappers' war—Louisiana sends more than six million pelts, mostly muskrat, to the world market. It is estimated that as many more are bootlegged, with the connivance of crooked officials, to evade taxes.

What does this mean in human terms? The glamor of the trapper's life in frozen regions has filled the pages of fiction, and the trappers of Louisiana still lead a pioneer life, with risks as great as those of their comrades in colder regions. Louisiana has no sub-zero weather and no blizzards, though there have been times when the ice did not thaw for a week; but the trapper and his family are exposed to malaria, typhoid, pernicious anemia, hookworm, tuberculosis, and other dire diseases. And none but the veteran "marsh-walker" can penetrate the fastness of the swamps, bent under a load of 150 steel traps or as many furs, without sinking out of sight in the fluid, often bottomless ooze. The seven million acres of trapping lands stretching brownish gray along the coast contain many spots of *terre tremblante* to engulf the unwary or even occasionally an experienced trapper trudging along his trap line.

By the middle of November the trapper is ready for his arduous work. If he is not working for a company, he has already prepared his "camp," a crazy shack not much more impressive than the pile of mud and branches built by the muskrats. Though he places it on the driest ground possible, the water often rises and floods through it, forcing the family to live ankle deep in water for days at a time. In the shack's interior, sometimes papered with pictures cut from popular magazines, are a short-length wood stove, a lamp, barrels for packing, a cot or two, steel traps, and stretchers. The family diet consists chiefly of salt meat, flour, canned meat, and vegetables. The coffee is dripped "black as a darky's heel, hotter than the hinges of hell, stronger than Arkansas religion." Red beans and rice complete the bill of fare—a rough frontier diet, palatable after dawn-to-dark labor in the marshes. Occasionally instead of building a hut the trapper converts a raft into a houseboat for the two and a half or three months of the open season.

On the first legal day he gets up before daybreak, dons his rubber hip boots, and sets out with his traps, bent double under a load which most people could not carry across the street, let alone thread the treacherous swamps with. Here and there in the marsh grass bunches of tall reeds thrust up, the rousseau cane, commonly called "rozo," which serves as a hint to the trapper of the muskrats' haunts. At convenient intervals in the vicinity of the nests he sets out his steel-jawed "Gibbs" two-trigger or his double-spring "Victor."

On the following morning, again up before dawn, he takes a swig of hot coffee, ties a lunch to his belt, and is off. "Ha! zee first rat musque," he cries. The jaws of the trap are pried open, the animal is extricated, the trap reset. When he reaches home long after dark, he and the whole family skin the animals. A knife slash near the tail, a swift jerk by muscular fingers, and the skin comes off over the head like a nightshirt. The skins are then scraped and stretched on steel frames. This gruelling labor lasts for the seventy-five or ninety days of the open season without a break.

In a populous muskrat district boats and huts line the banks as in a Venetian slum. The huts are on stilts; a few, if the soil is good, have tiny gardens; perhaps a pig or two roots in a muddy pen. Down the water lane, wherever the output is not controlled by large companies, come the fur buyers in launches, bringing the day's news from civilization or from other bayous and haggling over the pricing and grading of the furs. The shacks of such a region, the homes of the trappers, are hardly better than the marsh shacks built for a season.

Until about five years ago the condition of the trappers steadily improved. For centuries a queer isolated folk, they were being assimilated into the American scene and the machine age—as a result of post-war expansion—under favorable economic conditions. More houses were being built in the mainland villages. Many trappers who had never before come out of the marshes were visiting New Orleans and other cities in their own cars. Hygiene, schools, better roads, automobiles, telephones, and radios were becoming topics of conversation.

Suddenly however, the whole picture changed. The inhabitants had trapped and hunted and fished in the coastal marshes for generations, as far back as the seventeenth century, but they had never obtained titles or leases for the trapping lands. When the wealth of the fur industry was discovered, the entire vast region began to fall little by little into the hands of various large landowners, and powerful fur companies were formed overnight. Great corporations now hold what was once a public domain, where even privately held portions were freely trapped. Men now trap on shares or for cash rent. Trouble has resulted just as when the cattle companies fenced the Far Western range. Trappers' wars have broken out. Men have been killed. Some have gone to jail. Trapping means no longer a free and easy roaming life but almost an industrialized existence. In these past half-dozen years a sturdy group of American citizens—in the kingdom of the late Huey Long—has been driven into peonage. The story of this drastic change is one of chicanery, corrupt officials and judges, strike-breakers, gunmen, battles, murders, jailings. Today three or four big fur companies have a monopoly of most of the land and have created a situation similar to that existing in the soft-coal industry.

Most contracts between the companies and the trappers stipulate that the trappers' half of the yield shall be sold to the landowners. The companies are thus enabled to name their own prices for furs. In the majority of cases this is much less than the market price, sometimes only a third as large. In addition, the fur appraiser divides the muskrat pelts into four classes according to quality—the price difference is as great as 80 cents—and by generally undergrading pays the trapper on several thousand furs from $100 to $400 less than a just price. On reselling them, the fur company establishes nine categories; so actually the loss to the trapper is even larger.

The monopolization of lands and the importing of outside company men have led not only to hostilities but to a great deal of poaching in season and out. And when this year the fighting and the floods cut the value of the output fully one half, to the lowest point in the past twenty years, Huey Long's henchmen, some of whom have grown wealthy in these fur companies, pushed through the legislature, with his assistance, a trespassing law so drastic that it is possible to arrest any outsider found in the vicinity of company properties. On streams that are obviously public waterways—many others have been fenced off—armed guards trail every boat, and if an outsider puts foot on land he is immediately arrested. The trespassing law has been made an excuse for the arbitrary arrest of members of the trappers' union. Most of the fur-company guards are sworn in as state or federal deputies.

When the NRA spread its blue wings of hope over the land, several independent fur buyers and independent merchants, who could scarcely operate because of the armed guards, helped the trappers to get a code in Washington. Though the trappers' representatives were confronted by a brilliant array of company lawyers, they obtained a fairly liberal code, the chief safeguard being that the trappers henceforth were actually to be paid in kind, not in cash at a company-determined price. It looked as if brighter days were ahead. But the federal "coordinator" did nothing. The same practices continued. We have not been able to find a single instance in which this provision of the NRA code was enforced. The trappers had no money to carry the violations to the courts.

In general, the companies now boycott all local trappers and bring in outsiders, a large percentage of whom are mulattoes, under armed guard. As a result the independent trappers are starving. They try to survive by fishing, shrimping, and oyster hunting during the six months' open season, but their highest return for such work is 50 cents a day. A recent shipment of oysters by one of the local men brought him 23 cents a sack, from which he had to pay commission, transportation, and refrigerating costs. Many a fisherman finds himself in debt after a week's arduous labor. A few cut broom straw at $22 a ton. This requires at least two days to cut, then it must be dried and baled. An unexpected rain ruins it. From the sum received, freight and commission charges are deducted. At Shell Beach we found people literally starving. The local stores are all closing or going bankrupt.

The imported strike-breakers do not derive much benefit from their betrayal of their fellows. They are hired by contract for the season on a fifty-fifty basis and taken out to the company camps in company boats, but must pay for the transportation from their catch. They have no boats themselves and cannot escape if there is a flood. Often they live for weeks ankle deep in water. Last year many families were taken off by fishermen after they had been standing on their beds for three days. The company made no effort to rescue them. Three or four families, men, women, and children, are dumped into flimsy shacks about the size of a small hotel room. For the rent of these shared shacks, each trapper must pay $25 or $30 a season. If a man must have a dugout to get to his traps, he is charged $10 or $12 more. Food is brought out by the company, with 10 per cent added for delivery to already inflated prices. Our inquiries revealed that last season a $4.90 sack of sugar was sold to the trappers for $8 plus 10 per cent. Traps worth $2.75 a dozen were sold for $6 a dozen. Steel stretchers worth 80 cents a dozen were sold for $1.80. The company is supposed to provide water, but often forgets, and the people have to use the brackish bayou water to make coffee. We talked with one company trapper who had brought in the unusual number of 4,000 furs, worth at least $2,000 at last season's low prices. By the end of the season he was $90 in debt to the company. A wizard of a trapper cannot clear $100 a year, whereas he used to be able to make several thousand dollars when he was free. Often the trappers have to wait weeks after the season is over before the company boat comes to take them off, and even longer for an accounting.

Such is the vaunted individualism we are asked to protect as a sacred part of American life. When milady puts on her soft fur coat, it is quite possible that it was once stretched out on the side of a shack in the Louisiana marshes by men little better off than the animals they hunt.

Unfit to Print

By ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

EVERY year the New York *Times* runs a Christmas campaign for New York's One Hundred Neediest Cases. It is a most worthy charity. Each of these cases unfolds a world of suffering. The titles sound sentimental. "Alone at Sixty-nine," "Scrubwoman," "Deserted, at Two," "A Heroic Mother," "His Father's 'Eyes,' " "An Old Nurse," "Of No Value," "Please Make My Daddy Well," "Old and Alone," "At Nineteen—Breadwinner for Ten." These captions make the more sophisticated shrink. But the misery behind them is real.

I know the editors of the New York *Times* must read these thumbnail biographies. But I wonder whether they do more. For in the One Hundred Neediest Cases the *Times* each year gives its readers a glimpse of news it did not think fit to print before. During the great taxi strike in New York the *Times* reader heard of violence and hooligans and gangsterism, nothing of the insecurity and poverty that led up to it. But "His Father's 'Eyes' " tells of nine-year-old Bobby who leads his father about. "Mr. N. was a taxicab driver until an optic nerve atrophied in 1933 and he lost his sight. Before then he earned an adequate living for Bobby and his wife, Susan, who is thirty-seven." What does the *Times* consider an "adequate" living? Another of the Neediest gives a clue. He is "suffering from an acute kidney condition and doctors say he has only a few months to live." His "illness came suddenly; he was working until late in September and supporting his family [wife and two children] adequately on his salary of $14 a week as an elevator operator."

The *Times* prints a great deal of news about "chiseling" by the unemployed. I call it "news" out of courtesy. Usually it has flare headlines over vague charges. I do not recall that the *Times* ever commented editorially on the inadequacy of relief in New York City or anywhere else. And if these facts appear in a news story it is likely to be by implication. But "An Old Author" tells of a man seventy-six, now destitute. His wife, "granddaughter of a noted American author, died a short time ago, possibly, doctors think, because she had not had sufficient food for a long time." Has anyone ever heard the *Times* appeal for workmen's compensation in occupational ailments? "Crippled Hands," another of its Neediest Cases, tells an illuminating story. "His hands that used to be so dextrous are swollen and misshapen, for he has spent too many years fitting damp felts over a wooden mold and steaming them into hats; and he has breathed the damp air for so long that he has contracted a deep-seated sinus infection and chronic arthritis."

It must be news to readers of the *Times* to learn that New York State's old-age pensions, larger than those in most states, are only enough to starve along on. "Two Old Stage People" is the story of a disabled couple. "The old couple stretched out their savings until last year, when Mr. M. received his old-age pension of $29 a month. It wasn't enough for two. . . . The agency came to their aid when they were being dispossessed and were selling their furniture to buy food." Nor have *Times* readers ever heard that old-age pensions start too late. "Alone at Sixty-nine" has tried desperately to get work. "But Mrs. B.'s working days are over. Until next year, when she will be eligible for the old-age pension, this kindly old lady must have aid." Readers of the *Times* know that the furriers in New York are a lot of trouble-making reds. "Michael O., who is nineteen, has been warned that he must give up his job as a furrier or he will die. But Michael, with his $9 a week, is the only breadwinner in the O. family, and Michael keeps on working although already he shows definite symptoms of tuberculosis."

The least pearl dropped by the United States Chamber of Commerce or the National Association of Manufacturers is reported on the front page of the *Times,* and its readers know all about the decay of rugged individualism and the exorbitant wage demands of the workers. But in the Hundred Neediest Cases they can learn certain other facts. "When Freda was twelve, she was at work at $15 a week. Today, at nineteen, her $9 wage is the only stable income of a family of ten. . . . The youngsters, from seventeen-year-old Jean to the year-old baby, all are underweight and in need of dental and medical attention." Where else could they get this glimpse of rugged individualism in action? "She was brought up in comfort; her father was a lawyer and she an only child. She married a successful accountant, and her marriage for many years was a happy one. She was expecting her third child about a year ago when her husband —his morale shattered by a series of pay cuts and the daily fear that he would be dismissed—disappeared." The mother and new baby are ill. The older children "cannot understand" their changed circumstances. "Their mother sometimes starts to cry when they ask for things she cannot give them."

No American worker, whether laborer or white-collar worker, who has learned how completely he and his family are at the mercy of unemployment, sudden illness, financial disasters, can fail to be moved by the *Times* appeal. The editors of the *Times* are moved by it, too, just before Christmas. But you will find comparatively little in the *Times,* or most other newspapers, about the 100,000,000 Neediest, about social insurance, about the necessity for better relief, about the helplessness of the small investor, about the misery of the great masses of workers. Those who try to help the 100,000,000 Neediest get scant attention in the *Times.* Angelo Herndon tried to help a few hundred of Georgia's Neediest get a little more relief. His conviction for sedition was reversed in the midst of the *Times* campaign this year. The headline told about a "Negro Red Organizer." The editors didn't mention that as a compliment, either.

Next Week

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1935

Correspondence

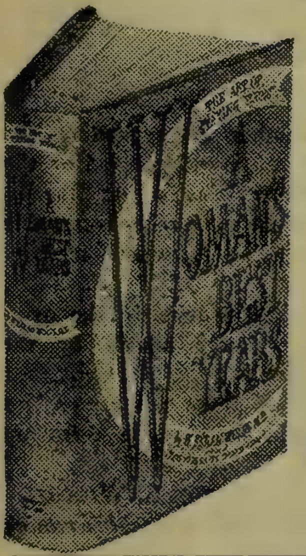
Judicial Calm

To the Editors of The Nation:

I suppose that I should be flattered by the notice which you have taken of a very brief opinion of mine upon the subject of a very poor piece of stage literature. I refer, of course, to your editorial entitled A Long Road, in the issue of November 20. On two points I am not quite able to agree with your editorial writer. I do not pretend to be able to qualify as a dramatic critic with William Winter, nor do I think that Mr. Caldwell quite ranks with Henrik Ibsen.

It takes a great deal of fortitude for a farmhand to clean out a pigsty or privy vault. His language during the process is apt to be quite lurid. Would you consider portraying on the stage this process, including a reproduction of the stench? I would think that such a portrayal might be used for purposes of instruction at least as well as the spineless shiftlessness of Jeeter Lester. At least, manure is used as fertilizer to produce food, and nothing in "Tobacco Road" suggests any such useful purpose.

It probably takes a more competent mentality than mine to discover anything in the Lester family except inexcusable degradation and decadence. I imagine that if I lived in New York City perhaps the superior atmosphere of that world center might sharpen my intellect. But then, of course, New York City is the front doorstep of America. Only, sometimes, I am tempted to think that it would be more accurate to say that it is the front doormat.



A WOMAN'S BEST YEARS

By W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M.D., Psychiatrist
Director, The Community Church Mental Hygiene Clinic, New York

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Oh, and by the way, legal literature does not aim at more than adequately to express a subject. That is the reason why my words were merely "weasel words."

I hope, however, that you will not get the idea from anything that I say that I am insensible of the benefits of being panned by *The Nation* and Theodore Dreiser. I cannot conceive of any two sources from which I would more thankfully accept criticism and disagreement.

Detroit, November 29 GUY A. MILLER,
Judge of the Circuit Court for Detroit

German Steel

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The Nation's remarks in the issue of November 27 on PWA's order for German steel for the Triborough Bridge are rather disappointing. While I admit that the amount involved, $20,000, is insignificant, I feel that the entire deal is indefensible for the moral support that Hitler's government will derive from it. Does anyone doubt that Hitler would gladly have provided the steel free of cost for the prestige that a United States government order bestows upon his tyranny? Does anyone doubt that Hitler with his half-starved, underpaid, undernourished robots, over which the Nazi curse of death or concentration camp hangs, could not and would not underbid any steel order and even smash the aluminum trust if he had the opportunity?

Would the editors of *The Nation* advocate any such savings at the expense of our multitude of wandering jobless workers?

St. Paul, Minn., November 29 WOLFRAM HILL

An Anglo-American Alliance

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An article by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard in a July issue of *The Nation* has recently reached me. In it he says, "Some months ago the Marquis of Lothian came to this country to talk up a genuine alliance between the two countries, a plan which he subsequently published in full in the London *Times.*" Will you allow me to contradict this statement? I have always been strongly opposed to an Anglo-American alliance for very much the same reasons as Mr. Villard gives in this article, and I have never published any such plan in the London *Times*—or indeed anywhere else.

I am strongly in favor of Anglo-American cooperation because I think the liberty of the world depends upon it, but that cooperation must be based on a completely independent estimate by each of our two countries of international situations as they arise.

London, November 20 LOTHIAN

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

So much time has passed since my reference to the Marquis of Lothian that I cannot put my hands on the notes upon which my comment was based. As I recall it, they called for cooperative action between England and the United States, with the United States in the forefront in the Orient, and England representing our interests more or less in Europe. It seemed to me that this could not come to pass except on the basis of a complete alliance between the two countries for offense and defense. I am sorry if I misinterpreted Lothian's position.

New York, November 27 OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Resettlement Case Records

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have read your interesting editorial comment in the November 20 issue regarding the alleged case records of investigators for Resettlement Administration projects, and have made inquiries of our Family Selection Section as to the possibility of any basis for these quotations. If these particular newspaper quotations, mentioned in your editorial comment, have actual existence in our thousands of case records of applicants, none of us knows where to find them.

Unfortunately, we would prefer not to assert that these comments have been manufactured out of whole cloth. After all, thousands of families are receiving assistance under the program of the Resettlement Administration. The work of investigating and selecting is going on in practically every county of every state. It would be remarkable indeed if a handful of silly descriptions like these could not be brought to light somewhere in the land to reward a zealous digger.

It is not inconceivable that from the point of view of the investigator these apparently trivial impressionistic statements might bear some meaningful relationship to the type of assistance the families concerned needed. I might add that it is not unheard of for a communication of an impressionistic nature to reach this office directly from a field worker. The same field worker will necessarily obtain and forward to us certain definite items of information prescribed by a comprehensive application form and case-study outline. The type of communication sanctioned by this office and employed as a basis for decision is anything but impressionistic. We are striving to observe a factual and objective, as well as sympathetic, attitude in the selection of families.

R. G. TUGWELL, Administrator
Washington, November 30

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In reply to your letter of November 29 regarding the *Herald Tribune* story on case records of investigators for the Resettlement Administration, I asked our Washington Bureau for a report. The bureau replies that the case-records reports were obtained from an employee of the RRA, whose identity of course cannot be revealed.

The reporter who wrote the original story had the original reports in his possession. They were signed by the RRA investigator. Our bureau adds by way of comment that there is no question of the authenticity of these reports as "no one with the wildest imagination could have made them up exactly as they were."

New York, December 5 GRAFTON S. WILCOX,
Managing Editor, New York *Herald Tribune*

Charles Dudley Warner

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I am engaged upon a study of the life and work of Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900), and should appreciate hearing from correspondents who may have information regarding (1) heirs, relatives, and friends of Charles Dudley Warner; (2) unpublished letters and other MSS material; (3) references to obscure, unindexed material in print; (4) personal reminiscences.

Proper credit will be given for assistance sent to 17 Lexington Avenue, New York.

New York, November 30 L. R. TRILLING

Labor and Industry

General Motors Strikes Back

By H. S. GRANT

Toledo, December 5

THE Chevrolet workers of Toledo have come into the limelight again. Their first spectacular appearance on the national scene was made last spring, when for several weeks it appeared likely that they would accomplish by themselves what the automobile workers in the whole industry had failed to do—defeat the General Motors Corporation. That they did not succeed at the time was no fault of their own; the responsibility rests on the shoulders of Francis J. Dillon, present appointive head of the A. F. of L. Auto International, whose coercive and disruptive tactics saved the automobile industrialists from the threat of a general strike and an organized industry.

Six months have passed since the famous Chevrolet strike, and the big company has taken its revenge—swiftly and efficiently. The Toledo plant has been dismantled, three-fourths of its machinery has been moved out of town, and the men who dared to strike for union recognition and a conservative wage increase have been thrown on the street. In order to appreciate fully this action of the company, one must consider the peculiar effectiveness of the Chevrolet strike of last April, an effectiveness due to the plant's "bottle-neck" character—the factory was responsible for most of the transmissions used by the company. We still remember how plant after plant in other centers was forced to shut down till 35,000 workers were affected by the strike of the 2,000 Toledo men.

Even during the strike the company sought frantically to adjust the situation by a rapid decentralization. Such an operation was difficult in the midst of high production, with the machinery of the struck plant tied up. The best the company could do was to increase production in other plants, a process that was attempted at Flint. But here they ran into the more ominous danger of a sympathetic strike, which would undoubtedly have spread on a national scale and would have materialized anyway but for the intercession of the protean Francis Dillon, who three times ordered the Flint unions to rescind strike-action decisions.

Though the Toledo strike was settled and the immediate menace to General Motors removed—again through Dillon, who threatened that unless the union accepted what was tantamount to the company's terms it would be expelled from the A. F. of L.—the Chevrolet Company felt no assurance that a future similar uprising might not again find it vitally exposed. The young union, conscious of its power, was growing more and more assertive. Besides the four-cent blanket wage increase granted by the company in the settlement of the strike, close to a thousand individual increases of as much as twenty cents an hour had been gained by the union since that time, in addition to a general betterment of conditions.

About a month ago the plant shut down, ostensibly for readjustments in anticipation of the new season, which was due to start earlier than usual. When, however, it became clear that the company intended to move machinery out of the plant, the union committee got on the job. Alfred Gulliver, plant manager, assured them faithfully that "as many men would be hired by the company as before." In fact, some heavy new machinery was brought in, but when the plant was ready to reopen, it was discovered that this was to be used for accessory purposes and would require only a handful of men. When reminded of his former promise, Mr. Gulliver, who had for several weeks been seeking to disarm the union with liberal concessions, evaded the issue with cynical deftness. "But I didn't say *where* the men would be hired," he declared. Apparently Mr. Gulliver expected the altruism of the men to match his own. However, it must be remembered that Mr. Gulliver has been assured a position as head of the new set-up in Saginaw, Michigan, where most of the Toledo units have been moved. What arouses the Toledo men chiefly is the fact that the workers who are to take over their jobs in Saginaw and in Muncie, Indiana, are unorganized and will work for two-thirds or one-half of the Toledo hourly rate.

The responsibility for this cruel situation comes home to roost once more in the yard of the A. F. of L., which has made and is making little effort to organize the unorganized workers of these plants. On the other hand, its lately re-enunciated disastrous policy of dividing mass-production workers into a multitude of craft unions leaves it weaponless in this and similar situations. There can be no doubt that this anti-industrial-union policy is aiding all the open or concealed company unions which fester in the industry. Even now the federated group of Toledo automobile unions, the most powerful and aggressive local in the country, which has heretofore operated as a unit, is threatening to secede from the American Federation of Labor because the new Auto International is refusing to grant it the single charter under which it has been functioning so magnificently in the past.

As is too often the case, the only efforts to prevent a fresh disaster for the automobile workers are coming from the workers themselves, from the fighting unionists, from the staunch and capable progressive leaders. The policy that General Motors is pursuing at the Toledo plant is a national policy, and it is already affecting South Bend, Cleveland, and other centers, though none so seriously as the Chevrolet factory. The response, the men know and have long known, must be national. The key to the situation, they realize, is the organization of the unorganized, so that isolated organizations of the most advanced workers shall no longer be sacrificed to the fetish of the open shop. The Toledo union is looking with great hope to John L. Lewis, whose promise to help the workers in the basic industries to organize themselves may become the turning-point not only for the workers of this second largest industry but for all organized and unorganized labor in America.

The Toledo Chevrolet local understands the scope of its problem and its own incapacity in the face of it. It has been forced into a position where preservation of the union itself becomes the immediate objective. At its decisive meeting on Saturday, November 16, reports were given by union delegates who had been at Saginaw, Cleveland, Norwood, and Muncie, reconnoitering the situation, soliciting rank-and-file aid, and stirring up organization in the backward centers which are going to benefit temporarily by the plight of the more progressive Toledo workers. Wyndham Mortimer, president of the strong White Motor local of Cleveland and one of the national progressive leaders, spoke at the meeting.

Mortimer and local leaders of the union—including the youthful Jim Roland, famous for his uncompromising conduct of last April's strike—pointed out three possible courses of action that were open to the Chevrolet local:

1. Accept the company's offer to rehire 761 men according to seniority, and allow the 1,600 others to shift for themselves. (The 761 would include more than 100 foremen who were to be assigned to production work.) This, it was certain, would smash the union.

2. Shut the plant down completely and let no one go back to work until the removed machinery was returned. There was much support for this step, but it was realized that in the present unorganized state of the industry the action would be suicidal.

3. Let the whole force return on a share-the-work basis till help could be mustered nationally, with the organization of the plants at Saginaw and Muncie and other places as primary objectives. This step alone could keep the union intact, a fact that undoubtedly swayed the majority of the embittered men who were anxious for a more direct policy.

There was no doubt of the men's willingness to act in case the company refused their terms. (One hears now of the Motor Products workers of Detroit, three thousand of them, going out on strike for a series of demands.) The automobile workers have been the most abused and hornswoggled labor group in the country. Naturally progressive, their many starts toward organization and action in the past two and one-half years have been repeatedly forestalled—by a merit clause, by a Rooseveltian "New Course in Social Engineering," by an Automobile Labor Board, by craft-unionist vultures who have denied them the only form of organization possible for their industry. But these obstacles cannot be permanently effective. The horrible speed-up conditions in the industry, the low yearly wage, the terror of the early age limit, so ruthlessly exploited by Henry Ford and his competitors, are productive of forces too dynamic to be crushed forever.

Minneapolis: A Defeat for Green

By CARLOS HUDSON

Minneapolis, December 1

ON November 13 William Green's red-drive on the Minneapolis labor movement was exactly two weeks old. In various parts of the city workers were gathering. In the hall of General Drivers' Local 574 some seven hundred members were seated waiting for a stag show to begin. Suddenly word came that the police were preparing to raid the hall and arrest the leaders on charges of immorality. A dozen squad cars were waiting at the Northside police station, two newspapers already had the headlines set announcing the raid, the cops were busy rounding up prostitutes who were to serve as a background in photographs of the union leaders. Bill Brown, president of Local 574, advanced to the front of the stage and announced the discovery of the proposed frame-up. A dozen plain-clothes men were discovered in the crowd. Angrily the audience left, cursing Meyer Lewis and Mayor Latimer.

At another downtown hall several hundred members of the Laundry Workers' Local 18005 were meeting. A few days before, Meyer Lewis had demanded that they repudiate Local 574. This the laundry workers refused to do, "because 574 has been one of our most valuable friends and allies. We consider that they have contributed mightily to organized labor in Minneapolis, and that they are deserving of full support in their effort to win reinstatement in the A. F. of L. . . . It is our desire to remain a part of the A. F. of L., but we will not permit ourselves to be stripped of all union principles to do so." Lewis answered this by revoking their charter. At the November 13 meeting, after a spirited discussion, the membership voted unanimously to support the executive board, to support Local 574, and to fight for reinstatement in the A. F. of L.

But the most important meeting of all was the session of the Minneapolis Central Labor Union, before which the "Splitter" himself, Meyer Lewis, was to appear. Not a delegate was absent from the hall that night. William Green's personal representative took the floor and spoke for forty minutes. He demanded that the assembly indorse his efforts to brand Local 574 a "permanent outlaw" and that the delegates back him in the revocation of the laundry workers' charter; he called upon the local unions to boycott the buttons of the General Drivers. As Lewis unfolded his program he was continually interrupted from the floor. When he sat down fifty delegates leaped to their feet simultaneously, demanding an opportunity to answer him. No one in the hall dared to defend him. The meeting finally adjourned in an uproar after midnight, when detectives whisked Lewis out of the meeting. William Green had lost the initial skirmish against the industrial unionists.

Scarcely had the Atlantic City A. F. of L. convention adjourned when Green, Woll, Tobin, and their craft-union followers hurriedly laid down a plan of battle to defend their positions against the John L. Lewis industrial bloc. The first attack was to be launched in Minneapolis, against General Drivers' Local 574, famous advocate of industrial unionism. Green dispatched his emissary, Meyer Lewis, to Minneapolis to direct the campaign. Lewis reconnoitered for five weeks; then, on October 30, the first gun was fired. Under cover of a "red drive" Green prepared to blast the industrial unionists from their fortress. "A. F. of L. to Open War on Reds Here" was the headline in the Minneapolis press. The dispatch continued: "The American Federation of Labor, in beginning its national campaign to fight communism, will

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make Minneapolis its headquarters. . . . Officials of several international unions, whom Mr. Green is to send to Minneapolis, will be on the job."

It soon became evident that Green's drive was directed specifically against Local 574, the union that has led the Minneapolis labor battles for the past two years—with the result that local unions have not lost a strike since February, 1934. (In April, 1935, Local 574 was expelled from the International Teamsters' Union, and consequently from the federation.) Meyer Lewis announced, "We hope to throw the spotlight of public opinion on the city and to aim the big guns of the A. F. of L. to settle once and for all Minneapolis labor troubles." He appealed to the employers, labor boards, veterans' organizations, churches, and clubs for help in driving the progressive trade unionists from the city.

Several days later the press carried another headline: "The A. F. of L. Outlaws Local 574 Forever." The General Drivers' Union countered with an overflow mass-meeting of over three thousand members and sympathizers. A battery of loud speakers carried to the audience pledges of solidarity with 574 from the leaders of many local unions and from prominent Farmer-Laborites.

When Lewis appeared before several business men's clubs and announced he was out to rid Minneapolis of "reds," the Citizens' Alliance issued a statement in his support, noting "with hope and encouragement that the American Federation of Labor, through a personal representative of William Green, has announced the determination even at this late date to purge the local labor movement of communistic leadership. . . . It was the leaders of certain local A. F. of L. unions who brought into the picture the forces of the General Drivers' Union and the Workers' Party of the United States to forcibly close the ornamental-iron plants and the Strutwear Knitting Company. . . . We pledge to cooperate to the fullest extent in cleaning up the intolerable conditions existing here." Such an embrace from labor's chief enemy served only to discredit Lewis in trade-union circles.

With the help of the president of the National Council of Petroleum Workers Lewis said he would purge the Gasoline Station Operators' Local, which had been supporting Local 574. A few days later the union was declared purged though there had not been a single change in the personnel of the local. Lewis then demanded that the Laundry Workers' Union repudiate 574 and submit to reorganization and division. The results have already been noted.

On Thursday, October 31, he called a special meeting of all business agents and demanded their support. They listened in silence. On Tuesday, November 12, a meeting of business agents came out openly against Lewis, and the session had to be hurriedly adjourned. Lewis then proceeded to get in touch with employers with whom Local 574 has labor contracts, asking them to break these contracts and sign up with Local 500, Daniel Tobin's "ghost" drivers' local in Minneapolis. Unanimously the employers refused his request, having no desire to precipitate another battle with the drivers. Lewis then shifted to the Cooks and Waiters and attempted to whip them into line. The president of the Cooks' and Waiters' International sent Green an indignant telegram protesting against Lewis's actions. Mr. Gillespie, Tobin's lieutenant, came to town to aid in the fight against 574. Gillespie was in Minneapolis two days, threw up his hands in despair, and departed.

By this time Lewis had talked so much about "reds" and "illegal" union activities that the employers, taking him at his word, proceeded to demand that the Strutwear Hosiery Plant be opened by police violence (the hosiery workers there had been on strike for fourteen weeks). The Minneapolis Central Labor Union descended upon Mayor Latimer with a threat to "tear the plant down, brick by brick" if such an attempt were made. After Lewis was worsted in his appearance before the Central Labor Union, and after the raid on 574's hall had been scotched, William Green's man had shot his bolt. He was licked.

The attack on the Minneapolis progressives by the president of the American Federation of Labor naturally had its political reverberations. Green is a Republican, Daniel Tobin is a Democrat, and Minnesota is the one state in the country that has broken politically with the two old parties and has built up an independent political party. The *Minnesota Leader,* state organ of the Farmer-Labor Party, vigorously attacked the Green drive. "Where are the 'reds'?" it asked. "We can take care of the Communists ourselves and don't need assistance from outside the state. . . . It looks like our old foes in new clothes but still dragging the same old red herring around on a string."

The *New Militant,* weekly organ of the Workers' Party, has of course supported Local 574, as it has most at stake in the Minneapolis battle. The Communist Party's *Daily Worker* came out editorially on November 6 with "Lewis is attacking the very teamsters who have led Minneapolis labor's most heroic struggles. . . . Let all labor repudiate Meyer Lewis's anti-labor acts and drive him from Minneapolis." However, the local Communist Party trade unionists withdrew their support from Local 574 the night before the mass-meeting, and refused to send speakers.

The Minneapolis progressive unionists have sent out nation-wide appeals for aid in their fight for industrial unionism. They have asked the Brewery Workers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Hosiery Workers, and the labor committee of the Socialist Party for organizational and financial assistance in the fight. Without a doubt John L. Lewis's recently organized committee for industrial organization has established contact in Minneapolis, instructing its forces to join with Local 574 in defeating William Green and Meyer Lewis. Norman Thomas has written to pledge national support to Local 574. Emil Rieve, president of the Hosiery Workers, has notified 574 that he is "doing everything possible to prevent the American Federation of Labor from making the mistake of going on a 'red-baiting' campaign." With this kind of support from all progressive labor forces in the country, Local 574 and the Minneapolis labor movement have been able to block Green and the craft unionists.

Of great significance is the fact that former reactionary labor leaders, such as T. E. Cunningham, president of the Minnesota State Federation of Labor, are already pulling away from William Green, and are either sitting on the fence or openly siding with the industrial-union bloc. Cunningham has indicated that he will disapprove any attempt to oust progressive trade unionists fighting for industrial unionism. A dozen local labor leaders have taken the same position. Green and his cohorts are not defeated yet, of course, but they have suffered a spectacular set-back.

Books, Art, Drama

The Untired Genius

Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Her Niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, and Alfred Leete Hampson. Little, Brown and Company. $7.50.

THE editors of these new poems by Emily Dickinson merely remark about them that they were "disclosed during the exhaustive examination of the Dickinson family papers made obligatory by the increasing posthumous fame of the poet." Nothing as to whether there are any more; nothing as to where these came from, and when (if such a thing can be guessed) they might have been written. Obviously there is still a great deal to be "done," as the scholars say, with Emily Dickinson. Not only does the quality of her genius remain a mystery, as it well may forever; the quantity of it—the fact, for instance, that the number of her known poems is now 758—grows yearly more amazing, and calls for a kind of light which the Dickinson family either cannot or will not throw upon such important questions as chronology, text, and circumstance of composition. The frontispiece to this volume, indeed, throws a beam of darkness on one portion of the text. The editors reproduce in manuscript facsimile the poem which they have printed on page 57; and do not trouble to explain why in the second line they have printed "hide" as "hid." The study of Emily Dickinson has not even begun, and certainly it will not be finished until we know that we have everything—and everything as it was written.

She will deserve all the attention that can be given her, nor will the amount of her output ever cease to seem remarkable. It means already, I think, that she was a poet before she was anything else—a recluse, a woman disappointed in love, a New England person, an eccentric. Particularly a woman disappointed in love. Women like that—or men—do not necessarily take to poetry in a world where there are so many other things to take to: public causes, private revenges, marriages on the rebound, silence, and suicide. And surely it is rare that the impulse toward poetry in such a case leads to the composition of more than a few bad personal pieces; that it lasts a lifetime and inspires brilliance after brilliance, revision after revision, together with a palpable concern for the most subtle, the most intricate effects. This woman was an artist first and last; which, if it is true, means that several poems in her new collection are more interesting for what they say to mankind than for what they say, provided they say anything, about the mythical lover from whom she is supposed to have been separated.

To make one's toilette, after Death
Has made the toilette cool
To only taste we care to please,
Is difficult; and still—

That's easier than braid the hair
And make the bodice gay,
When eyes that fondled it are wrenched
By Decalogues away.

The interest of such a poem derives at least in part from the presence in it of familiar themes and devices, notably the theme of death and the device of dissonance. The theme of death, like the theme of pain, was perhaps never absent from Emily Dickinson's mind; it glowed, a midnight diamond, even at the core of her ecstasies, and supplied her with her deepest phrases.

She bore it till the simple veins
Traced azure on her hand,
Till pleading, round her quiet eye,
The purple crayons stand;
Till daffodils had come and gone,
I cannot tell the sum,
And then she ceased to bear it—
And with the Saints sat down.

Pain, of course, is a poor word. Agony is better, and I do not know that agony has ever been given completer expression than it is given in half a dozen of these poems.

Yet it is never distressing to the audience, the reason being that the subject of any poem is but an aspect of a larger subject which is not personal in the ordinary sense. The value of the present volume is that it makes finally very clear how intense its author's existence was; how intense, indeed, all existence was to her, and how much terror there could be for her merely in the thought that a given individual thing had been created—a bird, a day, herself.

I am afraid to own a body,
I am afraid to own a soul;
Profound, precarious property,
Possession not optional.

To dismiss such lines as the confession of one who was "afraid of life" is to forget how the imagination of any person with a capacity for abstraction (and was not Emily Dickinson a metaphysical poet?) trembles before the fact of the concrete, the object into which infinities of space and time have been so unaccountably crowded, the delicate thing which somehow endures eternity's pressure against its form. Nothing less than all that is the source of Emily Dickinson's irony, and of her poetry. But the volume is important for a simpler reason. It contains nine or ten of the best poems she ever wrote.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Origins of Fascismo

Mussolini's Italy. By Herman Finer. Henry Holt and Company. $3.75.

AT a moment when the Duce of Fascism is staking his own future, as well as that of his regime, on the outcome of his Ethiopian campaign, it is more important than ever to obtain a trustworthy account of Fascist origins and objectives. In this comprehensive work Dr. Finer, professor of public administration at the University of London, offers a wealth of detailed information concerning Italy's political situation before the March on Rome, the character and background of Mussolini, and the doctrines and institutions of fascism. Couched in the form of a textbook and written for the most part in pedestrian style, "Mussolini's Italy" is a valuable compendium of generally known facts rather than an original analysis. The publisher's blurb is decidedly misleading in describing it as "strictly objective reporting." Objectivity can hardly be called the hallmark of a book permeated by the honest anti-Fascist indignation of a firm believer in democracy and peppered with often violent personal attacks on various aspects of fascism.

Dr. Finer does not believe that fascism constituted a revolution, under his somewhat arbitrary definition that a revolution must be not merely any "violent overthrow of existing political institutions," but one that "has for its object the greatest liberty and equality for the greatest number." This point of view leads the author into some curious contradictions. While obviously hostile to fascism, Dr. Finer, for unaccountable reasons, looks at pre-Mussolini Italy through Fascist spectacles. Fascism, he argues, conforms in a sense to the political institutions of a country where the parliamentary system had failed to take root before 1914. He believes that on the eve of the World War Italy "was heading for troubled times and extraordinary regimes," and that "a generation was preparing itself for submission to a dictator." Yet he attacks Mussolini and his Black Shirts for failing to resolve "national contrasts" by liberal methods.

According to Dr. Finer, fascism triumphed in Italy because of "murderous ruthlessness, the deliberate planning of revolution," and the connivance of local and central authorities, including the king and the army. Yet his own account shows that at least in equal measure the success of fascism was due to the disorganization and indecisiveness of Socialists and liberals, the general demoralization and disillusionment which followed the war, and the genuine if baseless fear on the part of the middle classes, both rich and poor, that the advent of bolshevism in Italy would spell the end of private property and the destruction of the family—two institutions cherished by the average Italian.

Severe as is Dr. Finer's criticism of fascist theory and practice, he appears to have sincere respect and even admiration for Mussolini, to whom he attributes a Homeric roster of gifts and virtues. Mussolini, according to him, "has a profound knowledge of men," science, and philosophy; "his penetration is extremely subtle"; he possesses histrionic ability of a high order and a supreme talent for winning and holding the people; "he has, and gives the impression of having, a complete contempt for material rewards"—although he has not forsworn the perhaps more exhilarating rewards of unlimited power; he is endowed with astonishing will and great personal fascination; finally, he is dominated by genuine love and concern for Italy—even if these sentiments cannot always be distinguished from personal ambition. Where this superman has erred is in failing to recognize "that he is exceptional and different from the mass of Italians"—a failure which it is difficult to reconcile with Mussolini's conception of himself as the "man of destiny"—and that he cannot fundamentally change them during his lifetime.

It would have been extremely interesting if Dr. Finer had paused to develop the idea which he hints at here and there—that the modern dictator like Hitler or Mussolini differs profoundly from his prototype of ancient times in his concern for the approval of public opinion. While vilifying democracy and all its works, the modern tyrant is forced to pay lip-service, at least, to the spirit of the times: he cultivates the impression that he represents the sovereign, if unconscious and unexpressed, will of the ignorant masses, and makes every effort to win popular support by spectacular propaganda and constant participation in the daily life of "his" people. "A modern dictatorship," says Dr. Finer, "implies a continuous plebiscite, an election campaign every day"—which takes the form of public festivals and celebrations marked by the personal appearance of the "leader" or his immediate subordinates and geared to keep popular excitement at fever pitch.

Turning to the economic achievement of fascism, Dr. Finer reaches the now generally accepted conclusion that fascism has so far done little beyond effecting minor corrections of the capitalist system, retaining private property and production as the fundamental basis of the country's economy. He suspects Mussolini, however, of "a violent, if publicly controlled, nostalgia for Russia," and indicates that the erstwhile Socialist might some day turn the tables on the bankers, industrialists, and landowners who have supported fascism as a bulwark against expropriation. Now that the tide of war is running against Italy, it is not at all unlikely that Mussolini, as a last resort, may wave the red rag of proletarian revolution to frighten both property-owners at home and capitalist countries abroad.

In drawing up the balance sheet of spiritual gains and losses under fascism, Dr. Finer contends that the losses have far exceeded the gains, especially with respect to the stultification or total suppression of creative thought. Far from being ennobled by fascism, Italy has been demoralized by the people's "absenteeism from politics" and its subservience to a single party. Far from fostering the simple virtues extolled by Mussolini, fascism "puts a premium on successful humbug, flattery, and bluff." While superficially the country may have achieved national unity, fascism has at the same time destroyed the internal cohesiveness which springs from free association of men for political, economic, and other purposes. "Even the propaganda for war is making not warriors but only resignation to war." Most dangerous of all, fascism, concentrated in the person of one man, has made no arrangements for its peaceful continuance. "The fascist system depends on a genius, and with his passage it must pass." VERA MICHELES DEAN

The Historical Jesus

Jesus. By Charles Guignebert. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

THIS volume on the life of Jesus by the professor of the history of Christianity in the Sorbonne is one of the 200 contemplated volumes of historical studies in the monumental "History of Civilization" series, edited by Professor C. K. Ogden of Cambridge. The volume maintains and enhances the scholarly prestige of this great historical undertaking.

The literature on the life of Jesus continues to be tremendous. It includes not only the detailed studies of the hundreds of New Testament specialists of the various Christian nations but the innumerable ventures of interested laymen and literati who have tried to rewrite the life of Jesus from the point of view of a particular social philosophy. The virtue of Professor Guignebert's venture lies in his comprehensive analysis of the scholarship of the past decades in this field. The specialists are acquainted with all the evidence which he analyzes. But there is no book of recent years which will give the interested layman a more comprehensive account of what has been written and said about the life of Jesus and a fairer estimate of conflicting evidence.

Naturally, the author has a position of his own to maintain, but the reader is permitted to see how he arrives at it and with what cogency and plausibility he defends it against contrasting views. On the whole his own position is strongly influenced by the eschatological emphasis which was introduced into New Testament criticism by Albert Schweitzer. Jesus was a prophet of an imminent Kingdom of God. Guignebert's view is not, however, in accord with those who believe that Jesus regarded himself as the Messiah. He thought of himself rather as the prophet of the Kingdom.

His ethic is not to be confused with an ascetic ethic. It was rather a rigorous ethic, deriving its rigor from Jesus's complete indifference toward the moral relativities of the political and economic order, and maintaining itself by the hope of the imminent Kingdom. This hope was disappointed. "The last things which Jesus expected did not happen. . . . By all the canons of logic and probability his name and his work should have fallen into oblivion." They became rather the foundation of a new religion, partly through the faith inspired in a few disciples and partly through the operation of complex syncretistic forces in the religious life of the Graeco-Roman world. In this new religion "nothing or very little of his work remained—a few vestiges survived, perhaps, in the imposing edifice of Christian doctrine, but they lost their meaning when separated from their original connection."

One might quarrel with the sweeping character of this final generalization. But it could not be refuted without a complete examination of the meaning of Christianity. In terms of obvious history it is certainly true that Christianity is not the religion of Jesus. Nor is it possible to correct whatever limitations are found in Christianity by a simple return to the so-called religion of Jesus. For the religion of Jesus is not quite as simply and immediately relevant to the present situation as the liberal scholars of yesterday imagined. But neither are Jesus's apocalyptic visions quite as irrelevant to the spiritual problems of modern man as Professor Guignebert imagines. They contain clues for an interpretation of life and history which the author does not analyze at all.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Remaking Mankind

Man the Unknown. By Alexis Carrel. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

IS there help in biological science for the difficulties of mankind? This is the question dealt with by the distinguished biologist of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. The present predicament of man, he holds, results from the fact that "the sciences of inert matter have made immense progress while those of living things remain in a rudimentary state." In consequence there has been produced an environment which is not fitted to the nature of man, to which man cannot adapt himself. "Man . . . is a stranger in the world that he has created. He has been incapable of organizing this world for himself, because he did not possess a practical knowledge of his own nature. Thus the enormous advance gained by the sciences of inanimate matter over those of living things is one of the greatest catastrophes ever suffered by humanity. The environment born of our intelligence and our inventions is adjusted neither to our stature nor to our shape. We are unhappy. We degenerate morally and mentally. . . . In truth, our civilization, like those preceding it, has created certain conditions of existence which, for reasons still obscure, render life itself impossible" (pp. 27, 28). It is "bringing about the demoralization and the disappearance of the noblest elements of the great races" (p. 43).

"The only possible remedy for this is a much more profound knowledge of ourselves" (p. 28), in order that we may change the conditions to fit our natures. "Most of the questions put to themselves by those who study human beings remain without answer" (p. 4). Nevertheless, "the biological sciences have revealed to us the most precious of all secrets—the laws of the development of our body and of consciousness. This knowledge has brought to humanity the means of renovating itself" (p. 273).

What biological science has thus revealed is painted in broad strokes. There is an excellent summary of the physical, chemical, physiological, and genetic knowledge of man, of the nature of disease, and of the facts and principles of adaptation. Of equal or greater importance are held to be the mental and the moral nature of man; chapters are devoted to these and to the importance of individuality. The exposition is not limited to the narrow categories of conventional biological science. "The study of moral, aesthetic, and religious functions would appear as indispensable as that of mathematics, physics, and chemistry" (p. 280). Going farther, Carrel avows himself a wholehearted believer in telepathy, clairvoyance, and miracles, as established features in the nature of man. The numerous pages on these subjects are of curious interest.

The renovation of mankind based on this scientific knowledge of man's nature must be carried out on many diverse lines, which are urged with eloquence. First, "We cannot undertake the restoration of ourselves and of our environment before having transformed our habits of thought" (p. 278). Certain erroneous metaphysical conceptions are held to lie at the foundation of man's troubles, notably the doctrine of the dualism of body and mind, that of the existence of universals, and that of the unimportance of secondary qualities. We must abandon these; we must develop a "contempt for philosophical systems" that we may study man without prejudice.

Next science must be reformed: drastic measures to this end are urged. But most important is the increase of the factual knowledge of the nature of man. As a road to this, Carrel proposes the following. Medical science "could easily enlarge its field, embrace in addition to body and consciousness their relations with the material and mental world, take in sociology and economics, and become the very science of the human being" (p. 284). Of this type permanent institutes should be established that may carry on investigations requiring generations for completion. A chief function of these institutes will be to make a synthesis of all knowledge that bears upon human affairs, and to furnish such knowledge to those in administrative positions. There should be a central body, a high council, having these functions. "Modern society should be given an intellectual focus, an immortal brain, capable of conceiving and planning its future. . . . Such an organization would be the salvation of the white races in their staggering advance toward civilization" (pp. 291, 292).

The concrete measures to be taken are to be determined by this immortal brain: "We will not establish any program. For a program would stifle living reality in a rigid armor. It would prevent the bursting forth of the unpredictable" (p. 321). Yet many features of the program as conceived by him Carrel does indicate. "In order to reconstruct personality we must break the frame of the school, factory, and office, and reject the very principle of technological civilization" (p. 315). "We should reject mechanical inventions that hinder human development" (p. 281). "Hygienists should be asked . . . why they segregate people ill with infections, and not those who propagate intellectual and moral maladies" (p. 280). "The democratic principle has contributed to the collapse of civilization in opposing the development of an elite" (p. 271). "The only way to obviate the disastrous predominance of the weak is to develop the strong. . . . We must single out the children who are endowed with high potentialities, and develop them as completely as possible. And in this manner give the nation a non-hereditary aristocracy. . . . The sons of very rich men, like those of criminals, should be removed while still infants from their natural surroundings. Thus separated from their family, they could manifest their hereditary strength" (p. 297). "Perhaps prisons should be abolished. . . . The conditioning of petty criminals with the whip, or some more scientific procedure, followed by a short stay in a hospital, would probably suffice to insure order. Those who have murdered, robbed while armed, . . . kidnapped children, despoiled the poor of their savings, misled the public in important matters, should be humanely and economically disposed of in small euthanasic institutions supplied with proper gases. A similar treatment could be advantageously applied to the insane, guilty of criminal acts" (p. 319). Equally radical proposals are advanced on many other social problems. Most of them look toward the remaking of the human environment. Yet eugenics is to play a role also, though a relatively subordinate one. Seriously defective individuals are not to propagate; "a great race must propagate from its best elements." "It seems that eugenics, to be useful, must be voluntary." In view of the author's firm conviction of the reality of telepathy, clairvoyance, and the miraculous results of prayer, it appears remarkable that no provision for the development of these powers appears among his recommendations.

Throughout his presentation the author employs a free

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and inspirational style, making much use of the device of absolute and over-emphatic statement in order to leave an impression. When this is done in expounding both sides of a question, it results in an appearance of contradiction; this is not infrequent. The book is a freely sketched picture of the views to which a man engaged in science has come rather than a restrained statement of the results of scientific research.

H. S. Jennings

World Outlooks

American Philosophy, Today and Tomorrow. Edited by H. M. Kallen and Sidney Hook. Lee Furman. $3.75.

THIS is a "free-range" symposium of twenty-five American philosophers—professional and non-professional—who have been asked to expound their attitudes and outlooks in terms of their personal development, and to indicate what they individually regard as the most pressing problems of the future. The reader who has not studied a similar experiment in a compilation of 1930 known as "Contemporary American Philosophers" might expect nothing more than a confusing kaleidoscope of philosophic fragments. But strange as it may seem, this present work contains much homogeneity, more perhaps than the former symposium of older philosophers.

In the back of most of these twenty-five minds there seems to be the same set of related propositions, namely, that philosophy and science can possess no absolutes, that rationality is extremely limited, and that uncertainty and indeterminacy pervade the universe, whose every element is transitory and relative in value.

Nearly all these writers take great pains to prove the above propositions, even though none of them are newly discovered. A few of the symposiasts broodingly expound these principles without daring to offer a solution or hope; others, tougher in spirit, either rejoice like Spartans at such difficulties or soberly and doggedly proceed to solve at least part of the riddle by some pragmatic means, be it logical, empirical, or a combination of both. The more aesthetic thinkers seek refuge in the realm of art, while their religious colleagues turn to the traditional security of Catholicism or to a future of applied socialism. Lastly, there are several superbly imaginative members of this group who soar high above it all on the wings of imagination.

In the first category we find H. T. Costello discussing one aspect of the modern philosophic enigma in a breezy, commonplace rehash of the philosophy of science, and afterwards chit-chatting his way about the realm of economics without attempting or seeming to desire to arrive at any conclusion. Among those with pragmatic solutions is R. T. Flewelling, who suggests the need of a good working hypothesis. Alain Locke bravely dethrones all absolutes but warns us to be careful not to "exile our imperatives, for after all we live by them." Wilmot Sheldon, chiefly concerned with metaphysics, contends that each philosophic system must be made to correspond with the "rich specific details of things"; while E. S. Bates adds that what we need to practice is to "know with the greatest exactitude what is, and then plan to deal with the case as it is by the most approved means." Harry Overstreet criticizes the education of philosophers, deploring their lust for the second-hand facts of history and their ignorance of economics and political science; John H. Randall, Jr., shows quite convincingly how the philosopher can gain insight into modern problems by a study of the continual readaptation of materials in the light of the changing needs and problems of the past.

The following three philosophers meet present-day problems with suggestions for either a complete system of philosophy or a carefully planned logical analysis. Kurt Koffka shows how the changing universe can be interpreted in terms of organizations and reorganizations of wholes, and Paul Weiss likewise hints at a new system, despite the fact that he defines progress as the "substitution of bad solutions for worse ones." Ernest Nagel presents a brilliant interpretation of philosophy in terms of an analysis of categories and outlines his conception of the proper compromise between rationalism and empiricism.

Will Durant and Irwin Edman find a solution in religion and art respectively. The former sadly abandons all dogmas and creeds, but consoles and distracts himself with the poetry and drama of religion; the latter maintains that the meaning of existence still depends on a "single absolute system of good, meaning and value," and points to the realm of art, where goods are most explicitly and adequately realized and sustained. Felix Cohen turns to socialism for a reassertion of moral and social responsibility; while Michael Williams, standing on the edge of modern enigmas with his back to the gorge below, tells us with stout faith everything that we already know about Aquinas and Catholicism. Finally we find T. V. Smith's fancy carrying him far beyond the realms of academic empiricism and rationalism to the more profitable realm of state politics, exclaiming all the way that "everything imaginable is possible" and that "imagination is the only source of distinctly human value." Arthur Murphy more modestly advocates the use of mystical and semi-mystical beginnings "for all that they are worth."

The interesting views of H. M. Kallen, Sidney Hook, H. W. Schneider, and several others cannot be commented upon since their problems were sufficiently different to prevent them from being included in a general scheme which seemed to offer the one hope of condensing and organizing this review.

Livingston Welch

Robinson's Last Poem

King Jasper. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $2.

"KING JASPER," published posthumously, is the last message to the living of Edwin Arlington Robinson, undoubtedly one of America's finest poets. After several long poems which were studies of the intricate reactions of individual minds to death, Robinson wrote, as his last poem, a study of the disintegration of a society. "King Jasper" is related in a very definite way to Robinson's "Merlin" (published in 1917 in the war period), which was an analysis, with the old legend as reference, of an age returning to barbarism.

In "King Jasper" the kingdom is obviously an industrial one. Here two forces are drawn up against each other, the forces of enthroned power and the forces of revolt. In Robinson's conception neither force can endure. King Jasper's kingdom is being dragged down by the hands of time. Hebron, (the name is symbolic of revolt) sets fire, however, to a city and a palace already lost. Only Zoë (Life) remains at last on the tragic stage, and she, once the wife of the prince, later the prisoner of the revolutionary, must go on alone.

This is the story. Mr. Robinson's meaning is clear. In his last year he turned to look at the modern scene, and in that scene he saw little hope. Writing with his usual steady power, he put down his final poetic interpretation of our period. "King Jasper" is one of his best long poems because Robinson felt so deeply about his subject. Violence and ruthlessness on the part of those in or out of power aroused horror in a man whose search had been for the spiritual significance of life. His was the interest of the puritan who threw off the bleakness of his religion because of a belief in the living spirit.

Robinson inherited from Tennyson the belief that something in the human mind forced people "to follow the gleam." He did not inherit Tennyson's pictorial lushness, for he sprang from a sparser soil. New England to the core, he used the characters he saw about him, their speech, their ways of living. He abhorred any plush Victorian poetic prettiness. Nevertheless, he held out to the last against modern materialistic thinking and kept faith with something inherent in Victorian idealism, the belief that man is essentially a spiritual being, a concept which the industrialism and materialism of Robinson's own day seemed to contradict. And perhaps such interpretations as were given materialism by the American middle class and its philosophers did indeed contradict any spiritual values.

EDA LOU WALTON

Shorter Notices

The Victorians and Their Reading. By Amy Cruse. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

This work "attempts to show what books, good and bad, were actually read by the Victorians during the first fifty years of the Queen's reign, what they thought of them, and how their reactions influenced the future output." Biographies, autobiographies, correspondence, novels, essays, and periodical literature of the time have been studied for the highly complex interaction of religious, social, scientific, and artistic movements, readers of various classes, and writers. We see the reputations of the great Victorians in the making and can more readily pardon their frequent yielding to the tremendous pressure of a reading public intent on moral edification and practical utility. Mrs. Cruse writes to instruct rather than to startle or amuse. She is saturated with the atmosphere of the period and yet detached. The proportions of the book are admirably historical; almost one-quarter, for instance, is devoted to religion in its various manifestations. The study is descriptive rather than analytical, little concerned with statistics as to sales and advertising, not impeccable in the finer shades of fact and chronology, and without the bibliographical apparatus that would make it useful for reference. Although it contains information instructive to the scholar, it appeals primarily to the amateur, to the general reader who knows the Victorians and relishes unbiased comment upon them, an audience less extensive, one fears, in the United States than in Mrs. Cruse's England.

Time Past. By Marie Scheikévitch. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

"Society life also amuses him," Madame Scheikévitch remarks of the elderly Widor, and the same would seem to be true for all the other well-fed, well-groomed, and generally well-behaved members of the Paris literary and artistic menagerie which this daughter of the Russian aristocracy has tended, sometimes quite literally, in the last thirty years. In fact, you get the impression from these memoirs that life in the upper reaches of Bohemia is much more a matter of "a cup of tea and *petits-fours*," in Valéry's phrase, than any solitary tussle with the Muses. You will see Anatole France spending years of his life extricating himself from the doting Madame de Caillavet; D'Annunzio bearing votive carnations to the Comtesse de Noailles; Valéry dropping his monocle long enough to unroll a few crisply prepared epigrams during the meat course; and Proust, of course, the cher Marcel of Crillon days, challenging a certain Marquis de Médicis to a duel because of an imagined insult to the author. It is a world in which a mountebank like Rostand can remark from the balcony of a Montmartre restaurant: "To think that this Parisian crowd will always be ignorant that two poets are tonight gazing upon it: Anna de Noailles and Edmond Rostand." It is a world in which someone like Boni de Castellane can amuse himself by wearing shirts "the color of his eyes or the color of his cheeks." These reminiscences are a nostalgic evocation of a period when the bourgeois were so kind to their entertainers that they permitted hardly more than two or three of them to survive. Madame Scheikévitch communicates something of the melancholy charm of a personality which apparently became part of the tradition of French letters from Jules Lemaître to Jean Cocteau. But it is too difficult to secure much interest from people who seem to be suffering one and all from *encephalitis lethargica,* and one can only hope for Madame Scheikévitch's friends, as Madame de Caillavet hoped for her rival, Madame de Loynes, that they have passed into a better demi-monde.

Brothers Three. By John M. Okison. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This novel of three brothers, born on an Oklahoma farm and going their different ways through maturity, adds nothing to the present list of farm novels. Mr. Okison's three heroes have no reality whatever—unless reality means a very limited set of standard characteristics. The brother who turns out to be a cattleman has the hearty mannerisms and speaks the rough lingo that, in books, are supposed to hide a heart of gold; the literary brother utters a few literary phrases which make us aware of nothing so much as the author's naive and rather self-conscious idea of literary people. The brother who becomes a storekeeper is even less definite. At the end of the book, the cowboy brother dies, and the other two find that the depression has played havoc with their fortunes. The farm has become a liability—but they love it too much to sell it. To reach this far from extraordinary conclusion Mr. Okison has taken us through 448 pages of dull and for the most part irrelevant incidents, described in a tepid, uninspired style.

Golden Apples. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

"Golden Apples" promises to become one of the minor best-sellers of the current season. It concerns a young Englishman who comes, broken in spirit, to the "hammock" country of central Florida and there undergoes what the blurb-writers like to call a spiritual regeneration. This glorious consummation develops from his gradual realization of Life, vital, pulsing Life, as it is lived by the share-croppers of the region. The book pretends to realism; but one looks in vain for more than passing reference to the meanness and squalor of an existence miserably eked out. Mrs. Rawlings reasons in the manner of successful writers before her: share-cropping is rustic and earthy, all that is rustic and earthy is necessarily wholesome-and-real, the spectacle of a share-cropping community is therefore just the thing to regenerate a broken-hearted English gentleman. The novel is given over to the staples of petty fiction—tempestuous passion, primitive kindliness, *et al.* It is trite and quite harmless.

Sea Pieces and Other Poems. By Forrest Anderson. The Cassowary Press. $2.

The merit of this verse resides almost wholly in its rhythms and its word textures, by means of which Mr. Anderson succeeds in imparting a variety of moods associated with the sea. The predominant effect is one of reverie, which unfortunately makes pretensions to thought, using the syntactical forms of ratiocination without its substance. The imagery is usually either tenuously romantic ("the sea like a disastrous flower opens to receive us") or overstrained in the search for originality ("the salty algebra of your grin"). Since this is a first volume, it cannot be censured severely for being derivative, but Mr. Anderson has not derived very wisely. He has acquired the rhetoric and the affectations of E. E. Cummings without either his lusty humor or his power of vivid presentation; from Hart Crane he has taken tricks which that poet outgrew, such as a bewildering ellipsis and a private system of reference for his symbols. The volume contains a number of good lines and a good poem, Hospital for Seamen, apparently the only one in which the author, a member of the objectivist group, has kept his eye on the object.

Art

The Century of Grace

NEW YORK is seeing two exhibitions of superlative quality this season, both to remain open till the first week of January. The one of Van Gogh at the Museum of Modern Art and the one of the French eighteenth century at the Metropolitan Museum are alike in a single respect—that the works in them are perfectly chosen; otherwise they differ as widely as it is possible to imagine. Van Gogh is of our time; the eighteenth century seems to many of us immeasurably remote. People approach the work of the great Dutchman as they would a long-lost friend, for in him they find all our romantic love of freedom, all our modern passion, and his, for light and color, the mobility of the light in its newfound fulness of rendering and the intensity of color as it expresses the burning faith of a man who believed with a wholeness of heart that is stirring to a disillusioned day.

The eighteenth-century paintings, sculptures, and engravings are so far from all our turmoil that it is worth while to have glanced at Van Gogh—whose art is completely opposed to them—in order to appreciate the abyss between the two periods. To get an idea of the change wrought in the world by the French Revolution and the perhaps unparalleled activity that followed it in the nineteenth century is to understand why a time like the Renaissance seems nearer to us than the period that closed less than 150 years ago.

If the visitors to the Metropolitan are enjoying the things of the lovely *Dix-huitième,* and there is no doubt that they are, it is pretty certain that many see them only as perfections of craftsmanship, like lace-making or diamond-cutting, rather than as something with the full range of qualities that we attribute to a work of art. Self-expression, the revelation of the intimate movements of the mind, has been enforced upon the world in a way so complete that the poignancy of a primitive or the drama of a Rembrandt seems necessary for great painting.

The eighteenth century has been labeled frivolous, and so people go to it as a relief from modern seriousness. But against a definition of the "Century of Women" in terms of snuffboxes, lace cuffs, and court shoes, the beautiful show at the museum comes as a corrective. We see here not simply the French art of the eighteenth century; we see how much the art of the period is French. The "Century of Men" which preceded it, the *Grand Siècle* of Louis XIV, with its soldiers, its preachers, its architects, its philosophers, and its noble literature, had sent its two greatest painters, Poussin and Claude, and its magnificent sculptor Puget to live in Italy and bring back that Graeco-Roman tradition which had flowered on the soil of France in early times but had been overwhelmed by the great wave of the Gothic. So well did the seventeenth century do its work that the succeeding time could go on in perfect control of the thought that most fully characterizes the European race.

The transition from Bach to Mozart—to glance at the period in its music—may not seem easy, yet no lover of those masters fails to appreciate the logic of that line of composers. We need to see that Watteau carries on, in exactly parallel fashion, the sobriety and the classical purity of Poussin into a time when France adds the gay exuberance of its Flemish provinces to the measure and balance of its Latin heritage. The elegiac landscape of Claude appears even less modified than the epic or lyric art of the figure learned from Poussin when we see the parks of Watteau and his school, the clear-eyed views of French and Italian scenes of Hubert Robert, and the landscapes with which Vernet and Louis Gabriel Moreau foreshadowed Corot. The latter's art, continuing that of the past more easily than Beethoven builds in his youth on Mozart, tells us again how unified is the genius of Europe. Louis David, the incarnation of the revolution, that "deluge" prophesied by Louis XV, is merely the unshakable pivot that swings the eighteenth century into the nineteenth. With him one must also think of Prud'hon, who binds the two periods together. His absence here, due to the difficulty of getting a picture of his dating from before 1800, is perhaps our one regret in the presence of this wonderful group of master works which we owe to the generous cooperation of the museums and the great private collections of France with our own museum, in its extraordinary undertaking.

Second only to the glorious Jupiter and Antiope, by Watteau, at the exhibition is the Mezzetin of that master from our own collection. And if the early David from the Louvre tells us in the pinkness of the flesh and the daintiness in painting how much the grim republican of later days learned from the century of his birth, our own Death of Socrates by the master reveals the same fact, and with more of nobility. Falling once again into thoughts of the relationship of different periods, we remark that Targillière appears here as an eighteenth-century master, while the Wildenstein Galleries are even now showing him as a man of the seventeenth. And who could see the two gemlike Chardins lent by Baron de Rothschild, or The Hare by that master, and fail to bridge the long span between the austerities of Le Nain, two hundred years ago, and those of Cézanne—but yesterday gone from us.

The temptation to discuss the exhibition in terms of the history of art assails us again as we stand before two masterpieces of sculpture: the bust by Lemoyne, born just after the close of the seventeenth century, and the one by Houdon, who lived on into the second quarter of the nineteenth. But in the presence of that marvel of character, the old soldier's portrait by the earlier artist (a loan from Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.), as before the poetic life in the features of the young naval officer by the later man (lent by J. Pierpont Morgan), the immediate delight of the eyes and the mind drives away all sense of time and its passing. Its bringing in of changes in ideas seems as unreal as its material ravaging when we look at these immortal things. As for the lesser enchantments of Falconet and Pajou—before the beauty of the Child with the Cage by Pigalle I refuse to admit the word lesser—one sees this exhibition as an irresistible ambassador from the Century of Grace. To such a being the words spoken of Pericles apply again; for in surest truth "the goddess of persuasion hung upon his lips." And, since this line of classical artists has led us back to Athens once more, I refer you to the bust by Chinard just at the door by which you may be leaving. Its pure line and planes are like those of that antiquity which was reborn with Pompeii in the later eighteenth century; it makes the combination of new, abounding vigor and yet reserve that is characteristic of its revolutionary period. And it is a woman, living today as she was a hundred and more years ago; and so, like this whole art which is still our own, despite everything, it is a triumphant answer to those who would tell us of the "Decline of the West." Smilingly, from the depths of her tradition and of her blitheness, Paris replies with the motto on her coat of arms: *Fluctuat nec mergitur.*

Walter Pach

Drama

The Apocalypse of St. Clifford

CLIFFORD ODETS was given every encouragement to let himself go. Unfortunately he chose to be as little critical of his work as his admirers had been, and the result is simply that his latest play seems like nothing so much as an improbable burlesque of "Awake and Sing." Apparently the idea was that if a play about a somewhat neurotic family in the Bronx was good, then a play about a madhouse similarly located would be very much better. And if this theory is accepted, then "Paradise Lost" (Longacre Theater) must certainly mark the uttermost reach of the author's genius.

Never in the course of more than a decade of persistent theatergoing have I seen quite so much of madness and woe, or quite such a rich variety of sins, felonies, and other torts, legal and moral, crowded into one evening. As the play opens, the most likable of the dramatis personae is depriving his wife of her canary because the bird, being German, is presumably Nazi. Long before it was over I had lost track of my mental list of the crimes and perversities lovingly exhibited, and I apologize in advance for omissions from the catalogue; but in addition to those which I have forgotten the following topics are prominently featured—adultery, murder, impotence, arson, embezzlement, sexual repression, sleeping sickness, and whatever it is that causes middle-aged men to pinch girls in the subway. At ten-minute intervals one or another of the characters says either, "We are all crazy," or "Look what is happening to the world"; but the remark is always merely the cue for more of the same in the way of action. Perhaps someone calls up on the phone to say that one of the sons has been shot by the police in the midst of a felony; perhaps the business partner of pater familias has hysterics on the couch and confesses that, being impotent, he naturally embezzled all the profits from the business. But in any event there is something doing every minute.

If one knew nothing of the author one might assume that the play was an unsuccessful attempt at the pure macabre, but in a statement issued to the press Mr. Odets warned all concerned that he was about to present them with a picture of the state of the middle class today, and we are left with the necessity of assuming that he asks us to believe his picture in some sense typical. Surely, if it were, even the solid foundations of the Bronx would not be standing this morning; and I find myself reminded of a page of pictures by Marcel Arnac, purporting to illustrate typical events in a druggist's family, which was once carried in one of the more disreputable comic magazines of France. In the first picture the head of the house was shown corrupting a child; in another the daughter was entertaining a Lesbian friend; in a third the youngest son was misbehaving in the toilet; and so on through the list. At the end was a picture of the outside of the shop, which bore the familiar Parisian sign, "Pharmacie Normale." Mr. Odets's family is equally typical.

My own faith in the reality of Mr. Odets's talents is sufficiently firm to make me quite sure that only the force of some strong delusion could make him guilty of such an atrocity, and I think that I know what that delusion is. Just as many a man in the past has gone mad from poring too long over the mysteries of the Apocalypse and come to see the Four Horsemen or the Whore of Babylon wherever he looked, so Mr. Odets has lost his reason (only temporarily, I hope) from too much brooding over the Marxian eschatology. For Marxism also does, of course, have its "science of last things," its vision of the process by which the end of the world will come about and of the portents by which the approach of the millennium will be announced. There will be wars and rumors of wars. But that is not all. The middle class, collapsing economically, will lose faith in itself. It will be seized with all sorts of neuroses, and finally it will expire miserably in the midst of its futilities, its corruptions, and its perversities—precisely as this strange family is expiring in the Bronx.

Being a stranger to Patmos and not the recipient of revelations, I do not know whether precisely this is sure to occur or not. Neither do I know whether or not those disorders now afflicting society are really the beginning of the end—just as I did not know in 1914 whether or not the particular war then breaking out was really the one dreamed of by St. John. But I am perfectly sure that Mr. Odets is at least ahead of events, that what he professes to have discovered has not happened yet, and that what he is giving us is not a picture of anything as it now exists but an apocalyptic vision of what he feels sure will happen and of what, being an impatient millennarian, he wants to believe is happening now. But he can be answered by thousands of citizens of the Bronx who, should they see the play, would reply with one voice in terms of the American folk phrase, "Home was never like this." If it were, then the revolution would be closer than even most of Mr. Odets's fellow-believers think that it is.

As for the writing in the piece, one may assume that it has skill of a kind because, if it did not, the play would seem even more preposterous than it does. And as for the acting, one may conclude by the same logical process that it must be good also, since the antics of the characters seem more absurd in retrospect than they did when taking place. Perhaps I should also report that the audience was divided into those who snickered and those who sat tightly on their seats waiting for every opportunity to applaud. But if I am to mention that fact, perhaps I should mention another. I noticed that at least one of the persistent applauders was a certain member of the Group's own acting company who now happens to be left at liberty by the closing of "Weep for the Virgins."

Joseph Wood Krutch

Contributors to This Issue

Louis Fischer is *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent.

L. O. Prendergast is a Los Angeles journalist now living in Mexico City.

Carleton Beals is the author of "The Inside Story of Huey Long."

H. S. Grant is a Toledo newspaperman.

Carlos Hudson is the working secretary of the Northwest Labor Unity Conference.

Mark Van Doren is the author of "A Winter Diary and Other Poems."

Vera Micheles Dean is editor of the publications of the Foreign Policy Association.

Reinhold Niebuhr is professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary.

H. S. Jennings, professor of zoology at John Hopkins University, is at present Eastman visiting professor at Oxford.

Livingston Welch has just finished two years of research in philosophy at Cambridge University.

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